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P302,1

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CAPTAIN GEO. W. BATCHELDER,

H. C. 1859,

killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, wrote on the previous day: "I wish my books to go to my father and mother, and after their decease to be given to Harvard College." His sisters accordingly completed the bequest, June 9, 1890, by letter.

Books received June 16, 1890.

ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME II.

DECEMBER TO JUNE, 1860.

LONDON:

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

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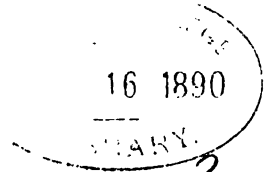

Batchelder Bequest

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ONCE A WEEK.

WHERE IS THE OTHER?—A REVERIE.

RELICS seen in lat. 69° 09′ N., long. 99° 24′ W:
Not brought away. 30th May, 1859, * * * * * * a small worsted-work slipper (lined with calf-skin, bound with rod ribbon). * * * CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK'S *Despatch*.

"JANE, JANE! George is coming down to spend three weeks here—it will be so jolly! And he's going to bring his brother too. You must make us some sailors out of dolls for our yacht; mother will give us the blue cloth, and Susan said I might have some of the pieces out of the rag-bag for the trousers. You'll make them, won't you, Jane? George won't mind; he'll be here three weeks, so you'll see enough of him."

Jane promised to turn tailor, and kept her promise; and when George and his brother arrived, they found the yacht ready, and the men at their posts in their best trim.

"Here, William, you go with Tom to the pond; I'll come another time."

The boys went, and Jane was alone with George.

"There's something the matter, George, I can see it in your face."

"Yes, Jenny, there is; I'm going a long voyage. You know, Jenny, I was to have gone to Calcutta, but when your father said what he did—you remember?—I made up my mind to get on faster. I'm going with Franklin—three years, perhaps—but it will be the making of all of us who come back, so you mustn't mind, Jenny; time will soon go by, and I shall be able when I come back to find a nest for you—little wren."

He spoke hurriedly as though to prevent her speaking.

She sobbed out, "Three years, George? Not see you for three years! It's very cruel—it's very hard."

"No, Jenny, not 'cruel,' not 'hard.' It's sure to make my fortune, and I might work in the ordinary way *ten years* before I satisfied your father."

"But surely, George, you could do something on shore, if not at sea, to prevent this terrible separation. Can't you be a clerk, or something? You draw nicely—much better than old Mr.

Sumner at Miss Hilditch's. Can't you give lessons, or do anything? I'm sure you could, so clever as you are, do something."

"My dear Jenny, you don't understand these things. When a man has once chosen his profession or trade, he had better stick to it; he'll have so much to learn in his new calling; so many competitors, that it's a hundred to one if he succeeds. I chose to go to sea like a fool—I've learnt my business like a man—and I mean to keep to it like a wise man. There now, Jenny, only three years and it's all done—money and fame in three years! Cheer up! don't make it worse for me, for I feel it not a little."

She saw he did feel it by the gathering moisture of his eye.

"After all, it's for the best, Jenny, dear."

So said Jane's father; so said her mother: and she?—she was silent.

The three weeks soon passed—too soon. Poor Jenny tried hard to be cheerful, but now and then would look at the fine handsome face of her lover and feel it *so* hard that he must go away for so long—

> And dearer still he grew, and dearer,
> E'en as the parting hour grew nearer.

The last day came, and her mother contrived to leave them alone together more than was customary; "his last day," she said, and called to mind her own experience of some five-and-twenty years ago. Jenny bore her burden bravely. Not a tear was seen except by George—he was quieter than usual.

"You wont sail on a Friday, George? I think it's such a bad day; so many ships are lost that sail on Fridays."

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I don't really think it makes much difference, Friday or any other day."

"But it is unlucky, and I dreamt this morning of a wedding, and all the people were in white. It's dreadfully unlucky, that it is."

"Why, what a little goose it is; why is that unlucky?"

"I don't know, but they say it is."

"Who says so?"

"Old Mrs. Crace; and her husband was a sailor——"

And here Jenny looked as if she would like to say something more.

"Well! say on, Jenny."

"I've got something for you—it will keep you from being drowned;" and her little hand was inserted in her pocket, and brought out as its captive a small bag of silk, with cord enough to go round the neck, attached.

"What is it, dearest?"

"I can't tell you; but, indeed, she said it would prevent your being drowned. Do wear it. Her husband always wore one, and he died in her arms, as I should like you to die in mine, if you must die first. Do wear it?"

"O yes, I'll wear it; but you can tell me what it is, aye? What is it?" And he looked into her face. "Come, tell me."

"It was old Mrs. Crace gave it me; she's been attending Charlotte Golding, who was married this time last year; she said, she was sure it was a good thing, and made me promise to give it you, so I made the bag, and here it is. Do wear it."

"Certainly I will, as I'd wear anything you'd like me to; but still I should like to know what this charm is."

"Old Mrs. Crace said that the doctor laughed at her when she told him about her husband having one."

"Old Mrs. Crace!—the doctor! Why, what does it mean! O, I see! how stupid I am. Mrs. Golding has a baby, hasn't she? Ah, yes! I understand. I'll wear it."

"Thanks, dear George. She says, she's sure her husband would have been drowned if it hadn't been for that."

"Now, George, my boy, the chaise is here; come along."

He came out of the room, she clinging to him, and shook hands with them all and went down stairs.

"Don't look back—don't look back;" and one after another the shoes of the sisters are thrown after him for luck.

"Look out, George!" said his brother William from the top of the stairs, "here's Jane's coming!" and he seized the slipper from her foot and flung it.

George heard him, and turned.

"There, Jane, he's caught the slipper, and kissed it, and taken it with him."

"Oh! William! William! you've killed me! He looked back, and you made him. Oh! my God! my God! he's gone—quite gone, now! I shall never see him again!—never!—never!" and Jenny sank into their arms fainting.

* * * *

"What made you promise Arabella that beautiful orange-blossom wreath? you'll want it when he comes home."

"No, Charlotte, I shall never want it; he'll never come back. Old Mrs. Crace said one day, before he left, it was a sure sign of bad luck if the shoe did not strike the person on the back; but that if he looked back it was worst of all. I didn't throw mine, for fear, and then for William to do it! O dear! it makes me so sad."

"Nonsense, child! he'll come back soon enough. You'll just be two-and-twenty, that's a year younger than I was when I married Mr. Golding."

"No, Charlotte! he'll never come back!—never! Oh! William! William!"

"Don't be silly; what has that to do with it? I've no patience with you giving away all your nice things."

* * * *

Time passed; three years went by, and Jane was paler. The winter of '48 had come; Jane had learned to hate snow—had grown irritable—unsociable; slapped the children; scolded the servants; read many tracts on the vanity of life, and talked of joining the chapel, to her father's great indignation. One of her sisters had been married; Jane had said spiteful things about her; Jane was not a family favourite; Jane was unhappy; the more she read the worse she became.

Just then a wealthy suitor of the old school

tried to arrange a match with her, through her father, who was willing enough, but she snubbed him most unmercifully; she knew George would not come home to claim her, and yet she would be constant.

'49 came; Jane was worse. "Try a London doctor." She came to London—saw the doctor, a queer, abrupt man. When she went in, he looked at her a long while without speaking.

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"She's no appetite, and—" began the mother.

"Let *her* speak. Let her speak *herself*. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know, sir," and the tears stood in her eyes.

"No. I don't suppose you do. I do, though. I like your face and head—ring that bell, will you?"

"John, tell your mistress I wish to see her."

She came.

"This young lady is coming to tea with you this evening; send the brougham to fetch her, will you?"

"Certainly, I will. What time, dear?"

"Settle that yourselves, only let me know. You'll spare her, I'm sure, madam; and this day week call here again with her. She'll be better then. Good morning."

"No fee, too," said Mrs. Vaughan, as they walked homewards.

Jane went to tea, and found the physician's wife all that she looked for and longed for, a friend and comforter. She was stout, as English matrons only can be, without a trace of vulgarity; her manner and voice, gentle and winning in the extreme; and from her dark eyes there shone a light that made Jane feel, "Oh, if she had been my mother, I could tell her all;" and in a little while the poor child felt those arms round her, and her tears wiped away as she told her piteous tale of poor George. She felt almost happy again, for the first time for nearly four years, as this loving, tender woman soothed her.

"Your malady is mental," she said to Jane, "I know, for my husband" (it went to Jane's heart to hear the love and pride expressed in those words; she sighed as she thought that she might have said them herself, if *he* had come home), "my husband sometimes treats his patients as he has you; not very often though, dear. I don't wonder at his liking you. What did he say?"

"He said he liked my face and head. I never heard anybody say they liked my head before. He—"

"Well, what about him?" said Dr. Burnett, who had just entered. "What does the J stand for? Julia? You don't look like a Julia."

"Jane, sir."

"Ah! nice name. You're in love. I can't do you any good unless I know how to advise you. If you like to tell Mrs. Burnett and myself about it, perhaps we can do you some good then. It's no use giving *you* drugs."

Poor Jane! She could feel he was in earnest, and kind, too, with all his abrupt way, and she told them her tale again with many tears.

"Poor child!" he said, stroking her hair. "Poor child! your troubles come upon you very young, too. How do you amuse yourself?"

"I'm so wretched, I never care to."

"What do you read? Chiefly religious books, and then feel miserable because you don't attain to the condition of mind described in some of them? Sad blunder. Now listen to me. Your nature is not the kind to find happiness in contemplation alone; you must be active, and forget your sorrow in labour of some kind. All natures are not alike, and if you were to read and pray all day long, you'd be miserable still. You're not formed for it; some are. You're superstitious and silly; that slipper story shows no wisdom on your part. You must get over this; read George Combe's book—there's a cheap edition, and be active; do good, not outside, but at-home; there's plenty for a willing mind to do in any family such as yours. You must find your happiness in making others happy. Get to some good mental exercise for about two or three hours a day. Try and learn German; play chess; and, above all, burn that diary you write in every night. You did not tell me about it, but I know it. Bad plan—very—too much looking inside does no good—burn it—don't keep another. Don't allow your mind to dwell upon your great trouble—he may come back. You shake that head of yours as though it were impossible. All nonsense about the slipper; and when he does, you'll be better fitted to take care of him, if you do these things, than if you moan and fret yourself into the grave. Another thing. Try cold baths and the skipping-rope, backwards and forwards. There ought to be a skipping society, with prizes, to encourage that most healthy exercise, as there's a society for everything now. Don't misunderstand me. I want you to take plenty of exercise. You may read religious books, if you like; but don't neglect these other matters, as you have done in time past. Now I must go. You can stay here with my wife as long as you agree. Good night, my child."

Poor Jane was heard to say that she was happier that evening than she had been before or since, except the night that she walked home with George from——and Jane said no more then.

"What's come to Jane, I wonder? She's not slapped me for a month—not even when I upset the ink all over her letter to Mrs. Burnett."

"I don't know, Miss Ellen," said Susan, "but she's just as good-tempered and kind as she used to be before Mr. George went away, only she seems to be different like,—like as though she didn't care for anything."

Alas! poor Jane! She would not think of her absent one; from morning till night she was always employed. Her father noticed the change, and, with the dulness peculiar to some men, supposed she had forgotten George, and with the rest of the world thought him dead. He spoke to the rejected suitor, who again pressed his claims, and murmured something about "comfortable home," "father's consent," "not a young man but healthy," "great respect," "admiration," "love for her," "if Miss Jane would take him he'd be

very happy." She heard him this time patiently, and he began to feel that his eloquence was irresistible, the more so that he saw the handkerchief to her eyes.

"Mr. Smithson, I am really very sorry, but I can't do what you ask. I am very much obliged to you for your kind feeling, but I can't be your wife. Though I'm sure I shall never see George again, I love him, and I would not marry any man unless I loved him alone. Don't ask me again. You have known me since I was a little girl that you used to take on your knee—don't, for my sake, ask me again—I must refuse. Let us be friends," and she held out her hand. He took it.

"My dear Miss Vaughan—my dear Jane, I'm very sorry; I didn't know this—I respect you very much—I—I—if you can't be my wife you must be my daughter. I bought this for my wife, as I thought, I'll give it to my daughter. There, don't say a word more, there's a good girl. I'll see your father."

"And mother, please," said Jane.

"Oh, yes, and your mother too."

He left, and Jane found on the table a handsome gold watch and chain, and Jane wore it, and walked with Mr. Smithson to church next Sunday, and when he came of an evening made his favourite mixture for him; and he, in return, got for her all the information relative to the expedition. Never heard the name of Franklin mentioned in the papers, but he worried the Admiralty till they sent him the latest particulars in an envelope with a very large seal.

So passed the time. One by one her younger sisters grew up and found in Jane a friend and confidante. One by one they told her woman's great secret—they were loved and they loved. She saw them happy brides and mothers, and not a word of envy did they hear. She nursed their children, worked for their husbands, advised on all matters—*when asked*—and became a sun to the circle that was about her, so that "Aunt Jane's coming!" was a cry that brought joy to many little hearts, as well as a sense of peace and repose to older ones But there was one group among them that was pre-eminently her care. His brother William married, and his children afterwards knew that to Aunt Jane he was indebted for almost everything. She made him the man he was; encouraged, helped him, as only a sensible woman can help a young man; and in William's house Aunt Jane was a household god.

She had strange ways, too, had Aunt Jane; she hated snow: nothing would induce her to see it. She would sit in her own room all the time it was on the ground, with candles instead of daylight; and once, when little George brought her a snowball he had made, she burst into tears and sent him away, and was not herself again for a long time. Strange, too, her fancy for the sea; she would in the spring time go to the sea-side, to an unfrequented fishing village, and stay in the sea-worn cavities in the rocks for hours. Once, some one heard her murmur, "He can't be drowned—he can't be drowned!" and reported that she was mad. She smiled when she heard of it, and asked her little George whether *he* thought so. He wished everybody was, if she was, she was so kind—there was a man with such nice little boats on the beach: might he have one?

He had his boat—and she was mad, they said.

Poor Aunt Jane, one winter, was not well, and the children missed her much: no fingers like Aunt Jane's to dress dolls, make kites, or mend clothes. No dance-music was like hers: everybody else got tired so soon; she would play for an hour at a time; she never danced except with children. And now here was Christmas and no Aunt Jane—it was not like Christmas at all.

She lay down, never to rise again: they were horror-stricken to find how thin she was. One evening—it was Christmas Eve—she said to them, "Is there any snow?"

"Yes; it's nearly a foot deep."

"Open the window-curtains, and let me see it."

"You'd better not," they urged; "it will make you so ill."

"No; it will do me good, now. I shall not see it again."

The sun was just on the horizon, and his deep red light, as the winter's fog hung about him, shone on the snow till it was snow no longer. It was a soft covering of warm red—it was the summer of winter—all was warm with his light.

"Lift me up to see it: that will do. I wonder how it looks where he is. I've heard that it's very beautiful. William, take care of this," and she gave him from under her pillow a parcel in white paper. "You know what it is; and take this letter to Dr. Burnett, and see him, will you? Now bid me good-bye, all of you."

They would not leave her.

"Do, I ask it as a favour. Do, I shall not ask many more. Come, kiss me now, and leave me. I should like to die alone, as perhaps he did—as perhaps he did. *Do* go."

At last they went, one by one, slowly, William last.

"William, dear."

"Jane."

"I forgive you now. Only listen to what Dr. Burnett says, will you? Kiss me once more: now go. * * * He would die of cold—perhaps alone. I will join him by the same road—of cold, and alone."

She rose with great effort, and moved to the window; the sun was nearly lost, the warm hues of red had gone, a dull heavy purple had their place. She opened the window wide, and let the cold blast blow upon her, murmuring, "Of cold, and alone! of cold, and alone! God, forgive me! It's but a few hours less, and life is *so* weary. —Of cold, and alone!"

They came in soon, and found her dead. She had gone his road—cold, and alone!—with a sweet smile upon her pale thin face.

* * * *

"You're the person to whom this letter refers, sir, I presume?"

"I am, sir."

"Well, sir, you're a man now, and, to judge by your looks, a sensible one, and can there-

fore take a little advice from an older man. Jane was quite right, sir: you killed her."

"Oh! Dr. Burnett!"

"You did, sir. Mind, I don't blame you for her death; it was a boy's trick, and the only blame attaching to you is for that trick; but look at its results. But for that, she would have been alive now; not happy, but hopeful. You destroyed her hope, and killed her. I know you'll say that it had nothing to do with his fate, and so on; but remember that we are different, sir, one from another. That turning back of his, as he went away, had no effect on your mind, nor would it have on mine, but *she* was so constituted that anything of the kind would exercise a powerful influence. Superstitious to a fault, still there was the fact, and it was like a death-blow to her when that happened. There's much to be learned yet, sir, of even our physical differences: one man is poisoned by what another man takes with impunity. So in our mental differences, there's much more to be learned—very much more; and until this knowledge is ours, we must deal with facts, faults or no faults. The superstition is silly—puerile; still it existed, and should at that time have been respected. She died through it, sir, I firmly believe. Come and see me any time you like: I shall always be glad to see a friend of hers."

He offered his hand, and as William felt its grasp, he knew how small was his share of blame in the doctor's eyes.

William is, at this time, regarded as one of the most considerate of men.

* * * *

One is in the midst of eternal snows and ice,—perhaps looked upon for the last time. The *other!* Has William it still? If not—Where is the other?

A. STEWART HARRISON.

A DAY WITH WASHINGTON IRVING.

(FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND, WRITTEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE LAST MAIL FROM AMERICA BROUGHT TO ENGLAND THE NEWS OF WASHINGTON IRVING'S DEATH.)

WASHINGTON IRVING had been the lion of the metropolis for more than a week, and it had been my rare good fortune to see much of him. He came here for the purpose of examining the Washington papers in the department of state, and he was the guest of his friend, the Honourable John P. Kennedy. My official position in the department had made it my duty to treat him with attention there; I met him also in company, and had a long talk with him in my quiet little library; and was his guide and companion in a visit to Arlington.* That my head should therefore have been full of ideas gathered from his delightful conversation was quite natural, and the fact that he once wrote to a friend a personal letter about Sir Walter Scott would seem to sanction my recording them for your gratification; and, according to my promise, therefore, I send you a few paragraphs bearing upon his own private habits and opinions. The title of his essay was "Abbotsford," and the subject of mine shall be "A day with Washington Irving," for I pro-

* Arlington was the residence of Mr. George W. P. Custis, a relative of George Washington, and the inheritor of many valuable household gods from that distinguished American. Since the visit herein described was made, Mr. Custis has died, leaving a "Private Life of Washington."

mise to confine myself in this letter to what I obtained while on our visit to Arlington.

Hardly had our carriage ceased rattling over the stony streets and reached the Long Bridge across the Potomac, before his conversation became so interesting that I involuntarily seized my note-book. At this *professional* movement he smiled, and as he did not demur, I proceeded to question him in regard to his literary career and other kindred matters, the substance of his replies being as follows :—

William Jerdan, of the London "Literary Gazette," was one of his earliest and best friends. He was the first to republish some of the stray papers of the Sketch Book—and, if you will pardon my egotism, I would here fix the fact, that the first and several of the most friendly reviews ever published in England, of my own poor productions, were written by the same distinguished critic. At the time alluded to, Mr. Irving was afloat in the world, and depended upon his pen for a living. After several of the essays had appeared in the "Gazette," the editor recommended that the whole collection should be printed in a book, and this, after some delay, was accomplished. The book was offered to John Murray, but was declined. Walter Scott recommended it to Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, and he was ready to take it; but, in the mean time, Mr. Irving had it published upon his own venture. That effort proved a failure; but the work was subsequently successful, with the imprint upon it of John Murray.

At this success no man was more astonished than himself; and when an American critic spoke of the story of "Rip Van Winkle" as a futile attempt at humour, he said he was more than half willing to believe his judgment correct. Indifference to censure and applause had never been, and was not then, a trait in his character.

On questioning Mr. Irving, in regard to "Knickerbocker's History of New York," he told me that it had cost him more hard work than any other of his productions, though he considered it decidedly the most original. He was often greatly perplexed to fix the boundary between the purely historical and the imaginative. The facts of history had given him great trouble.

As to his "Life of Washington," which had been so long expected by the public, and which was announced contrary to his wishes, and had given him great annoyance, he said, he hardly believed he would ever send it to press. He loved the subject, and thought first of writing such a work twenty years before. But so many able men had written upon it, he did not believe he could say anything new. Many had told him he ought to write it; but why should he? Ten years ago he had the work all written in chapters, up to the inauguration of Washington as President, and he could finish it then in a few days. But he did not like it—it did not suit him; and he expected to put it in the fire some of these days. He ought to have commenced it forty years ago. All that he could hope to do that was new, was to weave into his narrative what incidents he could obtain of a private and personal character. He supposed that some people thought him very foolish to be writing any book at his time of life; that he was then seventy years old; but the subject was intensely interesting to him, and he wished to write it for his own gratification. He might not live to complete it, but he would try what he could do; he must do something—he could not be idle.*

With regard to the Washington Papers in the Department of State, he said, he had found very little in them worth printing which had not already been published.

Mr. Irving's main object in visiting Arlington was to gather items of personal information about Washington. Mount Vernon he was already familiar with, and counting much upon an interview with Mr. Custis, he was not disappointed. Mr. Custis seemed to love and admire with intensity the name and character of Washington; he looked upon him as a special gift from God to his country, and did not hear our great author speak of our great General without emotion. He said that every American should be proud of the memory of Washington, and should make his example and his wonderful character a continual study.

Our common friend of Arlington House, with his wife, received Mr. Irving with every manifestation of regard, and after the true open-handed and open-hearted Virginia fashion. The pictures, the books, and the furniture—relics of Mount Vernon—were all exhibited; and it seemed to me that Mr. Custis was particularly happy in expressing his "recollections of the chief," which you remember is a pet phrase with our friend. But Mr. Irving had himself seen General Washington. He said there was some celebration going on in New York, and the General was there to participate in the ceremony. "My nurse," continued Mr. Irving, "a good old Scotchwoman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he rode past. This, however, did not satisfy her. So the next day, when walking with me in Broadway, she espied him in a shop; she seized my hand, and darting in, exclaimed, in her bland Scotch, 'Please, your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye!' General Washington then turned his benevolent face full upon me, smiled, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing, which," added Mr. Irving, earnestly, "I have reason to believe has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand even now!"

Of all the reminiscences which Mr. Irving brought from Arlington House the most agreeable was, that he had noticed a striking resemblance between Mrs. Custis and his own mother. The latter had been dead nearly forty years, and he had been a very extensive traveller, but he had never seen a face towards which his heart seemed to yearn so strongly. I noticed the fact that he could hardly keep his eyes off of her, and he thought proper to apologise for his apparent rudeness by alluding to the emotions which her presence excited in his breast. He subsequently accounted to me for the resemblance by analyzing the peculiar expression of the eyes, caused by unusually long eyelashes, all of which seemed to be confirmed in my opinion by the dreamy

* The first volume of the "Life of Washington" was published in 1855, and the fifth and last in 1859.

expression of his own eyes. From the tone of his conversation it was apparent that his admiration for a true woman was unbounded. He said that he never tired of looking at them. It had always been his custom in travelling over the world to take particular notice of the women whom he met (especially if they were beautiful), and to amuse himself by composing stories, purely imaginary of course, in which they conspicuously figured.

When questioned as to his manner of writing, Mr. Irving gave me the following particulars: He usually wrote with great rapidity. Some of the most popular passages in his books were written with the greatest ease, and the more uninteresting ones were those which had cost him the most trouble. At one time he had to labour very hard to bring up one part of an essay to the level of another. He never allowed a thing to go to press, however, without writing it or overlooking it a second time; he was always careful about that. Several of the papers in the Sketch Book were written before breakfast; one he remembered especially—"The Wife." At one time, in England, Thomas Moore called upon him when deeply engaged in writing a story, and as the poet saw page after page of Mr. Irving's manuscript thrown aside, he stepped quietly into the room, and did not speak a word until the task was ended, when he said it would have been a pity to have disturbed a man under such circumstances. The first things he ever printed were school compositions, which he was in the habit of sending to the "Weekly Museum," a little quarto journal published in New York, when he was a boy twelve or fourteen years old. Many papers that he sent to the printer were rejected, but those assaults upon his pride did not make him unhappy. At no period of his life had he ever attempted to make a grand sentence; his chief object had been to utter his thoughts in the fewest possible words, as simple and plain as language would allow. The only poetry he had ever attempted was a piece entitled, "Lines to the Passaic." These verses were written in an album for the amusement of a party of ladies and gentlemen, which he had joined, to the Falls. He said they ought never to have been printed, for in his opinion they were very poor, very poor stuff. In 1802, when nineteen years of age, he published in a paper called "The Chronicle," edited by his brother, a series of letters with the signature of Jonathan Old Style—but these productions he never recognised. In consequence of ill health, he went to Europe in 1804, and after his return to New York, in 1807, he took the chief part in "Salmagundi." "Knickerbocker's New York" was published in 1809, and in 1813 he edited the "Analectic Magazine," at which time he became an aide-de-camp and was called Colonel Irving. The years in which his succeeding books made their appearance, as near as he could remember, were as follow: "The Sketch Book," in 1818; "Bracebridge Hall," in 1822; "Tales of a Traveller," in 1824; "Columbus," in 1828; "Conquest of Granada," in 1829; "Alhambra," in 1832; "Crayon Miscellany," in 1835; "Astoria," in 1836; "Bonneville's Adventures," in 1837; "Oliver Goldsmith," in 1849; and "Mahomet," in 1850. The University of Oxford made him a D.C.L. in 1831, when he was Secretary of Legation in London, and the date of his appointment as Minister to Spain was 1842, the same having been conferred without his solicitation. The fifty guinea gold medal conferred upon him by George IV. was for historical composition, and the person who received the other medal of the same year (1831) was Henry Hallam.

He touched upon literary men generally, and upon certain living English writers. He said of —— * * *

On looking at a picturesque group of children by the way-side, he was reminded of Wilkie. He knew the painter well. Returning from Italy, Wilkie had heard of his being in Spain, and went all the way from Madrid to spend a couple of months or more. He spoke of the artist as an honest blunt man and a capital painter; but in a few of his Spanish pictures he had committed the error of introducing Scotch accessories. When in Madrid they walked a great deal together, went into all sorts of places, and the painter was constantly taking sketches. "On one occasion," said Mr. Irving, "when my attention had been attracted by a gaudily dressed group of soldiers and women, I turned to him and said, 'There, Wilkie, there's something very fine!' He looked attentively for a moment, and shaking his head, hastily replied, 'Too costumey, too costumey.' The fact was, he delighted more in the rich brown of old rags than he did in the bright colours of new lace and new cloth."

Speaking to Mr. Irving of a headache with which I was suffering, he remarked, that was a thing he had never experienced. Indeed, he thought that no man had ever lived so long a life as he had, with fewer aches and pains. He mentioned the singular fact that for a period of twenty years, from 1822 to 1842, he had not been conscious of the least bodily suffering. A good dinner was a thing that he had always enjoyed, but he liked it plain and well cooked. In early life he was very fond of walking; but owing to a cutaneous affection which came upon him in Spain, his ankles were somewhat weakened, and he had since that time taken the most of his exercise on horseback. This last remark was made in reply to the surprise which Mr. Custis expressed at seeing him skip up a flight of stairs three steps at a time, and for which he apologised, by saying that he frequently forgot himself. While alluding to his habits, he remarked that a quiet, sedentary life agreed with him, and that he often sat at his writing-table, when at work, from four to six hours without ever rising from his chair. He also avowed himself a great lover of sleep. When at home, he always took a nap after dinner, but somehow of late years he could not sleep well at night; he frequently spent more than half the night wakeful, and at such times he was in the habit of reading a great deal. He said that he really envied the man who could sleep soundly.

I had a short talk with Mr. Irving about the copyright treaty which was drawn up by Messrs. Webster and Crampton, and then in the hands of Mr. Everett. He did not believe it would be ratified by the senate, and spoke in rather severe

terms of the want of intelligence, on purely literary matters, in that distinguished body, and also of the conduct of certain publishers who were doing all they could to prevent the ratification of the treaty.

An incident related by Mr. Irving, tending to illustrate the character of Andrew Jackson, was to this effect: "When Secretary of Legation at St. James's, in 1831, he was left by Mr. M'Lane to represent the country in the capacity of Chargé d'Affaires for a period of three months. During that time the coronation of William the Fourth took place, and his expenses were unusually heavy. When he came home he presented a claim for 100*l.*, which was a smaller sum than he had expended. The President said there was no law providing for such claims, but ordered that he should receive the pay of a Chargé for the time employed. And he did receive it—a sum amounting to more than twice what had been prayed for."

But enough. Though not afraid to tire you with pleasant reminiscences of a man universally honoured and beloved, yet my selfishness and modesty prompt me to reserve a portion of my notes of Mr. Irving's conversation for my special gratification. A few of his statements bearing upon the truth of history I may give you on some future occasion. CHARLES LANMAN (U.S.)

EXHIBITION IN 1862.

IN this age of competition in every department of industry, and at a time when such extraordinary development is taking place in almost every system, whether it minister to our personal comfort or to our enjoyment, it will be useful and interesting to bear in mind the importance of small beginnings. With this view it is proposed, now that the Society of Arts has put forth a declaration of its intention to hold a second Great Exhibition in 1862, to point out a few historic facts in reference to past exhibitions.

This Society was established by a body of patriotic gentlemen in 1753, for the promotion of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. With this object they subscribed to a general fund, which they distributed as premiums for the introduction of new raw produce from abroad, the establishment of new industries at home, and the encouragement of an extended love for art among the upper and middle classes of society. Their meetings were first held in a private room at Rawthmell's Coffee-house in Henrietta Street, Covent Gorden; but the Society soon growing in public estimation, removed to a house of its own opposite Beaufort Buildings; and having thus secured rooms of sufficient magnitude, were enabled to afford facilities to the artists of England to bring together their works, which were exhibited collectively for the first time in England in 1760. A second exhibition took place in 1761; and owing to the success which attended these first attempts, a Society of Artists was formed, and subsequently the Royal Academy was established. Thus, from a small beginning in 1760, grew one of the most popular and interesting of our national Exhibitions; proving that the Society of Arts, in declaring as it did, in 1849, its intention to hold an Exhibition in 1851, and as it is again doing with reference to an Exhibition in 1862, is only following out the work for which it was founded. But it is necessary that I should not confine my statement to art. The Society held exhibitions of manufactured articles and of machinery from its earliest foundation; and ultimately established a permanent museum of models, which, accumulating from year to year, at length buried each other in the dust of age, and fell, like the Society itself, into decay.

Exhibitions, as now held, are institutions of our own times, and they have grown out of the efforts made by a few far-seeing men, who combined in 1845 for the purpose of resuscitating the Society of Arts; and this they considered could be most readily effected by directing especial attention to the improvement of design and colour in manufactured articles, as by this means a largely improved taste for art might be cultivated, and an extended sympathy with the Society's operations enlisted. In order the better to carry out this view, the Society of Arts in 1856 offered and awarded a series of special premiums for designs in earthenware, fictile ivory, and other substances; and among the designs rewarded was a tea-service—such objects being selected as having a place in every home. The tea-service was peculiar for its simplicity of form and the total absence of colour, and was largely sought for by the public. This induced the council, established in 1847 by Royal Charter, to offer a second series of premiums for designs combining simplicity of form with ornaments printed or otherwise obtained by the use of a single colour. And the designs then asked for were to be sent to the Society in the spring of 1847, and exhibited with those rewarded in 1846; in addition to which were some "select specimens of British manufactures and decorative art." This series formed the first of the special exhibitions which led to the Exhibition of 1851—an exhibition which may be said to have had a teacup for its foundation. So much for the importance of small beginnings.

The result of the production of the tea-service here referred to, did not, however, stop with the close of the Exhibition of 1851. A large surplus, amounting to about 240,000*l.* over and above the cost of the Exhibition, remained in the hands of the Royal Commissioners. This sum has since been invested in land at South Kensington, upon which temporary buildings have been erected for a museum, and accommodation provided for the Government Schools of Design.

The museum at South Kensington is daily growing in public favour, but, like all of our public institutions, is the result of small beginnings; for it would almost appear, that our Government is incapable of appreciating and supporting by public grants any large proposition in its entirety: else we should long since have had a National Gallery worthy of the country. The British Museum has been the growth of many years; and from a small collection enclosed within the walls of old Montague House, visible only by

tickets, which it often took a month to obtain, it has at length found a home worthy of our country —a home whose doors are open to all comers at all times, and is now the finest general collection in England. The Geological Museum, first established in a single room in Craig's Court, owing to the untiring energy of the late Sir Henry De la Beche, after years of ceaseless labour, obtained from Government the grant of a suitable building in Jermyn Street, and is now one of the most popular educational institutions in England.

Again, the museum of the products of the Vegetable Kingdom, now for the first time lodged in a building in Kew Gardens, capable of affording the necessary facilities for a classified arrangement, is attributable to the energy of Sir William Hooker, whose private collections form the nucleus of this now national institution.

The British Museum, the National Gallery, the Geological Museum, and the Vegetable Collection at Kew, were all established previous to 1851. The museum at South Kensington, however, has been called into existence since that date, and the Society of Arts may be said to be the founders of the new museum—which consists of educational apparatus, animal products, and mechanical appliances, with the addition of specimens of the English school of art. At the close of the Exhibition of 1851, it was felt that if England was to maintain her position in the race of industrial competition, it was necessary that an increased amount of attention should be paid to the education of her artisans. To effect this point, the Society of Arts, in 1854, exhibited in St. Martin's Hall the educational appliances both of England and the Continent, so far as they could collect them; and this collection is the basis of the Educational Museum of South Kensington.

A museum of Industrial Products in England was an acknowledged want, and the donations of exhibitors in 1851 were solicited and obtained, as the basis of a collection of that class; but there still existed another want, which the Society of Arts, jointly with the Royal Commissioners, determined to supply, namely, a collection of the products of the Animal Kingdom. This, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Solly, at that time Secretary of the Society of Arts, was obtained and exhibited by the Society, and it now forms the foundation of the animal collection at South Kensington.

Machinery and mechanical appliances still remained unprovided; and here the Society of Arts have again been the instigators of the measures which have enabled the Commissioners of Patents, under the able superintendence of Mr. Bennett Woodcroft, to form the collection of Patented Inventions now exhibited at South Kensington. The condition of the Patent Laws engaged the attention of the Society of Arts as far back as 1850; and the Bill which constitutes the amended law, and under which the appointment of Mr. Woodcroft, and the publication of the specifications, took place, was based on the principles laid down in the reports made by the Society's Committee. But the Society's action neither began nor finished there; for in 1848 it opened, and has since held yearly, an Exhibition of the Models of Machinery and Patented Inventions, and want of space alone has prevented the establishment of a permanent mechanical museum of reference.

In advancing the foregoing facts, there is no desire to detract from the merit due to the energetic management under which the accumulated collection has been brought together at South Kensington by Mr. Henry Cole; but the importance of the small beginnings instituted by the Society of Arts should not be lost sight of at a time when it is proposed by that Society to take steps for the establishment of a second Universal Exhibition in 1862, and which proposition includes the erection of a permanent building on the ground which was purchased with the surplus money obtained from the Exhibition of 1851.

It is not our intention now to enter upon the discussion of the merits of the proposition put forward, nor to consider the condition of the political atmosphere of Europe; but it may be well to impress on the mind of the public the important results which have already flowed from the Exhibition of 1851. England now possesses an Industrial, Art, and Educational Museum. An Art Museum, which illustrates more fully and worthily than has ever before been done, the character of the English School; an Educational Museum, which it never before possessed, and which includes within it the products of the animal kingdom, and which, when added to the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, and the Vegetable Museum of Kew, places the products of the three kingdoms of nature before the student for ready reference; and an Industrial Collection, which embraces within its wide-spread arms the products of the potter's wheel, the loom, and the last improved form of the mighty steam-engine, while it at the same time illustrates the means available for constructing healthy homes and increasing the comfort derivable by the workingman in the economic use and treatment of food substances.

If such results have already been reaped in eight years from a single Exhibition—if such increased facilities for the instruction of the artisan have been created—to what results may we not look forward as likely to flow from a second Exhibition to be held in 1862?

H. G. H.

ANA.

GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD RIDING.—The late Lord Charles Manners was an excellent horseman. Whilst serving in a horse regiment in the Peninsula, he came unexpectedly on a French cavalry piquet, who forthwith gave him chase, until he reached a brook which he cleared in true Melton style, taking off his hat, and bidding the Frenchmen "Adieu, Messieurs!" The Frenchmen, none of whom could take the leap, were chivalrously forbidden by their commanding officer to fire upon an unarmed foe. A caricature descriptive of the event, now scarce, was published at the time; it is called "A Belvoir Leap, or teaching the French Good Manners."

THE CROWN OF LOVE.

O, might I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of Romance,
Who loved and gain'd so gloriously
The fair Princess of France!

Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touch'd the sky:
So the proud king decreed.

Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won;—
And she was won in death!

Red the far summit flames with morn,
While in the plain a glistening Court
Surrounds the king who practised scorn
Thro' such a mask of sport.

She leans into his arms; she lets
Her lovely shape be clasp'd: he fares.
God speed him whole! The knights make bets:
The ladies lift soft prayers.

O have you seen the deer at chase?
O have you seen the wounded kite?
So boundingly he runs the race,
So wavering grows his flight.

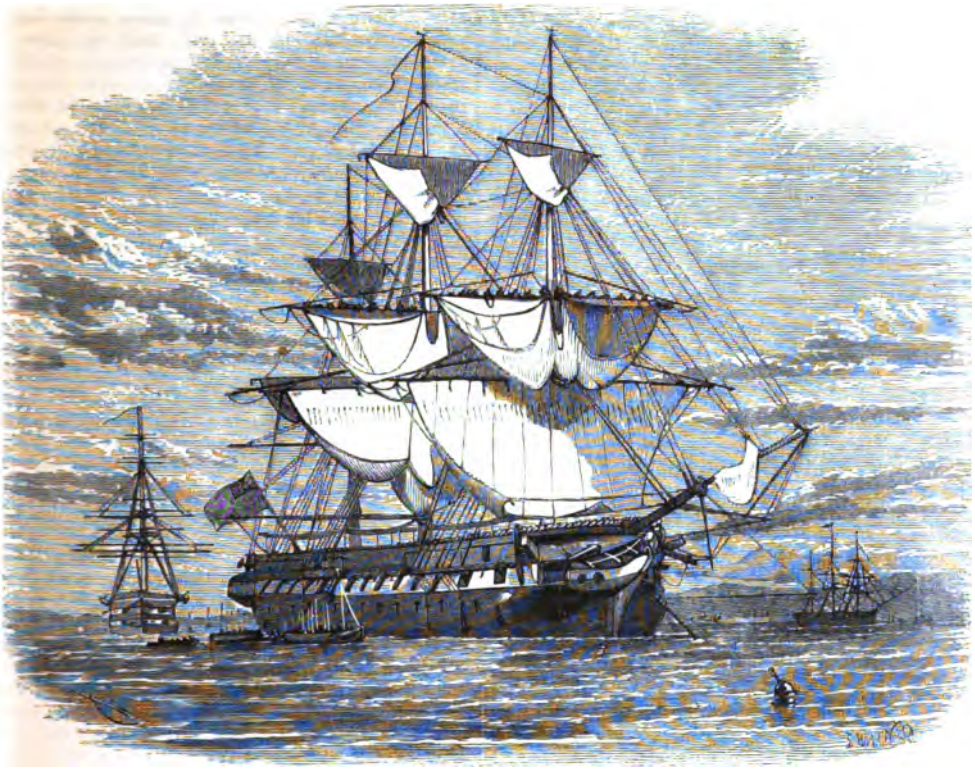
"My lover! linger here, and slake
Thy thirst, or me thou wilt not win."
"See'st thou the tumbled heavens? they break!
They beckon us up, and in."

"Ah, hero-love! unloose thy hold:
O drop me like a cursed thing."
"See'st thou the crowded swards of gold?
They wave to us Rose and Ring."

"O death-white mouth! O cast me down!
Thou diest? Then with thee I die."
"See'st thou the angels with a Crown?
We twain have reach'd the sky."

George Meredith.

THE SCHOOL FRIGATE, THE AKBAR.



UP the Mersey, in the Sloyne, far above the Liverpool docks, there is moored off the Rock Ferry, a bluff old frigate bereft of guns, but with all its rigging standing. It forms a strong contrast to the trim and warlike aspect of the noble new ship, the Nile, which floats hard by in all the beautiful symmetry of its lines, and the dignity of its quiet strength.

What is its grim neighbour, the Akbar? It is clearly no longer destined to "brave the battle or the breeze." A quieter and yet a not inglorious destiny is hers. She is now destined to *convert* the denizens of our jails, and of the lanes and cellars of Liverpool, and train them for the sea. She is, of all our Reformatories, the most hopeful.

Having hailed a boat at the landing stages, we soon arrived alongside her starboard gangway. A cluster of boats, of all sizes, belonging to the ship, are moored there. We ask for, and at once receive admission from the young "look-out" man of the watch, and are speedily met and greeted with a hearty welcome from Captain Fenwick, R.N., the superintendent.

The entire ship is devoted to the training and accommodation of the lads, and the berths of the officers. These consist of Captain Fenwick, the chaplain, the boatswain, Mr. Perkins, and the schoolmaster and five men. There is also a carpenter, who has a large shop in the forecastle. We found about 130 lads, nearly all of them previously convicted criminals, the average number being 144. They are taught every department of elementary seamanship such as lads are capable of learning. These are chiefly furling and loosing the sails, reefing, making gaskets and sinnet, heaving the lead, drawing and knotting yarns, rowing, sailing, and carpentering. In addition to this they make all their own clothes. They have made, in last year, 976 pieces of clothing, 180 pairs of new shoes, and 276 pairs have been repaired; and have also made 18 sea-chests, besides 3 tons of oakum. The chief labour is that of rowing. They are freely entrusted with the boats, and row constantly, and they have to fetch all the water, a distance of two and a-half miles, daily.

This is real work, and tough work too. Exercise of thew and muscle is the very marrow of reformation. I believe that the actual good done by Reformatories is to be accurately tested by this single criterion. Bodily indolence and Paphian habits are the destinctive features of thiefdom, and nine-tenths of these lads were not only thieves, but reared as thieves. They have never learnt the full use of any portion of their limbs but their fingers. It is ludicrous to see—especially when they first arrive at Reformatories — what girlish habits they have; and, in a great measure, the habits of effeminate girls. They give themselves up as about to die on slight illnesses; are wholly unable to

bear pain or endure physic, and wrap themselves up and shrink from the cold, for which they seem to have an extra hatred above the ordinary preference of the rest of Anglo-Saxon mankind for foul over fresh air. Their sensitiveness and jealousies are keen in proportion to their effeminacy. But so also are their sympathies and affections. Though his discipline is strict, it is upon these that Captain Fenwick relies as the fulcrum of all the other agencies of reformation. They give the lever its whole power. As a pleasing proof of this, Captain Fenwick being overdone lately with his work, had been absent for about three months to recruit, but returned scarcely recovered. The boys crowded round him, expressed the most intense delight at his return, and volunteered a promise that they would give him no trouble whatever if he would stay with them; and he says that the whole establishment kept their word and behaved unexceptionably.

The state of discipline appeared to be excellent. The chief offences to be coped with, are want of perseverance, recurrence to their own listless habits, and an intense love of chattering together on all occasions. Insubordination rarely shows itself, and is very easily put down by firmness without recourse to force. On one occasion seven new boys came in from another reformatory, and were soon after found in the forecastle comfortably smoking their pipes, a forbidden luxury.

"Hollo!" shouts the boatswain, "what's the rig here? This won't do."

"What won't do? We are only a havin' a bit of a smoke."

"But I tell you that won't do here—so avast at that."

"We smoked where we come from, and we shall smoke here."

They all seven puffed on with increased vigour, with a dogged look, and *that* in their eyes which boded no good for discipline.

"Put those pipes down this moment."

The scowls and puffs continued unabated. The boatswain saw it was now or never. The result of the experiment would be no secret. The discipline of the ship was at stake. The boatswain is a strong, broad-chested, resolute man, not given to dally with emergencies. In one moment a well-aimed blow from his clenched fist tumbles the spokesman wrong side upwards, pipe and all, into the corner. The other six, at first taken aback, bristle up, waver, look fierce, think twice, and put down their pipes.

"Now, mind—no more smoking," and the boatswain left them to their own reflections on the discipline of the Akbar.

They gave little trouble in future.

It seems to be the habit of reformatories to pass their worst coin on one another. An overgrown "juvenile" was pointed out, who came with a high reputation for his pious propensities. He was obedient and of the devoutest demeanour, but was shortly afterwards found to be very immoral.

There was once a mere conversation touching mutiny. The matter was made known to the superintendent, who ordered the whole band likely to have been at all affected, to appear before him, and addressed them nearly as follows:

"I hear you have been chatting about mutiny. It will perhaps be as well to think twice before you try it. It is quite true that we have no fire-arms or cutlasses on board, because we don't want them, or mean to use them: but the moment your mutiny begins, a signal from us brings a couple of gigs full of men-of-war's men from the Hastings, with their coxswains and cats, who will at once administer two dozen to each of you mutineers to begin with. Now, go back to work, like good lads, and let us hear no more of mutineering."

And no more was heard of it. The pattern-boy from —— Reformatory has ceased to be dangerous; though he will never make a sailor.

Music is a great auxiliary to the system. A band has been formed, which plays famously on cornets à pistons, with drums, fifes, &c. They keep perfect time, and play with taste, and even with expression. This acquirement makes them very serviceable in the army, and is indeed forming one of the most expeditious modes of getting the pauper boys in the great District School near Croydon, into lucrative employment. Captain Fenwick has also taught his lads to chant, leading them with an harmonium; and few cathedrals need have been ashamed of their performance of Jubilate or the Magnificat. I was vastly struck by the quiet, decorous, yet earnest demeanour of the lads during the time they were thus engaged. I can readily believe in the effect which music, sacred and secular, must have on the hearts of these children, and how very powerfully it must open avenues to the access of those various kindly influences which Captain Fenwick addresses to their love and confidence.

An Irish boy whose general conduct was careless in the extreme, but who had never committed any great fault since his admittance, or (as far as could be ascertained) told a falsehood, fell suddenly from the maintop to the deck (about fifty feet), and smashed his lower jaw. Instead of crying out in pain, or for help, his first expression, in a voice hardly audible from pain and mutilation, was: "How thankful I am that *He* has spared my life, and I such a miserable sinner!"

The great advantages of floating reformatories are such as recommend them for general adoption. There is no means so good for thorough industrial discipline, both of a healthy and a useful kind, while the little floating island in which the community lives, powerfully enhances discipline. I wonder that others are not established in the Medway, at Milford, and in the Plymouth Waters, the Humber, &c. There are plenty of suitable hulks for the purpose. The boys, when fit, can be drafted into the Queen's ships only by special favour, but readily into the army and the merchant service. Some are now on board the Hastings, who were trained in the Akbar. Thus the great difficulty which stands at the further end of all reformatory treatment—how to provide for the reformed cases—has no existence in the Akbar.

The results of the system are thus stated. Since

the commencement, in 1856, when boys were first received, sixty-nine have been discharged: of these thirty-one are favourably reported; six are fairly reported: badly reported — relapsed into crime, one: left their ships without cause, seven; but it is stated that five were well and highly spoken of, and have gone to sea in other vessels; a desertion by no means in excess of those of apprentices in the merchant service: nineteen are not yet reported of. This is a fair and, no doubt, a true account, which is much more than can be said of some of the obviously inflated accounts put forth by some other reformatories. Nothing is more difficult than to test the reality of reclamation; but if a lad is fairly launched in life, and goes on steadily for a time, that is a great achievement. If he relapses afterwards, he does so just as any other human being may: and if one half, or even thirty per cent. of the lads benevolently aided, thus far repay the efforts of their benefactors, reformatories are among the most effectual of our public philanthropies.

I observed some aristocratic names among the inmates, such as Stanley, Cavendish, Ratclyffe, &c., and the countenances of many bespoke more than a dash of gentle blood.

The instruction is plain, and suitable to the future wants of the lads, and quite free from the excrescences which often grow on our National Schools.

A great part of the success of the system results from the admirable manner in which the lads are watched at night. Where this is not done, and where they are herded, bedded close to each other in dark rooms, without perfect surveillance, I believe that infinitely more corruption takes place at night than the whole day's discipline can counteract. The boys in the Akbar are formed into divisions—port and starboard watches—each of these again, is divided into sub-divisions; each of these has a first and second captain over it, selected from the leading names on the tablet of trustworthy boys; and these, together with the assistant purser's stewards, and the cook's mate, all are made to rank as petty officers.

These sub-divisions sleep as well as mess together, and form separate little companies, of whom the captain is the head; and he is responsible, to a certain extent, for the conduct of the boys under his charge. They all sleep together in their hammocks, in the cock-pit, which is well-lighted at night: and all night long, not only is there an officer always in command of the watch, but one of the boys parades up and down on each side of the long row of hammocks, having one hour watches, the whole night through. All talking is forbidden, and, what is more, effectually prevented.

The expenses of the establishment are now more than defrayed by the grant of seven shillings per week from the Home Office, per head; the subscriptions and the produce of the boys' labour, leaving for last year a surplus of about 300*l.*

On leaving the ship, we were pulled to the Packet Station at Rock Ferry in gallant style by the boys in a handsome four-oared gig. If there was a land reformatory for spade husbandry in the neighbourhood of such reformatories as the Akbar, it would effectually meet the need of all classes of criminal youths, and by thus cutting off the supply of crime in the bud, the good done would be incalculable. It is scarcely possible to overrate the importance of selecting a man of high moral tone, combining pluck and kindness of disposition for the work. Everything depends on the superintendent, for the tone of his personal influence, is everywhere *felt* throughout the community. No ephemeral amateur zeal, or mere paid service, can effect reformation. I had almost forgotten to say, that the diet must be good. I know cases where it is almost prison fare. On board the Akbar, they give four ounces of meat daily, one pint of soup, with plenty of biscuit, rice, or potatoes. I have small faith in economical philanthropies: the bodily labour required gives appetite, and not to supply it is to generate a low, physical condition, the sure forerunner of moral decline. We must look *forward* for reimbursement. The prevention of crime is worth a high price: it will be no permanent expense.

JELINGER C. SYMONS.

A PHASE OF THE ARCTIC MYSTERY.

THE details of the expedition sent out by Lady Franklin in the steam yacht Fox, shortly will be, if they are not already, before the public.

Sir John Franklin, as we learn, died as early as June 11th, 1847. His ships the Erebus and Terror were beset on September 12th, 1846, in lat. 70° 05′ N., and long. 88° 23′ W. On 22nd April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues N.N.W. of Point Victory, King William's Island, where 105 survivors under Captain Crozier landed, and on April 25th deposited in a cairn the records brought home by Captain M'Clintock.

That gallant officer, with Lieutenant Hobson, made a minute search of the whole coast of King William's Island, and on its south shore found death-traces of members of the expedition, at a point exactly opposite that portion of the main land of North America, whence the relics sent home in 1854, and now in Greenwich Hospital, had been procured, viz., Point Ogle, a cape at the mouth of the Great Fish River, and Montreal Island in its estuary.

It is impossible to rise from the perusal of Captain M'Clintock's journal, without the absolute conviction that the late Sir John Franklin's companions died the victims, less of those perils of their profession which they were naturally prepared to encounter, than of official apathy, or at least of mistaken judgment.

The following facts, arranged in order of date, are relied on to prove that this representation is correct.

It is to be borne in mind, that King William's Island lies off the west land of North Somerset, and that the silent but terribly convincing testimony of the bleached skeletons on the way, proves that from the moment of landing on Point Victory, the survivors were struggling in a death-flight for the Great Fish River.

12*th Dec.*, 1844. "My Lords" Commissioners

of the Admiralty resolve upon another expedition by sea in search of the North West Passage, and appoint Sir John Franklin to the command.

20th Feb., 1845. A distinguished Arctic traveller and eminent physician, Dr. King, of Savile Row, who, so far back as 1835, had acquired renown as medical officer and second in command of an overland journey in search of Sir John Ross, —hearing of the proposed expedition by sea, and regarding it, to use his own phrase, as a "forlorn hope,"—addresses to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, a proposal for a land journey by the Great Fish River, to aid the Franklin expedition in its geographical survey.

5th May, 1845. "My Lords" issue their instructions to Sir John Franklin, who sails with the Erebus and Terror.

26th July, 1845. The ships are seen in Baffin Bay, *for the last time.*

10th June, 1847. Dr. King writes to Earl Grey, Secretary of State for the Colonies, "My Lord, one hundred and thirty-eight men are at this moment in imminent danger of perishing by famine;" he regrets that Lord Stanley does not entertain the proposition for a land journey by the Great Fish River, renews his proposal, shows how it can be carried out, assigns the western land of North Somerset as the position of the lost expedition, points out that if Sir John Franklin is to be relieved, it must be in the summer of 1848, and implores permission to render him "the only succour which has the probability of success."

25th Nov., 1847. Dr. King again addresses Earl Grey, Lord Stanley's successor in the administration of the Colonial Department: "The last ray of hope has passed that Sir John Franklin by his own exertions can save himself and his one hundred and thirty-seven followers from the death of starvation. I trust, therefore, your Lordship will excuse my calling your attention to my letter of 10th June last, which is acknowledged, but which remains unanswered." Dr. King argues most ably the geographical question, and once more begs to be allowed a place in "the great effort which must be made for the rescue of the one hundred and thirty-eight men who compose the lost expedition."

8th Dec., 1847. Dr. King, for the third time, addresses Earl Grey on the subject of a new expedition, proposed by the Admiralty, to search the coast of North America for Franklin, from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine rivers, with Wollaston land, opposite that coast, in 1848, and Victoria land in the summer of 1849. He also offers to go at once by the Great Fish River to Victoria land, as well as to the Western land of North Somerset.

16th Dec., 1847. Dr. King acknowledges the receipt of a reply from Lord Grey, desiring him to address any application he may desire to make, to "My Lords" of the Admiralty. Dr. King regrets that Earl Grey should have delayed his answer from June to December, because, if anything is to be done, it must be in progress by February. He explains that he is not "soliciting employment," but "endeavouring to induce Earl Grey to take the necessary measures for saving the lives of one hundred and thirty-eight fellow-creatures;" adding that he does not ask Earl Grey to make good the loss he would sustain by giving up his private practice and five appointments of honour and emolument—a loss which cannot be measured by a money standard, but that he "comes forward again only for the sake of humanity."

16th Feb., 1848. Dr. King writes to "My Lords" repeating fully his arguments as to the western land of North Somerset, and undertaking to do in one summer what has not before been done under two; he also explains how he can do it, and again volunteers to go by the Great Fish River.

3rd March, 1848. Dr. King complains to Mr. H. G. Ward, Secretary to "My Lords," that he has received no reply to his letter of February 16th; states that March 15th is the latest period at which he should feel justified in starting on this expedition, and requests early information of their Lordships' decision, as he will have to make arrangements to vacate his professional appointments.

3rd March, 1848. Mr. H. G. Ward is commanded by "My Lords" to acquaint Dr. King, that "they have no intention of altering their present arrangements, or of making any others that will require his assistance, or force him to make the sacrifices he appears to contemplate."

18th Feb., 1850. Dr. King again urges on "My Lords" the overland expedition by the Great Fish River, and is strengthened in his convictions by the unsuccessful results of the various attempts to relieve Franklin by sea.

28th Feb., 1850. "My Lords" must decline the offer of Dr. King's services.

19th July, 1854. Dr. Rae, a Chief Factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, engaged in completing a survey of the west coast of Boothia, writing from Repulse Bay, reports to "My Lords" that on the 17th April he has met with Esquimaux in Pelly Bay, from whom he gathered, "that in the spring, four winters past (spring, 1850), a party of forty white men were seen travelling southward over the ice. * * * At a later date in the same season, the bodies of thirty were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey N.W. of the Oot-ko-hi-ca-lik." The land is, as Dr. Rae states, Point Ogle, and the island Montreal Island, in the Great Fish River.

20th June, 1855. Mr. James Anderson, a Chief Factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, started for the Great Fish River, and returned on 17th September. He found on Montreal Island absolute proofs of the truth of the Esquimaux story, as related to Dr. Rae.

So lately as 1850, *some of Sir John Franklin's party were absolutely alive upon the* GREAT FISH RIVER.

We cannot venture to do more than offer the above facts to our readers. We dare not trust ourselves to comment on them. Englishmen must decide between Dr. King and the successive Secretaries of State and Admiralty Boards, who disregarded a proposal, by which it is now clear that this remnant might have been saved.

"My Lords" were too official to entertain the right proposal; can they now be touched by the

story of an Esquimaux woman who records the fate of the *last Arctic victim* to the "Foul Anchor"? Let them listen:

"One of the lost crew died upon Montreal Island."

"The rest perished on the coast of the mainland."

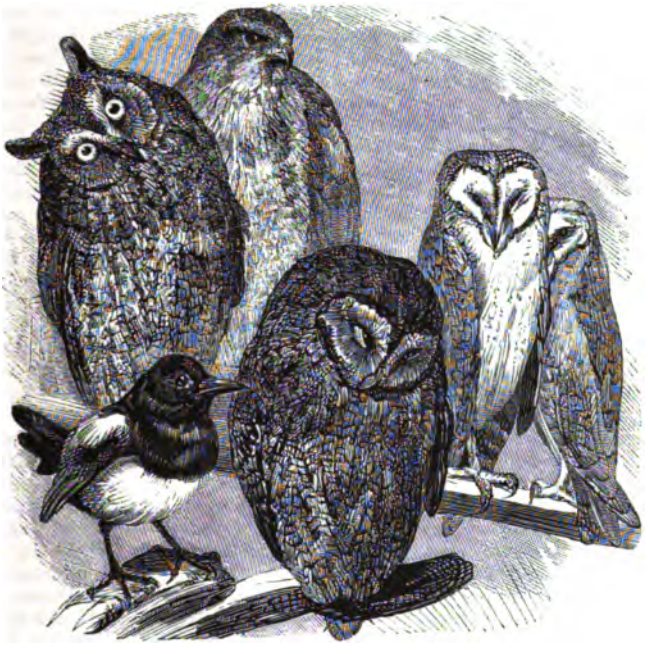
"The wolves were very thick."

"Only one man was living when their tribe arrived."

"Him it was too late to save."

"He was large and strong, and sat on the sandy beach, his head resting on his hand; and thus he died." VOYAGEUR.

OUR PETS. By S. S.



THERE are two very different ways of enjoying the companionship of tame animals. One is by petting and fondling them without regard to their natural habits and individual happiness; the other is by cultivating their friendship, and engaging their affections, and at the same time allowing them free scope for the exercise of their peculiar tendencies of character. For that animals have distinctive character, and differ individually one from another much in the same way that human beings differ, is a fact universally acknowledged by all who have studied them in their natural condition. If anything could destroy this individuality it would be the uniformity of the purposes for which animals are employed by man, such as the daily work of the horse, which requires that all engaged in one kind of labour should move alike in the same routine manner.

When we speak of tame animals, however, we generally mean such as are tamed for our pleasure, not employed for our use; and these being various in species, as well as in the treatment to which they are subjected, cannot be prevented by any law of uniformity from developing their natural peculiarities of character. In this respect, then, as well as in many others, we may derive from the society of tame animals a fund of perpetual amusement.

Amongst our cats, for example, one may very possibly be an animal of the most staid and sober habits, while another may exhibit the most eccentric propensities, and this not only in its kittenhood, but up to maturity, perhaps perching herself where no cat was ever seen before, or cultivating the affections of some dog with whom her parents and relatives had lived at deadly strife.

But as one who has known, for no inconsiderable period of human experience, what it is to dwell in close intercourse with such associates, I will speak of some of my own personal friends, in evidence, not only of the amusement they have afforded me, but with a deep sense of gratitude for the many hours which they have beguiled of weariness; the many otherwise solitary moments they have cheered, and the kindly feelings they have often awakened in the midst of circumstances highly calculated both to disturb and embitter.

A motherless childhood may have been one cause why I sought this companionship more eagerly than others; and yet I think the tendency ran in the family; for we all had it, though not in an equal

degree. But we were all accustomed to observe what was stirring in the natural world, and would bring in our separate anecdotes for the amusement of the social circle with as much zest as young ladies generally tell of their balls, or young gentlemen of their exploits in the cricket-field.

My first strange pet—I mean foreign to the household—was a buzzard, a large and noble bird which I used to carry about on my arm or shoulder when I was about seven years old. I called him Nestor, he looked so grave and wise; and though I loved him very much, or thought I did, and took him often into the fields to spend my time with him alone, I always regarded him with a certain kind of awe, especially when he stretched out his great brown wings, and closed them over his head, as he always did in the act of eating, holding the food in his claws, and devouring it beneath this natural veil, as if the act of eating was too sacred and important to be exposed to vulgar eyes. I do not think my venerated friend was very amiable, or cared much about the laceration of the small arm on which he was carried, and which often bore the marks of his powerful talons. Nor am I sure that I was myself quite clear of blame in exciting his savage propensities; for I remember a terribly wounded leg of his, the consequence of my chasing an old woman in the harvest field with the great bird held out in my arms, his beak and claws very formidably presented to the old woman, who turned sharply round and struck him with her sickle, to my indignation and dismay; though feeling that I could say little in the way of complaint. Of course the wounded warrior was carefully attended to, and soon recovered from the blow.

All the while that this intimate acquaintance with the buzzard was carried on, we had a large supply of household pets, consisting of cats and dogs of various kinds and characters, guinea pigs, rabbits, white mice, and birds of many descriptions, though seldom or never kept in cages, for in caged-birds we took no delight. I must honestly confess to the clipping of a wing now and then; but in almost every case the wing was allowed to grow, so that the bird might take flight on the return of spring, when the temptation of a mate, or the excitement of nest-building generally robbed us of our one year's companion.

Besides those that were regularly domesticated, we had many shy friends of the fields and the garden who maintained a more stealthy intercourse with us, coming to be fed on a little raised table which we had placed near the dining-room windows in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them plentifully supplied, or hopping upon our hands and shoulders when we sate upon a very retired old garden seat kept almost sacred to this kind of intercourse. Here my father especially delighted in the intimacy of a robin, and often visited the solitary spot for the sake of inviting his little friend to perch upon his hand. Like us he persisted in believing everything that was good of all robins, and of his robin in particular; until one day, when a certain phase of the robin character was developed which appeared to shock and disappoint him a good deal. He had caught a stray bird of this species in the house, and took it in his hand to show to his little friend in the garden; when the latter, furious with jealous rage, flew at the stranger, and my father believed would have torn it in pieces, had he not permitted the wild robin to fly away. Whether it is the pretty little red-breast which awakens such wonderful tenderness on behalf of this bird, or the touching story of the "babes in the wood," or its sweet plaintive song in the autumn when other birds are silent, or the peculiar way it has of looking at you and seeming to attend upon your steps as you tread the garden walks, or, more than all, its willingness to perch at the window on cold wintry days, and to accept food at the hand of man—whatever the cause may be, the robin has certainly obtained a place in the human heart to which its own exemption from unamiable passions would never have entitled it. But so let it be. Human hearts are not apt to admit too much into their warm recesses. The greater would be the pity for even a little spiteful robin "to be discarded thence."

The birds with which my private menagerie was supplied were chiefly birds of prey, such as owls of various kinds, hawks, &c., with rooks, ravens, jackdaws, and magpies, and once a beautiful falcon, almost as large as an eagle, brought in a ship, on which it had alighted, from the coast of Norway. This bird I lost, it is to be feared after much suffering on its part, from not knowing that sand or gravel was necessary to enable it to digest its food.

Of the owls I never could make much in the way of companionship, simply because my day was their night, and *vice versâ*. Moreover, I had always on my mind the impression made upon us all by the reading of a useful and most charming little book, now lost sight of, called "Talking Animals." It was very graphically written, and better calculated than any grave discourse I ever heard to awaken in the hearts of children a real interest in animals, with pity for the sufferings which injudicious or ignorant petting must inflict upon them. Particularly were we all affected, I believe to frequent tears, by the history of a family of owls torn from their parent's nest, and exposed to all the horrors of glaring, mid-day captivity without a screen to shelter them from the hated sun, and the still more hated eyes and hands of their persecutors. The book was written on the supposition of a number of animals meeting together, each to relate the history of his own captivity and treatment at the hands of man, just as the circumstances had been in their effect upon himself, not at all as they had been intended; and that of the owl, especially, was so well told, and so true to nature, that it quite cast a damp upon my intercourse with the whole species, because I could not bring myself to let in upon them more than a kind of dim twilight, nor liked, even at any time, to intrude upon that strange, mysterious majesty in which even a very juvenile owl seems always to shroud himself.

Thus my knowledge of the owl character is rather limited, though I had many, both horned and common, at different times under my care: for the people in the neighbourhood, as well as our house servants, knowing my fondness for animals, used to bring me all kinds of maimed,

and sometimes savage creatures, many of which I succeeded in curing, and others in taming; though, I am sorry to say that our solemn visits to a little shady corner of the orchard, designated the "cats' burial-ground," were more frequent, and that the little mounds erected there were more numerous than we always found it quite cheerful or pleasant to reflect upon. We did the best we could for them while under our care, but sometimes they were too badly wounded to recover—sometimes it was more kind to kill than to keep them alive—and sometimes we made grievous mistakes in the way of food and treatment. Once—only once, I believe—we were guilty of absolute cruelty from unpardonable neglect: we forgot to feed our rabbits, of which we had numerous families in a large place my father had allowed to be fitted up for the purpose of keeping them in health and comfort. They were entirely dependent upon us. It was our pride that they should be so; and we once forgot to feed them for so many hours that two or three were found dead. I shall never forget that time, nor the awful visitation of shame and compunction that fell upon us. My father's treatment of the matter was such as to produce a life-long impression. He was not so much angry as shocked—absolutely grieved in spirit; and the very work-people cried shame upon us. Indeed, I do not know that for any later sins I have felt condemnation so severe as for that. And if we estimate our sins by the principles they involve rather than by the effects they produce, I think we were all right in feeling as we did; for the principle was just that of neglecting the claims of those whom we had voluntarily brought under our own power, thus tacitly engaging to guard and provide for them, and at the same time cutting off their means of doing this for themselves. A sense of injustice and wrong was consequently mixed with that of cruelty, which, in my case, at least, rendered the recollection of the hungered rabbits indelible.

I should think, as a whole, that more mistakes were committed in our establishment by *over* than by *under* feeding, for we were not at all like my father in being scientific or philosophical in our zoological studies. We might have been if we had so chosen; for one of his intimate friends was a gentleman of high literary fame in the region of entomological science, William Spence, who used to visit much at my father's house, and whose society afforded pleasure to us all. But somehow the structure of animals was never so interesting to us as their characters; and when another scientific friend of ours, Professor Phillips, used to tell with exultation of some of his invertebrate favourites—how they could live as well and as happily when turned inside out as when in their original position—I always retained the same preference, which holds to this day, for animals that *have* back bones, and that *do* feel a choice as to whether they shall be turned inside out or not.

Far more entertaining and more relishing to us, though perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess it, were the conversations of two bachelor uncles, and of one especially, who seemed to be constituted in a remarkable manner for observing the habits, and diving into the nature and feelings of animals, without the enlightenment of a single spark of science. He was a man strangely set apart from human fellowship, with a shut heart, but keen perceptions, and a strong but partially cultivated understanding. I think, as children, we used to try to creep into that shut heart of his with more avidity than into many open ones. And the animal creation seemed to be affected in a similar manner; for, without putting himself the least out of his way to indulge them, he could draw them around him, attach them to his person, and make them understand and obey him in the most remarkable manner. It is true he also could understand them as they must be little accustomed to being understood; and no small portion of the rare and racy amusement which his company often afforded was derived from his incomparable mimicry of all sorts of animals, and the indescribable drollery of look and manner with which he could translate into human speech the sentiments or opinions by which he believed his dumb associates to be actuated.

Leading an isolated life in the country, my uncle had many opportunities of making observations upon animal nature; and thus his rich store of information and anecdote was added to the general fund from whence we derived perpetual entertainment. It seemed to us always as if the animals with which he had to do developed more than others; and the tricks he could play without offending them, evinced something very peculiar in the intercourse they held together. One of his dogs, I remember, had an amusing partiality for riding in a wheelbarrow, or whatever conveyance was at hand; and I have often seen him take a running leap into an empty clothes basket which the women were carrying to a distant hedge, as if even that opportunity was too good to be lost. The opinions and sentiments of this dog my uncle was very apt at translating. But there was no setting bounds to his genius in this way. I have heard him tell what an old hen said to her chickens when she placed herself for the night upon the bough of an apple-tree, where they could not possibly follow her, accompanied with action and tones that would have won applause upon the stage. He gave, too, with great effect, the history of a lady pigeon, who persuaded her husband to sit while she flew off from the nest to take her pleasure amongst the inmates of a neighbouring dove-cot. There was nothing like this in all that Spence and Kirby ever wrote, excellent as it is; and my uncle was to us a higher oracle than Cuvier himself.

It would seem strange to some families that ours could sit down to talk over the affairs of animal economy with untiring interest; perhaps still more strange that we could listen with intense enjoyment to the recital of some strange exploit, or some new development of animal character; but for a happy life in the country, for amusement in one's walks and rides, for cheerful and intelligent communion with Nature, unrestrained by artificial usages, it is indispensable that we seek in this companionship more than is wanted for the mere satisfaction of a coaxing propensity; yes, and more than is often dreamed of in our philosophy.

In my father's case, the tendency in his children to make themselves acquainted with animal existence, under all its various forms, was made the groundwork of many a grave discourse, in which he tried to lift our hearts "from nature up to nature's God." He was a man who believed devoutly that nothing had been made in vain; that the smallest insect, as well as the vilest reptile, had its use in the great creation; and that all, as the works of God, were not only excellent in themselves, but entitled to kindness and consideration from man. His careful investigation of facts, tending to establish this his favourite theory, often pressed into his service so many members of the family, that a general interest was excited in obtaining an amount of useful knowledge, which he devoted to the cause of science. I remember, especially, his habitual leaning in favour of rooks, of which we had a swarming colony around the house. My father maintained that these birds were of great service to the farmers in clearing their land, not only of worms, but of a more destructive kind of grub very detrimental in the corn-fields. The amount of these which a rook would carry home to its young ones in a single day was the point to be ascertained, and a man was stationed to begin his watch with the first light of morning. He directed his attention to one particular nest, counted the number of flights made by the two parent birds, and on the following day one of them was shot on its way home, for the purpose of ascertaining the number of grubs conveyed to the nest at one flight. The result was enormous, exceeding my father's expectations. I have forgotten the exact amount, but I know that from that time his zeal was redoubled in publishing and making known amongst his friends and neighbours the debt of gratitude which they owed to their friends of the rook species.

(To be continued.)

A DEATH-WATCH WORTH DREADING.

WHEN King George III. and all his people were expecting an invasion in 1803, there was some anxiety as to the number of citizens who could be collected to repel the enemy. There had been a census two years before; and if it could be trusted (which was perhaps not the case) the number of people of both sexes and all ages in England and Wales was 9,000,000. In these 9,000,000 were included our soldiers and sailors who were dispersed about the world: and thus the King and Mr. Pitt were naturally anxious about the paucity of men. They were unwilling to withdraw the husbandmen from the field; for we then depended for our very existence on the food we ourselves grew. The King's passion was for agriculture; yet, if he had had his choice of a crop, he would have begged for the mythical old harvest that we have all read of at school—armed men springing from the furrows. He considered that the greatest of national blessings would be the birth of the greatest number of boys. He was not out of humour with the girls either; for he looked upon them as the mothers of more boys. His leading political idea was the encouragement of the greatest possible increase of citizens. He noticed every large family he saw in his walks, patted the children on the head, made a present to the mother, and called the father a good citizen. The royal example spread among the authorities throughout the kingdom. Country justices patted children on the head, and ordered bread for them out of the poor-rate to such an extent that the poor-rate soon amounted, in this population of 9,000,000, to the enormous sum of 4,000,000*l.* Wheat was then at 115*s.* 11*d.* a quarter. The trading classes were going to ruin, or had already fallen upon the rates. No matter! Substitutes for the militia were so hard to be found that the parents of large families must be upheld and favoured; and if tradesmen could not support their own large families, the rate would give them bread.

When the war was over, and the soldiers and sailors came home, and food was dear, and the labour-market was over-stocked, and every town and village swarmed with pauper children (legitimate and illegitimate), and the rate swallowed up more and more of the capital of the country, the fact became plain that the people had outgrown the means of subsistence. An alarm even more demoralising than King George's desire for a host of subjects now arose. Children were looked upon unlovingly, because too many of their parents were not married, or had married to obtain the benefits offered by the poor-law to unscrupulous people. Then arose a multitude of prudential schemes for economising money, and clubbing money, and insuring lives; and at last—insuring deaths.

It was even so. A person of middle age might describe the contrast he had himself witnessed between the days when a row of children presented themselves to the King, pulling their forelocks or bobbing their curtseys, sure of being praised for their mere existence, and therefore objects of parental pride and hope, and the time when (not so many years after) it was an unconcealed relief to poor parents that their children should die. That was the opening season of tract-distributing and cottage-visitation under the early "evangelical" movement; and this modified the cottage language of the generation on which it was first tried; so that the account given of the death of children was, that "it was a happy thing—for the Lord would provide better for them." Nothing was more common than this method of consolation, or of accounting for not needing consolation.

It began to be too well understood that, up to a certain age, children are an expense, after which they gradually turn into a source of profit. Facts of this sort, which must be considered in framing a legal charity, became only too well understood in the homes of the poor. By dying, the infant relieved the weekly fund of the family, and was itself "better provided for with the Lord." I will not dwell on this phase of society. It was necessary to advert to it because we are suffering under the consequences to this hour, and have some remains of the perversion to deal with still; but I will hasten on to a time when trade in food had become free, and all the arts and business of life had so increased, and so much gold had been

discovered wherewith to pay labour, and so many colonies were open to emigration, that no excuse remained for dreading that surplus population which had become a mere bugbear. The former surplus population was a real and grave evil: but to develop industry and education, and throw open the harvest-fields of the world, was the remedy. In the same way now there are half-fed families and depressed neighbourhoods; but there is a remedy in such an improved intelligence as shall distribute labour where it is wanted, and in good sense and good conduct which shall make the most of resources at home. In other words, there is enough for everybody, if everybody knew how to use it.

Under such an improved state of affairs how have the children been getting on? I am not considering the children who can work, but infants—infants so young that they used to be dear precisely because they were so helpless—precious, because they were of value to the heart alone—but infants of whom it had been discovered that they were unprofitable to such a degree that some arrangement must be made to compensate for the peculiarity. Under the unreformed poor-law, at its worst period, daughters had presented themselves at the board to ask for pay for nursing their parents: and such daughters were just the sort of mothers to sit down, with their baby on their lap, to calculate the gain of insuring it in a burial-club. One of them told us, a few years ago, how she managed. She put arsenic on her breasts when she suckled her babies, as soon as they grew expensive and troublesome. She had sent eight out of the world in this way; and she could not see that she had not done right. She said it was better for the children, who would be more certainly "provided for" than they could be by their father: and of course it was better for the father and herself. So she murdered her eight chidren before she was herself brought to the gallows.

There is a town in England which had, five years ago, a population somewhat under 100,000. It is a healthy and prosperous place, where the average age reached by the easy classes is as high as forty-seven years, and where the work-people are so far thriving as that they pay largely to the various objects of Friendly Societies. What would my readers suppose to be the mortality among children in such a place? Of a hundred children born, how many die in infancy?—Of the children of the gentry, 18 per cent. die in infancy. Of those of the working classes how many? 56 per cent. "What an enormous mortality!" everyone will exclaim. "What can be the reason! How does this mortality compare with that of other places?"

To ascertain this, we will take some district which shall be undeniably inferior to this town in probability of life. The rural parts of Dorsetshire—where the poverty of the labourers is actually proverbial—may be selected as the lowest we can propose. Yet the infants of Dorsetshire labourers have four times as good a chance of life as the children we have been speaking of. In that healthy and prosperous town the infant mortality was, five years since, fourfold that of the poorest parts of Dorsetshire. The same thing was then true of Manchester. When wages were highest, and everybody was able to live comfortably, four times as many per cent. of the children who were born died in Manchester as in Dorsetshire.

Was there any peculiarity in the case of these short-lived families? any circumstance in their management which could account for the difference? What the impression was at the time we see by a presentment by the Liverpool grand jury, which mainly occasioned the next change in the law of Friendly Societies. What the grand jury said was this: "They could not separate without recording their unanimous opinion that the interference of the legislature is imperatively called for, to put a stop to the present system of money payments by burial-societies. From the cases brought before them at the present assizes, as well as from past experience, the grand jury have no doubt that the present system acts as a direct incentive to murder; and that many of their fellow beings are, year after year, hurried into eternity by those most closely united to them by the ties of nature and blood—if not of affection—for the sake of a few pounds, to which, by the rules of the societies, as at present constituted, the survivors are entitled. The continuance of such a state of things it is fearful to contemplate."

The grand jury had an incitement, of course, to say what they did. The occasion was the trial which my readers may remember, for the murder of two boys, aged eight and four, for the sake of the payment from a burial-club; and the immediate sanction for their request was the alarm expressed by Lord Shaftesbury, supported by Baron Alderson's avowed belief that burial-clubs occasioned infant mortality on a large scale. How much concern had the healthy and prosperous town I have described with burial-clubs?

The population, we have seen, was under 100,000. On the "death-lists," as the register of insurance was popularly called, there were the names of nearly 39,000 infants. It is clear that there must be some great mistake or fraud where it was pretended that 39-100ths of the inhabitants were infants insured in burial-clubs. We find some explanation in the plan pursued by a Manchester man of uncommon thrift. He entered his children in nineteen burial-clubs. By a comparison of numbers and registers, it was found to be a common practice for parents to subscribe to as many clubs for each child as they could afford. And not parents only. It was discovered that women who undertook the charge of workpeople's infants, were in the habit of insuring the children in burial-clubs; thus acquiring a direct interest in the death of their charge.

When these facts became known, through the inquiry caused by the Liverpool grand jury, and by a published letter by the well-known chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, the world naturally cried out that there must be a bad spirit of suspicion, of exaggeration, and of evil imagination in those who could say such things of English people. A Committee of the House of Commons inquired into the subject in 1854: and meantime the following facts were ascertained.

It was found, in the first place, that though the

law needed mending, it was already much better than the existing practice. By law, no insurance for money payable at death could be made on any child under six years of age. The principle of the law had been the plain one, that it was necessary to uphold all safeguards of the life of infants whose existence could not be made profitable. To make their death profitable while their lives were expensive, was to offer a premium on neglect, and even on murder. As such was the law, society supposed that all was right, till the Preston chaplain showed that it was useless—and how. The law was prospective, and nobody seems to have asked how many children were on the "death-lists" at the time of the passing of the Act (1847): and the members of the old clubs insisted on understanding that the new law affected only new clubs, and went on registering infants for burial as before. They quoted the opinion of counsel for this; and, when new clubs were to be formed, they framed them on the model of the old ones, without any regard to the law. So lately as the month of May, 1853, there was a club of 1500 members set up, into which infants were received just as if no impediment existed.

This was one fact. Another—perfectly astonishing to all but local visitors of the poor—was the way in which the illness or death of an infant was spoken of. It was a difficult affair to persuade the parents to send for the doctor. The answer was, in the ingenuousness of barbarism, that "the child was in two clubs." It would, in other words, be no harm if the child died, while it would be a pity to have to break into the money to pay the doctor, when it was of no use. Doctors themselves have been told, and so have rate and rent collectors, that the cottager cannot pay now, but will have money when such or such a child dies. It was the commonest thing in the world to hear the neighbours saying, what a fine thing it would be for the parents if their sick child died, as it was insured in three clubs, or two, or ten, as it might be.

On the trial of Rodda, who was hanged at York, some five or six years ago, for the murder of his infant, it was proved that he had said he did not care how soon the child died, as he should then have 50*s.* from the club; and that he added remarks to the effect that the death of another would bring in the same amount; and two more would each fetch 5*l.* Clergymen could tell how often the parents of a fallen daughter, or the fallen daughter herself, found comfort for the disgrace and burden of an illegitimate child in the thought of the compensation that its death would purchase from the burial-club.

Such were the facts which inquirers encountered, and which the Preston chaplain published, to bring the representation of the Liverpool grand jury into general notice, and obtain a reform of the law.

It was full time that something of the kind should be done. In one burial-club, the deaths of children between two months and five years old were no less than 62 per cent. of the whole. If any fact could be more directly to the point than that, it is that from 6 to 8 per cent. more children died who were in burial-clubs than in the poorest class where no such insurance was made.

Full and clear as the evidence was, and remarkable as were two or three child-murders, in connection with burial-clubs about that time, many of us could not believe that such things could be done in England as Rodda was hanged for, and for which Honor Gibbons and Bridget Gerratz were sentenced to the same doom. But the prevalence of the feeling that they had done what was natural under the bribe offered for the child's life, and the certainty that the law would be altered, caused a commutation of the sentence on these women to one of transportation for life. From that moment society was pledged to amend the law: and the thing was done.

It was a fact not sufficiently made known, that the law of the land does not permit Life-insurance in the offices to which the middle and upper classes resort when the death of the person insured can be otherwise than unprofitable to the insurer. If I remember right, this restriction was suggested by the case of Miss Abercrombie, who was thoroughly understood to have been poisoned by her brother-in-law in 1830, after he had effected large insurances on her life. It seems strange that the same limitation should not have been extended to burial-clubs. What a rich man could not do in regard to his child, was done in the case of 39,000 children in a single town of less than 100,000 inhabitants: a circumstance which occasioned repeated comment in the Committee of 1854.

The inquiries of that Committee brought out some evidence of a very interesting character. Much of it has been lightly passed over because there was no proof of any considerable number of direct murders. But, as one judge observed, in his evidence, all orders of murder are rare in the experience of any one judge: as several witnesses observed, the undetected murders were likely to bear, in this case, a large proportion to the detected, while there was no provision for detecting them: as many more observed, the mortality arose from neglect and inaction, where murder was not to be imputed: and, as nearly all agreed, it was a perilous and pernicious practice to throw the inducements into the scale of a child's death, rather than its continued life. Hence the change in the law.

By the Friendly Societies Acts of 1855 and 1858, the amount obtainable from one or more Societies may not exceed 6*l.* for a child under five years of age, or 10*l.* for one between five and ten; and no money is to be paid without the production of a certificate of a duly qualified medical man, stating the probable cause of death, and also endorsing the amount paid upon such certificate.

It had been earnestly desired that the object of insurance should be the burial of the dead by the club, so as to preclude the passing of money into the hands of the parents or nurse. It was objected that this would break up existing clubs, and that it might interfere with a provident habit largely established. We shall all be better pleased when we see the provident habit based upon the life instead of the death of children; when we see insurance effected to procure them education,

apprenticeship, or settlement in life, rather than a funeral. Also, considering that the chances of living are already far less in the case of poor children than in that of the upper classes, one would rather not see such a sum as 6*l.* made obtainable by the death of an infant. No doubt, the original intention was good—that the grief of losing the little one should not be aggravated by the difficulty of paying for its decent interment; but after the insight into the system obtained by the inquiries of 1854, every caution should be used in sanctioning money payments on the death of the helpless.

According to the latest Reports, there are 125 Burial Societies in the kingdom, comprehending about 200,000 members. Some Societies have 20,000, and some even 50,000 members each—the bulk of whom are children. The deaths last year were 5397; that is, an amount more than double the mortality of Friendly Societies generally, which is somewhat lower than that of society at large in this country.

The Registrar of Births, Marriages, and Deaths declares the mortality in burial-clubs in 1857 to be to the general mortality as 27 in the 1000 to 22. The high mortality among children is always assigned as an explanation; and this is, on the other hand, the ground of complaint about the payments of these clubs. Their members, who consider that they pay a high rate of insurance during the periods when there is least probability of death, are always surprised that their Society does not grow rich. It seems never to have any reserve. The explanation now offered is, that the same subscription is required for infants as for strong men; and, as a very large proportion of the infants die, the funeral money of adults is spent in laying the little ones in the ground, or in consoling the parents for their death.

Now, all this seems a disagreeable, unnatural, perilous way of going on. If we look at the obvious benefits of co-operation in the form of insurance, and consider the aims set forth by the Registrar of Friendly Societies, we shall see nothing that can recommend the insuring the lives of little children. The proper objects of Benefit Societies are agreed to be five, besides the expenses of management: viz. medical attendance; allowance in sickness up to the time when the pension begins; a pension at sixty years of age; a sum payable at death; and endowments.

The great and fatal mistake appears to be, the inversion of the purposes of these two last provisions. There are sound and strong reasons why a man, or a widowed mother, should insure his or her life. It may be a question whether a burial-club is the best place to put such savings in; but it is indisputably wise for those who have relatives dependent on them to secure the payment of a good sum of money on their removal by death. The only reason for such an insurance in the case of a child is, that the mere funeral expenses and family mourning may be paid; and every inducement to parents to make a profit of the loss of a child is a shocking and dangerous abuse. The child's proper place is under the last head—that of endowments.

These endowments are sums of money to be paid at a certain future time, for the benefit of the person in whose name the insurer may subscribe.

For instance, a parent pays so much per month on behalf of an infant, in order to receive a considerable sum when the child is fourteen (in order perhaps to apprentice him); or when he reaches manhood—to settle him in business, we may suppose. Arrangements are made, under Government sanction, for such insurance; and by these it is settled that, in case of the child's death, the deposit is returned to the insurer; and, in case of the death of the insurer, the deposit, be it more or less, may be taken out, and applied for the benefit of the child.

If we could convert into endowments of this kind the money deposited in readiness to bury 150,000 children, a new prospect would open to the next generation of the working-classes. The difference would immediately appear in the returns of annual mortality. In towns and villages where the murder of infants may not be even thought of, it makes an immense difference in the chances of life whether infants are looked upon as likely to die or meant to live. They pine under that expectation of death as under the evil eye. It is truly a death-watch to them. Their chances when out at nurse are never the best; and they are slender indeed when, in addition to the trouble the little creatures give, they may each put several pounds into the nurse's pocket by going to sleep for good. All is changed when the money is laid up to put them to school—to bind them to a trade—to set them up in a business. Nobody thinks of their burial then. They are regarded as living, and likely to live; and hundreds and thousands of the children of England grow up, instead of dropping into an early grave. If the ghost of George III. were to come and tell us the truth about it, he would probably put it in his accustomed way: he would tell us that we might double our army, and fully man our navy, out of the difference, if we would turn over all infants from burial clubs to endowments under the Friendly Societies Act. Regarding them as civilians hereafter—or not looking beyond the immediate claims of every helpless infant for the fostering of its life—we ought all to direct our whole influence on the encouragement of the supposition that human beings are born to live. It is a disgrace to society when children die *en masse*. It is a sign that the laws of nature are somehow violated.

The best way of discouraging these infant burial-clubs is to keep the children alive and well.

Let everybody help, then, to get all infants properly vaccinated. Let public opinion discredit the hire of wet-nurses, which annually dooms large numbers of the children of wet-nurses. Let it appear that society expects and intends its infants to live and not die, and the terrific mortality which marks the site of burial-clubs will decline, and the clubs with it. The difference between them and the hopeful, cheery endowment insurance, is the difference between the tick of a death-watch in the stifling chamber in the dreary night, and the stir and chirp of nestlings in the wood, in the breeze and glow of the morning. If

the working-men of England saw the choice that lies before them, surely they could not hesitate between the life-fund and the death-fund for their children.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

SONNET.

ANOTHER rolling year has swept away
A deep and thrilling chord of hopes and fears
Suspended unresolved,—and yet, to-day,
December through the gloom once more appears;
His step falls noiseless on the yellow leaves
Stripp'd from the naked boughs by gusty showers,
And round his brow the dying Autumn weaves
An empty wreath of faded passion-flowers.
Month follows month: the summer roses die,
December's worthless leaves we hold instead;
Still shall the early snowdrops, by-and-bye,
Spring up, with tender message from the dead;
And we, subdued by winter's snow and rain,
May smile through chast'ning tears when sunshine breaks again.

H. H.

THE TRAGEDY OF BAIKIE. By H. K.

CHAPTER I. SIR RAOUL AND LADY DOVACH.

THE time was dim and dark in the distance when Christianity was in its tender youth and indulged in the gallant romance of the Crusades. The place is one rich now in history and tradition, rich in legends as the broad dim strath is bountiful in woods and corn, and wild and strange in story as its dens are dreary in their heathy solitudes, and its linns black cauldrons of horror.

But the time was not come: the Laird of Craig had not murdered his man and seen the Evil One leaping and grinning from his lurking-place in the cave by the Reeky Linn. The brave, bold matron had not stood faithful to her trust on "the hie castle wa'," and, in the name of her absent husband, defied "Argyle and a' his men," and his cannon planted on the brae across the water, and made to play on her fortress till it was a shattered shell, and afterwards lain down "to dee" at the Kames of Airlie, where the smoke of the burning of hearth and roof-tree was carried to her by the cruel wind. Even Lady Dorothy had not loaded and fired the arquebuss, through the loophole in the gateway meeting the portcullis, at the wild Highland caterans. The lament had not been uttered over "the gracious gude Lord Ogilvie," fallen at Harlaw; nor the great sword of Deuchar of Deuchar carried back, but not loosed from his grasp, by the squire who hacked off his strong right hand as it lay clenching the hilt by his side in the ranks of Saxon and Celtic dead, and brought it home as a token to his lady, sitting watching in her chamber. Only the ambitious learned Knights Templars held the lands of Templeton, and men already muttered darkly, and women whispered with white lips, how Gilchrist Lord of Angus had stabbed to the heart his false wife, the sister of a king, and her blood was washed out by the pure water trickling from the cold well, where the sun's rays never fell

beneath the rocks and ashes and elms of the Castle of Mains.

The land was lonely hill-side or thicket, with patches of coarse grain and pastures for beeves round the baronial or knightly tower, the sacred abbey or the little hamlet cowering meekly in the shadow of its great neighbours, the powers temporal and spiritual. The wild beasts—boar and wolf, hart and coney—abounded in a state of nature, or exceeded nature; for, down by the Ninestane-rig, the huge green dragon, spewing smoke and spitting fire, devoured at one fell meal the nine fair daughters of the hynd of Durward of the Catscleugh.

On a bend of the Isla, where the silver water ran round a fringed promontory and productive haughs stretched right and left, rose the turrets of Baikie. The house was strong in site and strong in architecture—a battlemented, rugged, red sandstone building, with gateway and watch-tower, court and causeway, and moat filled with oozing mud, clayey stagnant water and dank plants, and fed by springs from the clear flowing river. And Baikie was trebled in strength by the character of its master. No feudal chief far or near was feared and followed like Sir Raoul. Bold, daring, fierce; lord of these acres, lord of his vassals, unaccountable save to God and his patron saint; engaged once in his life in a crusade against the infidel, buying immunity for all crime, for sacrilege itself, by mowing down the turbaned heads, as the reaper cuts the bearded ears in the golden September; losing every grain of scruple and every note of softness in the fulfilment of the vow—the performance of the sacrifice. It is a strain to a poor, modest, disciplined, modern mind to measure Sir Raoul in the plenitude of his might and the boundlessness of his will, to balance the mountain of his temptations, the meagreness of his lessons, the guilt of his soul.

In his own day, Sir Raoul was hated, feared, and half-worshipped with a dread admiration; rude in health, in the prime of his age, no belted earl or crowned prince ventured to control him on his own ground. There he ruled paramount: there he dispensed justice; there he took a life or a score of lives—or restored a stolen quey-calf or a silver-hooped quaich. Where his own passions were not concerned, he must have evinced a stern sort of truthfulness as well as an unflinching determination, for no man despised him, though many cursed his name, and if you search into antiquity, and trace cause and effect, you will find that the liar on the throne does not need to be a coward in order to be withered by the breath of men's scorn. Sir Raoul's own people, his soldiers in battle, his yeomen in peace, his servants—if you except the black boy Mahound—cherished a certain pride in Sir Raoul. They were proud of his invincibleness; they were proud of his prowess; they were, in their own humble submission, quite capable of crowing over the abject quailing of their enemies—the bands of feudal rivals, the grim, ragged robbers descending from the snowy Grampians, the black Danes still landing on the coast, the presumptuous priest who questioned whether service against the Moor should continually atone for neglected shrine, invaded sanctuary, and plundered treasure. His people had a grisly glory in Sir Raoul's feats with the cross-bow and the broad-sword, in his fencing and wrestling, his hunting and fowling, in the fleetness of his foot, "the prance of his proud steed," "the stroke of his oar," even in his cursing over the spiced cup in the morning, and his trolling over the wassail-bowl at night. They had a trembling pleasure in his big, fair, formidable, stately, splendid person, where, when he was in full armour, barbaric steel and gold and pearls and rubies met. The morion and the breast-plate, the thigh-pieces and the armlets flashed white or glowed in ruddy light. There was a string of fairer beads than ever father told around his brawny throat, and hanging down on his breast, and on his signet-ring and the scabbard of his sword and the clasp of his bonnet, when he laid aside his helmet and sat in his hall, jewels, crimson as drops of Cyprus wine, flickered and gleamed. An open, imperious, dauntless face was Sir Raoul's, with the sanguine yellow beard, the eagle nose, the eagle eye, and (Heaven help them!) some fancied that the strong mouth—which had a trick of opening to grind the white sharp teeth—was not without a semblance of the eagle's beak. But the brave bold face was worn with passion, and the grey eyes were hollow with unsatisfied desire. It was inevitable with the man, a hero in his instincts and a tyrant in his practices, and circumstances brought it cunningly home. Sir Raoul of Baikie, unchallenged and unopposed as far as the eye could travel, over wood and water, moor and mountain, was thwarted at his heart's core, and pining with singular unrest. There was one soul within the land, the barony, the tower, the marriage chamber, that owned no allegiance to Sir Raoul: despot over all besides, he had craved favour in that quarter, and craved in vain.

The Lord his Maker, and Sir Raoul knew how he had won Lady Dovach—won! how he had stormed, seized, bound, but not bent her, though she was the palest, most fragile thing of earth, air, or water; the lily in the shaded, gloomy, built-in garden, looked more erect, more stubborn, more staunch.

Dovach had been the sole child of a laird, whose lands marched with Baikie—a moderate man, who had said neither yea nor nay to the blustering of Sir Raoul. Dovach had grown up in those primitive days, in a rough, motherless solitude, a white, quiet, still girl with features like chiselled marble and eyes, also, like the deep, cool, fathomless, but intent eyes of a saint in a picture from beyond the seas; like those of the figures in the altar-piece of the little kirk of Foulis, yonder, where a sinful man might contemplate the Crucifixion, the dying Saviour, the thieves, Herod with his crown and sceptre, the high-priest in his mitre and bearing the roll of the law, the Roman centurion brandishing his sword, the Apostles and the women, all the persons, great and small—the very devils and angels waiting on the dead. Ninety-nine impetuous, arrogant men of war would have recoiled from Dovach, or brushed by her as if she had indeed been a sculptured or limned image; the hundredth might have run mad for her unearthly, spiritual charms,

as Sir Raoul did, after he had once beheld her walking in the gloomy fir-wood, and singing and smiling to herself as she passed by.

To give the devil and Sir Raoul their due, he sought her first peacefully of her father, and it was only when she was civilly denied him, having been contracted in her cradle to an orphan cousin, reared with her in her father's house, that Sir Raoul brought his peculiar forces to the charge, summoned horse, and sounded trumpet, and as the Wolf of Badenoch sat down with his clan, and starved and scared out the Countess of Mar in Kildrummie, so Sir Raoul without the smallest ceremony, invested his future father-in-law in his hold, and in coat of mail, and with gauntleted hand and spear in rest, bade him deliver up his young daughter, or perish in the adverse contest. It was no jesting matter, when lion-like, Sir Raouls inclined to roe-like Dovachs grazing on adjoining pastures.

Dovach's father, a taciturn, gentle man of his era, was, nevertheless, resolute in bearing the brunt of his contumacy, and with moral courage defended himself as stoutly as the hottest and most brutal, and was slain at last leading a desperate sally through the sheds and outhouses with his daughter behind him, on his white horse. Some said it was Sir Raoul's lance that pierced the harness somewhat rusty and disused, but it were hard to tell who dealt the fatal blows in the mêlée, though without doubt it was Sir Raoul's gripe that arrested the flight of the old white horse, stiff as its master, but good blood in case of need, and pulled down the fainting girl, and carried her, lying so still, on his panting breast, of all places, into the small chapel, which his simple engines had half unroofed. Two days before, the cousin had been struck below the arm by an arrow on the wall. He was a still lad, like all Dovach's race—the word went that she was indifferent to his unobtrusive regard, slighted his patient devotion; but she laboured all the same to pluck the arrow from his wound—that night, when the summer thunder and lightning were rolling and flashing over the host at the gate, and the sore-pressed company within—she held her hand on his heart long after it had ceased to beat; then she washed the body fair and clean, and smoothed the hair, soft and silken as her own, and commanded the priest, praying for the beleaguered family in their extremity, to forbear, and leaving the living to care for themselves, go sing masses for one departed soul, all through the night watches to the pearly dawn rising over the crumbling ruin and the blood-stains. That young body was not placed, like the laird's, in honourable state before the altar in the chapel, it was thrown with the herd to choke up the draw-well ere the conquerors quitted the dismantled building, but Dovach saw it as plain as the sun above her, lying beside the corpse of her gray-headed father, and close to the bier where she stood, while the faltering priest hastily blessed her and her true bridegroom.

There was frozen, unheeding death present at these nuptials. There was a splash of blood upon the shaken wall, a pool of blood on the floor, where the wounded men had lain to confess and be assoilzied, blood half-dried on the bridegroom's mailed feet, and half-wiped from his sword, blood on which she was fain to look with a fascinated gaze, on the very kirtle of the bride; but lightly would Sir Raoul have recked of these mischances had Dovach's eyes been less stony, or her hand less cold. Dovach knelt of her own will, and spoke the responses with a free tongue, as her dead father would have had her, lest a worse thing should befall her. Sir Raoul carried her away that very night, his wedded wife, in triumph to his strong tower of Baikie, rising secure and prosperous by the glittering Isla water—lit up by the last sunrays come out after the storm of yesterday, and gladdening a refreshed and blooming world—a wide contrast to the devastation and the silence, the degradation and decay they had left behind them.

Now, Sir Raoul said, she was all his own; soon would he teach her to forget her father's desolate house, soon she would turn to him for companionship and caresses. Sir Raoul of Baikie had wooed as became him, he might not "sue with the deer." If he had rendered her fatherless, he could swear like Richard Crookback, in generations to come, "'twas thy heavenly face that set me on," and Dovach like poor, smitten, unstable Anne, would cry, and cover that face, and geck, and blush, and credit, and forgive him, because, you know, it was her face that was to blame, after all. But still remained Dovach, as when she lay like lead on his heaving corslet, and she foiled him by her very frailty. Yet she was not really frail—there is a mock, bullying courage, and there is true valour, let it vaunt with the dark Gascon, or rest mute and phlegmatic with the sandy-haired German; and there is veritable weakness in flippant forwardness, brazen audacity, raging fury, while there may be no feebleness in the slight woman who holds down the convulsed child—her heart's darling, or tends the agonised man—the desire of her eyes, or stands on the deck of the wrecked ship, or once walked upon the scaffold with trembling limbs and quivering voice indeed, but as resolute to die for the truth, as any bull-necked, broad-fisted champion of error. Sir Raoul swore in wrath and mortification that these timid, undemonstrative tempers have no marrow for *dourness;* that he could have tamed a vixen, and silenced a shrew, and taught her to come to his hand in a week, or a month, but this fine, shy, subtle nature baffled him. Perhaps he was right; these frank, outspoken, coarser constitutions receive at the best caricatured, loose impressions, and give and take them perpetually. They express their very essence, and have done with it, borrowing the style and character of the next scene, circumstances, individuals, with whom they come in contact. Once the wrong is played out, these boisterous, fresh, not untrue for the time frames, bound as readily to the inflicter of the injury, as to any other. A lively, brawling woman, tearing her hair, and kept by force from laying violent hands on Sir Raoul, might have accepted her spouse in room of father and kinsman, and kissed him heartily, before the year was out—blotting out all his cruelties, identifying herself with his pettiest interests, serving him, cherishing him, perhaps taming him in the end, with a simplicity and a submission that God forbid any man should scorn.

But Dovach's was a shrinking, intact, adhesive

spirit, difficult as a wild bird to catch; once arrested and fixed, faithful to immortality. Think of such a fine, delicate, yet enduring thing, like the nervous tissue resisting to the point of dissolution, unstrengthened, unhardened by early training, accustomed always to feed upon itself as she sat at her loom, or strayed across the wilds, thus snatched and wrung, filled with sights of horror, sounds of anguish, and then in the madness of ignorance, expected and required to be charmed (half-coaxed, half-cowed), into speedy inconstancy, contentment, cheer.

And like the nervous tissue Dovach was goaded into false activity; the quiet, pale girl learnt to oppose and disobey the conqueror; the cool, deep eyes flamed, the mild tongue bit and stung until the white child seemed fiend-possessed.

It was only to Sir Raoul that the unhappy lady thus broke forth; to the followers over whom her evil fortune had made her mistress she was passive and gentle; and of her own accord she would have woven and read her missal, and paced the battlements, pondering morbidly her misery and sin as mechanically as any nun within her cloisters.

But Sir Raoul could not let Lady Dovach alone. Sometimes he abased himself, and prayed and vowed at her feet; sometimes he raged, and threatened, and oppressed, and abused her; but surely it was grievous retribution to him to love her as he continued to do, for different as light and darkness, the iron was to the full indestructible as the gossamer—loving her, devoured with love for her, grasping her, he could no more possess her spirit, subdue her will, receive one fond look, thrill to one kind touch, hearken to one gracious word, drink and have his thirst slaked, eat and find his hunger appeased, than if she were a saint enthroned in the unattainable skies, or a demon plunged into the fathomless deeps. Baikie with its high turrets, its vigilantly guarded haughs, its store-houses, its droves of cattle, its merry men, its Isla gliding gaily to its own sweet song, its bower in the centre of the castle where pale Dovach sat undreaming of escape save by slow death, was a place of torment to Sir Raoul.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

THE MISSIONARIES—MARTYN, HUC, LIVINGSTONE, SELWYN.

AT the opening of this century, there was a certain youth, somewhat meagre in form and delicate in face, and of an anxious cast of countenance, who might often be seen walking in summer evenings on a heath in Cornwall. He was not alone. Somebody was with him who made the barren heath blossom to his heart, like a garden of roses. She had been his playfellow; and he hoped—as did she also—that she would be his companion through life. His mother said they must not think of it; for they had nothing to marry upon; and, learned and diligent as Henry might be, there would not be the less hunger at home for the wealth of Henry's mind. His father had been a labourer in a mine at Gwennap; he had raised himself to a clerkship, and to the ability to send Henry to the grammar-school at Truro: but this was no reason why his son should venture upon an early marriage. So said the mother. If she had been a little less hard, it would have made more difference to the world than she or her son dreamed of.

With his love in his heart to urge him on, Henry Martyn had tried for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but had failed. He then entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he soon saw, humble as he was, that he could achieve distinction in mathematics, or perhaps any branch of study to which he applied himself. In fact, he came out Senior Wrangler in 1801. It might seem that his love might now run a smooth course; but a new obstacle had arisen. A man of his proved quality was sure of an honourable maintenance; but a prohibition had arisen within, from which he suffered more than from his mother's opposition.

At Cambridge he had been deeply impressed by the preaching of Mr. Simeon, and won over by Mr. Simeon's encouragement and friendship to a life of religious self-sacrifice. He might now be seen in summer evenings walking on another common, with a companion very different from her who was far away. She was far away; but still, as he thought, too dear to him; for his love for her embarrassed the great purpose to which he was girding himself up. It was on Clapham Common, winding in and out among the gorse, that Henry Martyn might be seen, when paying an occasional visit to Mr. Henry Thornton. His companion was perhaps the greatest man-of-business of his time—the man who, in fact, governed India with the fewest words, the quietest style of despotism, and the least possible self-seeking. He was Mr. Grant, the chief of India Directors, the father of Lord Glenelg and his twin-brother Robert. Mr. Grant was a silent worshipper in the Clapham sanctuary; but he was one of the devoutest: and the heathenism of Asia lay heavy at his heart. Wilberforce and his coterie were busy about African slavery; and Mr. Grant sympathised with them: the horrors of Asiatic superstition came vividly before him in the discharge of his daily business; and it became the supreme interest with him. Henry Martyn's sympathetic character made a coadjutor of him at once. Mr. Grant's grave and strong words burned in upon his heart and brain the project of devoting himself as a missionary.

I need not say that missionary work was nothing new. The early Christians believed the pagan gods to be demons, and warred against them as against treason and blasphemy in one. From the time of Theodosius to the present century, a horror of idolatry, as the work of the devil, has at intervals renovated the missionary work among all denominations of the Catholic and Protestant world. But the most remarkable perhaps of modern awakenings in the missionary cause was that which ensued upon the revival of religion by the Wesleys. The alarm about the terms of salvation which agitated the old religious world, and created a new one, towards the close of the last century, turned men's minds to the heathen, with a zeal unsurpassed in the records of Catholic missions. Henry Martyn is the representative of this modern movement at its outset.

He was at the same time an exponent of the emotional character of the revived religion. His character was emotional by constitution: it had continued so by habit; and now it was carried to the highest pitch of sensibility by the faith and doctrine of the special party to which he had joined himself. He was upheld in his missionary purpose by the strong and practical mind of Mr. Grant; and this, no doubt, saved him from much conflict; but there were difficulties behind, which no human aid could solve. The work seemed to him so great, and he himself was so small, that he was perpetually disparaging himself, fearing to sink in a holy enterprise and become a castaway, and insisting to himself on the necessity of sacrificing every predilection which could impair his devotedness to the task of his life. After conflicts of mind which it is painful to read of, he sailed for India in 1805, under the countenance of the Missionary Society. It may be said at once, that it was not poverty—in the sense of deficiency of income—that Henry Martyn encountered as one of the trials of missionary life. His objects involved a good deal of expense; and Mr. Grant procured for him an allowance of 1200*l.* a year. No one who knows anything of the character of the man, could suppose for an instant that the prospect of a good income tempted him, more or less. With some people his reputation would have stood higher if he had not had it; but money was no consolation for such troubles and sorrows as Henry Martyn went forth to encounter.

In frail and feeble health, with a heart half broken by an attachment which he believed it his duty to surrender; at times lifted up by high hope, or calmed by a divine peace; but again perturbed by the remorse of a sensitive conscience, and the humiliations which dog a repressed and perverted nature, he went to Asia, because the people there were infinitely more miserable than he was. He regarded the whole heathen and Mohammedan world as lost. Every soul that he should meet would need to be rescued from perdition. Such was then, as it usually is still, the view of the promoters of missions. Such a view is not only a sanction of their devotedness, but it accounts for the practice, universal among Protestants in Henry Martyn's time, of endeavouring to root out, at the earliest possible moment, every idea and feeling involved in heathen religion and morality, and to plant down into the minds of converts ideas, beliefs, and feelings, such as are entertained by their new teachers. The Catholics had done differently. They had compromised with the old worship by slipping their saints and apostles into the shrines and garments of the old idols—had, in fact, sanctioned the old idolatry to a certain extent, in the hope of modifying it immediately, and at length transmuting it into the real religion of their Church. This, and the shocking failures which had taken place after wholesale conversions (which sometimes meant baptism by a broom sprinkling the greatest possible number in the shortest time), wrought up to the highest pitch the eagerness of the renovated English Church to save souls by a real renewal of the heart and mind; and this renewal could, as was then supposed, be effected only by an extirpation of old thoughts and feelings, and the introduction of new.

Great and varied dangers must attend such a work as this warfare against the faith and prepossessions of a whole community. Every missionary prepared himself to endure contumely, solitude of the mind and heart, want, mortification, persecution, torture, and death, amidst every outward disgrace of the religion he venerated. Missionaries professed to expect such things; and they did expect them in the way in which we anticipate future evils while surrounded with present comforts. The devotedness was as entire as it could be by anticipation: but there is great support in the admiring homage of the Church, the sympathy of friends, the united hope, and confidence, and prayers of a multitude.

> When faith is firm and conscience clear,
> And words of peace the spirit cheer,
> And vision'd glories half appear,
> 'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die:

and, we may add, to go forth to death.

In this spirit Henry Martyn went forth. The new phase of the missionary office was marked by the special preparation he underwent. It was not his object at first to set himself on high places, and cry out to the heathen to forsake their abominations. He proposed to circulate the Scriptures in the Eastern tongues, and to gain access to the minds of superior men in the societies he should enter. He spent five years in Hindostan, under the name of a chaplain of the East India Company; and then he entered the Mussulman field, by travelling in Persia. He had laboured long and hard at the translation of the Bible into Persian and Hindostanee; and had proceeded some way with an Arabic version. Thus provided, he took up his abode at Shiraz for a twelvemonth, suffering in almost every incident of his life, and rarely cheered by confidence within or success without.

His abode in Persia was a dreary purgatory. The climate kept him constantly feverish or feeble. He found it difficult to the last degree to get any hold of minds like those of the learned men who conversed with him—slippery, specious, ingenious, and sceptical, or bigoted, under manners which were polite and hollow, or really kind, in the absence of all intellectual sympathy. At times he hoped he had made some impression on an individual here and there; and again, he did not know what to think, and fell back on the hopes afforded by the diffusion of the Scriptures. His fever consumed him; his strength waned; his spirits fluctuated; the old human affection seemed to gain ground as his prospect of life receded. He was tormented by scruples about leaving his work; but it became evident that his only chance for life was in returning home. Once convinced of this, his eagerness for home and its intercourses may be imagined; and what was the torture to a heart like his of the doubt whether he should ever again see a familiar face, or hear his own language in an English home! Ten days before his death, he made his last entry in his diary, telling how he sat in the orchard, and found comfort in devotion, while wondering how long the defilements of the unregenerate should keep

the promises at a distance. He pursued his journey towards Constantinople in a way which showed how much he needed the care and guardianship of affection which he had long ago surrendered. Nearly all the way from Tabriz to Tokat he rode at a gallop under a burning sun. Few things in biography are more painful than the record of that journey, with its anguish of body and consequent misery of mind. He could get no further; and Constantinople was still 250 miles off. He died at Tokat on the 6th of October, 1812, in his thirty-second year.

He has been mourned in England from that day to this. He is the Church of England's great missionary,—at least equal to any sent forth by the piety and zeal of the Dissenters. His personal character, his cultivation of mind and manners, his meek devotedness, and the heroic direction of his will and temper of his soul make him worthy of the place he holds as the representative of modern English protestant missions.

The Missionary of the Roman Church (provided he issues from her organisation) holds a different place, and fulfils a different function. Henry Martyn would have said that however persecuted and obstructed, he has an easy task in comparison with the Protestant. The difference is in the placing of the responsibility. Henry Martyn had, with his Protestant freedom, the obligation to choose his own line of duty, and bear all the doubts, misgivings, and after-questionings which belonged to it. He was exactly the man to suffer under the necessity for such a decision. He had strong passions united with a constitutional melancholy and an imperative conscience; and he was therefore incessantly anxious about every act of his mission,—questioning whether it was done to gratify himself or to further his work. From all such misgivings the Lazarist Fathers, Huc and Gabet, were free, when they were sent to "the Land of Grass," beyond the frontier of China, as Missionaries to the capital of Thibet, in or about 1844.

Catholic devotees do not wait on the operations of the Spirit for guidance as to their course. Their Church takes all that care off them; and they are spared the pains and penalties of all search into, and interpretation of the Divine Will. They consider this an advantage; and Protestants think otherwise. There is no question as to the comparative ease, in the first instance, of the two methods. The controversy between them is on quite a different point, which does not concern us here. What does concern us is that on which all are agreed,—that it is far easier to go anywhere, and meet any fate, at the bidding of an authority believed infallible, than to determine for oneself whether it is right or wrong to choose such a course, whether it is presumption or holy courage which incites to the choice, and, therefore, whether good or evil results may be expected.

It is not to be supposed that M. Huc would have been liable to Henry Martyn's sufferings if he had been ever so Protestant, and even a member of the most anxious coterie connected with the Clapham Church. He is not a man who could, under any circumstances, be liable to severe spiritual sufferings. But neither could he have been so gay and light-hearted, in such a country and among such people, if he had carried a weight of responsibility about being there at all. He lived under a direction which he never thought of questioning. By that authority he was ordered into Thibet, and told where to go, and for what purpose. Thus he had only to bear the genuine force of the evils he encountered, without a single question as to how he came into the midst of them. If we wonder at the hilarious tone of his missionary travels under such circumstances, we shall hardly see where the mistake lies when thoughtless people are surprised at the mirth and levity of negro slaves.

These Jesuit missionaries would have made Henry Martyn stand aghast, if their work had been contemporary with his. With as true a courage and devotedness as himself, they had no turn for sentiment, or at least for expressing it. When he would have been plunged in the torment of self-questioning on the verge of a new effort, they were joking and quizzing the natives. Where he would have described the peril of lost souls, they give us caricatures of the people about them. Where he roused up a heroic patience to sustain him under mortifications of the flesh such as attend missionary travels, these Jesuits make wry mouths, and declare them detestable, but make fun of them all the while. In the gravest dangers, when Henry Martyn would have been happiest, in the certainty that he was in the path of duty, for the glory of God, these Jesuits declare that they shook as in an ague, that their teeth chattered with fear, that they wished themselves a hundred miles off, and so forth. Yet they always said and did what was so wise that they were certainly self-possessed; and so brave that they were certainly possessed with the true spirit of their office. They prayed to the Virgin in the moment of crisis, just as Martyn resorted to his Protestant prayer. Like him, they knew the heart-sinking of spiritual solitude. They witnessed a spiritual degradation lower than he saw in Persia, and as low as anything he saw in Hindostan; and he and they held in common an assured belief that all whom they could not convert were doomed to perdition; and the sense of this appears through the fun and frolic of M. Huc's narrative, as distinctly as through Henry Martyn's melancholy diary. The Jesuits pined and sank under hardship in a barbarous land and a fatal climate, with as much suffering as human nature can endure. M. Gabet died under it; and M. Huc struggled through with great difficulty. Their efforts, their sufferings, and their splendid merits were much alike; but nothing could be more opposite than their tone of mind and manners, and their style of narrative.

The Catholic mission at Pekin had sunk very low,—below the ken of the Government. The native Christians had, for the most part, crossed the frontier, and settled in "the Land of Grass," to escape notice and persecution. A new diocese of Mongolia was formed, in consequence; and the mission of M. Huc and his comrade was to explore this diocese, and give an account of its extent and circumstances. As at least one-third of the population were priests, and this amount of celibacy caused so much social embarrassment

that M. Huc avows his opinion that polygamy, though unchristian, is the best method for Mongolia, the Jesuits were in a more urgent and constant peril than they could have been in almost any other country. It was indispensable that they should dress as priests,—celibates as they were, and unable to appear as traders: but to escape detection all the way to Lhassa, among a people, one-third of whom were priests, was so improbable, that they went as under sentence of death. Their disengaged state of mind and gay French courage saved them in many a crisis. They could refuse to kneel as successfully as the most solemn confessor; but they chatted together in French, quizzing the two rows of executioners between whom they passed,—frowning executioners, who shook and clattered their axes and knives, and cried out "Tremble!" When they had audaciously refused to offer rites of homage, and there was a pause during which their fate was to be decided, they were so struck with the ludicrous aspect of the grandees before them, and their mutual remarks so nearly upset their gravity, that it was a relief when they were remanded. The minute details of M. Huc's sketches of character and portraits show that there was no affectation in this. His observation was as active and admirable in these critical moments, as when he was jogging on with the caravan through the deserts of Thibet. His humour was unsleeping. When charged by some Chinese authorities with being English, or at least of the same race, he protested on this ground: "You know very well that sea-monsters, such as you yourselves declare the English to be, can no more penetrate thus far inland, than the fish of the ocean can wriggle to Pekin. You know how fishes thrown up on land gasp and tumble about, and at length die, unless some one throws them back into the water. Well! these sea-monsters from England, though very strong when they first rise from the bottom and venture on the margin, must have died from living in a wrong element, before they could have travelled thus far. This shows that they are of a radically different race from us and you." All this may seem very shocking to some people: and so may the stealthy way in which they advanced their work of conversion. Where Henry Martyn preached to five hundred beggars, they shut themselves up, with every chink stopped, to take out the vestments and sacred vessels they managed to carry, to celebrate mass with their converted servant. When they discussed religious matters with Lama priests, they did not tell them they must root out their superstitions, and resort to a new belief; but instead, they traced out the analogies (which are very remarkable) between their own faith and that of the Buddhists, and took for granted that a transition from one to the other would not be very difficult. This is very unlike our view of effectual missionary work; and none but men unlearned, credulous, and agents of a ritual religion, like these Lazarists, could have adopted such methods: but, regarding them as representatives of their class, we must admit that they did their work faithfully and effectually. They learned what they were sent to ascertain; they opened a path for others to pursue; one laid down his life,—dying, like Henry Martyn, of fatigue and hardship under a bad climate, and at about the same age: the other lived to win an easy passage through China, by dint of gay audacity, when a solemn, unready, self-conscious man, however brave, would have perished at almost any point of the journey.

These are the differences between representatives of different religions,—the Catholic and the Protestant,—the ritual and the spiritual. In the great essentials of devotedness, courage, patience, and sustained zeal, all are so admirable that we are free to honour them all in the highest degree. As to the points of difference,—of gravity or gaiety of mood and manner, and methods of furthering their objects, their admirers may differ as much as the men themselves. Probably all will go on to admire most the representatives of their own communion.

Our Protestant missions have considerably changed their character even since Henry Martyn's day. The American mission in Ceylon, and others from the United States, gave us a sound lesson of wisdom above a quarter of a century ago. At the very time when the lives of devoted Englishmen and women were thrown away, and ground was rather lost than gained among heathen peoples, because the dogmatical part of Christianity was put forward first or solely, in places where it could not be in the least understood or intelligently appropriated, the Americans were engaging the interest, and enlisting the understandings, and winning the hearts of even the Singalese by a wiser method of approach. Sir Alexander Johnston, who, as Governor of Ceylon, abolished slavery there, and introduced trial by jury, and many other good things (and whose son, by the way, brought the knowledge of MM. Huc and Gabet to England), always bore the heartiest testimony to the quality of the Americans as missionaries.

What their methods were may be best indicated perhaps by referring to the highest types of the English missionary of the present day.

Long after Henry Martyn was in his grave the type of the English missionary was looked for in such men as Tyerman and Bennett, who went round the world to report on the state of missions, and the capability of countries and peoples to entertain more. As I do not regard those gentlemen as fair representatives, any more than missionaries of yet another class who have built up a prosperity of their own on the funds of missions, and the helplessness of their barbaric charge, I shall say nothing more of Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett than that they went round the world without having learned to swim, or, apparently, to do anything but pray and preach and rebuke; that they conceived themselves to be the first care of the Universal Father, and everybody else who did not think exactly as they did, doomed to perdition; so that they insisted on Western, on European, on English, and even on Protestant dissenting ideas as the only way of salvation. Those who may remember the incidents of their travel, the upsetting of their boat, and the mistaking the clasp of a faithful native for the gripe of a shark, and the way in which the preservation of both from dangers which ought not to

have been dangers, and the final death of one are spoken of, will see what advance must have been made when we are represented by a Livingstone in Africa, and by a Selwyn in the Eastern seas.

All the world knows what Dr. Livingstone has done and is doing in Africa. If it is objected that he is hardly a representative of the religious world,—hardly the messenger to the heathen who would have been chosen, if his mode of behaviour to the Africans had been foreseen, I reply, "then let him be the representative of the secular element of English life, which is as anxious to see the Africans not only civilised but spiritualised as the straitest sect of Protestantism can be." Time will show whether Christianity does or does not spring up in the footsteps of this very original missionary faster than where it has been presented to barbaric nations in other forms than by sympathy and helpfulness in *their* objects and interests and ways of living. The Makololo constitute a pretty strong evidence already, in the eyes of most people.

But who objects to Bishop Selwyn? Who can say that he is not religious enough, or not secular enough? When consecrated to his work, he was charged to convey the blessings of Christianity wherever he could beyond the bounds of his New Zealand see. He has done this by means of enlarged views and personal qualifications which mark a great advance in missionary action. He steers his own little ship from one group of islands to another, making a wide circuit of visits every year, and passing through sea-accidents which all natives suppose to be over-ruled for him by some special grace. Wherever he lands, he climbs higher, swims faster, and walks further, than the natives can do; and thus he obviates a world of difficulties which would be raised up about his carrying the most promising youths of each settlement away with him for a time, for instruction and training. It is known that he will bring them back to spend the cold, or the hot, or any other unfavourable season, at home; and they see that he can and does put them in the way of welfare in this life as effectually as if he had nothing to say to them of another.

In him, the Church of England has sent forth, after an interval, another marked representative of its missionary function. Henry Martyn will long be remembered with a tender admiration and pitying affection, as the first scholarly and holy minister sent out by our century to bring the barbaric world into a participation in our best privileges. But wherever he is spoken of, the name of George Augustus Selwyn will follow,—a minister of the same Church, with the learning, and the holiness, and the devotedness of Henry Martyn, but with no need of compassion, or any sorrowing emotion, to be mingled with the admiration with which his career is regarded. As a family man, with his intellectual faculties equably and highly cultivated, and his moral nature as thoroughly exercised as the physical in the service of a waiting multitude, he is that fair and noble specimen of a man of our age which we are proud to send to the other side of the globe, to convey to the antique nations of barbarism the idea and the impulse of progress. INGLEBY SCOTT.

A SUBURBAN FAIR.

OUR neighbourhood is particularly genteel, —— Grove especially so; the semi-detached villas are as much alike as two peas, and the laburnums and lilac-trees in our front gardens interchange their branches over the dwarf party-wall as affectionately as young school-girls interlace their arms. Close to us there is a field, long since devoted to ground-rents if builders would only prove agreeable; possibly, however, the "carcass" of a most desirable residence, with its exposed rafters like bleaching ribs, hard by, warns them off the ground. Be that as it may, the proprietor, evidently hard up for some return, lately let it,—for what purpose the Grove speedily knew.

My back bedroom window commands a view of the corner of the ground over the cropped lime-trees of No. 6. We had been aware for some hours of a highly feverish condition of the neighbourhood by the constant passing of what ladies call "ugly-looking fellows:" but when I began to dress for dinner I was enabled to diagnose the complaint at once, for, between the aforesaid lime-trees, a painted canvas slowly rose between the slings, and by-and-by presented the bold proportions of a giant in a blue coat, gilt buttons, and knee breeches, with an admiring spectator by way of contrast, measuring on tip-toe the proportions of his resplendent calves. "A fair, by all that's wonderful!" I exclaimed; at the same time groaning heavily, more, I must confess, however, for my neighbours' genteel feelings than for my own.

Before the dinner was over the thing was in full swing,—the big drum, the trombone, and the clarionet of the principal show had got into full discord; a dozen gongs were a-going, and there was a dwarf for certain, for I could hear his bell ringing out of the bed-room window of his doll's house as plainly as though I saw it. By eight o'clock our Grove was vocal, and every head was

out of window watching the full swing of the fair. Of course I could do no less than inspect the general nuisance that, toadstool-like, had sprung up so suddenly in our midst.

There is nothing more remarkable in a great city than the facility with which any due attraction will gather together strange and unlooked-for elements of the population. Let but a few yards of ice appear, and straightway an army of "roughs" spring out of the earth, and here they were without any notice in full force at our fair,—"a perfect disgrace to the neighbourhood," as the whole Grove declared.

And why is it, I ask myself, standing in the midst of the hubbub, that we have so suddenly discovered that fairs are such sinks of iniquity and folly? Why should we scorn the classes below us for their love of dwarfs and giants, whilst Tom Thumb has been flourishing at the West End, and all May Fair has been running after the Talking Fish? It may be painful, no doubt, to contemplate that sea of unwashed faces just now gazing on that painted canvas, representing the murderer Good cutting up his victim; but, if I recollect rightly, fair ladies pitied him whilst in prison, made his toilet with white roses for the scaffold, and accepted locks of his Newgate crop: the tastes of the populace are no doubt strong, but they are not a whit more silly in the main than those of their betters. Just in the midst of this reflection, a sharp crack across the shins with a stick warned me that I had come across the path of that ducal pastime, Aunt Sally, and that musing in a fair is a very unprofitable business. Custom is doubtless fast ebbing away from the great out-of-door amusements of the populace, and fairs among the number, gay with streamers, bright with inexhaustible life and character, which never seemed to tire the pencils of Ostade or Teniers, are now hunted about like so much "varmint." Nevertheless, in their present insignificant proportions they are picturesque and animated sights. As I watched, the blazing naphtha lamps swinging before every show, and streaming in sputtering tails of flame, light up the restless, moving crowd, in the midst of which, like vast paddle-wheels, the round-abouts with roaring, living freights, emerge from, and return into the dark air above. More tumultuous, and not less noisy, are the boat-swings, urged by half a dozen lusty fellows, who hurled, with evident enjoyment, shrieking cargoes of affrighted women higher and higher into the dusky air. As a background to this lively movement rose the painted wall of canvas spread by the different shows. Here, as in the larger outer world, outside appearances make up for the poverty within. There was a gigantic Bengal tiger depicted struggling frantically with a huge boa, which has taken as many coils round its victim's body as a hawser might round a capstan—the modest truth inside dwindling down to a common snake, which the showman for warmth's sake kept inside his Jersey! Next door was the Theatre Royal, on the stage of which a haughty cavalier condescended to dance a measure with a charmer in spangled pink, who retired now and then out of public observation, to suckle a baby. Neither must I forget the only touch of the "fancy" to be found in the fair—the sparring booth of the Finchley Bantam—the Bantam himself, a little man, with a diabolical squint and an ugly-looking pair of biceps, politely inviting the biggest man in the fair to come up and have a round with him, an invitation which nobody seemed in a hurry to accept. Every caravan, even to the meanest, was carefully painted and got up, so as to resemble a little house; there was the street door with the panels picked out in different colours, and the inevitable bright brass knocker, whilst the windows boasted wire blinds and curtains of the whitest dimity, with here and there a flower-pot on the window-ledge. Do these wandering Arabs of our population thus endeavour to deceive themselves into the belief that they are householders, like other people? What do they want of knockers, when they are but too happy to throw open their doors to all comers? I ventured to interrogate a gentleman in a velveteen shooting-coat on this head, who relieved a persistent attack upon a black pudding, by now and then mechanically giving a left-hander to his drum; but he crustily replied that perhaps I had better walk in and ax, and taking the hint, I soon found myself in an interior, carpeted with the natural turf.

The assembled company were intently inspecting the contents of a corner cupboard full of the waxwork effigies of murderers, one or two of the more curious climbing up to inspect the clothes and the rope of one particular malefactor, warranted by his hangman (under his own hand and seal) to have formed his veritable execution dress.

Without any prefatory address, the showman entered, put back a sliding shutter, and winding up some moaning machinery with a bed-key, introduced us to "what had been pronounced to be the most splendid piece of mechanical waxwork in Europe." The subject, Daniel in the Lions' Den. The prophet mildly revolved his head and worked his eyes, and the lions as mildly opened their jaws, and when they were not so employed they lashed their tails: there was some trifling derangement of the machinery, for some of the tails went off with irregular jerks quite out of time. In the midst of the awful suspense created by this highly dramatic position, a kind of cock-loft door in the den suddenly opened, and the head of King Darius was projected through to see how matters were getting on; but finding that the prophet and the lions were on such exceedingly good terms, he gesticulated wildly for a moment, and then shut the door with a slam, which set the audience a-laughing. The other waxwork represented the Death of Nelson. The hero, according to the showman, is "represented falling into the arms of 'Ardy, having been shot in the 'eat of the fight." A fracture in the abdominal region of the waxwork, however, had unfortunately doubled the hero up upon himself. The audience, however, saw nothing ludicrous at all in the representation: he was the popular hero still, and many a rough fellow listened whilst an old sailor behind me recounted where he lost his eye, and when his arm was smashed in the great sea-fight. The Death-bed of Napoleon followed, and there was more eye-rolling work; and, as a final effort of

mechanical genius, the imperial jaw dropped, which movement being a little too strong for me, I left.

All the while a continual fusillade was being maintained by the rifle-galleries and nut-hawkers. Of the former, there were no less than nine in full work. The process was safe and simple: at the end of a tube a foot in diameter and thirty-five feet long, was the brilliantly-illuminated bull's-eye, which, on being struck, rung a bell; the bell kept going all the evening, so I should advise the Emperor to keep civil. In front of each gallery there was a pictorial screen. The proprietor must have had very decided Whig tendencies, inasmuch as his pictures illustrated the life of Dutch William; and one drawing particularly struck me—"William the Third consigning the Duke of Gloucester to the care of Bishop Burnet." I cannot say that the spectators took much advantage by this effort at inculcating history, inasmuch as I overheard a costermonger asking a "pal" if it didn't represent the Prince of Wales talking to Cardinal Wiseman! By far the most familiar representation, however, referred to Indian massacres,—Sepoys throwing babies up in the air and catching them on the points of their bayonets, as calmly as though they were playing cup and ball. The Cawnpore Massacre again figured largely, proving the interest the people take in contemporary events. In revenge, Nana Sahib, as the bull's-eye, suffered indescribable agony the whole night, and yielded in return abundant nuts and—nightmares.

I must not omit to mention the canvas avenue of toys and gingerbread nuts—that fairy land of our boyhood some quarter of a century ago. There was the same eager inquiry, in shrill falsetto, "Will you take a nut, sir?" that leads one back to the days of George IV., when fairs were fairs, and society recognised amusements on a level with the tastes of the working-classes, instead of destroying them all for the sake of third-rate Athenæums, with which the bulk of the people have nothing to do. During the hours I spent in our fair, I must candidly confess that I saw no impropriety or ill-behaviour whatever,—a statement which much surprised our churchwarden, who called upon me next morning with a memorial to enable the parish to get rid of what he was pleased to term "the scum of the earth," and that sink of iniquity—our Fair. CURIO.

A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
She quickly closed when her husband came.

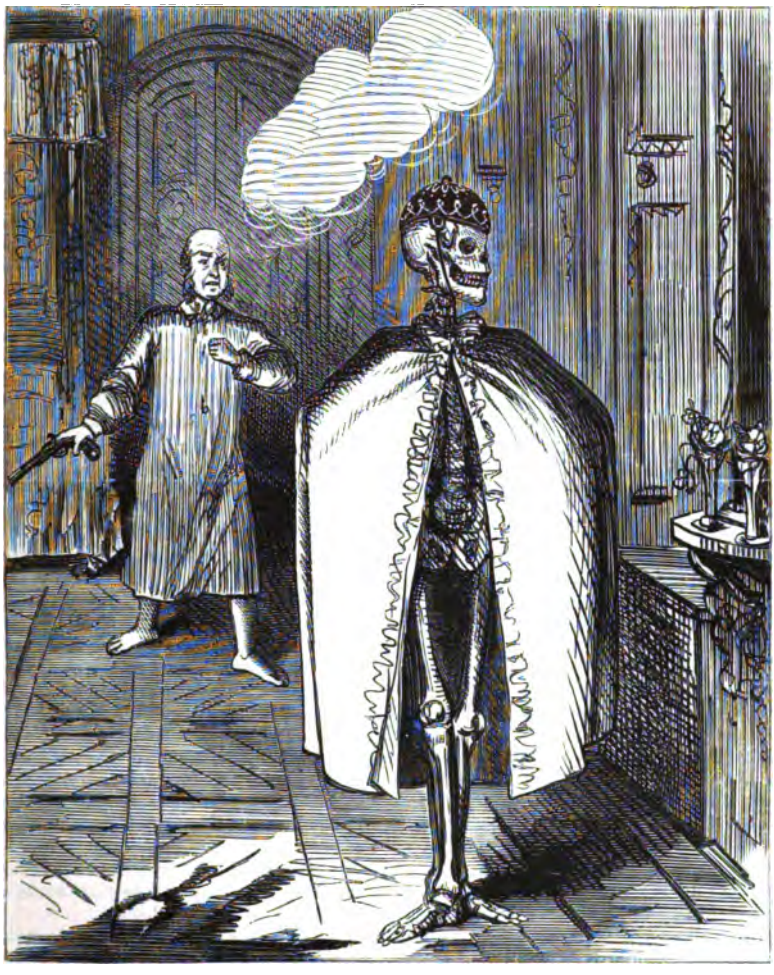
He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
With cold calm words upon either side;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love, she had read of in sweet romances,—
Love that could sorrow, but never fail,
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
Spreads to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knelt on the carpet;
The black cloud loosen'd, the storm-rain fell:
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it,—
One poor heart's day what poet could tell? A.

THE GHOST'S NIGHT-CAP.



JUST thirty years ago—that is to say in the month of November, 1829—an English family, named Daubville, was in occupation of an old Italian villa on the Leghorn Hills. It is to be regretted that the Daubvilles wrote "Honourable" before their name, because any reader with a soul above that *animula vagula, blandula*, which animates the tidy form of an Irish waiting-woman, must be so heartily sick of the aristocratic eidolons which pervade our modern English novels, that he would feel a history of Mr. Stubbs the tallow-chandler, an ineffable relief from the monotonous insipidity of the purple. But, as in all essentials the following narrative is true, nothing being altered but the name of the family in which it occurred, it is necessary to state or admit that the Daubville family consisted of Lady Caroline Daubville, a widow—her two daughters, Margaret and Eliza, then with her—a son John, absent at Oxford—and of Lady Caroline's brother-in-law, also called John, who at the moment our story opens was driving up the avenue of the Villa Ardinghelli on a visit to his sister and nieces.

The two young ladies ran down-stairs to welcome their uncle. The Honourable John Daubville was tall and spare, somewhat above fifty years of age; very bald, and with a stereotyped sneer upon his lips. A kindly-natured man in reality, he prided himself upon his scorn for all forms of superstition, all prejudice, and upon his profound disbelief of all supernatural interference with the order of nature. He had trained his mind carefully in the school of the French Encyclopedists; and Voltaire, in particular, was his great authority. The universe was a huge machine—the globe a somewhat smaller one—men and women were machines with certain functions and powers; and he—the Honourable John Daubville—was a machine of a superior class. He admitted gravitation, he bowed to centrifugal force; he detested an east wind, and he rejoiced in ortolans. All things above or beyond the experience of every day life he dismissed

summarily as impossible. This was the gentleman who was conducted up-stairs, by the two young ladies, to the presence of Lady Caroline.

"And how are you, my dear sister, in this best of all possible worlds? I am glad to find you in such good quarters, and hope you will be able to find a corner in which your poor brother may repose after the fatigues of the London season last summer, and an autumn in Paris."

"Well, brother, well," replied Lady Caroline, "and I am glad that the villa we have chosen meets with your approbation. Right glad are we to see you: but—but—" Lady Caroline paused with a made-up smile.

"Eh! What do you mean? Is there not a room for me here?"

"Yes, dear brother, there is not only one room, but two rooms. The only objections I know to the first, are four. It is over the stable, dark, small, and looks on the court-yard. The second is a noble chamber, with a glorious view of the Mediterranean; but—but—I say again—"

"But what?"

"There is a report that it is haunted."

"Pooh!" replied Mr. Daubville, with a look of the most ineffable contempt; "no doubt there will be room for both of us. So the ghost does not insist upon sharing my bed I shall make no objection, and indeed if he does—By the way, is it he or she?"

"He, John, he," replied Lady Caroline, with a look worthy of Lucretia at her spinning-wheel.

"Umph? Well, if he does, being a ghost it is no great matter. Only there must be an arrangement between us as to our hours of getting up; for, as I have always understood, ghosts are in the habit of rising at cock-crow. Now, unless you could make away with all the cocks in the neighbourhood save one, and shut that one up in a dark closet till 10 A.M., and then open the door. Eh?"

"Well, well, John," said Lady Caroline, "I see you are as sceptical as ever."

Mr. Daubville made a profound bow.

"And so Margaret and Eliza shall conduct you to the HAUNTED ROOM."

"By all means," replied her brother. "I dare say your ghost and I can get on well together."

The room into which Mr. Daubville was conducted by his nieces, had obviously been used of old as the principal sleeping apartment of the villa. It was very large, and contrary to the received opinions with regard to haunted rooms, was very cheerful and bright. Three large windows looked out upon, or rather towards the sea, for the Villa Ardinghelli stood upon the slope of a hill, distant about three-quarters of a mile from the sandy beach. Through these windows the western sun was now pouring his rays, and illuminating the mysterious chamber. At one end of the room was a huge bed, such a bed as is only found in Italy, with the exception of that one specimen which still exists at Ware in Hertfordshire. The hangings of the bed were of old discoloured tapestry, such as a ghost might reasonably enough expect to find in any apartment devoted to the use of a lodger of his class. The bed was not only enormously broad, but high in proportion, so that it would have required considerable gymnastic powers to have reached the table land on the summit, but for a flight of steps which stood by its side. Mattrass after mattrass stuffed with the leaves of the Indian corn had been piled up, the one on the other, in order that the stately pile might attain its due proportions. Over against the bed was a large open chimney—the hearth fitted up with "dogs" of quaint old workmanship. Great blocks of fir, and the pine-cones picked up in the adjacent woods, were the fuel with which it was fed. There was a clumsy but richly-carved dressing-table placed facing the centre window, with a large mirror behind it, and well-nigh opposite this, against the fourth and remaining wall of the room, a black chestnut wardrobe, large enough to hold half-a-dozen people standing upright. Now it must not be supposed that the great bed with its hangings, the toilette-table with its mirror, the open chimney with its dogs, the wardrobe with its capabilities—though these might fairly be considered ghostly furniture—were sufficient to communicate to the apartment the feeling of a haunted room. It was so large that if the articles named did not appear quite lost in it, at any rate they seemed to be the right things in the right place. The care of the young ladies had provided three or four small tables, unquestionably of modern fashion and make, covered over with those little knick-knacks which look so charming, and which are so useless, but without which ladies do not seem to consider that bed-rooms in country-houses can be complete. A few vases of flowers contributed their share of brightness, and unwholesomeness, to the Haunted Room.

"Well, my dear girls," said Mr. Daubville, after a glance round the room, "at any rate, I see nothing very terrible here. Your ghost must be of simple and inoffensive habits; and there is plenty of room, as I am happy to observe, in that portentous bed for us both. No window curtains either; nothing but the open shutters outside—all the better: less cover, Miss Eliza, for young ladies who might be disposed to play tricks at a poor old credulous uncle's expense."

"Tricks! I would not come near the place after sun-down for ten thousand pounds."

"Hum! my dear, large sum—very. But let us have a peep into this wardrobe. There, if anywhere, we shall find the solution of the enigma in case of disturbance. Nothing in there but three racks for clothes: back all sound, and clear of the wall. Not much danger there,—dressing-table without furniture, frills, or fooleries—right again—not like a conjuror's table with all the apparatus underneath. Frame of the bedstead three inches from the ground. Egad, if anybody slips beneath that, he can't be a body—must be a ghost—all the better."

"Oh, uncle!" said Miss Margaret, "it's quite awful to hear you talk so. Who wouldn't exchange a cold, nasty, thin ghost for a good, solid, comfortable human housebreaker, with—perhaps, a flannel waistcoat on."

"Not I, for one, Maggie. Housebreaker might make a ghost of me; ghost couldn't turn me into a housebreaker. Let me have a look up the chimney—cross-bars—all right, again—besides, good fire, smoke him out—make the place too hot

to hold him. Only one point more to guard—excuse my vigilance, but old yeomanry officer,—know what I'm about. Must take care nobody gets in at the window. Old soldier—mustn't be caught napping. Splendid, magnificent indeed."

"Yes, we thought you would enjoy the view."

"It isn't the view, you foolish girl; look at the drop—sixty—ay! I dare say seventy feet sheer down. How's that? we only came up one pair of stairs. I see—house stands on a terrace—carriage drove in back way. Very good, indeed—no danger from without—puzzle them to get up that wall—not a balcony anywhere? No—that's all right. Young ladies, Uncle John will undertake to make good the place against all attacks from ghosts actual, or ghosts that are to be. And now, my dear girls, if you will kindly rejoin your mother, I will make my little preparations for dinner."

The dinner was over—the cloth was drawn, and Mr. Daubville proceeded to give the ladies an abstract of how the fashionable babies in London had been born, how the fashionable couples had been married, and how the fashionable people whose time had come, had passed away beyond the further notice of the *beau monde*. There was, however, throughout the evening, something forced and unnatural in the spirits of the party. The ladies appeared to look upon Uncle John as you would look upon a dear friend who was about to go up in a balloon, or down in a diving-bell, or to lead a forlorn hope, or engage in any other very perilous enterprise, from which there was very little chance that he would return alive. They would put too much sugar in his tea; place stools for his feet when he required none, and smother him with a thousand feminine attentions, which at length became actually oppressive. Uncle John at last started up, saying:—

"My journey to-day has been long and fatiguing. Pray excuse me, dear Caroline, if I take my candle, and retire for the night."

At this moment, one of the window-shutters blew open with a loud crash. Margaret, who was presiding over the tea-table, in her sudden fright seized the handles of the tea-urn for support; the tea-urn gave way, and upset its scalding contents upon the accurately shaved hind-quarters of Lady Caroline's favourite poodle, Benvenuto. The dog immediately retreated under his mistress' chair, with one long despairing yell, like the pitch-pipe in a country church. Eliza threw herself on her knees before her mother, which touching movement of filial confidence was met in a somewhat eccentric manner by that lady, who cuffed her violently, while she lavished upon her at the same time expressions of the most devoted affection. Mr. John Daubville alone retained his presence of mind, calling out:—

"It is only the dog," and began kicking Benvenuto under the chair. Benvenuto, whether aroused by the personal indignity offered to him, or smarting under the stimulus of his recent hot bath, or really under the impression that Mr. Daubville was the cause of the confusion, fastened his teeth on that gentleman's calf till his eyes watered with pain. At last, but not for some time, order was restored, and Mr. Daubville, desirous of regaining the position of a man of cool head and unflinching nerve, from which he had somewhat fallen, with one vigorous kick disengaged his leg from Benvenuto's teeth, and walking over to the window, soon ascertained that it was only the fastening of the shutter that had given way under the pressure of a sudden gust of wind.

"No, John," said Lady Caroline. "It is not the wind, it is a warning! The Spirit of the Haunted Chamber is abroad, and bids you not to intrude upon the apartment sacred to his repose."

"My dear sister," said Mr. Daubville, "nonsense; in that room I will sleep to-night, though fifty thousand ghosts should be my bed-fellows."

So saying, Mr. Daubville took up his candle and retired. His retreat would have been dignified, but that Benvenuto, who did not at all seem to consider the dispute had ended in a manner satisfactory to his own feelings, kept on making short rushes at him, thus compelling him to face about, and contest every inch of ground to the door.

There was a fine wood fire smouldering on the hearth of the Haunted Chamber, as Uncle John entered it to take up his quarters for the night. The great log had long since accomplished all that it could in the way of crackling, and blazing, and sending forth tongues of fire; and had now concentrated its efforts upon the production of a steady, rich glow. The room looked red, save at the extremity where the great bed stood; this portion of the room was so distant from the hearth, that it did not take the colour from the fire; but was so dark that you could scarcely distinguish the objects it contained. The huge bed looked indeed like a heavy shadow. It was very odd, but somehow or another Uncle John began to feel uncomfortable. The candle scarcely produced any appreciable effect either upon the red glow or the gloom.

"Ghosts," he muttered to himself. "Pooh! pooh! not to be caught that way. I wish that confounded dog had been a ghost. However, it's as well to guard against what they call fun—so I will load one of my pistols with powder in order to frighten any one who might be disposed to play a trick at the old gentleman's expense, and another with powder and ball in case an intruder of a different description should drop in." So said, and so done. "And now," continued Uncle John, "I will put one at the right hand of the bed—that shall be the business pistol—and one at the left, for the benefit of practical jokers. Now for it—rather dark down there—well, well, what an old fool I am—ha, ha, ha! place the pistols out of my reach at once indeed—not such a simpleton as that—but I'll take one—the one loaded with powder and ball—yes, powder *and* ball, and reconnoitre my quarters." Pronouncing these last words very emphatically, Uncle John struck up with great vigour, but considerably out of tune, the old poacher's anthem.

It's my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year,

and marched up to the old wardrobe with his pistol cocked in one hand, and the lighted candle in the other. The wardrobe was as empty as when he had inspected it. The bed with its

heavy tapestry hangings was visited in the same manner.

"Mere matter of form," remarked Uncle John, "but old officer—must go my rounds—all habit."

Obviously more comfortable in his mind, he now proceeded to make his preparations for the night; but the only point in these on which any stress need be laid, was the care which Mr. Daubville displayed in putting on a heavy cotton night-cap; one of the good old sort, which stood upright on the head, and was crowned at its apex with a tassel. For further security, and perhaps not altogether without a lingering sentiment of the beautiful, Uncle John proceeded to bind round his head a pink ribbon.

"Had the hint from the old Vicomte de Pituite. Combination of utility and elegance. Ah! wish I'd turned gray instead of bald. There are so many dyes of approved merit; but here I am as bare as a billiard-ball. Oh! for the sensation of brushing one's hair! Those young dogs, they don't know the blessings they enjoy. One hour now of being small-tooth-combed by a rough-handed nurse-maid, with one's thick elfin locks matted and tangled. Talk of the first kiss of first love—nothing to—

That pleasing agony which schoolboys bear
When nursemaids small-tooth-comb their shaggy hair.

Not so bad, that, and now to bed."

With some little trouble Mr. Daubville succeeded in performing the feat of ascending his lofty couch, but the weight of his body on the many mattrasses, stuffed as they were with the crackling leaves of the Indian corn, produced such an appalling noise, that he sat upright for some moments with a pistol in each hand, and a look of firm defiance in his face, waiting for the attack, which never came. Understanding at length the real meaning of all this disturbance, he recovered from his alarm, and carefully depositing his pistols within reach of his hands, but beyond the region marked out in his own mind as sufficient for tossing and turning about in his sleep, and placing the candlestick with a box of matches in the tray just at the edge of the bed, Uncle John blew out the light, and in a quarter of an hour was asleep.

Three or four hours passed away—nothing had occurred to arouse him to consciousness, but somehow or other he fell a dreaming. He was hunting walruses; he was in search of the Magnetic Pole—capital sport, and majestic pursuit—but it was all so cold—so very cold. Then a change came over his dream,—he was with Dante and his Mantuan guide slowly pacing the circles where the condemned spirits expiated their misdeeds in various forms of suffering. Then he himself was a wicked pope of the opposite line of politics to that of the strong party-man whose election-squibs were framed for eternity. He was condemned to lie for ever on a bed of molten lava, with his head in a huge block of ice. Strange to say the torture was bearable, although decidedly uncomfortable. "What shall I do for pocket-handkerchiefs," thought Uncle John, "if this goes on? I shall never be able to get at my nose." With one appalling sneeze he awoke; it was pitch dark, and he continued sneezing. His first act was to put his hands up to his head—his night-cap was gone!

"Eh! what is this? night-cap tumbled off, despite the ribbon—never knew that happen before. Where can it be? must strike a light and see."

This was done; the sleeper was fairly awakened; he groped everywhere—behind the pillows—under the bedclothes; he craned over the sides of the bed—got up and searched everywhere. The night-cap was not to be found. It was very odd—he must have put it on before getting into bed; he had been bald since five-and-twenty, and whatever other duty he had neglected, he had never forgotten to put on a night-cap during all these years. What made matters worse just now was that the trunk containing his provision of night-caps, had not yet been brought up into his room. There was no help for it, but to make shift by tying a stocking round his head, and so to sleep again. He was aroused by a knocking at his door; a servant entered the room with hot water. It was broad daylight, and time to get up. The friendly stocking which he had tied round his head had fallen off in the night, but was lying on the pillow, and Uncle John had a most fearful cold in his head. *The night-cap was not to be found!*

When he got down to the breakfast-room he found Lady Caroline and her daughters waiting to welcome him with looks of fearful interest. Everybody save Benvenuto, *tantæne animis cœlestibus*, mindful of the feud of the preceding evening, appeared delighted to see him safe and sound.

"Did the Spirit of the Chamber pass before you in the night, dear John?" said Lady Caroline. "You look worn and wan."

"Ah-tschoo! ah-tschoo! ah-tschoo!"

"Oh! dear Uncle, tell us all about it—have you seen the ghost?"

"Ah-tschoo! Confound the ghost! Oh! dear! ah-tschoo."

"Dear John, it appears to me that you are suffering from catarrh; but at least you have escaped the dangers of the supernatural world."

Mr. Daubville, with watery eyes, and many sneezes, related to them his adventure of the previous night; it was the strangest—the most unaccountable thing. He quite lost his temper when he found that he was unable to convince his sister and nieces that he had put on a night-cap at all; but was somewhat soothed when Margaret and Eliza, who were aware of his partiality for night-caps, told him that for months past they had been engaged in working for him a night-cap, which would be to other night-caps as Milan Cathedral to other cathedrals. The presentation night-cap wanted but the tassel, which the young ladies were to procure that afternoon in Leghorn, and it would be ready next day.

"Well, my dear nieces—ah-tschoo—I am much obliged to you for your magnificent present, and still more for your—ah-tschoo—consideration for my comfort. This night I suppose I must put up with—ah-tschoo—one of the ordinary material; but at least to-night I shall be able—ah-tschoo!—to recover from this wretched but temporary ailment, and be in a fit condition to do justice to your—ah-tschoo—gift."

The day passed away—the night came. Uncle John retired, and the next morning presented himself again at breakfast, in a paroxysm of sneezes, and this time in a most unmistakeable passion.

"Caroline, I don't—ah-tschoo—understand this abominable practical joking. It's too bad. I shall—ah-tschoo—suffer from neuralgia during the remainder of my—ah-tschoo—days!"

"Why, dear John, what is the matter?"

"The matter—ah-tschoo! *The night-cap is gone again!* Ah-tschoo! tschoo! tschoo!"

In order that this recital may be disencumbered from the history of Uncle John's sneezes, it will be sufficient to say that he related, with much indignation, how he had taken the precaution on the previous night to summon one of the servants to his presence whilst he was preparing for bed. This servant—Pietro—known in the establishment as Pietro Grande, an old man, above all suspicion of participation in any practical joke, had seen the night-cap on Mr. Daubville's head, when he got into bed—had extinguished his light—had left him in bed with the night-cap on; but morning came, and where was the night-cap? Uncle John would not believe but that somebody had entered his room in the night and stripped his sleeping head of its honours; indeed it was easy to gather from his manner that he believed his nieces to be at the bottom of the mischief. Certainly he had not locked his door. He could not suppose that any person in the house, certainly not any person who set any value on his health or comfort, would be so inconsiderate—so wanting in respect to him—so silly, as to take part in such a miserable trick. However, he must pay the penalty, but if he could but catch them——! There was a savage twinkle about Uncle John's eye as he sneezed out these last words which seemed to imply that even the stately Lady Caroline herself would fare but ill if he found her meddling with his night-cap: and there was a pistol, as our Irish friends would say, "convanient."

The young ladies seemed to be perfectly aware that they were suffering under the suspicions of their uncle; but either they were consummate actresses, or they were entirely innocent of the trick which, as he supposed, had been played upon him. In the course of the afternoon the cold in the head got better—colds in the head do harden up in the middle of the day—and Margaret and Eliza brought to their uncle the presentation night-cap.

It was a magnificent article made of black velvet, heavily embroidered with gold. It was padded inside, and the ingenuity of the young ladies had even contrived a moveable strap to pass under the chin, fastening with a button at either side, and which might be either used or taken off at pleasure.

"I will button it on with the strap at night, dear girls," said Uncle John, "and it would have been well if, on this gorgeous cap, had been inscribed the motto which goes with the iron crown of Lombardy, '*Guai a chi me tocca!*' I think it will puzzle my friends of the two last nights to get this off my head."

It was not a little remarkable that all recollection of the haunted room seemed to have passed away from the minds of all. There was something so homely and prosaic—so grotesque, so earthy of the earth, in all this discussion about night-caps lost, and to be lost, that a ghost with any kind of self-respect could not even have attempted to hold up his head in society where such subjects formed the staple of discussion.

It may be mentioned then that, on the third night of his stay at the Villa Ardinghelli, Uncle John actually put his feet in hot water, greased his nose, and partook of a copious basin of gruel in the haunted room. In the course of the day a blacksmith had been summoned from Leghorn who had fitted a heavy night-catch on to the door, and had led a wire round to the bed-head. A bell-rope dangled from this, by help of which Uncle John without moving from his snug place, in the bed, could either shut himself up in his castle or admit visitors at pleasure. He let fall the bolt, saw that his pistols were ready, as usual, to his hand (this time both were loaded with ball), and then determined to remain awake. This resolution he acted upon for some time, soothed with the warmth and pleased with the rich red light. Gradually all sounds in the house died away. Uncle John tried the repeater under his pillow; it marked half-past eleven; he fell a-musing upon wigs! should he now without any thought of imposing upon his fellow-creatures, but simply with a view to his own comfort, seriously entertain the idea of a wig—not of young hair, but of a colour appropriate to his time of life—regarding it merely as a ——a—a permanent—cap? Uncle John fell asleep.

He knew not how long he had slept; but the same sensation of coldness as on the previous nights pervaded his sleeping frame, and settled finally in his head. He awoke—clasped his head: Powers above! could it be? *The velvet night-cap was gone!*

This time the night was not so far spent as it had been before when he had been roused from his slumbers by the abstraction of his caps. The fire was still burning, though now low, upon the hearth (a lurid red glow pervaded the room), but still there was an unnatual feeling abroad. Uncle John wanted to catch at his pistols; but his arms were glued to his sides, and his poor bald head grew wet with perspiration, When he moved, never so lightly, the crackling of the Indian corn-leaves underneath him was to him like the crack of doom. At last he could stand it no longer; he tried to shriek out "Who's there?" at the top of his voice, as he would have cheered at the cover side in his younger days—his words came from him in a weak, childish treble. There was no reply. He sate up in bed, and the first object on which his eye rested, was a tall figure in what was apparently a white cloak, standing before the mirror with his black velvet cap on his head.

This sight immediately roused Uncle John's indignation. He caught up his pistols, and, in bed as he was, called out:—

"I've got you at last; bring back my cap, this moment—this very moment."

The white figure took no notice of the summons, but remained before the mirror, making the most fantastic bows and salutations to itself. You would

almost have supposed it to be a dancing-master, practising a new minuet. Its attention, however, seemed to be chiefly devoted to the cap. Now it cocked it upon one side of its head, and stuck a hand upon its own side in a jaunty way; now it drew the cap well-nigh over its eyes with both its hands, and bowed its head backwards and forwards, like a Chinese Mandarin figure: then it thrust it well off the forehead in Pierrot fashion; but all this time Uncle John could never catch a glimpse of the face. Roused at length to an unbearable pitch of exasperation as the white figure seemed to evince symptoms of an intention to pull the tassel off—

"Now, take notice," roared out Uncle John; "this pistol is loaded with ball, and I'm a nine-of-diamonds man, in solemn earnest. If you don't bring that cap to this side of the bed, and surrender before I count three, I fire. One—two—three."

The pistol exploded, but the draped figure treated the commencement of hostilities with the profoundest contempt, not to say derision. The only effect of the discharge was that it began turning its head round and round with great rapidity, like a dancing dervish in a paroxysm. The idea immediately occurred to Mr. Daubville, that the bullets had been drawn from his pistols; but, even so, it was strange that the figure would not turn round; and took no more notice of his existence than though he had been in his bachelor lodgings, in Norfolk Street, May Fair. He slipped out of bed with the other pistol in his hand, and stepped across to where the figure stood, still with its face to the mirror, determined to ascertain who the bold intruder might be. The gyrations of the head had ceased when Uncle John approached near enough to see over the shoulder of the figure into the mirror. As he caught the reflection, he saw that the velvet cap was upon a skull; that when the figure partly opened its drapery, it was a skeleton; and the drapery itself a shroud! In the midst of his agony of terror, he noticed particularly that two of the front teeth of the skull were deficient. Uncle John fired off his second pistol, the flash passed through the figure, lighting up the ribs, and the bullet shattered the mirror. The figure turned round, and appeared to take off the cap, and made a profound salutation to Uncle John, who sank insensible on the floor.

There was a noise in the passage outside; a calling from many voices; and amongst them the voices of Lady Caroline and her daughters were predominant. The door was broken open by the servants, and Uncle John was carried off to another apartment, and gradually brought back to consciousness. He seemed at first to have forgotten all about his adventures of the night; it was only when the circumstance of his having been found insensible on the floor of the Haunted Room was recalled to his memory, that he called out:

"The ghost—the ghost! Take me away from this accursed place. Take me away at once."

The next morning, the Daubville family left the Villa Ardinghelli, and exchanged the neighbourhood of Leghorn for Florence. Uncle John could never be brought to speak of his adventures that terrible night in the Haunted Room.

* * * * *

One day, in the following spring, the Daubville family, Uncle John and all, were roaming about Florence, under the guidance of a learned Italian friend, who had taken upon himself to be their Cicerone round the antiquities of Florence. In the course of one of their wanderings, in a somewhat remote quarter of the town, they came to the church of San Teodoro; a church little visited by English travellers. There were two or three carriages in the piazza before the church.

"Ah! I remember," said their conductor. "How fortunate we came here to-day. A tomb is to be opened, the tomb of a great hero in our Florentine history. Come along!"

Their guide hurried them into the church. As they were walking up the aisle, Lady Caroline whispered: "But whose tomb is it?"

Their conductor paused, waited till the whole party had joined up, and then, in that emphatic whisper peculiar to Italians, said:

"The tomb of AMBROGIO DEI ARDINGHELLI!"

Uncle John followed the Abbé to the spot, when just as they came up the workmen had succeeded in heaving the marble lid off a sarcophagus. The lid was so ponderous that it had been necessary to use strong mechanical contrivances to move it. The by-standers crowded up; but only a few were allowed to approach at a time, and amongst these the place of honour was given to the English ladies. Margaret had no sooner looked in, than she shrieked out:—

"*Uncle John's night-cap!*"

Uncle John himself pressed his way through the little crowd of spectators, clutched the side of the tomb with frantic grasp, and looked in. There lay the skeleton of Ambrogio with Mr. Daubville's velvet night-cap on the grinning skull; his two cotton night-caps were by the side of the skeleton, somewhat dusty. In the tomb there were about a dozen other night-caps of various ages and fashions. Two front teeth were wanting in the skull.

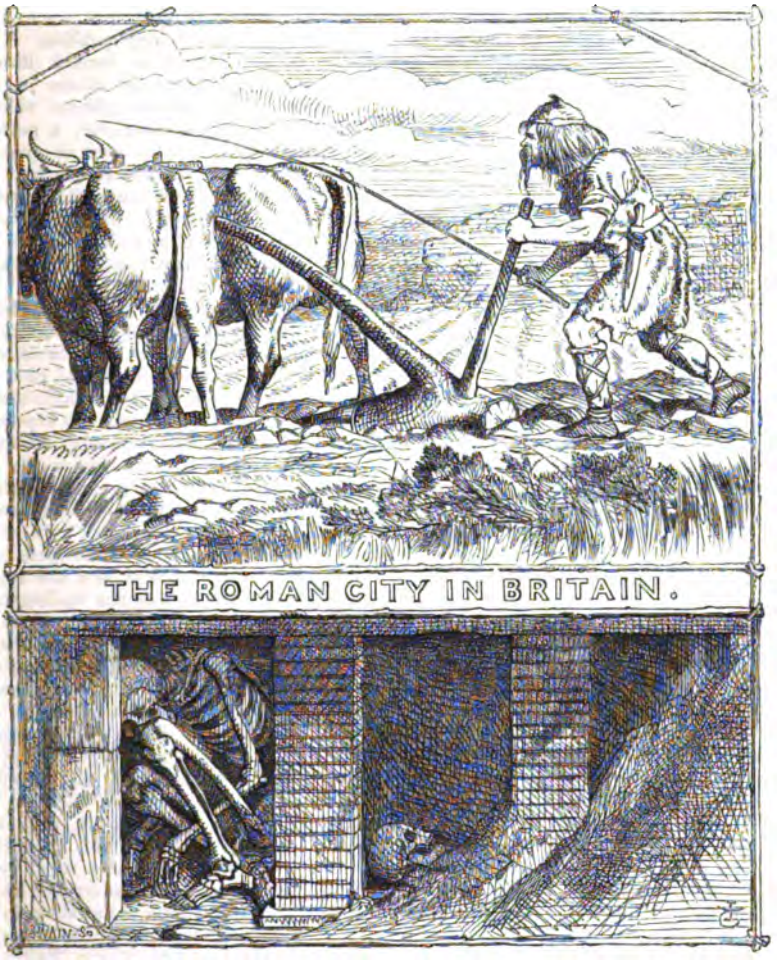
Uncle John quitted the church with his party, and that evening related his story to his relations and their Italian friend. This gentleman had brought with him an extract from an old Florentine chronicler, which, as he said, would throw light upon the matter. Here it is:

"Now the skirmish having passed pleasantly, with great delectation to the noble knights and their horses, and the ground being fairly bestrewed with the bodies of the valiant combatants, 'Where is Ambrogio?' was the affectionate cry of his people, as they gallantly retreated at their utmost speed. At that moment Messer Ambrogio was lying on his back, unable to move from the weight of his armour, and his old enemy, Messer Buoncore dei Straccini. was kneeling on his chest—he was a heavy and worshipful lord—and tugging away at his helmet, into which he had been unable to introduce his dagger to finish the good lord's existence, according to the merciful custom of knighthood, so cunning was the handicraft of the Spanish smith. At last the fastenings gave way, and Messer Buoncore saw with whom he had to do. 'Quarter and ransom,' cried Messer Ambrogio. Messer Buoncore swung the helmet round with his utmost strength, and with it struck Messer Ambrogio on the mouth, whereby two of his front teeth were smitten out, saying, 'Ha, such quarter as thou didst show to the people of Sienna, such quarter will they show to thee.' With that he caused Messer

Ambrogio (somewhat confused in his mind by the blow he had received) to be conveyed into Sienna in a cart, and there he was beheaded. Before his death, he had entreated that his helmet might be restored to him, but this, his last request, was cruelly denied him. A few days afterwards there was a truce between the people of Sienna and the people of Florence, and the body of Messer Ambrogio, in full armour save the helmet, was restored to the Florentines. It was buried with great pomp in San Teodoro."

The Italian told him that it was a recognised tradition in Tuscany, that the spirit of Ambrogio haunted that old Livornese villa: that the departed warrior was ever in search of some substitute for his lost helmet; and that, in his opinion, it had undoubtedly appeared to him. Uncle John did not mention his own conclusions; but from that time he was an altered man, and gave up Voltaire. K.

OUR OWN VIEW OF URICONIUM.



We had been traversing the London Road, which leads out of Shrewsbury by its eastern suburb, skirting every now and then the silvery Severn, meandering through a park-like country, when my companion turned the horse's head down a bye-road on the right, which speedily led us amid some undulating pastures. "And now," said he, as the carriage jerked over a ridge in the road; "now—we are in the Roman City."

I looked around me. There were undulating fields and crops of turnips, hedge-rows and trees—an English landscape, pure and simple, such as we meet with everywhere in the luxuriant western counties. "But where have the Romans left their mark?" I asked, half incredulously. My companion pointed with his whip to a dark object a little in advance—a weather-beaten wall which rose, a massive and significant ruin, in the midst

of the pastoral scenery surrounding us. As we drew near, the Cyclopean mass of grey stones, streaked at intervals with bright red lines of tile-work, left no doubt upon our minds. "And if you will observe narrowly," said my companion, "you will see indications of the line of the walls." And truly an irregular line, inclosing a somewhat pear-shaped area, could be traced, its long diameter running north and south, the stem of the pear, if we may so term it, dipping down into the waters of the rapid Severn. This ridge of buried town-wall, my companion tells me, makes a circuit of three miles; and as I traced it round about, I could see underneath the emerald sod suggestive outlines, now dipping under the hedge-rows, now crossing the brook, and next upheaving the middle of the field. It was clearly the dead and ruined city, dimly sketched beneath its winding-sheet of common grass. In another minute we were close to the old wall itself, which cropped up suddenly from the edge of a turnip field—a huge bone, as it were, of the buried skeleton beneath. To the south of this wall a square area, about two acres in extent, railed off from the adjoining fields, presented itself, trenched in every direction and heaped with mounds of rubbish. A crowd of visitors were lounging about, looking down into the deep pits and trenches, with a serious puzzled look.*

"And this?" said I——

"Is where we are exhuming Roman Britain," interrupted my companion.

We alighted and passed into the inclosure. I could just see the head of a labouring man, who was delving away in a long trench. Sitting on the side of the trench was a figure dressed in black, his gaitered legs disappearing in the pit. Those who remember Landseer's picture of "Suspense"—a Scotch terrier watching at a rat-hole—will be able to appreciate the whole look and attitude of that figure as the pick broke into every fresh lump of earth. Leaving my human terrier, for a moment, still watching at his hole, I clambered over the mounds of earth and looked down at the dead bones of Roman Britain. The old wall above ground had been the starting point from which the excavations were commenced, and it was soon discovered that it was the above-ground portion of a large building in the form of a parallelogram, divided into three compartments; the middle one being 226 feet long and 30 feet wide, the side aisles, if we may so term them, being of exactly the same length, but one only 14 feet wide, and the other 13 feet 9 inches wide at one end and 16 feet at the other. The middle compartment is paved with brick in the herring-bone pattern, but portions of tesselated floors were found at the eastern extremity of the northern lateral chamber. This place is nothing less than a stone puzzle to the archæologists. Apparently, it was not roofed in, as few tiles were found in the area. That it stood in the angle formed by the intersection of two streets is clearly ascertained, and that it was entered from both of them is equally clear. Along its western façade ran the great Roman military highway which connected London with Chester, still in use and known under the Saxon name of Watling Street. That this road expanded into a wide space opposite the main western entrance there can be no doubt, for it has been traced for some distance, until fresh buildings impinge upon the way and considerably narrow it.

Along the northern side of this building ran another street, joining the Watling Street wall at right angles; wherever excavations have been made in its course the pick has come down upon a surface pitched with large pebbles. The Roman streets, it is clear, were formed like those of Shrewsbury, and scores of others in Britain to this day. What public purpose this building could have served is, however, a matter of the merest conjecture. It has been suggested that it formed the forum, for the reason that it is very similar in form to the remains of the forum found at Pompeii. A curious piece of ironwork, somewhat in the form of a trident, which fitted into a staff, apparently some emblem of office, was found in its principal area.

At present, however, a veil has been drawn over the subject in the shape of a flourishing field of turnips, the committee of excavation hitherto having to manipulate their limited plot of ground somewhat as Paddy did his insufficient blanket, by filling up one place in order to expose another. Consequently, the only portion of this debateable building at present open to view is the portion of *old wall* originally above ground. This weather-beaten fragment bears upon its southern face evidence of having been connected with other buildings, for the springing of three brick arches are very plainly visible upon it, and the spade of the excavator has traced out the underground walls that supported them. Here evidently three "barrel roofed" rooms, possibly granaries, existed, as in one of them a quantity of charred wheat was found. Trenching southward soon proved that they had only opened but a small portion of some great central building of the city, for the spade at some considerable depth struck upon the semicircular end of a wall, and speedily a fine hypocaust, 37 feet long and 25 feet wide, was laid open. The Romans, it may be stated, in this country at least, did not warm their apartments by open fire-places or stoves, but by hot air chambers built underneath the ground-floors, which were supported at short intervals by rows of pillars formed of square tiles placed one upon another. Here, then, was the grand heating apparatus of a very fine room delved out of the earth in almost as perfect a state as when Roman fires circulated through it. The pillars of tiles were in perfect order,* and the soot still adhered

* Since the above was written the Excavation Committee have very judiciously caused all the earth excavated from the trenches to be collected into a steep mound, which is to be planted with evergreens and surrounded by gravel-walks. From this mound a bird's-eye view will be given to the spectator of the whole ruins laid open. The hypocausts, passages, courts, and roads will be beneath him, plainly depicted as in a map. By this means the interest of these singular remains will be greatly enhanced to the visitor.

* We regret to state, that during a temporary stoppage of the works last Easter, several inroads of the barbarians in the shape of "cheap trippers," took place, in which these pillars were wantonly thrown down; they have since been restored to their old position by the careful hand of Dr. Johnson. We regret to state, however, that the only bit of wall inscription yet found in these ruins, was by these later barbarians entirely destroyed.

to their sides as though the smoke had only passed through them yesterday. In the same line a number of other smaller hypocausts were soon exhumed. Here and there the floors of small apartments paved with the herring-bone pavement are seen, and in one spot the walls of a sweating room are still lined with the flues used to warm them, consisting of the common pottery tiles with flanged edges, employed by the Romans for roofing to this day. Passages floored with indestructible concrete lead between these rooms, and in some places the plaster still adheres to the walls, painted either in bands of red and yellow, or arranged in patterns of not inelegant design. In one place the wall is tesselated, an embellishment which is, we believe, quite unique. There is evidence also that the outsides of some of the buildings in Uriconium were plastered and painted, as the semicircular end of the large hypocaust when discovered was so finished. Similar external embellishments were discovered at Pompeii. What we may term the stoke-hole of one of these hypocausts remains still intact. Three steps, formed out of single slabs of stone, sharp almost as the day they came from the stone-dresser's hands, lead to an arched opening of splendid workmanship, which directly communicates with the hot air chamber. I could almost fancy I saw the Roman stoker shovelling in the wood and coal (for coal has been discovered here) some biting December morning, to keep life in the shivering centurion pacing above. Near this stoke-hole there was found an ash-heap—a Romano-British ash-heap!

Imagine, good reader, Macaulay's New Zealander, after taking his survey of the ruins of St. Paul's, from the broken arch of London Bridge, kicking his foot by accident against a London ash-heap, and you will perhaps be able to realise the eagerness of the Shrewsbury archæologists. Here were discovered, as was expected, numberless unconsidered trifles, but of priceless worth, as illustrating the every-day life of the inhabitants. Fragments of pottery, broken by the Roman "cat" or "come to pieces in the hand" of the Roman housemaid, of course; hair-pins of bone, that had once fastened the back hair of some fair Lucretia, with the pomade still adhering to them (an analytic chemist could possibly tell us of what oils and scents they were composed); pieces of window-glass, through which perhaps the aforesaid beauty had peered at the beaux of Uriconium; the bones of birds and animals, and even the shells of oysters, were found mingled together with bone-needles and ornamental fibulæ, coins, &c. These things, especially the small articles of female gear, imply that this part of the large building at least was devoted in part to female use. When the workmen were clearing out the hypocaust leading from the stoke-hole, crouched up in the north-west corner, they discovered the skeleton of an old man, and close to him (the ruling passion strong in death) was found a little heap of coins, and among them fragments of wood and nails, evidently the remains of a small box or coffer, decayed by time, which had once held the old man's treasure. These coins, 132 in number, were all, with two exceptions, of copper, leading to the inference that he was a domestic.

In excavating the ruins of Pompeii, the skeleton of what was supposed to have been the master of the house, was discovered near a back wall, with a bag of money near one hand, and a key near the other, implying that he was attempting to escape from the coming destruction by a back-door. A man had no banking account in those days; it was therefore quite natural that, in the moment of escape, he should be found clutching his treasure; but it does seem strange that, like a fly in amber, his very attitude should be preserved to us.

For centuries the Saxon hind ploughed the fields overhead, and little dreamed of the ghastly *dramatis personæ* that lay grouped beneath his feet.

It is customary when a new building is about to be erected, to deposit on the foundation-stone coins for the current year, of the reigning sovereign, in order to mark the period of its erection. Fate would appear to have led this terrified old man, with his little box of the current Roman coins of the country, into this hiding-place, to fix the time of the destruction of the city, and of the overthrow of the civilisation the Roman dominion in this country had left among the half-emasculated Britons. The great majority of these coins bear the effigy of the Constantines, which points to the end of the fourth century as the period of the destruction of this city. Now, if I remember rightly, the Roman Legions finally left the island in the year 426; thus it will be seen how speedily the barbarian Picts followed on their footsteps, and swept away the cities they had founded and left to the charge of the enfeebled Britons.

Close beside the west wall of the hypocaust, where the old man was found, lay the skeleton of a woman, and huddled against the north wall was another. All these skeletons were close together. In the yard adjoining, was found the skeleton of a baby, so young that its teeth were still uncut. A little eastward four or five skeletons, chiefly of females, were found, leading to the inference that the men, like the sons of Louis Philippe, deserted the weaker sex in the terrible moment of massacre. What overwhelming terror—what sudden panic must have overcome these inmates for the mother thus to desert her babe, and for the man to herd with women in such a dismal hiding-place. These tell-tale bones leave to us a vivid picture of that dreadful day—thirteen hundred years ago—when the enemy poured into the city and ravaged it with fire and sword.

Southward of this inhabited and apparently private portion of the great block of buildings, the basements of another series of structures has been found. The lower walls and the herring-bone pavement of a square court opening immediately upon the open space, or *place* of the great military way or Watling Street, have been laid bare. The court is forty feet square, and on its north and south sides runs a row of chambers from ten to twelve feet square.

Dr. Henry Johnson, the Hon. Secretary of the Excavation Committee, with classic instinct, immediately fancied that it was the atrium of a private Roman dwelling, especially as in the centre of the court the pavement was wanting, indicating the possibility of the remains of an impluvium; but, on search being made, no signs of one having been there were found; and further excavation

proved that many of the usual features of such a private mansion were wanting. There was no tablinum or peristyle, the side of the atrium or court in that direction being closed by a wall, on the outside of which are a series of recesses, supposed to have been shops. Further on in the same line eastward is a large paved cistern, filled with tiles and broken pottery; and beyond again a paved space, which had evidently been a bath. This portion of the building, however, has been only partially excavated, but what is now visible has the appearance of having belonged to a public swimming-bath. But what could the open court, surrounded with apartments, and bordering upon the principal street, have been? It is suggested that it might have been a market-place. That it was a building of great resort there can be no doubt; for of its two street entrances the step of the southernmost is worn away to the shape of the human foot several inches deep. By the direction of the footsteps, it is clear that the people flocking thither must have come up the street from the southward. Strange, that, after thirteen hundred years, we should thus have visible evidence of the direction in which the main currents of human life used to flow in this ancient city. There is a much wider entrance to this supposed market-place, or bazaar, a little north of the foot entrance, but this was not approached by steps, but by an inclined plane, formed of three slabs of stone placed side by side. Mr. Thomas Wright, the chief director of the excavations, imagines that this was a carriage, or at least a barrow entrance; and the discovery of a horse-shoe here, would seem to justify this hypothesis; but we find no wheel-ruts as they did in frequented carriage-entrances at Pompeii: moreover, a herring-bone pavement would scarcely have withstood the wear and tear of carriage traffic. The rooms round the court have proved the greatest puzzle of any to the archæologists. The walls stand at least three feet high from the pavement, but there is no sign of any door-ways. It has been suggested, that wooden steps, long since perished, may have given entrance to them; but then we should expect to find the marks in the walls where they had been fixed, as was the case at Pompeii, where staircases appear to have been very common.

In excavating the rubbish from these rooms, in some cases to ten feet in depth, stores of different substances were found; one apparently had been a magazine of charcoal, as a large quantity of that substance was found in it. Another contained the bones, horns, &c., of animals, chiefly those of the red deer, and the ox, and the tusks of boars. On the antlers of the deer, saw-marks, and signs of tools of other kinds, are very visible, and some of the bones have been turned in a lathe. These signs seem to indicate that the fabrication of various articles in bone, ivory, and stags' horn, found in every direction amongst the ruins, was carried on here; and that a veritable bazaar for the sale of such trifles existed on this spot we have good reason to believe from the fact, that weights of different sizes were dug up close at hand.

Not far from this court a portion of a pillar was found, the bottom of which is engraven with the *phallus*, so often discovered on Roman remains. Possibly the pillar may have formed a portion of a Priapian pillar, or emblem of fruitfulness. If so, its vicinity to the open court may indicate that it served the purpose of a market-place for edibles, as well as that of a bazaar. Be that as it may, it is clear that this department of the great block of buildings formed its southernmost limit, for a paved street has been discovered close to its walls, along which ran a side gutter, or possibly a water-course, such as we find at Salisbury; for in one place large stones were discovered, placed transversely in the channel, as though they had been used as stepping-stones. This great public building, containing possibly a forum, establishment of baths, a market-place, and bazaar, was surrounded on three sides, at least, by streets; and, for aught we know, excavations to the eastward will prove that it formed what the Romans called an *insula*.

The discovery of numerous fragments of columns and capitals within its ruins, proves that it must have been ornamented with architectural features of a striking character, which gave it a noble appearance, situated, as it was, in the middle and on the highest spot of the city within the walls. Beyond this building excavations have been made only to a small extent southward, but sufficiently to prove that buildings exist on the other side of the street last discovered. The Committee of Excavations have evidently hit upon the most central and important spot in the city; and dig where they will, north, south, east, or west, in the four acres which the Duke of Cleveland has leased to them, they cannot avoid opening up remains which will probably help to elucidate the stone puzzle they have aready exposed.

As I moved away from my minute examination of the ruins, I found the gentleman in black gathering up the precious fragments rescued from the trench with eager solicitude, which he carried off to a kind of box of Autolycus under charge of the foreman of the excavators. The labourer was digging away like a machine, and taking as much interest in his work. As he shovelled up some fragments of pottery I remarked:

"There seems to have been a grand smash of crockery hereabouts."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "there be a main sight of them sort of cattle buried here," and went on with his work. Such are the differences between man and man induced by education.

After tracing the dry bones of the Roman city, it was doubly interesting to give it life by means of the relics collected from its depths. A considerable number of articles illustrative of the every-day occupations and amusements of the inhabitants have already been secured in the museum at Shrewsbury. Pottery, of course, is in abundance, including a piece of Samian ware *repaired with metal rivets*, and some not inelegant Romano-Salopian pottery made from fine Broseley clay, innumerable roofing-tiles of pottery and micaceous slate with the nails yet remaining in them. Of iron work there are abundant remains; keys, chains, shackles, rings, nails, door-hinges, and an iron padlock have been found so wonderfully like uninteresting modern work, that one cannot help thinking the stilted Roman of our school-books must, after all, have

been very like one of ourselves. Turning over

[ORNAMENT IN BRONZE, PROBABLY BELONGING TO A STEELYARD.
[Actual size.]

THE SHACKLE.
[One-fourth of the full size.]

the box of relics, my friend in the black gaiters has directed my attention to—what do I find?—scores of cock's legs with natural spurs, filed evidently to fit on bronze ones. That they knew how to fight a main of cocks at Uriconium is quite evident, and those legs in all probability were those of celebrated victors. Searching again, I found a cock made of lead, evidently *a child's toy*, that had once gladdened little Roman eyes not far from where I stood. Again rummaging, I come upon roundels formed from the bottoms of earthenware vessels, evidently used by the gamins of Uriconium in some game, possibly hop-scotch, which we know to be a pastime of remote antiquity. And then for the ladies, as Autolycus would say, I found in the museum, combs of bone, bodkins, beads, bracelets; and for the men, *studs* and *buttons* of bronze, a strigil to scrape his skin in the public sweating bath, and tweezers to tweak his curled beard. But what is this—a patent medicine in Uriconium? Yes—an eye-salve

THE LEADEN (TOY) COCK.
[Actual size.]

—here is the seal of the physician who vended it, marked, like Rowland's Macassar, with his name to prevent "unprincipled imitations," as follows:—

"*The dialibanum of Tiberius Claudius, the physician for all complaints of the eyes, to be used with egg.*"

THE PHYSICIAN'S STAMP.

TIBerii CLaudii Medici DIALIBAnum AD OMNE VITium Oculorum EX Ovo.
[Actual Size.]

But we may go on for a week turning over the curiosities of Uriconium and come at last to the conclusion that, Romano-Britons as they were, they must have ate, drank, slept, played, and looked wonderfully like ourselves. Not so, however, if we are to believe newspaper paragraphs—the barbarians who put an end to all this refinement ages ago.

In the corner of an orchard abutting upon the Watling Street road, in the village of Wroxeter, but within the old line of walls, upwards of twenty human skeletons were a short time since exhumed, several of the skulls of which presented extraordinary appearances. Their facial bones are, in fact, all askew, the eye sockets of one side of the face being in advance of those of the other side. Such terrible-looking creatures as these real original "Angles" were certainly enough to frighten the city into subjection. An examination of these skulls, however, and a knowledge of the conditions under which they were found, would lead to the conviction that Mother Earth has to answer for this distortion. When exhumed, they were in the condition of wet biscuit, in consequence

of the state of the ground, which is full of springs. It can easily, therefore, be imagined that the weight of the superincumbent earth acting through so many centuries had pressed those skulls that had fallen sideways, thus out of their usual shape. There is in the British Museum a skull of a Saxon warrior, disinterred not long since in Cambridgeshire, with his Saxon ornaments about him, which presents similar distortions with respect to the orbits and the extraordinary elongation of the head which these Wroxeter skulls do. Judging from this fact alone, I am inclined to think that these poor people of the orchard have been shamefully maligned as to their personal appearance. Close to the spot where these remains were found, the Watling Street road dips down a steep bank towards the Severn, where there is a ford; but, in all probability, in Roman times, a bridge here crossed the stream. Whether it was ford or bridge, however, it is certain that a strong tower —possibly a water-gate—terminating the city wall towards the river here, guarded its passage, as the foundation walls have been excavated entire. Standing on the mound which marks its site I saw before me the silvery Severn winding amid a thickly-wooded country, once, doubtless, a forest teeming with wild boar and red deer. On the opposite shore, the old military Roman road, as yet strongly marked running between hedgerows, but grass-grown like the fields. The scene was so calm and little disturbed by man, that the imagination could easily picture the Roman legions wending towards the next great military station, their eagles flashing in the setting sun. A. W.

FAIR DRINKING.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

HERE'S an old Pope-ish legend going,
About the right of knowing,
Which says it's only for the upper classes,—
Only for them the Muses' tap is flowing,—
And all below the salt must sit with empty glasses.
"Not so," says Education,
"I brew for all the nation,—
Drink, he who thirsts,—I sell by pint and barrel."
And this explains the quarrel.

So ye who wish to be as learnèd
As St. Augustine or St. Bernard,
Cardan or Aristotle,
Drink on (there's none prevents) your fill;
Get boosey on the classic rill;
But the Pierides declare
The Million waits to have its share;
So drink,—*but pass the bottle!*

BERNI.

ANA.

A PROPHET AT FAULT.—Apropos of canals and railways we find it announced, with becoming gravity, in the "Monthly Register" for 1803, that "another canal of great national importance is about to be constructed from Deptford to Portsmouth and Southampton, passing by Guildford, Godalming, and Winchester." After a detail of its estimated cost, the editor remarks, "a canal in this instance is to be preferred to an iron railway-road, because the expense of carriage by a canal is much cheaper than that of carriage by a railway." The writer could not foresee the effect of the steam-engine in diminishing the difference, and hence his inference that railway- could never compete with canal-carriage. Happily such prophets are not infallible.

THE TRAGEDY OF BAIKIE. By H. K.

CHAPTER II. THE DEMON AND THE DOOM OF BAIKIE.

MANY an old Scottish house has its lingering myth of its Brownie or shape of "ill" haunting the home of some wretched wizard laird like hapless Sir Thomas or great Michael Scott, and after the example of the rough hairy dog treading on the footsteps of Major Weir, or of the great grey-eyed cat eating bodily the Aberdonian Master. Wise folks pretend to discover in these figments the rough descriptions of highly educated native, or curious foreign animals which astonished the faculties and imposed upon the credulity of the vulgar. They may be right; Brownies may be monkeys after all, and bristling accomplished dogs and vicious cats early Sir Isaacs and special modifications of the tiger; because in sooth the demon of Baikie was nothing worse than Sir Raoul's Moorish boy, trophy of his passage of arms against the infidel, named Mahound, kicked and cuffed to atone for the unrighteous mercy which had spared the one life and brought the lad to the north country for a jest, and a horror to Sir Raoul's obtuse, superstitious neighbours.

All the little world of Baikie certainly believed Mahound no better than he should be, though freely allowing for the extremely low standard of slave, black-a-moor, paynim. Possibly Sir Raoul was not without a shade of the same appalling faith, and buffeted Mahound on principle —since he had his principles—those of his age, class, and character. Mahound's tribulations, though they were legion and hideous to chronicle, were by no means undeserved. This lad growing to man's estate was neither noble, chivalrous Saracen, nor brutish, fatuous negro: he sprung from some tribe in the interior, and he was malignant, cunning, base, and revengeful to excess. His tawny skin, blue-white eyeballs, broad, distended nose, wide mouth, spiteful snarl and sneer, his very outlandish turban, to his compulsory acquaintances most expressly typified wickedness.

He was incessantly in mischief and strife, from which he would have barely escaped even under the powerful protection of Sir Raoul, who did not choose that any other than himself should dispose of his varlet, but for the chill inaction imposed upon Mahound's comrades by his doubtful origin. What if the Devil were his progenitor? Then no advantage could follow the use of earthly weapons; nay, the fellow who took the initiative might have the awful prospect of a combat with Satan superadded to the aggravations of Mahound.

One would think Sir Raoul had discord enough in his hall, without maintaining this full-grown imp among his men-at-arms; but Sir Raoul was perverse and dogged, even supposing the question did not resolve itself, like that of modern slaves, into the complete and ominous obscurity veiling the future position of Mahound, if his unfortunate master did consent to let him go. Sir Raoul punished himself: his instinctive truth and downright fire revolted at the vileness of Mahound's frauds and atrocities. There was no love lost between master and man. Mahound did his duty by Raoul, but he did it sullenly; and Sir Raoul maltreated him in a long course of reckless outrages, deepening in affront and barbarity as his Lady Dovach testified some pity for the abhorred and shunned wretch.

This pity of Dovach's was the most transparent thing in the world, scarcely hiding her own aversion to the victim. Both Sir Raoul and Mahound knew its extent; but in the knight's resentment that she, who would not deign to extend to him the faintest hope of relenting, or better far—oblivion, should show the least charity to another, he persecuted his black slave more intentionally and more hatefully; and Dovach, perceiving his vexation, was more distinctly and deliberately humane to the inhuman object of contention. Oh, miserable pair! rushing away from the one star in their darkness.

The abbot at Brechin feasted his lay-brethren and entertained his children with a miracle play. The diversion was welcomed with gaping relish, and the half-starved bondsmen, uncertain of their lives an hour beyond their chief's pleasure, flocked in masses to be fed like hogs, and laugh as donkeys bray, for one blessed day's intermission in the toils and cares and monotony of their lives.

For some reason of policy, or pride or good humour, Sir Raoul vouchsafed to his whole household generous leave of absence for the entire summer's day, and dispatched them betimes, under the guidance of his younger brother, to bear bulk in the festivities. Sir Raoul himself chose to tarry at home, as the Lady Dovach, weak and spiritless, kept her chamber; and at the last moment, for some shadow of an excuse, he remanded Mahound, scourging him like a dog, and confining him in a den. But all the others, of every degree—seneschal, chaplain, bower-women, cook, scullion, groom—departed joyfully, facing round in the rosy morning to do low obeisance to the last glimpse of Sir Raoul in his supreme pomp and dignity, none divining that they could behold him otherwise than with honour and envy.

Sir Raoul fed his horses, dogs, and falcons with his own hands; stalked about among his armour and antlers until he found a fishing-rod, crossed the low bridge, and proceeded to wile away his lazy leisure by fishing in the Isla opposite his house of Baikie.

The day was cloudless and brilliant, so that one could watch the sparrow-hawk a black mote to the verge of the horizon, unlike that lowering, electric atmosphere of flashing torrents and brief sunshine when he brought home Dovach. Brought her home! nay, committed his prisoner to gyves and chains and sure ward. The sand-martins were twittering and fluttering from bank to bank; shoals of minnows rendered the waters alive; plumes of tufted, almond-scented meadow queen nodded in the breeze, the white water-ranunculus floated dreamily, like miniature water-lilies, in broad patches on the stream; and the long green fleshy ribs of the river-grass barred it from side to side. But that great, powerful, passionate Sir Raoul, in doublet and sword-belt, with hunting-knife and bugle-horn, heeded the soft beauty of the little spot of earth as little as the kine that dropped down to drink of the water of the Isla. He felt the unusual silence and idleness: no mower whetting his scythe, no herdsman whistling in his dog, no straying children: it oppressed him, though it did not cross his imagination that these brooding pauses in ordinary life (so wholesome are stir and labour) have been now and again seized upon for the accomplishment of ghastly visions, the perpetration of horrid crimes.

Sir Raoul tired of his sport, and sat among the rushes, crushing the brittle reeds in his fervent grasp,—crushing a little, light, shyest of the shy, sky-blue butterfly among them. He pondered on the bitterness of his lot, the lovelessness where he sought love, the parched dryness of that fountain. Oh, for one drop of nectar for him from this pale, protesting girl, an avenging spirit in his arms! Madness! Seek ruddy, buxom, reasonable, earthly women, and expect returning regard from them: leave this captious, intolerant being to mope away in her unity and defiance. But he could not give her up: he raged, and fumed, and sickened desperately at the idea. No, though he recollected with a double pang a little rosy girl he had loved long, long ago,—loved in utter carelessness,—who had fluttered joyously at his approach, and lamented drearily at his departure. O Dovach, unwomanly woman, never to be consoled, won truly, but unwooed, unwooed! What had become of the silly little girl? He had not stayed to ask before; some other occupation had intervened; a report of found treasure; the first enlistment in the raid against the Crescent for the good of his soul; a quarrel with Sir Niel, or Ramsay, or Wedderburn: and her father had removed her, he knew not where; he never asked. She had ceased to hold him, and what did it matter now? O Dovach, Dovach! surely she traded upon his fears, surely she made much of her drooping and decline! She would not waste away, she would not die. Dying, would she relent at last,—pity him, be friends with him in the hour of release? Dying! folly! He would ride and run, send the priests and the wise woman to hunt out witch-hazel, hart's tongue, ground ivy, pluck the blade under the propitious planet,

gather the blossom dank and heavy with precious dew: if that failed, procure by gold or the sword the mystic chalcedony, the onyx, the blood-stone. Tempestuous as were Sir Raoul's thoughts, he was little used to the inaction of this hot, glaring noon, and so he soon sank down drowsily, his long limbs among the dragon-flies, the flags, and the yellow irises, his fretting cares resolving themselves into troublous dreams.

Suddenly Sir Raoul's slumber was broken by a sound such as he had never heard in this lower world. Was is flitting fancy still? or could it have been Dovach's voice, not formally—not in tones sharp as steel—but beseeching, confiding, in their agony,—"O! Raoul, Raoul! where are you?" They wailed "Raoul!" they cried, "Come!"

Sir Raoul started up with his eyes straining from their sockets, his brown cheeks blistering, not so much with the beating sun, as with the boiling passion of that mania. Peaceful stood the red walls of Baikie, no foe apprised of its desertion clamouring at its gate, Sir Raoul's banner planted on the topmost pinnacle hanging motionless. It must have been a delusion. But hark! again "Raoul, Raoul!" close at hand, right across the river from the turret window—his lady's window. And wist you what Sir Raoul felt? Let who will talk of horrors! when Mahound's black, foul face, which he had left caged in darkness, appeared at the open casement, thrust out, leering round, then withdrawn for a second, to return in company with a white burden struggling with him, which he pushed through the aperture and poised high in dizzy air over the castle moat.

Sir Raoul had stood dumb, but he broke the spell with a wrench such as a man employs to tear himself from the night-hag, Mara. "Monster! Fiend!" he shrieked, "hold back!"

Mahound was arrested in his aim; he recognised his master's presence, but it was only to fling back his head with a bitter laugh and shout in reply: "I thought to have given you a surprise, Sir Raoul; I did not hope to have you for a witness. Ho! ho! Now was not I as canny as any of your favourites, to discern that the loss of ring, or beaker, or bird, would plague you less than the want of your blooming lady, whom you banned out of your sight yestreen? One heave, and she goes, Sir Raoul! Who is the dog—the worm—the accursed, beastly Moor, to-day?"

Sir Raoul was down on his knees. "Mahound, what will it profit you? I will set you free, make you rich, to the half of my land, knave. I swear it by the Rood."

"What! share alike with you, Sir Raoul? But your heartstrings saved! No, my fine lord; find another price for my withdrawal!"

"The whole lands, then, Mahound, villain, or my life! my life! I will pluck out my heart, if you will not avenge yourself on her who took your part, you venomous asp, nay, Mahound, Mahound!"

"You spare the ill names, now," Sir Raoul! Nothing but Mahound, Mahound. You might have been a siccarer man this day, if you had given me a more Christian-like title. They told me it was your devil, and your devil I'll be, my master. Her mercy, quotha! I know what it came to, I know and you know, how madam bridled and drew in her skirts; it was but to thwart her master, Sir Raoul. Ha, ha! she and I are not so far apart. Bid your blythe lady farewell, Sir Raoul."

"Oh! man, mortal, if you be not the arch-fiend I mocked, is there no ransom? Can I pay none that will abet your own love of life; for you know, Mahound, you will die within twelve hours for this deed; it is hopeless to think of escape, you will die inch by inch, as surely as you will burn in hell."

"What care I for the life that you rendered worse than the cat's, that, poor beast! has nine lives, or yon corbie's, which, unhappy bird! outlasts a hundred years. Your hell is not my hell. Bid your bonny wife farewell, Sir Raoul; they do say she was laith to come, but, by my word, she is laith, too, to go."

"Is there nothing in the wide universe you will take—heavens fall and cover her! Christ come down and sain her!" groans Sir Raoul, with the big sweat-drops hailing from his brow.

"Stay," cries Mahound, mowing and capering. "You said my skin was black, Sir Raoul, as if your boot had stamped the dye, and my nose flat, as if your sword had pommeled it, and my mouth slit and laid over, as if your dagger had cut and spread it. Make me a gift of your red and brown skin, master, your high nose, your arched mouth—fling them to me across the water, Sir Raoul, and your pinging dame may remain scatheless for me."

Sir Raoul had gripped his hanger all these terrible moments—he did not hesitate a second, he lifted his hand against himself, and the blow came down shearing to the bone.

Oh! mighty love which many waters could not quench, stronger than death, deeper than the grave, refusing not that pain, indignity, and shame. Blinded and faint in his agony, Sir Raoul heard again that voice which had hailed him thus once before, and once only, it penetrated his throbbing brain, it dulled the torment, the rage, the humiliation, it thrilled him with delight and bliss. She saw his hand raised with her dying eyes, she knew what he, the man of blood, would do for her—that which paled death itself. She awoke to one of these great hidden truths near every one of us, she cried piteously with her last breath:

"Raoul, my Raoul, let me go, spare yourself."

"Oh! that strange sweet rapture filled his veins, it shivered through him, it affected him like witchcraft, it raised the very hairs of his head like inspiration.

"Well done!" jeers Mahound, "but I've thought better of my bargain."

"My Raoul," the knight hears alone, sinking down on the grass.

A scream, a rush, a splash, the bubble of foam bells on the dull, slimy moat, and the white waif is gone for ever!

"My Raoul!" is whispered in the ringing ears of the Laird of Baikie, as he closes his eyes by the bright sparkling stream.

But Sir Raoul recovers, stiff, sore, and strange: sunshine and silence, the firm castle walls, the restless Isla water, an open empty window, before him. He comprehends with an awful shock; he waits a moment; he crawls along,

as other poor victims have done after him; he sees the weeds on the moat broken and streaked as the Northern lights in a winter sky; and down in the thick obscurity something white—dimly discernible. He stays another dreary interval, summoning back his ebbed strength, and plunges in and drags out, he knows not how, a dripping, disordered woman's figure, dead—dead! the pale-face marble verily now, the deep eyes glassy and glazed. He lies down beside her on the turf where he is lord, and has not prevented her cruel murder; but in his despair an angel looks down on him, and murmurs again, weakly and fondly, "My Raoul, spare yourself!"

Yea, Sir Raoul never ceases to hear these words during the whole of his future pilgrimage and warfare: he never loses them in the utmost temptation and trial. He listens to them even when the demon Mahound is dragged before him; and amidst the furious clamour he bids them have "a life for life," without pincers, or red-hot irons, or flaying knives. He seems to be answering them when he rides abroad once more, and his wistful eyes look over his mask and appeal to those who were wont to gaze upon him in admiration and covetousness,—who stare stealthily in wonder and vague regret now,—appeal half haughtily and fierily, half eagerly and tenderly, "You see me disfigured and mutilated in vain, for her who in life could not forgive me, but who in death declared herself mine. I do not grudge it for Dovach."

Sir Raoul might be less dreaded, bearing the sad marks of his love, but more clave unto him; for, inexplicable as it was to many, he was a more sober-minded and merciful man after his misfortune than before it. Heaven grant that we too, like this wild, lawless Sir Raoul, may show ourselves purged and purified by adversity; that our chronicler may have reason to quote of us what was indited of Job: "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning."

A WALK UP-STAIRS.

AN ingenious French writer filled a decent-sized volume with, "Un voyage autour de ma chambre." The reader will be here invited to walk up-stairs with us only through a very short paper. Yet it is a *long* walk up-stairs—possibly the longest in Europe, or perhaps in the world. Fancy starting to go up-stairs, and at the end of an hour and a-half of steady mounting, finding that the top flight is not even then attained. Such stairs would soon cure (or kill) short memories; for it would never do to forget gloves, keys, or handkerchief, and have just to run up-stairs *again* for them. You observe that no house can possibly contain such a staircase. Certainly not. Not the eight-

storied houses of Paris, or of old Edinburgh, or the ten-storied dwellings of Genoa, with seats on the landings like mountain-hospices, can supply such stairs. No: nor yet Albert House, with its crowning tricolor, planted probably by some venturous and successful member of the Alpine Club.

"Well, then, it is after all perhaps only a flight of imagination."

By no means; but rather forty-nine *bonâ fide* flights of some eighty odd steps each.

"Good gracious! why that makes four thousand steps."

Precisely, and that is the little walk up-stairs to which we desire to invite you.

"Oh, you mean the treadmill."

Well, if this dilatoriness in coming to the point exposes a poor traveller to such unflattering surmises, he must at once clear himself from the imputation of having taken inglorious exercise in this *obligato* manner, and explain that it was, on the contrary, perfectly *ad libitum*, and at the Piedmontese mountain fort of Fenestrelle.

Most of the mountain passes leading from France into Italy, which are provided with roads practicable for horses or artillery, have similar forts erected on some commanding position. That of Bard in the valley of Aosta, is well known from the manner in which Napoleon (not much to the credit of the Austrian commander) slipped past before the campaign of Marengo, and after crossing the great St. Bernard, not as is generally pictured to youthful minds, on a rearing white charger, but on the far more convenient, though certainly less romantic conveyance—a mulet.

Mont Cenis also has its frowning defences; but in the way of stairs we believe Fenestrelle beats them all.

The spot which has been selected for its construction is where a spur of the mountain descends into the valley at a sharp turn in the course of the latter, and from the narrow ridge of which spur, the road up and down the valley is completely commanded for a considerable distance. Starting from a fort at the bottom, through the defences of which the road passes, the successive fortifications ascend in alternate loop-holed walls, batteries and forts, up to St. Elmo, which covers the loftiest rock at an immense height, and reposes in cold strength amid snow for nearly half the year, and clouds and mist for a good part of the remainder.

It is difficult at the present day to say what is, or is not, impregnable in the matter of fortifications; certain it is that a very good French general, Catinat, climbed his guns and army to a plateau high up on the mountain, in order to attack the works from thence, as being a position offering the best chances of success, but failed to take them; thus paying a great but no doubt very reluctant, compliment to the still more celebrated Vauban, whose engineering talents, earlier in Louis the Fourteenth's reign, had planned these very defences, then situated on French ground. What rifled guns or steel-pointed shot may do, has yet to be proved; but while the locale is in the hands of 500 good artillerymen, it is very evident that any army hampered with all the impediments of war, must pass a "mauvais quart d'heure" in this valley of Pragelas.

"Revenons à nos escaliers." It will readily be imagined that the privilege of ascending 4000 steps for about two hours is a rare treat, not to be obtained without asking. "Donnez vous la peine de monter," is the polite mode in which a Frenchman will ask you up-stairs; but "Permettez nous la peine de monter," is what we have to say to the general commanding, and he in our case gave a ready permission. Fortified with this paper, we (four in number) proceeded under the escort of a non-commissioned officer to a strong-looking door, covered with iron bars and nails, which appeared to be set in a stone wall. Unbarring, unbolting, and unlocking this door, he let us into a stone gallery, and intimated that we must ring a bell which we should find near the top flight. The serjeant, however, *did not accompany us*, but merely remarking: "Montez, montez toujours, Messieurs, et bon voyage!" he relocked, rebarred, and rebolted the door behind us.

It was not a case of "voi che entrate qui lasciate ogni speranza;" our hopes of egress were, it is true, 4000 steps off, but, these surmounted the bell would bring to our aid another serjeant, exalted at nearly the height of Skiddaw from the plain, above his comrade who had just *barred us out* from the rest of the world. Looking around, we found ourselves in a stone gallery—stone above and below and on each side—ending in a flight of stone steps of portentous length. Up these we proceeded briskly enough at first, but soon slackened our pace, as lungs and the new muscles thus unfairly brought into play began equally to object to so unusual a trial. "Chi va piano, va lontano," said the most experienced of our party; and, taking his advice, we continued slower but steadily to mount, flight after flight, interrupted here and there by short landings, and inclining occasionally slightly to the right or left, but always following the upward course of the mountain ridge up which we were thus climbing, without, however, seeing much in our stone prison. Loopholes there were in the walls, now on one side now on the other, according as the galleries were constructed to command westward up the valley or eastward down it; but the view from most of these narrow openings was not extensive. Occasionally, too, we passed side-galleries, leading to the several batteries or block-houses; but generally it was one uniform succession of long flights of steps and short galleries. "One thousand," said at last one of our party. "What! only *one* thousand!" broke from the lips of others: we thought we had achieved at least half. However, at length two thousand were really turned, and onwards we went, for now

> we are up steps
> Mounted so far, that should we climb no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

In fact, however, we found the second thousand decidedly easier than the first, and the third and fourth thousand less and less irksome. We were evidently becoming used to it. However, hot and winded by such continued mounting, we felt it would be too imprudent to call a halt with the wind blowing coldly through the narrow loop-

holes up these long stone galleries, so that we went steadily on, and never stopped from the moment of commencing until we had achieved our self-imposed task.

In some parts we received a variation of our labour, as in place of steps we came upon inclined planes, nearly, if not quite, as steep as the steps themselves, and polished by wear so smooth, that, had there not been ridges of stone-work at intervals of about two feet, foothold would have failed us, and we must have had recourse to all fours. Here a painful doubt crossed my mind: "Do these inclines reckon towards the four thousand?" said I. "All right," responded one of our party, who had been here before, "everything reckons;" and with easier minds onwards we went. Towards the top we crossed several little wooden drawbridges, occupying the whole breadth of the galleries. On looking through an opening in their flooring, we could see that we were crossing ravines in the rock, perhaps two hundred or more feet deep, studded at the bottom with the needlessly additional malevolence of pointed stakes.

At last, after about one hour and a-half, or perhaps a little more, of incessant getting-up-stairs, reaching the looked-for bell-rope, we gave a hearty pull, and in due course the *upper* serjeant unbarred, unbolted, and unlocked a door bearing a strong family likeness to the one far, far below; and receiving the general's permit, he allowed us to emerge once more into the open air and sunlight—but into air and sunlight of a far colder climate than that we had left in the hot valley below.

On a bright day in September the contrast, though considerable, is of course not so great as under other conditions; but from the change we ourselves experienced, we could readily understand that 4000 steps (giving an altitude of at least 2500 feet) must in early spring, when sunshine and mild breezes have almost restored summer to the valley, still leave the crowning height embosomed in snow, and beaten by the icy blasts of winter, and thus there may be literally under the same roof (for the vaulted roof of the galleries is uninterrupted) the temperatures of summer and winter at times united. Indeed, as it was, some of last winter's snow lay still unmelted on the opposite side of the valley, at a height very little exceeding that of the ground on which we stood.

From the citadel of St. Elmo the panorama is striking. We are presented with a bird's-eye view of the forts leading down the ridge of the mountain, and of the town of Fenestrelle lying far down at our feet; while an extensive range of the road, both up and down the valley, is descried for a considerable distance; and far away beyond the lesser intervening mountains are seen the plains of Italy. Was it, whilst passing over this very route from Gaul, that Hannibal caught his first glimpse of these hardly sought plains? This or a neighbouring pass he probably took; but without either paths or bridges, what difficulties he must have met with! and what wonderful pluck and determination he must have shown, in bringing an army at last successfully into Italy in spite of them! That elephants could, however, have passed these roads before they were made * is almost as difficult of belief as the well-known legend of bursting the heated rocks with vinegar. Certain it is, that over these giant mountains, at this or one of the neighbouring passes, Hannibal did lead the army which brought Rome to the verge of ruin.

A glance in the other direction carries the eye towards the mountains behind, under which lies the Pré Catinat, whence that general directed his unsuccessful attack against the fort; at a little distance is seen a small village lying on a steep slope of cultivated land, stretching from the bare cliffs to a precipice overhanging the town of Fenestrelle. This little village, some years back, was swept away by an avalanche, but it is now protected by an angular stone-work of massive proportions, which affords it a more secure position than formerly, though terribly cramped for space.

We now prepared to descend, but not by the steps. To do so was pronounced quite out of the question, short of absolute necessity. Although from some mountain experience well aware of the difference between ascending and descending for any length of time, I was still much inclined to try the descent of so large a number of steps, as I might never again have the opportunity of trying such an experiment; but I was assured that if I did, I should not have a leg to stand upon at the end of my experiment; and (which was clearly conclusive) that the donkey which hebdomadally walks up-stairs with supplies, never comes down the same way. Resigning myself, therefore, to do at Fenestrelle as the donkey does, we trudged down by the thirty odd zig-zags of road which lead outside the defences back to the town, arriving just one hour after the time fixed for dinner; but our landlady, who knew better than we did how long our task would require, had by no means spoilt a very fair, and certainly very seasonable, dinner.

A nine-miles walk from Pomaret to Fenestrelle in the morning, a climb up 4000 steps, and down again by a circuitous road, nine miles home again, besides a little walking about, constituted a good day's work for a middle-aged *paterfamilias* of sedentary habits. But in case this paper should come before either of the valued friends with whom I made the excursion (two of the excellent pasteurs of the Vaudois, Protestant valleys of Piedmont) let me add, that I never remember to have passed a happier day than when viewing these novel and striking combinations of art and nature in their pleasant and very instructive company.

H. F. AMEDROZ.

THE DUST IN A SUNBEAM.

You must frequently have watched the whirling cloud of dust in the sunbeam aslant a somewhat darkened room; and perhaps were a little staggered at this sudden revelation of the invisible air not being quite so pure as you had imagined. It is true that unless your housemaid is a woman of stern conscientiousness, the mortal enemy of spiders, implacable on the subject of clean-

* See the memorable lines on the Scotch military roads:
Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd hold up your hands, and bless Marshal Wade.

liness—(a housemaid, in short, who never advertises in the "Times," but is a tradition of the days that are gone)—you must on more than one occasion have found a layer of dust collected on your books, portfolio, or table, dust piled up in the corners of the picture-frame, dust covering your microscope case, dust gathering in the carvings of the pianoforte legs, dust on the looking-glasses, dust on the windows, dust everywhere. And this you know must have been transported by the atmosphere. But you are not astonished. The atmosphere is an energetic Pickford. It carries clouds of dust on every highway, and sweeps the sands over the fields and hedges. Nay, it is said to catch up quantities of frogs, and whirl them away to distant spots, where they fall like hailstones of a larger growth. But you are not bound to believe this. Nor need you be more credulous of the showers of herrings which are also recorded. There is evidence enough of the transporting power of the air, without falling into exaggerations. By slow deposits from the air the temples of Egypt, Greece, and Rome are now to a great extent buried below the surface; and you have often to descend a flight of steps to get upon the ancient soil.

It is probable, however, that while you were perfectly familiar with the idea of the atmosphere carrying clouds of dust, on occasions, you never thought of the atmosphere being constantly loaded with dust, which is constantly being deposited, and constantly renewed. This sunbeam has made the fact visible. It has lighted up the tiny cloud of dust, which we see to be restlessly whirling.

Suppose we examine this dust, and see of what it is composed? Restrain your surprise: the thing is perfectly feasible. The dust was invisible and unsuspected till the revealing sunbeam made us aware of its presence; and now the Microscope, which deals with the invisible, shall reveal its nature. For, in consequence of the united labours of hundreds of patient workers, we can now distinguish with unerring certainty whether a tiny blood-stain is the blood of a man, a pig, a bird, a frog, or a fish; whether a single fragment of hair is the hair of a mole or of a mouse, of a rabbit or of a cat, of a Celt or of a Saxon; whether a minute fibre is of cotton, or linen, or silk; whether a particle of dust is of flint, chalk, or brick; and we do this with the same precision as if we were distinguishing one animal from another, or one substance from another. If the characters are not sufficiently marked to the eye, we call in the aid of chemical tests. Equipped thus with a knowledge of *marks* by which to distinguish the separate particles, let us place a layer of dust, large enough to cover the surface of a fourpenny piece, under the Microscope, and begin the examination.

The composition of this dust will always be of two kinds — inorganic and organic, that is to say, mineral particles, and the skeletons of animalcules, or the skeletons and seeds of plants. The mineral particles will of course depend on the nature of the soil, and position of the spot whence the dust was derived. It may be swept in from the gravel walks of a garden, from the highroad, or from the busy street. The grinding of vehicles, the wear of busy feet, the disintegration everywhere going on, keeps up a constant supply of dust. The smoke of chimney and factory, steamship and railway, blackens the air with coal-dust. If the rocky coast is not a great way off, we shall find abundance of particles of silica, with sharp angles, sometimes transparent, sometimes yellow, and sometimes black. And this silica will occasionally be in so fine a powdered condition that the granules will look like very minute eggs—for which indeed many microscopists have mistaken them. In this doubt, we have recourse to chemistry, and its tests assure us that we have silica, not eggs, before us. Besides the silica, we may see chalk in great abundance; and if near a foundry, we shall certainly detect the grains of oxide of iron (rust), and not a little coal-dust.

Our houses, our public buildings, and our pavements, are silently being worn away by the wind and weather, and the particles that are thus torn off are carried into the dust-clouds of the air, to settle where the wind listeth and the housemaid neglecteth. The very rocks which buttress our island are subject to incessant waste and change. The waters wash and scrub them, the air eats into them, the mollusc and the polype rasp away their substance; and by this silent, but inevitable destruction, dust is furnished. Curious it is to trace the history of a single particle. Ages ago it was rock. The impatient waves wore away this particle, and dashed it among a heap of sand. The wind caught it in its sweeping arms, and flung it on a pleasant upland. The rain dragged it from the ground, and hurried it along watercourses to the river. The river bore it to the sea. From the sea water it was snatched by a mollusc, and used in the building of his shell. The mollusc was dredged and dissected; his shell flung aside, trampled on, powdered, and dispersed by the wind, which has brought this particle under our Microscope, serving us for a text on which to preach "sermons in stones."

Equally curious is the history of this tiny particle of silk thread. A silkworm feeding tranquilly under the burning sun of India converts some of its digested plant-food into a cocoon of silk, in which it comfortably houses itself for a prolonged siesta. The silk is unwound, is carried to England or France, is there woven into a beautiful fabric, and after passing through many hands, enriching all, it forms part of the dress of some lovely woman, or the neck-tie of some gentlemanly scoundrel. Contact with a rough world, or a stiff shirt-collar, rubs off a minute fibre; the wind carries it away; and, after more wanderings than Ulysses, it comes to the stage of our Microscope. Beside it is a cotton-thread, brilliant in colour, of which a similar history might be told; and perhaps, also, there will be the hair of a dog, or of a plant; a fibre of wood, or the scale of a human epidermis; the fragment of an insect's claw, or the shell of an animalcule. Very probably we shall find the spore of some plant which only awaits a proper resting-place, with the necessary damp, to develop into a plant. You must not expect to find all these things in one pinch of dust; but you may find them all, if you examine dust from various places.

There is one thing which will perhaps be found in every place, and in every pinch of dust, and you will be not a little surprised to learn what that is. It is starch. No object is more familiar to the microscopist than the grain of starch. It is sometimes oval, sometimes spherical, and varies in size. The addition of a little iodine gives it a blue colour, which disappears under the influence of light. There seems to be no difference between the starch grains found in the dust of Egyptian tombs and Roman temples, and that found in the breakfast-parlour of to-day. They both respond to chemical and physical tests in the same way.

But there is one curious fact which has been observed by M. Pouchet of Rouen, namely, that in examining the dust of many centuries he has sometimes found the starch grains of a clear blue colour; and he asks whether this may not be due to the action of iodine in the air, traces of which M. Chatin says always exist in the air. The objection to this explanation is, that if iodine is always present in sufficient quantities to colour starch, the grains of starch should often be coloured, whereas no one but M. Pouchet has observed coloured grains, and he but rarely.

M. Pouchet tells us that, amazed at the abundance of starch grains which he found in dust, he set about examining the dust of all ages and all kinds of localities—the monuments and buildings of great cities, the tombs of Egyptian monarchs, the palaces of the age of Pharaoh; nay, he even examined some dust which had penetrated the skulls of embalmed animals. In all these places starch was found. But a moment's reflection dispels the marvellousness of this fact. Starch must necessarily abound, because the wheat, barley, rice, potatoes, &c., which form everywhere the staple of man's food, are abundant in starch; the grains are rubbed off, and scattered by the winds in all directions.

So widely are these grains distributed that a careful examination of our clothes always detects them. Nay, they are constantly found on our hands, though unsuspected until their presence on the glass slide under the Microscope calls attention to them. It is only necessary to take a clean glass side, and press a moistened finger gently on its surface, to bring several starch grains into view. Nay, this will be the case after repeated washing of the hands; but if you wash your hands in a concentrated solution of potash, no grains will then be found on pressing the moistened finger on the glass. This persistent presence of starch on our hands is not astonishing when we consider the enormous amount of starch which must be rubbed from our food, and our linen, every instant of the day; and when we consider, on the one hand, the specific lightness of these grains, which enables them to be so easily transported by the air, and, on the other hand, the powerful resistance they offer to all the ordinary causes of destruction, one may safely affirm that in every town or village a cloud of starch is always in the air.

And hereby hangs a tale. Starch is a vegetable substance, and, until a very few years ago, it was believed to have no existence in the animal tissues. But the great pathologist Virchow discovered that in various tissues a substance closely resembling starch was formed, which he considered to be a *morbid* product. The discovery made a great sensation, and many were the ingenious theories started to account for the fact. At last it came to be maintained that starch was a normal constituent of animal tissues; and there is no doubt that investigators might easily find starch in every bit of tissue they handled, since their fingers, as we have seen, are plentifully covered with grains. If, however, proper precautions be taken not to touch the tissue with the fingers, nor the glass slide on which it is placed, no starch will be found. It is because of the starch-clouds in our atmosphere that grains are found on our persons and on almost every microscopical preparation.

But are the starch-clouds all that the sunbeam reveals? By no means. Some *animals* will be found there; not always, indeed, nor very numerously, but enough to create astonishment. And these animals are not insects disporting themselves, they are either dead or in a state of suspended animation. A few skeletons of the infusoria, scales of the wings of moths and butterflies, and fragments of insect-armour, may be reckoned as so much dust; but there is also dust that is alive, or *capable* of living. You want to know what that dust is? It is always to be found in dry gutters on the housetops, or in dry moss growing on an old wall; and Spallanzani, the admirable naturalist to whom we owe so much, amazed the world with announcing what old Leeuwenhoek had before announced, namely, that these grains of dust, when moistened, suddenly exhibited themselves as highly-organised little animals—the Rotifers and Tardigrades. Water is necessary to their activity. When the gutter is dried up, they roll themselves into balls, and patiently await the next shower. If, in this dried condition the wind sweeps them away with much other dust, they are quite contented; let them be blown into a pond, they will suddenly revive to energetic life; let them be blown into dusty corners, and they will patiently await better times. It may happen that the wind will sweep them into your study, and there they will settle on the gilt edges of Rollin's Ancient History, or some other classical work which *every* gentleman's library should be without; and in this position it has a fair chance of remaining undisturbed throughout the long years of your active career. But you die. Your widow has probably but an imperfect provision, and a very imperfect sympathy with Rollin and Co.; your books are sold by auction; the dust is shaken from them, and is blown into the street—from the street into the gutter, or the river, and there the dried Rotifers suddenly revive, to fight, feed, and propagate as of old. It is said that the Rotifer may be dried and revived fifteen times in succession. And if this be so, you may imagine what a history would be that of a single Rotifer under a fortunate juncture of circumstances. It might have seen life in a gutter at Memphis, or a pond at Thebes; been blown as dust to Carthage, and carried as dust to Rome;

from thence to Constantinople; and, after being shaken from the robe of Theodora, or the code of Justinian, it might have accompanied the Crusaders to Jerusalem; from which place Mrs. Brown, after a two months' Eastern scamper, might have brought it back to London, where a chance breeze wafted it into the room which the very sunbeam I am discoursing about illuminates. From Memphis to my Microscope, what a course! And during this adventurous course our Rotifer has fourteen times shaken off the cerements of death. Dead? Not he:

I've not been dead at all, says Jack Robinson.

Such are some of the things found in the dust of a sunbeam, and you will probably have been too much astonished at some of the facts to have made the reflection that among all these objects not a single egg has been named. A few spores of plants are, indeed, frequently found. Knowing that many plants are fertilised by the agency of the wind, one expects to find pollen grains abundant. Indeed, when we consider how rapidly bread, cheese, jam, ink, and the very walls of the room, if damp, are covered with *mould*, which is a plant; when we consider how impossible it is to keep decaying organic substance free from plants and animalcules, which start into existence as by magic, and in millions, we have no difficulty in accepting the hypothesis of an universal diffusion of germs—eggs or seeds—through the atmosphere. No matter where you place organic substance in decay, if the air in never so small a quantity can get at it, mould and animalcules will be produced. Close it in a phial, seal the cork down, take every precaution against admitting more air than is contained between the cork and the surface of the water; and although you may have ascertained that no plants or animalcules, no seeds or eggs, were present when you corked the bottle, in the course of a little while, say three weeks, on opening the bottle you will find it abundantly peopled.

To explain this, and numerous other facts, the hypothesis of an universal diffusion of germs through the air has been adopted; and the known fecundity of plants and animalcules suffices to warrant the belief that millions of millions of germs may be constantly floating through the air. Ehrenberg computes the rate of possible increase of a single infusory, *Paramecium*, at two hundred and sixty eight millions a month. And it is calculated that the plant named *Bovista giganteum* will produce four thousand million of cells in one hour. As the *mould* plants are single cells, and as they multiply by spontaneous division, the rapidity with which they multiply is incalculable.

From all this you see how naturally the idea of universal diffusion of germs has become an accepted fact. If it *is* a fact, we must feel not a little astonished at finding the dust we examine so very abundant in starch, coal, silica, chalk, rust, hair, scales, and even live animals, and so strangely deficient in this germ-dust! The germs are said to be everywhere: millions upon millions must be diffused through the air; every inch of surface must be crowded with them. Do we find them? We find occasional pollen grains and seeds. But we find no animalcule eggs, and no animals, except the Rotifers and Tardigrades. We find almost everything but eggs. "Oh!" you will perhaps remark, "that is by no means surprising; if they are diffused in such enormous quantities through the air, it stands to reason that they must be excessively minute, otherwise they would darken the air; and if they are excessively minute, they escape your detective Microscope—that's all." Your remark has great plausibility; indeed, it would have overwhelming force, were there not one fatal objection to the assumption on which it proceeds. If the eggs of animalcules *were* so excessively minute, as you imagine them to be, there would be no chance of our detecting them. But it happens that the size of the eggs of those animalcules which are known (and of many we are utterly ignorant) is, comparatively speaking, considerable; at any rate, the eggs, both from size and aspect, are perfectly recognisable inside the animalcule; and if we can distinguish these eggs when the parent is before us, or when we have crushed them out of her body, it will be difficult to suppose that we could not distinguish them among the other objects in a pinch of dust, when a drop of water has been added.

It will be seen from these remarks that I do not believe in the hypothesis of universal diffusion of germs through the air. I believe that almost all the eggs of animalcules are too easily destroyed to resist desiccation; and that in the air they would become dust and cease to be eggs. At any rate we find no trace of eggs in the air.

The dust which our sunbeam has lighted up is a various and varying cloud of inorganic and organic matters—a symbol of the wear and tear of life—a token of the incessant silent destruction to which the hardest or the most fragile substances are exposed. The sunbeam has not only lighted up that, but many other obscurities, and shown us in what a world of mystery we move. L.

AGES OF SOME LIVING ENGLISH WRITERS.

JAMES HANNAY, 32; Julia Kavanagh, 35; Matthew Arnold, 35; Florence Nightingale, 36; Rev. C. Kingsley, 40; Captain Mayne Reid, 41; G. H. Lewes, 42; Tom Taylor, 42; Shirley Brooks, 43; Albert Smith, 43; William Howard Russell, 43; Professor Aytoun, 46; R. Browning, 47; C. Mackay, 47; C. Dickens, 47; W. M. Thackeray, 48; A. Tennyson, 49; Fanny Kemble, 49; Sir Archibald Alison, 49; Mark Lemon, 50; Edward Miall, 50; R. M. Milnes, 50; W. E. Gladstone, 50; Hon. Mrs. Norton, 51; Charles Lever, 53; Professor Maurice, 54; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 54; Benjamin Disraeli, 54; Harrison Ainsworth, 54; Mary Howitt, 55; H. Martineau, 57; Mrs. Gore, 59; S. C. Hall, 59; Mrs. Marsh, 60; Barry Cornwall, 60; Samuel Lover, 61; Albany Fonblanque, 62; Rev. G. R. Gleig, 63; T. Carlyle, 64; W. Howitt, 64; Sir John Bowring, 67; Rev. H. H. Milman, 68; J. P. Collier, 70; Frances Trollope, 72; W. J. Fox, 73; Sir W. Napier, 74; Rev. Dr. Croly, 74; Lord Brougham, 81; and Walter Savage Landor 84.

THE RETURN OF THE FIREFLY.

"WE'RE into port at last, Fred, we've pass'd the harbour bar,
I see the vane upon the spire blaze like a fiery star.
The town's in sight, I see the cliffs, the very torrent's track,
And the windows at St. Arthur's flashing all the sunlight back.

"Fred, rouse your heart for this, man! just think of mother's joy,
And of our dear blind father's pride in you, his youngest boy. [cry,
Fancy how madcap Mary in a breath will laugh and
And, more than all, how one you know will greet you by and by.

"Nay, never look so white, man: remember when we lay [bay.
Becalm'd for five long days and nights in Trinidado's
You said 'twould bring back life and strength to heart and arm once more,
Could you but feel the wind that breath'd along our own old shore.

"And now 'tis here: I smell the thyme and broom from off the down, [crown.
I see the yellow gorse that girds the hilltop like a
I cannot blame your weakness, boy, *my* tears could almost flow,
To think of nearing all we left three weary years ago.

"I'm sure they're thinking of us now with anxious hearts at home, [fly's come;
I warrant me they've heard long since the gallant Fire-
And little Mary will have been, a hundred times to-day, [on the quay.
Begging a peep through Walter's glass, and watching

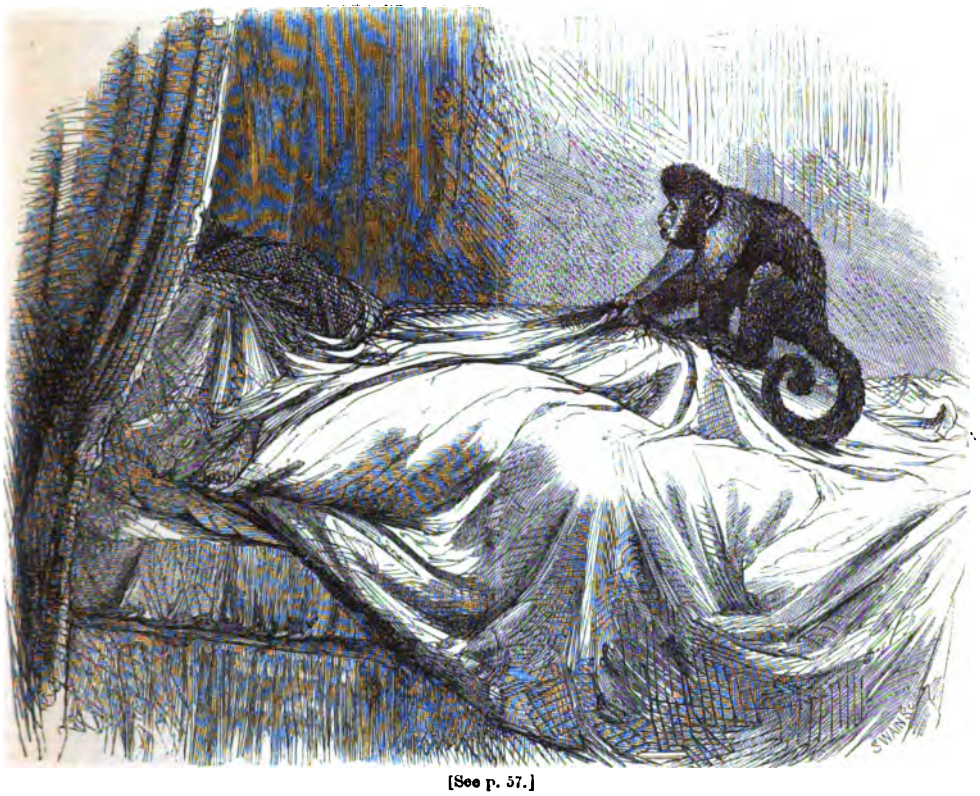
"We'll not be half an hour at home ere Katie will be there,
Blushing like any half-blown rose, as modest as she's fair. [know
What! not a word or smile at *that*? as if I did not
For whom you've bought the shawl and wreath you've safely stowed below.

"Huzza! we're come to anchor; I see the steamers' smoke;
A little time, and we shall sit amid our own dear folk.
Come let me help you up, Fred, by this you're rested well." [fell.
But the cheery words and loving voice on heedless senses

The sailor boy lay dead and cold upon the sunny deck,
A little lock of golden hair hung from his bended neck.
'Twas just as well—he ne'er could know that on *his* Katie's breast
Another's child look'd up and smiled before it sank to rest.

A. M.

OUR PETS. By S. S. (Continued from p. 18.)



[See p. 57.]

MEMBERS of our rook colony being often maimed, or in other ways disqualified for providing for themselves, I received many into my hospital, but never found them very interesting companions. Jackdaws were more to my taste, and amongst the numbers at different times domesticated by the family, there was one which exhibited in a striking manner that distinctiveness of character to which I have already alluded as constituting the greatest source of interest afforded by tame animals. The usual habits, the amusing looks, and mischievous tricks of jackdaws are well known; but I had one which added to these an amount of affection seldom placed to their credit. It was the accustomed companion of my walks, and would alternately perch upon my shoulder, and then fly off into the neighbouring trees and hedges, chattering and keeping up a sort of running conversation with me, whether near or distant, but always pursuing the same route, and returning with me to our home. What was more remarkable, it would sit on my shoulder in the same way when I was riding on horseback, flying off occasionally to the hedges and returning to its perch. It always became more timid, however, as we approached strange roads and hedges, and so would leave me and fly back if I went further than about a mile from home. One of my accustomed rides was taken periodically, on a particular day of the week, when I always went and returned at the same hour and by the same route. In process of time the jackdaw began to wait for me upon this route, though at first very near home; but once I was startled by its alighting on my shoulder at the distance of three quarters of a mile from my house. I cannot describe the interest and enjoyment which I derived from this affectionate and voluntary intercourse; but, like many other enjoyments, it came to a sudden, and to me entirely unaccountable, close. One day, while walking out, my jackdaw disappeared. It had flown from my shoulder over a hedge, and I had no doubt whatever but it would return as usual. But it never came back; and although diligent search and inquiry were carried on for some time, no light was ever thrown upon the cause or the manner of its total disappearance.

Amongst the birds of prey which at different times I entertained as my guests, rather than my captives, I had many hawks—of the common sparrow hawk the greatest number. But I never tamed them exactly to my wishes, and so let them go if they desired their liberty; and I do not think I ever succeeded in eliciting from them any proof of affection towards myself. One, however, was bound to me in a very remarkable manner by the ties of self-interest. As usual with these birds they could not alight upon the ground, nor exhibit

themselves in the neighbourhood of the poultry without an uproar of indignant cackling and screaming from all the old hens in the yard, who were ready with beak and claw to execute summary vengeance upon their family foe. On one of these occasions, my hawk, being young and inexperienced, was not able to defend himself. He was rescued with the loss of half his feathers, and barely escaped with life. But, worse than the loss of feathers—nay, almost too shocking to relate, the old hens had actually torn off the upper half of his bill quite close to the head. He was a frightful spectacle, and nobody expected him to live. However, I soon found that in other respects he was not much hurt, and to my surprise I found also that he could even take food when cut small and placed favourably in his poor distorted mouth. I fed him carefully, and soon had the pleasure of seeing that a horny substance was beginning to grow at the root of the torn mandible. By degrees it became more visible, and then projected so far as to be of some use in receiving his food, though he was still dependent upon me for placing it in his mouth. All this while the hawk was at perfect liberty to go or stay as he liked. The feathers of his cut wing grew to their full extent, and he was accustomed to fly about in the day time, always returning to me in the evening, when I used to place him for safety in a cage that was opened in the morning. I observed that the new bill continued to grow, though the disproportioned length of the lower mandible still prevented its being of much use. As it grew the hawk became gradually less tame. He began at length to stay out all night, but always came back to me when in want of food. The intervals between his visits

became longer. He grew more timid in his approaches, so that I adopted the method of throwing pieces of food up into the air, where he caught them with avidity, and then flew away. I thought sometimes he had quite forsaken me, when, after the lapse of a week or more, I spied him hovering over my head as I walked in the garden, evidently anticipating his accustomed supply, in which he was never disappointed; until at last, on the expiration of about six months after his accident, he ceased altogether to claim my attention, and I concluded then that his bill had grown so as to enable him to provide for himself.

All this while I was the possessor of a monkey. It had been the dream of my early childhood to have a monkey; and a very pretty little brown fellow was given to me. It was of that species which hang by their tails to the branches of trees, and this power of its tail enabled my monkey to execute a larger amount of mischief than seemed possible for so small an animal. But the possession of this treasure was attended with a good deal of disappointment to me. I found that the tricks of my monkey consisted almost entirely of a mere routine of skilful mimicry, to which now and then some curious coincidence lent a strange drollery; such, for instance, as its tendency to uncork medicine bottles and taste pills, in which occupation it exhibited an amusing burlesque upon the physician. Or when it had watched some whitewashers at work, and as soon as they were gone, seized the nearest brush, which happened to be one used for train oil, and dipping it into a bowl of pure milk, worked away at the kitchen wall just as the men had been doing.

It would be impossible to do justice to the amusement afforded to our friends and visitors by this little inmate of the family, who remained with us until his death at the expiration of sixteen years. Equally impossible would it be to record the amount of mischief which he managed to execute in his rambles around and about the house and garden, whenever he was allowed to be at liberty. Indeed such were the depredations he committed in the way of stripping off fruit, sometimes clearing a whole wall of fine pears in an incredibly short space of time; such the incongruous mixtures he left behind him after his investigations amongst dressing-cases, or medicine chests; and such his terrible fractures in china-closets and pantries, that it was absolutely necessary to keep him generally a prisoner. His winter residence was a comfortable recess beside the kitchen-fire, in a situation which commanded the view of a large hall, with all the congregating of animal life both dumb and vocal which used to throng that route, or meet beneath his quick and piercing eye. I mention this, because this situation afforded free scope for the exercise of that peculiar faculty or tendency which was the only thing that has ever struck me as peculiarly interesting in monkey character. This consisted in a rare perception on the part of the animal of the relative rank possessed by different members of the household, and a nice balancing of reverence exactly proportioned to its own estimate of such rank. The highest rank was of course awarded to my father; the next highest, as was very natural, to the cook, and so on through all grades of the family, until the utmost contempt, blended with the same relative proportion of spite, culminated in the lowest kitchen maid, whose red elbows often exhibited the marks of the monkey's teeth, and whose shrieks of terror were the accustomed announcement that the

animal had broken loose. Savage and defiant as this little creature was to those who held a subordinate position in the household, nothing could be more meek and servile than the monkey always was to my father, as the chief or head; and so in degree, until the tide turned in the middle, where we as children stood in its esteem. And like other servile worshippers of rank and power, the monkey was quite disposed as a talebearer to cater to my father's influence. Thus, if ever any romping, fun, or even quarrelling took place amongst the servants, the monkey, though chattering all the while with proportionate vehemence, reserved his spite until the appearance of my father, when he would begin to chatter again with renewed emphasis, sometimes after the expiration of an hour, and as he told his tale, he would bob his head towards the culprit, with a grunt so emphatic, that it was impossible to be mistaken as to the offending party.

For this kind of littleness of spirit I never saw my monkey's equal. Just in proportion as you faced about bravely, and defied him, he crouched, and gave up the contest; but if you flinched, if you ran or shrieked, he was upon you in an instant, grinning and chattering, as if the next

movement would be to fasten his teeth in your cheek. He was not, however, half so bad as he seemed to be, and by a very small amount of quiet presence of mind, might be effectually subdued. I confess that in my own case I was not at all times sufficiently master of this calm philosophy, especially on some occasions when I thought it necessary to chastise him with a riding-whip; for he had a clever trick of seizing the small end, and so running up the whip, and being upon your arm in a moment.

Of course, it was impossible to inspire our friends, especially if young ladies, with the necessary amount of presence of mind; and many were the exclamations half of terror, and half of fun, which announced that the enemy was abroad, and at his usual tricks, climbing up to the open windows of the bed-rooms, or surprising the visitors under circumstances which did not admit of immediate rescue. I remember very distinctly one bright summer's morning, when, with a house full of guests, we missed two young ladies at the breakfast-table. Thinking they had overslept themselves, we took no pains to disturb them, until the meal was nearly over, when I went up-stairs and tapped at their door. I was answered by a smothered cry of distress, when I opened the door, and saw the two unhappy creatures struggling under the bed-clothes, with the monkey perched upon their knees, grinning and chattering in the most malignant manner, and even making every now and then a most furious rush at them, when a hand or a nose happened for a moment to be exposed. It was well I had gone to their rescue, for their horror was beyond description, and so long as they screamed and struggled, the monkey was not likely to give them up. They said they had first heard some unusual sound upon the dressing-table, when, looking out of bed, they perceived to their dismay that the monkey had entered by the open window, and was busily examining the curiosities of their toilette. Had they been quiet he would most likely have returned as he came; but so soon as they betrayed their fear, he sprang upon the bed, threatening and defying them to the teeth.

It is but just to this little tyrant to state, that he was capable both of tenderness and affection.

At the sight of a little baby its heart was completely melted, and it would take hold of the small hands and examine them with as much apparent interest as if it had been itself a nurse. Towards other young animals it would also on some occasions exhibit the same tenderness. It had once a favourite chicken, which it was in the habit of snatching from the brood, and hugging in its arms as a child would hold a doll; and one particular kitten was at another time distinguished by the same rather questionable marks of favour. My monkey died at last from an affection of the lungs, attended with a bad cough, and every symptom of consumption. It had always suffered from cold; but, having a thick brown coat of its own, refused all artificial clothing. Determined to gain the mastery in this respect, I once made it a jacket, which it could neither tear nor slip off. It struggled to rid itself of this appendage for the space of three days, when, finding itself completely conquered, it gave up in despair, but fell into so low a condition of health and spirits, that I removed the jacket out of sheer compassion, and never tried the experiment again.

Having begun my experience, in the way of training animals, with a large bird of prey, I acquired a certain kind of partiality for animals not generally tamed. Perhaps I fancied there was more glory in taming a naturally ferocious creature, and more distinction in that affection which could not easily be won. Thus I tried the experiment upon animals seldom domesticated, and in some instances less agreeably to my friends than to myself.

On one occasion a fine badger, caught in our fields, was brought to me as a valuable addition to my menagerie; but with him I failed entirely. He hated the sight of me, as much as all my other pets hated him; and I was not sorry to find, after our acquaintance of a few months, that one moonlight night he had contrived to make his escape.

I am afraid if the whole truth were told, some of our pets would have come under the charge of "nuisance," had we lived in a more populous neighbourhood; but dwelling as we did amongst our own people, they were, upon the whole, very patiently borne with; and perhaps the amusement they afforded repaid others as well as ourselves for occasional inconvenience. Now and then a complaint was made, in some cases more entertaining than serious: as when a farmer living at the distance of two miles made a claim upon my father for damages committed by *his* sparrows. He knew my father's belief in the usefulness of birds, and he was determined to charge him with the consequences.

An old woman who lived in one of our cottages brought her complaint with a little more justice. We had a large Asiatic sheep, of the kind which afford a feast to the epicure in the mass of fat accumulated in a monstrous cushion towards the end of the tail. I do not know whether the weight of this appendage enabled the animal to operate with more effect as a battering ram; but certainly his power in this way was far from agreeable to cope with. The old woman complained that it was impossible to hang out her linen to dry in the field where this sheep was kept; for, watching his opportunity, he no sooner beheld her standing with outstretched arms holding the linen in both hands, than he advanced from behind, and pitched her into or over the hedge. But this was not the worst, at least not to the neighbours, though it might be to the old woman herself. The surrounding cottages were visited periodically by a Methodist preacher, and the good man, not being aware of any danger, was crossing the field by a footpath, when a sudden attack, as usual from behind, sent him headlong, umbrella and all, into a ditch or hollow which crossed the path. On every attempt to regain his footing, the same attack was made, until at length he gave up in despair; and had not one of the women discovered something unusual in the field, a very serious interruption to the religious engagements of the evening must have been the consequence.

But for a terror to passers by, I have known few creatures to surpass an old swan. We had one who reigned for many years the undisputed sovereign of a pond, along the borders of which there was a road sometimes traversed by persons passing from one village to another. It happened one day that two tailors walked that way, and being proverbially better acquainted with the goose than the swan, had probably stopped to admire these beautiful creatures on the water. However that might be, it is certain that shrieks were heard, and that when some of our people rushed to the rescue, one of the tailors was down on his back, and the swan flapping him with his terrible wings. Our people said one of the tailors ran east, the other west, and were never heard of again; but I doubt the authenticity of this statement.

(To be continued.)

LORD MACAULAY.

IT is a common complaint among authors and lovers of literature in Great Britain that their country does not know how to honour and reward literary eminence and service. They bid us look to France, where authors are made peers and ministers of state; and to America, where the homage which we English pay to birth is paid to literary or forensic eminence; and to some of the German Courts, where great authors may be found in the cabinets of sovereigns. In England, it is said, there are no honours for literature; no rewards except its own earnings; whereas there are no natural reasons why offices requiring intellectual ability should not be assigned as prizes in the race of literature; and the deserts of laborious and devoted authorship are surely as good a ground for grace from the Fountain of Honour — the sovereign—as the services of eminent soldiers and seamen and lawyers, if not statesmen. In England, an author who has disclosed to the people at large the history of their country, or some kingdom of nature, or some glorious realm of imagination, may be worshipped by crowds wherever he turns, may be dear to the nation's heart while living, and mourned by all its millions

when dead; and yet have no notice from government, may never enter a royal palace, and may die untitled, and be buried in an ordinary family grave, leaving to his descendants no trace of his greatness but the fact and its natural results. Such is the view taken by a good many persons who ought to know something of literary life and literary men.

Others are of opinion that it would be a change for the worse, and a degradation of letters, to form an arbitrary connexion between authorship and office, between literary desert and conventional honours. They look towards France and America, and believe they see that great authors are by no means ennobled by a peerage, or truly rewarded by the possession of office. They believe that to make politicians and office-holders of men of letters is to spoil two vocations for no benefit whatever. The literary peer is out of his element at court or in council; and the student finds official business a sore burden—consuming his time and wearing out the energies he wants to devote to his own pursuit. It is no grace, these objectors say, to add a conventional, and therefore inferior, honour to the natural honour of popular homage; and it is no kindness to a man whose life is occupied by a favourite pursuit, requiring his whole mind, to impose upon him a different kind of business which must take just so much time from that which he prefers. Either the official place is a sinecure, and its emoluments a pension under a false name, or its business, which might as well be done by another man, deprives society of good books by breaking up the leisure and singleness of aim necessary to their production.

Such is the reply to the dissatisfied. For my part, I agree in the reply: and we ought to remember that Macaulay took the same view in his review of Fanny Burney's Diary, expressing very plainly his disgust at the cruelty, vanity, and folly of placing her at court, as a reward for her novels, admirable in their day. The reviewer observed that Dr. Burney seems to have been as bad a father as a decently good man could be, in disregarding the natural tendencies and affections of his daughter, and that he seemed to think going to Court much the same thing as going to Heaven. So said Macaulay, wisely and truly, about a case which is only a strong example of what the dissatisfied are asking for—Macaulay himself being destined to afford a conspicuous illustration of the combination of literary and arbitrary distinction—of honours won by genius and those which are bestowed by state patronage and royal grace.

Persons who know that essay of Mrs. Barbauld on the "Inconsistency of Human Expectations," which Charles James Fox declared to be the best essay in the English language, will inevitably be reminded of it as often as they hear any discussion on the subject of giving peerages or offices to illustrious authors. As the high-souled man who prefers self-respect to wealth ought not to grudge riches to the mean dirty fellow who made himself a mean and dirty fellow for the sake of riches; as the man of intellectual pursuits, refreshed by "a perpetual spring of fresh ideas," ought not to be jealous of the fame and success of the man who lives in a crowd; so it is folly and want of spirit for the man of letters, and especially the author, to covet the objects of men who breathe a different atmosphere from his own, and do a very different kind of work, to earn the rewards they seek. So teaches Mrs. Barbauld's essay; and, in the opinion of many wise men besides Fox, her doctrine is the true one. To each man his own work and its rewards. If the work be appointed by natural genius, its natural rewards will follow, transcending all others. If the work be conventional, let it win conventional rewards. The painful spectacle is seeing the winners of the higher recompense stooping to covet the lower, or their friends dishonouring them by complaining on their behalf.

In Lord Macaulay we have a very interesting illustration of the combination of the two orders of recompense; and it is one which we can contemplate and remark on without pain or reproach, because no sort of blame can attach to his memory on the score of infidelity to literature for the sake of ambition. Not only singularly gifted but singularly placed, his was a special case, and his honours had a double origin. The question hereafter will be,—as it is for us now,—not whether the illustrious man was lowered by his peerage and his state-offices, but whether he is not now, and will not always be, remembered for other things, when these incidents of his career drop out of sight. In an age when the rising generation of noblemen are not satisfied with being peers, but aspire to personal distinction of their own winning, as authors, statesmen, artists, or travellers, it cannot be but unreasonable to anticipate that society may forget that Macaulay was ever Secretary at War, or a peer, though his peerage is understood to have been a tribute to his literary eminence.

His case was complex, as his powers were diversified. He was descended from the noted Scotch clan which possessed the island of Lewis, the line being carried down to him through the Presbyterian church, of which his grandfather was a minister in the Highlands. The religious element was strong in his ancestry; and hence his keen knowledge of the Puritan struggle in Great Britain and elsewhere; and hence also, most probably, his failure in apprehending the various phases of religious belief and feeling in India, and the consequent ill-success of his labours there. In no ancestor was the religious element stronger than in his own father, the venerable Zachary Macaulay, a devout member of the Clapham church, and one of the very best of the anti-slavery band which issued from that sect. During a long life he worked diligently, suffered much, and sacrificed everything that stood in the way of his advocacy of human freedom as the right of all human beings. With him it was no work of imagination. What he saw with his own eyes in Jamaica, in his youth, induced him to go to Sierra Leone, and live there for several years, operating against the slave-trade with all his might; and when he came home, it was to follow up the same work, which he did to his latest day. It seems as if his son had heard too much about it at an early age,

when children become easily wearied of any subject which engrosses the family attention or conversation; or rather, on going out into the world they find that the home topic is only one of a wide range, and are tempted to neglect it in proportion to the previous over-estimate. Thus it seems to have been with Thomas Babington Macaulay, who once, when he was four-and-twenty, gratified his father by an eloquent and vehement anti-slavery speech, and then turned away from the subject for ever. It may be a good thing for society that he showed no sympathy with philanthropic aims and efforts. We have men enough to carry out that tendency of our time; and some of us may think that we are riding the hobby of the age too hard, and getting our minds into nets, and injuring the independence of other people's minds and affairs. Macaulay turned his back on that phase of society, very early; and it was not long before he won away his generation from an exclusive attention to it.

His pursuits were literature and law, with a distant purpose of statesmanship. He had strong ambition; and the statesmanship was to gratify this. He must have a profession; and the law was to provide one. He had the literary faculties in rare excellence, and literature was therefore his passion at first, and his true calling and supreme glory afterwards. His oratory was literature; his conversation was literature, and if his most idolatrous admirers were wont to declare that he had early distinguished himself in every walk he could try,—in college study, as an orator, an essayist, a poet, an historian, a politician, and a lawyer, the claim might be admitted if it was understood that all this was done by treating each case in a literary method. By his college studies his marvellous memory was exercised to its full capacity, and his active but not profound or comprehensive imagination was gratified, and trained to singular flexibility. His poetry, then, and later, was no work of an imagination which had been born and fostered amidst deep thought and openness to the influences of nature; but rather a recitation of impressions derived from classical study. His speeches in parliament were historical or literary essays, and his conversation was full of every kind of material derivable from books. As to his law, the less said about it the better, except as an auxiliary to his study of history. He went to India to make laws for the people there, and the attempt was a failure. He could not have succeeded better in the administration than in the making of laws, for he had not the requisite accuracy of mind.

With all his activity of imagination, and stores of knowledge, and rapidity of utterance, he had an indolence of mind which impaired his wondrous powers, and spoiled his highest achievements. He accepted and used whatever his prodigious memory offered to his use; and thus was the greatest plagiarist of his time. If a notion struck his imagination, he adopted it, without scruple, and without testing it: hence his unsoundness in statement of cases, his misrepresentations of character (as in the notorious case of William Penn), and his daring preference of effect to truth, as in the story of the Glencoe massacre. The same indolence probably went a long way in deterring him from a fair acknowledgment of mistake, as in the Penn case, where candour would have given him much trouble in altering his history to suit the facts of the great Quaker's real character. The same indolence manifested itself in the slovenly definitions and loose prescriptions of his Indian Code, which bears the impress of the rhetorician rather than the legislator. His brilliant historical speculations, suggestive to all, and fresh to most readers, are to be read as suggestion, and by no means as truth or philosophy. On close examination, each one is probably found wanting in the statement of some essential consideration which would modify the whole. Indolence here again hindered the necessary work of testing, which every speculation should undergo, to the extent of a man's whole faculty, before it is committed to the general minds. Macaulay enjoyed the speculation, and knew that others would enjoy it; and he did not care to inquire whether it was sound. In parliament, the same want of a sound basis was more conspicuous than in his writings; as in the instance of his speech on the Copyright question, when, in defiance at once of equity, of reason, of sympathy with the literary class, and of the plainest common sense, he assailed the rights of literary property, in a speech which was an insult to the understandings of all listeners. As a hearer said at the time, it remained to be explained what motive could be sufficient to induce a man to stultify himself as Macaulay did on that occasion. The levity with which, on the next occasion, he shifted to another ground, and hailed an opposite conclusion, was an equal mystery. Probably he spoke on both occasions from fleeting impressions.

It is impossible to avoid seeing that the heart, which is usually an attribute of genius, would have prevented both the indolence of mind and the looseness of conscience which these transactions prove only too clearly. But Macaulay lay under a disadvantage there. He heard too much of religious and benevolent sentiment at an untimely period of his life. He took refuge from weariness and satiety in these matters in literature and secular studies; and the life of sympathy was thenceforth closed to him. He was a man of a kindly nature when no special jealousy intervened; but he seemed not to need much human affection, within himself or towards himself. He never married; and he lived an intellectual life, except in as far as his ambition, and his somewhat Epicurean tendencies, were compatible with it. Hence his deficiency in the coherence of his reasoning, and in his interpretation of much of human conduct in history. The central fire which in such an intellectual constitution should have well fused the faculties, and rendered their work substantial, and its influences vital, was low and flickering. The organisation seemed to work rapidly and easily; but it was loose, and its produce, however brilliant, was superficial.

Singularly brilliant it was, however. The interest and charm of his Essays, especially, are quite out of the line of comparison with any others. While we had them as the exponent of the man, the fascination was irresistible; and we

were tempted to overlook his unsoundness just as he was himself tempted to perpetrate it,—by the brilliancy and impetuosity of his conceptions and style. When his History began to appear, we were at first more enraptured than ever: then we wished for more of the repose of the true historical method; and when, by degrees, the inaccuracies were checked, and we observed that we were deprived of references, of dates, and of all the ordinary safeguards and tests of historical narration, we were compelled to regard the work as a romance of history, or eclectic presentment of it; and we lost half our pleasure in losing all our confidence. The effect was apparent in the reception of the second instalment; so that before we were aware of the extent to which the author's health had failed, we doubted whether he would give us much more of his History. Not the less grieved are we now that it is for ever beyond our reach. No one can take up his work: no one can supply his place. The brightest genius of our time is extinguished; and his unfinished work will be the marvel of successive generations, for its pictures of character and action, its wealth of illustration, and the ingenuity and attractiveness of its speculations.

His oratory was very like his writings. His conversation was even more striking than either, because it evidenced a readiness of power scarcely believed in by those who saw how ill he succeeded in debate. The want was, not in readiness of command of his resources, but in sympathy which would enable him to meet the minds of opponents. He thought somewhat too well of himself, and much too contemptuously of antagonists, to make a successful debater.

Political life was, in fact, not the life for him. He was made for literature, and neither for law nor statesmanship. His splendid promise of thirty years ago issued in a certain amount of party service, in upholding an unpopular Whig administration, while he damaged his own position by fighting the battles of his friends through right and wrong with equal impetuosity. He was a Secretary of State for two years; but his work in the study has put that of the War Office out of sight. His peerage was bestowed when he had quitted political life; and it is therefore regarded as a royal acknowledgment of literary eminence. The case is complicated, however, by his services to successive Whig ministries; and, as it is not the habit of the present reign to honour literature, Lord Macaulay's title will probably be ascribed, in the long run, to a political origin.

The best friends of literature will, perhaps, be those who thus regard the case. They may, at all events, confidently say that he will be remembered, and celebrated in future, as Macaulay, and not as a peer of the realm. If he had left heirs, his works would have been the most honoured of his offspring, though peers of his name were to sit as legislators for centuries to come. As no one grudged his honours, let no one now misinterpret them. He was favoured, on account of his talents, with early position and independence. He had the world before him to make out a career for himself, without drawback or hindrance. He had every opportunity,—every facility for doing what he would and could. What he did was to achieve a vast fame in literature, while substantially failing otherwise. He won intense and universal admiration; he indeed compelled it: but he did not engage much affection, nor inspire a deep interest, beyond that which always waits upon the working of rare faculties, and the achievement of a magnificent success.

Such was Macaulay. His life, its deeds and successes, rather tend to show the self-supporting and self-vindicating force of literature, than to encourage appeals to the Fountain of Honour and the treasury of recompense for the reward of its success. Macaulay would have been our most brilliant writer if he had never entered aristocratic society, or dreamed of entering either House of Parliament. And no author of any order of genius will be likely to illustrate his age and country, who aims at or desires adventitious honour, or who does not feel in the depth of his heart that literary toil is its own "exceeding great reward." I. S.

THE COST OF COTTAGES.

SOME observations that I made on cottage-building, under the title "Home or Hospital," in the 21st number of ONCE A WEEK, have occasioned so many inquiries and remarks, that I feel it right and expedient to adopt a suggestion of one of my correspondents, and relate such facts as I can furnish on the subject of the cost of cottage-building. I cannot explain, nor understand, the statements of some of these applicants as to the cost of good dwellings for labourers; and the wide difference between their estimates and my own experience, and that of several persons who have built cottages in various parts of the country, seems to show that there may be great use, if no great beauty, in a matter-of-fact account of what has been done, and may be done any day.

I have built five Westmoreland cottages, the specifications of which, and the receipted bills for which, lie before me now.

The first was a dwelling for my farm-man and his wife—without children. It was built in conjunction with a wash-house for my own house, and a cow-stable for two cows, with all appurtenances. The cottage consists of two good rooms on the ground-floor, with two large closets—one used as a pantry, and the other containing a bed on occasion. The wash-house has the usual fittings—boiler, pump, and sink, and all conveniences. The cow-stable has stalls for two cows, and a smaller one for a calf: two windows in the walls, and one in the roof: a gutter and drain, joining the one from the cottage, and leading to a manure-tank, which is flagged and cemented so as to be perfectly water-tight, and closed with a moveable stone lid: all the buildings are two feet thick in the walls, which are of the grey stone of the district—mortared in the outer and inner courses, and the cavity filled in with rubble. The cottage kitchen has a range, with an oven; and the bedroom has a fireplace. The cost of this group of buildings was 130*l*.

The other cottages are, however, more in the way of my inquiring correspondents. The four

are built in pairs, on a terrace, with a space of a few feet between the two pairs, and a flight of broad steps leading up from below. There is a good piece of garden ground to each cottage.

The walls are two feet thick, and may stand for centuries. The foundations are on excavated rock. The roofs are of Coniston slate, and the corner-stones are from the Rydal quarry. The woodwork being properly seasoned, and duly painted, there is no call for repairs beyond the occasional painting and whitewashing, and replacing of a slate now and then in stormy weather. A more durable kind of property can hardly be. When once warmed through, these dwellings, if well built at first, are warm in winter and cool in summer; and they are perfectly dry, which is not always the case with houses built of stone in blocks—some kinds of stone absorbing moisture.

The kitchens and passages are flagged. One pair has a boarded floor in the sitting-room; the other is flagged. Boards are usually preferred. Each cottage has two out-houses behind—a coal-shed and privy (with a patent water-closet appa-

ratus)—the passage between the house and out-houses being roofed with a skylight. There is a cistern in each roof to afford a fall for the water-closet. Each dwelling has a pump and sink; each kitchen an oven and range; each house has two closets (for which the thickness of the walls affords convenience). There is a fire-place in every room; a fanlight over the kitchen door; a window (to open) on the stairs; a dresser in the kitchen, and shelves in the pantry. Each cottage has a porch, like most dwellings in this part of the country, where the protection of a porch to the house-door is needed in stormy weather.

Such is the character of my cottages. As for their contents—the ground-floor consists of a kitchen, a good-sized, light, cheerful sitting-room, and a pantry under the stairs. In one pair, the living-room is 12 feet 8 inches long by 11 feet 3 inches broad, and 7 feet high. In the other pair, the same room measures 15 feet in length by 12 in breadth. The respective kitchens are 10½ feet by 10, and 12 feet by 10. Up-stairs there are three bedrooms, one of which is convenient for a double-bedded room. The estimate in the contract was 110*l.* per cottage; but some of the conveniences above mentioned were an after-thought, and cost 7*l.* per house. Thus, the total cost of each dwelling was 117*l.* The tenants pay no rates, but a rent of 7*l.*, including the garden ground. These dwellings are in great request, and therefore inhabited by a superior set of tenants, who have, for the most part, done justice to their healthy and cheerful abodes by keeping them clean. They pay their rent half-yearly; and this last Martinmas all had paid before the rent-day arrived.

The nearest cottage to these is one built by a friend of mine, containing a sitting-room with a kitchen-range, a back-kitchen and out-house; and two bedrooms above, each with a fire-place. Cost, 100*l.* Rent, 5*l.*, exclusive of 5*s.* for garden-ground.

Ambleside is noted for its building arts, insomuch that its workmen (called "wallers" and "slaters") are sent for from Manchester, Liverpool, and even, as I am told, London. The wages of the "wallers" or masons, are 4*s.* a-day; and of labourers, 15*s.* a-week. The builder of these cottages, Mr. Arthur Jackson, turns out thorough

good work. It was from him, as well as from another good builder, since dead, that I learned that in this place a substantial cottage of four rooms can be built for 60*l.*—as I know it can elsewhere. I have now applied again to Mr. Jackson for estimates; and he says that he can undertake to build for 60*l.* a house of four comfortable rooms, with a pantry under the stairs, and a fire-place in each room. For 100*l.* he would build one with five rooms, three above and two below, with a scullery. He has never built in brick, because no bricks are seen here, except the few imported for the backs of fire-places; but he is disposed to think he could build at the same cost in a brick country. Some evidence which I have just received confirms his opinion.

Here is an account of three superior brick cottages lately built in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Each contains the same amount of in-door accommodation as my cottages. The dimensions are:—

The "house-room"	. .	15¼ feet by 12 feet.
The kitchen	. . .	9 ,, 10 ft. 2 in.
The pantry	. . . .	9 ,, 5 feet.
Chief bedroom over the "house-room."		
Two other bedrooms, each		9 feet by 7 ft. 7 in.

The cost is, in detail, as follows:

MATERIAL.	£	s.	d.
Bricks	37	0	0
Flags	17	0	0
Mantelpieces	6	10	0
Slates	30	0	0
Laths, hair, and lime . . .	16	0	0
Timber	40	0	0
Chimney-pots	1	10	0
Nails and ironwork	17	0	0
Total . .	165	0	0

LABOUR.	£	s.	d.
Bricklayer	36	0	0
Slater	7	0	0
Blacksmith	7	0	0
Plumber	29	0	0
Painter	24	0	0
Joiner	32	0	0
Carting, &c.	27	0	0
	162	0	0
Material . .	165	0	0
Total . .	327	0	0

Or 109*l.* each. The proportions being preserved, it appears that in Manchester, as here, a good cottage of four rooms, without accessories, can be built for 60*l.*

Mr. Bracebridge published a notice, some two years since, of some labourers' cottages built for him twenty years before, which had stood well, and appeared advantageous enough to recommend afresh. A row of six dwellings, admitting of a common wash-house and other offices, can be built for 500*l.*,—their quality being as follows:—

House-room, 13 feet by 12; a chief bed-room over it, of the same size. A second bed-room, smaller by the width of the stairs, is over the kitchen and pantry. By spending six guineas more, a room may be obtained in the roof, 12 feet by 8, and 8 feet high, lighted from the gable, or by a dormer window. The detailed account may be seen in the "Labourer's Friend" for November, 1857 (p. 180), and further particulars in a letter to the same publication, dated March 13th, 1858.

The fullest account that I know of, and on the largest scale, of the cost and rent of cottages, is contained in the *Report of the Poor-law Commissioners on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Classes, in* 1842. The date is rather old; but such change as has taken place in the last seventeen years is in favour of cottage-building, as a speculation, as well as in the quality of the dwellings. The economy, as well as the sanitary condition, is better understood.

At p. 400 of that Report there are tabulated returns from the officers of twenty-four Unions in the manufacturing counties, in which we see (among other particulars) the cost of erection and the rent of three orders of cottages. I can here cite only the extremities of the scales. The lowest order of dwellings, yielding a rent of 3*l.* 5*s.* per annum, cost originally from 28*l.* (at Stockport) to 60*l.* (at Glossop).

The next order, yielding a rent of 5*l.* 15*s.*, cost from 40*l.* (at Uttoxeter) to 90*l.* (at Burslem and Burton-upon-Trent).

The best class, yielding a rent of 9*l.* 2*s.*, cost from 75*l.* (at Salford) to 155*l.* (at Derby).

At pp. 401 and 402 of the Report, there is a long list of the same particulars, with the cost of repairs, in regard to rural cottages in England and Scotland. The cost of four-roomed cottages varies astonishingly, being as low as 20*l.* and 25*l.* in Bedfordshire and Cheshire, and as high as 180*l.* in Suffolk. The greater number are set down as between 40*l.* and 100*l.*

Any reader who refers to these tables will certainly amuse himself with the whole portion of the Report which relates to the cottage-improvement at that time achieved. Nothing will strike him more than the account (at p. 265) of the labourers' cottages built by the Earl of Leicester at Holkham, in Norfolk, showing what a home the labouring man may have for the interest of 100*l.*, with something additional for repairs; say a rent of 6*l.*, though his kindly landlord asked less. In brief, the tenant has a—

House-room . . .	17 feet by 12,	and 7½	feet high.
Kitchen and Pantry	13 ,,	9	,,
Three bedrooms above.			

In the rear, a wash-house, dirt-bin, privy, and pig-cot: and 20 rods of garden ground. The drainage excellent, and water abundant. For the rest, I must refer my readers to the Report, from p. 261 to p. 275, with the engraved plans and illustrations.

More modern narratives and suggestions abound,—judging by booksellers' catalogues and advertisements. One of the most interesting notices of the subject that I have lately seen is in the October number of the "Englishwoman's Journal," and in letters, called forth by that article, at pp. 283 and 284 of the December number of the same Journal. If these letters disclose a painful view of the ownership and condition of many cottages,

they are also encouraging in regard to the eagerness of respectable labourers for respectable homes. To an account of tenements of four rooms each, with out-buildings and garden, costing from 75*l.* to 80*l.* each, the rent of which is 4*l.* 10*s.*, the remark is added :—

"The rents are paid up very regularly, so that this Michaelmas, out of twenty-six occupiers, there was not one defaulter."

This question of the cost of cottages is a very important one,—not only because it is bad for labourers to be charged anything but the genuine price for their abodes, but because there is no chance for the working-classes being well housed unless dwellings of a good quality can be made to pay. At present, unconscionable rents are, on the one hand, extorted for unwholesome and decayed dwellings ; and, on the other, it is supposed that nobody but wealthy landowners can afford to build good cottages,—such cottages being regarded as an expensive charity. In my small way, I am satisfied with my investment : I know that other people are : and I believe that it is possible to lodge the working population of the kingdom well and comfortably, without depraving charity on the one hand, or pecuniary loss on the other.

In many—perhaps in most places—however, the first stage of the business is yet unaccomplished. Society is not convinced of the sin and shame of restricting the building of abodes for the working-classes, and of making them pay high rents for places unfit for human habitation. I fear there are many neighbourhoods in England too like, in this respect, to the one in which I live,—where many of the abodes of the humbler inhabitants are a disgrace to any civilised community. If ever there was a settlement favoured beyond others in regard to natural sanitary conditions, it is Ambleside : and if any one spot can be found superior even to Ambleside, it is Windermere (five miles off), where the railway ends, and whence the Lake tourist, on his arrival, overlooks from a height a glorious view of lake, wood, and mountain. In both places there is scarcely any level ground in the whole area. The facilities for drainage cannot be surpassed. There is rock for foundations ; and the water-supply is unbounded—unbounded as to quantity, if it were regulated and distributed with any degree of care and good sense. Good soil, good air, great variety of level, and plenty of water,—what more could we ask in choosing a dwelling-place ? Yet there is disease, vice and misery which would be accounted intolerable if they came in the shape of inevitable calamity. Instead of general declarations, I will offer a few facts,—omitting at present any notice of such abodes as are private property, in the hope that when reform begins with public property, the owners of cottages and small houses will be awakened to a sense of what they are doing in letting such tenements as many in Ambleside, either by the shame of contrast, or by losing their tenants. While mansions and villas are rising throughout the neighbourhood, one has to wait years to obtain a few yards of ground on which to build a cottage. All possible discountenance is shown to cottage-building : and I have myself been told, many times a year, for many years, that the people could not pay rent for good cottages, and would not take them if they were provided to-morrow. This must be altogether a mistake. There is, as I said, great anxiety to occupy my cottages ; and rents of 4*l.* and 5*l.* are paid for dwellings of which the following is a true account. They were measured and reported upon a day or two ago.

These houses are endowment property, under the care of the trustees of the school. The trustees do not dispute the condition of the property, nor defend the exorbitant rents they are obliged to demand ; but they declare that they find it impossible to obtain from the Charity Commissioners the necessary powers for its improvement. They have repeatedly made application ; but the delays, the mislaying of papers, the fruitless trouble incurred, has discouraged them. Meantime, the state of three houses, as examined, is this.

Number One is inhabited by a family of six persons. There is no water-supply whatever. There is no out-door convenience which can be used by decent people. There is no opening in back or sides, and no ventilation at all in the sleeping-place but one small pane, which the mother broke the other day, to prevent the young people being stifled (a danger increased, by the way, by the boys smoking their pipes within doors, even in the mornings). The six sleep in two beds scarcely larger than sofas. The living-room is 10½ feet long by 10 broad, and 7 feet 2 inches high.

Number Two contains a family of eight persons. The conditions as to air, water, and convenience, are the same ; the living-room is 10½ feet by 9. The rent is 4*l.*

Number Three contains a family of six. Conditions mainly the same. The living-room is 7 feet 2 inches in height ; but only 8 feet 6 inches long by 7 feet 9 inches wide. The rent is 5*l.*, the same that is paid by my friend's tenant for an airy, cheerful, well-found dwelling of four rooms and outhouse, on the hill-side.—This is all I will at present say of labourers' dwellings at Ambleside.

At Windermere a new town has sprung up since the establishment of the railway-station, and the temporary residence of a clergyman of architectural propensities ; so that we naturally supposed the new settlement to be peculiarly healthy,—all fresh and new, and set upon a platform, absolutely tempting for drainage. Some weeks ago we were startled by news of a terrible fever—typhoid fever—at Windermere, the schoolmaster being dead, and several other persons who could ill be spared. The mortality between that time and this has been fearful. A good man who lived there desired, a few years since, to carry his large family to Australia. He was too old to go by the aid of the Emigration Commissioners, and his friends lent him the means to go and establish himself, with the intention of sending afterwards for his wife and seven children. He slowly made his way in Australia, has paid his friends, and is now, no doubt, looking forward to the arrival of his family in no

long time; but, alas! this fever has carried off four out of the seven children. This is the news which is on the way to the affectionate father!

When one inquires the precise cause of the epidemic, one medical man says there is no sufficient house-drainage at Windermere; another says the mischief is owing to the quantity of decomposed vegetable matter—to the swamps, in short, on the platform; while another declares that the main evil is the accumulation of filth. Whether it be any one or all of these, the mortality is chargeable on ignorance or carelessness, or worse.

While such things are happening here, there, or everywhere, every year, it is a matter of no small consequence to ascertain the conditions on which our labouring population may be well housed,—as a matter of business, and not of mere charity; that is, under the steady natural laws of society, and not the fluctuating influence of human sensibilities, which have always more calls upon them than they can meet. When it is ascertained that it answers to labourers to pay from 3*l.* to 6*l.* rent, rather than have sickness in the house, and that they may have for that rent good dwellings of from four to six rooms, or equivalent attachments, there will be a manifest decrease in the sickness and mortality of the country.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

TABLEAUX VIVANS AT NORTH BRAES.

THURSDAY, the 20th October, 185—, was an important day in our annals domestic. We rose early in the morning, our pulses fluttering in delicious anticipation of the evening, which, as it approached, found us a flushed, trembling, and excited band. What was it all about? What was the meaning of the mysterious whisperings and lengthened absences from the family sitting-room, the sly smiles, muffled shrieks, hammerings, slamming of doors, bursts of laughter, or as often of fierce argumentative declamation, that turned the whole household topsy-turvy for twenty-four hours?

Let me present to you the programme of the evening's performance, and also inform you that it was our maiden effort—very literally so, for we are a wild independent band of young ladies, full of spirits, fun, mischief, love of mystery, and all the other distinguishing traits of young ladyhood from twelve to eighteen.

TABLEAUX VIVANS, NORTH BRAES, *Oct. 20th*, 185—.

Scene I.—Statue-scene from the "Winter's Tale."
,, II.—Last interview of King Charles I. with his family.
Scene III.—Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond in the Bower.
Scene IV.—Murder of the Princes in the Tower.
,, V.—Mary Queen of Scots at Supper in Lochleven Castle.

After this, it is sufficient to say that the evening for representing these telling subjects from history and romance had arrived, and the hearts of the five actors were in quite an unusual state of commotion.

And now you must come with me into the queer, old-fashioned drawing-room at North Braes, where you shall be admitted behind the curtain; and to begin at the beginning, you must observe what a capital old room it is for the purpose. Though not very large, it seems at one time to have been divided into two apartments of unequal size, for there is a large beam in the ceiling, which, while it is no ornament to the room in general, comes in most excellently on the present occasion, for we have hung our red curtain from it very successfully. A door in the wall leads into sister Katy's bedroom. That is our green-room to-night. Only see what a litter it is in! All my mother's best gowns and laces, and a heterogeneous collection of the family feathers, jewels, and finery, grease and powder boxes, rouge pots, burnt corks, &c., in most admired disorder; in the midst of which, standing on the end of an old candle-box (which will presently be covered with a crimson table-cloth) Hermione is mounted in her white petticoat, being pinned into a sheet, after the most antique fashion of sculpture, most gracefully draped by Katy, who is "our eldest," and who, as having travelled on the Continent, and having seen no end of statues in foreign galleries of art, reigns among us with an absolute and undisputed authority in all matters of taste and art—darling Katy, the most charming, beautiful, graceful, and much beloved young female in all our experience.

We all agree that Katy is the flower of our flock, and never saw the girl who could hold a candle to her. But Katy is not in good humour just at this moment, for the statue will not assume just that position that she considers "the thing." (Jenny, by-the-bye, does the statue.) "Oh, Jenny! you tormenting creature! if you move about so much, all my pins will come out. Stay, that's it! Gracious, how splendid! See, girls, isn't Jenny perfection? Did you ever see anything so like marble?" And Hermione stands complete upon her candle-box, surrounded by a grotesque crew of admirers, in all stages of habille and deshabille.

But in a little all is ready. Perdita has donned her yellow silk skirt and purple velvet jacket, and kneels at the feet of the maternal marble. Leontes, who is personated by Bessy (she always does the man's parts, and has donned a ferocious pair of whiskers and a pink silk opera-cloak, thrown in kingly fashion over one shoulder), stretches out his arms towards the object of his affections. Hermione regards him with a tender smile and right arm crossed statue-wise on her breast. Pauline is in the act of withdrawing the soft white curtain that shrouded the statue, and looks at Leontes with gentle reproach and interest. Now we are all ready, and Katy has run round to the front of the scenes, to marshal in the company to their places. We hear them coming, and our hearts begin to beat rather thick. We look at each other, and say softly, "Will it do?" and think we will just de-attitudinise ourselves for a moment, and the statue is in the act of shaking her fist at Leontes, who is grinning in a very unregal manner, when Katy puts in her anxious face between the curtains, and says, "Now!"

In an instant the statue folds her arms and fixes her tender gaze, the other figures resume their appropriate attitudes, and the curtain is slowly drawn aside. All is silent: then we hear the applauding voices, clapping of hands, and my dear father's voice calling out above all, "Beautiful! well done! very pretty, very classical!" Dear, dear father! he is always pleased and proud of his girls —ever the first to cheer us on and cry "Well done!" Don't we love him for it? But pop goes the curtain, just as we were beginning to fear we must wink our eyelids, and we feel it has been a success, for "Encore, encore," tells us we shall have to do it over again. And so on through the other scenes, which I need not depict, but will leave to your brilliant imagination, reader, only assuring you that they were all far prettier than you can fancy; that our Katy made a royal Eleanor; and that we had a pair of very telling ruffians to smother the innocents in the Tower; and though the innocents were winking up all the time, to see what was going on, nobody saw;—that the last interview of His Sacred Majesty, Charles I. (in black silk stockings, and pink rosettes on his shoes), with his family, almost drew tears from all eyes: that poor Bessy got her hair dusted over by accident with soft sugar, instead of flour, but looked splendid in spite of it; and that when we sat down to my mother's charming hot supper, we all voted "Tableaux Vivans" the best and most delightful family entertainment that could be devised, on the long candle-light evenings. It keeps us well rubbed up in history, and cultivates our imagination (though my mother says there is no need of that), improves our taste, gives us always something to talk about, puts the whole family into a good humour, and makes my dear father think he has got the five cleverest girls in the world.

B.

A BORDER SONG.

To horse! For who would idly bide,
With a moon so round and clear?
'Twill merrier be to-night to ride
Than hungry-eyed sit here.

"The board is bare," my lady pleads,
And shall we fast perforce?
Never, while herd in England feeds,
And Harden owns a horse.

What though in our last border fray
We lost a cousin brave?
As sound a sleep is his, I say,
As comes to churchyard grave.

Rather than toss on couch of pain,
Sinking by slow degree,
Who would not fall on starlit plain,
Or 'neath the greenwood tree?

The thrall of peace is all I fear;
No battle doom I dread;
There hath not died this many a year
A chief of Scott in bed.

To horse! and use to-night, my friends,
The moonlight as you may,
Till English valleys make amends
For our poor cheer to-day.

D. G. R.

HOUSES AND FAMILIES.—A good story is told of the Murrays of Blackbarony, now represented by Mr. Murray of Mount Melville, in Scotland. An ancestor of that clan, who was ridiculously proud of his lineage, said to his friend Sir John Sinclair, who was talking of old families, "Sir, there are plenty of very old and very good *families* in all countries, and in Scotland, too; but there are only three *houses* in Europe—the Bourbons of France, the Hapsburgs of Austria, and the Murrays of Blackbarony."

A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

THE genius of England is universally admitted to be of an eminently enterprising and speculative character. No scheme, however daring, which can show a reasonable prospect of paying a good per centage for property invested, ever waits long either for money or men to bring it to a successful issue. This is especially the case in our marine commercial enterprise; English ships are everywhere, and English ship-owners always ready to encounter risk, difficulty, and danger in opening a new field for trade, or exploring the most distant countries in the hope of widening our already enormous foreign commerce.

As a consequence our vessels are countless, and the amount of wealth invested in them something incredibly large. For the protection of these great national interests from all preventable disaster, large sums of money are freely spent, both from the public and private purse. Grants are made annually, by parliament, for maintaining and improving our protective measures, and the increasing perfection of our hydrographic surveys, our naval charts, and our lighthouse and buoying arrangements, do much to prove the wisdom of a wise liberality in these matters.

It will be noticed that almost all of the efforts in this direction are the work of government; and it is right that this should be so, for great as is the marine wealth of the country, the English people are too just to desire that the heavy outlay involved by these works (an outlay without direct appreciable return), should fall upon the ship-owner.

His first object must ever be to obtain a fair remuneration for his money and his enterprise, while it is clearly the duty of the people whom that enterprise benefits to afford it all the security possible. Nor has there generally been wanting, on the part of successive governments, a large liberality for the establishment of means of protection for shipping, though it is to a point which was for long years neglected that we propose to direct attention in this paper. It is comparatively very few years since the construction of harbours of refuge, greatly needed as they are upon our coast, has come under legislative consideration.

In the year 1843, the attention of the government was particularly directed to the subject, in consequence of a recommendation contained in the report of a select committee of the House of Commons, which had been appointed for the purpose of inquiring into "the shipwreck of British vessels and the preservation of lives of shipwrecked persons." Shortly afterwards, in April, 1844, a commission was formed to inquire into the most "eligible situation for constructing a harbour or harbours of refuge in the channel."

This seems late in the day for the claims of breakwaters to be first considered, but the expense and time required to accomplish these works must have had great influence in deferring their

execution to so late a period. The result of this second inquiry was that the commissioners recommended :—

First : That a harbour be constructed in Dover Bay, sheltering a certain area of roadstead.

Secondly : That a breakwater should be constructed in Seaford Roads.

Thirdly : That a breakwater should be constructed in Portland Bay.

The same report stated : "If only one work be undertaken at a time, we give the preference to Dover, next to Portland ; and, thirdly, to Seaford."

The practical result of all this was, that the construction of Dover and Portland Harbours was decided upon, both of which are now in course of erection. It is to Portland, the least known, and by far the most picturesque of the two localities, that we propose, with the reader's kind permission, to conduct him ; that if he be so minded, he may learn what time, pains, and money this country freely spends to add one new security to the seaman's uncertain life ; and how in deeds of wood and iron, as well as in word and song, England loves her sailors.

The construction of this harbour having been decided upon, the first vote was granted by parliament in 1846, and by an act passed in May, 1847, powers were obtained for purchase of lands adjoining the proposed site, and the works commenced in the latter end of August, in the same year. The first stone was laid, in a deluge of rain, by H. R. H. Prince Albert, on the 25th of July, 1849, and in the early part of the following December, the operation of discharging stone upon the line of breakwater commenced in earnest. We are prepared therefore to find much work done, and the structure already partially performing its functions.

Let us become, in imagination, one of the crowd assembled on the little hill, called the "Nothe," on the south-side of Weymouth harbour, this bright September morning, and having gazed our fill at the Great Eastern lying huge and still in Portland Roads, let our eyes rest for a few minutes on the local peculiarities of the magnificent bay in which she rides at anchor, together with some half-dozen ships of-war and a crowd of smaller craft.

The grass-covered rocks under our feet run westward, dipping as they go, till at some three miles' distance they meet the long low line of the pebble-beach, over and beyond which we plainly see the glimmer of the distant channel ; following the course of this most wonderful bank, as it stretches in a south-easterly direction, the eye rests at last on the rocky island of Portland, and reaching its farthermost points, falls directly on the breakwater.

Roughly drawn, this is a sketch of the natural bay ; and the coast line runs so far towards the south-east, that it wants but continuation in a north-easterly direction to cut off from the inclosed bay the breakers of a sou'-easter, and by completing the unfinished semicircle, to make the roadstead safe in all weathers. A glance at the map will show this in a moment, and give a clear idea of the extent and importance of the immense area thus protected, where indeed a fleet might lie uncrowded, and where the huge Great Eastern, giant though she be, looks dwarfed in the distance. Some of us *can* learn from figures, and grow wise upon statistics : for such fortunate spirits, let the following table of sheltered anchorage, extracted from an official chart published by order of the House of Commons, be an indication of its magnitude.

Of 5 fathoms deep and upward		1,290	acres.
3	,,	,,	1,590 ,,
2	,,	,,	1,758 ,,
Up to low-water line	.	.	2,107 ,,

From our distant and elevated position we have endeavoured to get a general survey of the breakwater and its inclosed harbour : we will now proceed to take a more detailed view of the works themselves.

We take boat from Weymouth Quay, and twenty minutes' steaming brings us to the stony island. A veritable Arabia Petræa it is : we land among blocks of stone, some half-mile from our destination ; we walk through lanes of piled stones, only to come upon other and similar lanes, till we emerge on the stony road leading to the breakwater. Every soul on board our boat seems bent on the same errand as ourselves : being well instructed beforehand, we do not follow the multitude in this case, but bravely face the hill which lies before us, and making up our minds for a stiffish climb, get first upon the table-land forming the chief habitable part of the island. Once there, we shall confess that our toil was not in vain, for from this Vern Hill, as it is called, is as lovely and strange a view as we ever remember to have seen. We are now opposite the Nothe on which we lately stood, but at a much greater elevation : at our feet lie the vessels,—liners, frigates, and *the* monster, swarming with dwarf life ; big boats and little boats, steamers and sailing craft, all about and around her. To our left the narrow red line of pebble-beach, with the blue water smooth as a mill-pond on this side, and flecked everywhere on the other with the white foam of the restless waves, stretches away and away mile after mile till it is lost in the warm hazy distance : it is this beach which gives such peculiarity to the view ; it is so singular, so unlike anything else, that none could see it for the first time and fail to be impressed with its strangeness and beauty. But there are other things besides the view on Vern Hill. We turn landward, and here are soldiers in abundance, cantonments, incipient fortifications, which even in their babyhood look Titanic ; and last, not least, the well known Portland prison. Here we do not propose to go ; the day is too bright, and the scene too inspiring, to make us wish for painful sights and associations ; so we will be content with remarking that the convicts, numbering about fifteen hundred, are for the most part employed in procuring stone for the construction of the breakwater. The results of their labours we shall see more of by and bye ; but we must clearly understand that, though thus employed, they have nothing to do *directly* with the works, but labouring within proper boundaries, and under strict supervision, they are separate from the ordinary workmen, and do but supply the raw material

from the quarries on the hill. Descending again, we turn our steps towards the works, passing on our way a massive breastwork, formed partially of granite and partially of the native stone. We learn that this is an experimental erection, and that in a few days her Majesty's ship Blenheim, now lying in the bay and bowling great round shot every five minutes along the water at a distant mark, will anchor broadside on, and give the breastwork an impartial peppering, with the view of testing the relative merits as to resisting power, and consequent adaptability for fortifications of the two materials. We believe that batteries will ultimately be built at the extremity of the breakwater, and that the stone of which these are constructed will depend very much on the result of this experiment. A little further on we come to the entrance of the works, and, writing our names in the visitors' book, are free to wander wheresoever we may choose. Before going further, it will perhaps be well to give a very rapid sketch of the principles and practice of building these sea-walls.

Three methods are commonly in use :—

1st. As at Plymouth. Rubble stone is flung into the water indiscriminately until it forms a bank rising above the high tide level; its sides take any angle they will, and the structure from low water to high water mark is finally levelled and faced with massive ashlar masonry.

2nd. As at Dover. A plain sea wall of great thickness is built (much after the manner of other walls) of large blocks of stone or concrete, laid both under and above water with the care and accuracy of well finished masonry.

3rd. As at Portland. Rubble stone is flung in, until the bank it forms rises to the level of the lowest tides ; on this as a foundation a substantial wall of solid masonry is built.

It will be seen that the first method we have mentioned involves an almost incredible consumption of materials; the second takes less material but enormous labour and expense, from the amount of diving and submarine masonry ; while the third using less material than the first, and less labour than the second, seems to hit the medium line of the greatest economy possible in these expensive works.

The first object, then, of the engineers here has been to construct this rubble bank ; and with this view a temporary staging carried on piles into the water is erected in the following manner. A pile is loaded heavily and sunk into the blue waves, its lower end is shod with a large cast-iron screw, while its top is fitted with a cap, having long radiating arms of wood; the ends of these arms are notched to carry a strong rope coiled round them, one end of which passes to the shore ; the arms thus form a kind of large skeleton reel, or drum, wound about with a rope, the loose end of which is then hauled upon by powerful machinery; and the pile steadied by guys, being thus made to revolve, slowly screws its way down into the solid earth, becoming firmer and firmer with each revolution. One row of piles is thus fixed, and another parallel row at thirty feet distance from the first is also screwed into the soil. Upon these, as a foundation, longitudinal timbers are laid, and on the timbers a strong platform erected. We have thus progressed thirty feet into the sea, and the hauling machinery is now worked from the staging thus formed over the spot where the blue water gurgled uninvaded yesterday. Another row of piles at thirty feet distance from the last is now screwed in, and another thirty feet won from the water. Simply told, this is all that is requisite to carry out the wooden staging far into the sea ; of the practical difficulties involved in the work we say nothing here ; that they are often considerable will be easily inferred, when we remember the great depth of water in which many of these piles are screwed, and the immense weight and size of the piles themselves.

Strictly speaking there are now *two* separate breakwaters being constructed at Portland, the first running due east from the shore for about 1800 feet; and an outer or main breakwater, which is to be about 6000 feet long, separated from the first by an opening 400 feet in width and sweeping in a circular curve away to the north-east. The first of these, now nearly completed, is not only a sea wall but a landing and coaling stage for large vessels as well, while the outer or main breakwater is at present nothing more than a line of rubble stonework rising above the sea.

Throughout the whole of this length, or nearly 8000 feet, the temporary staging is carried, and its platforms laid with rails for the passage of the trucks of stone. Let us now look a little into the methods employed to procure the rubble and discharge it into the water. On the top of the hill, as already stated, the convicts are at work quarrying the stone. From its summit loaded trucks are constantly descending a series of inclined railways worked by a very familiar arrangement of drums, chains, and breaks, the loaded trucks in their descent hauling the empty carriages up again to the top of the inclines. Arrived at the level of the staging, we see them coupled to a small locomotive engine ; and "puff, puff," away the "Prince of Wales" steams with some six or eight loaded waggons behind.

Leaving the shore, the little engine stands boldly out to sea, supported on the platform and its rails, and rattles by us at a good speed over the creaking and shivering timbers. It is a great sight this, and not without some nervous accompaniments. The deep water is dashing against the piles nearly thirty feet beneath us, yet the "Prince" bowls along over the apparently perilous pathway as merrily as ever Great Western locomotive thundered into Paddington station, its driver and stoker looking as unconcerned as if the waves below them were solid steady earth. Perhaps while still feeling a little doubtful of this new kind of railway travelling the train stops near you, and, without a moment's warning, without even the sounding of a whistle, you are unmistakeably frightened by a "crash, bang, boom!" as if train, engines, and men had gone together to the bottom. For an instant all sight of them is lost in an ascending column of white water, till as this slowly sinks you again catch sight of the "Prince" quiet amid the din, and then there comes another crash and another column of spray shot high into the air—but this time we are not alarmed; the

trucks we discover are only discharging their stone. By a simple mechanical contrivance the waggon drops its whole load bodily into the sea, and it was to this falling mass of rubble, some eight or ten tons in all, that the commotion was due.

Train after train of trucks runs by us on this errand, and everywhere is the crash of the falling masses of stone. All day long the work goes on, undeterred by weather or season, neither gales nor heavy seas producing much influence on its certainty and speed. Walking, as it were, by faith in science and skill, the locomotive steams along the platform, while the wind is howling through the timber work, and the sea is breaking vainly on the piling. Two thousand tons of material a day is thus cast into the water; for nearly ten years this has been going on, and the sea is not yet wholly conquered. The construction of the inner and shorter breakwater, being, as we have said, not only a sea wall, but a landing-stage as well, claims some attention. This part of the work is all but completed, and presents a magnificent specimen of masonry. The rubble foundation has been brought up to the lowest spring tide water-mark. Here it has been levelled, and upon it erected the wall proper, about twenty-five feet high and eleven feet thick; on its summit is a pathway about thirteen feet wide; the wall is strengthened by buttresses nine feet deep and ten feet wide, occurring at every twenty feet of its length on the inner side, while its seaward face is built of huge blocks, beautifully put together; the hardest granite being used up to high-water line, and the Portland stone completing the whole. This seaward face is nearly perpendicular, having a "batter" or slope of one inch in every foot. It must however be remembered, that the rubble foundation, previously described as reaching low-water level, is here heaped up higher along the wall, and naturally forms an embankment of rough stone, sloping gently to the bottom. This embankment, or "apron," is of advantage in lessening the force of water upon the wall itself. The structure is terminated by a circular "head" of masonry. The foundation of these heads is laid about twenty-five feet deep at low water of spring tides, and here the duties of the mason were allied to those of the diver. Every stone was carefully marked and fitted before being placed under water; and the divers, duly equipped, did their day's work some fifty-feet below the surface. More beautiful or successful specimens of the mason's craft than these "heads" it is difficult to conceive. On the inner side of the sea wall are the landing quays before alluded to. Rising out of deep water, they permit the largest craft to range easily alongside, and are, we believe, chiefly destined to serve as coal wharves for ships of war lying in the roads. Already we see considerable quantities of coal stowed along them; and there will ultimately be erected a staging and line of railway, with the proper discharging apparatus for this service.

Standing upon this quay, we will pause for a moment to enjoy the deep blueness of the water. How clear it is! and how plainly we see the great brown whiting lazily grazing among the weeds. Two youngsters from the works are taking advantage of the dinner hour to lie along the quay walls and try their luck with a primitive line and hook; but the whiting show an evident desire to avoid their delicate attentions. We watch them amused for a while, till one of them shouts, excitedly, "Bill, here be the bait!" Bill is all eyes in a moment; and we share their pleasure, as we see shoal after shoal of the small fry the local fishermen call "bait" swimming slowly by. When the bait is about, the mackerel are most likely near. Myriads of the little fish cover the water; thicker and thicker they glide past. Our little friend grows madder and madder, and flings out his barbarous line farther into the blue water, in the vain hope of taking some idiotic mackerel fonder of pork than safety. Still the bait swims on unmolested, when we become aware of a curious kind of excitement among them; growing and spreading, in an instant it has become a panic, and the gliding shoal darts wildly through and even out of the water, as a hundred glittering streaks of green and silver flash among them out of the deep sea. For one moment the beautiful destroyers gleam bright upon the surface, then sink again below. The bait, slowly resuming their tranquillity, swim quietly by again; but the spectacle is not without its excitement; none but those who have seen it can imagine the fierce, swift rush with which a mackerel shoal rising for food flashes past, and it is with quickened interest we wait the return of the fish, and a renewal of the slaughter. They come again and again, while all the time the great brown whiting graze as unconcernedly as if there where no such thing in the watery world as pain, terror, and death.

We must not let this scene, however, detain us too long, but stroll leisurely on to the extreme end of the breakwater. It is a long walk, but a pleasant. The cliffs of Portland open as we proceed, and the view becomes more extensive and beautiful: the white sails of passing yachts, the wheeling gulls, the breezy air—all combine to make a picture pleasant to see and to remember. On the farthest finished point we come upon a portable light apparatus for the warning of vessels, which is carried forward with every additional increase in the length of the structure. The lamp is fed with gas in a somewhat novel way. A small gas holder furnished with wheels, and running like a truck upon the rails, is attached by flexible tubing to the light. This holder goes periodically backwards and forwards to be filled; and it is a curious sight to see the locomotive dragging a gas-holder shorewards for its feed of gas.

Returning to the land, we must visit, before we leave Portland, some of the principal shops and buildings connected with the works. Chief among these in interest are the cement-mills, the fitting and engine-shops, and the pickling-house. We have heard much, during our visit, of the extraordinary tenacity of the cements used in putting the masons' work together, and have seen a specimen of stone broken before the cement would yield;

and we now find ourselves in the workshop where this cement is prepared. Here are the mills: revolving pans of iron with heavy rollers running in them and crushing their contents to powder; these pans are fed from a kiln hard by, in which is burned the blue lias forming the chief ingredient of the cement; outside the building is a heap of a reddish brown and sandy-looking material; this is pozzuolani,—most probably a total stranger to the reader. Pozzuolani is a volcanic product which we may roughly describe as ashes, and having several properties which render it extremely useful for cement. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," we know; still it does seem somewhat strange that the scorching lavas of the terrible volcano should be turned to so far from fiery an account, or that Vesuvius' embers should be finally quenched in the salt-water lapping the sides of an English break-water.

Turning our steps to the engine and fitting-shops, we come suddenly into the presence of a steam-hammer in full work, standing in the centre of a large building crowded with machinery, and at this moment driving the star-like sparks of burning metal, meteor-like, about the place. The hammer is smashing away against a great cube of white hot metal; now striking blows such as Thor might envy, and again patting the obedient and malleable metal with patronising gentleness; but ever insisting on submission to its will, and getting it by hard blows where gentle persuasion fails.

But we must not linger here: there is too much of a revolutionary spirit about a shop of this kind to make it pleasant to a visitor. Surrounded on all sides by whirling pulleys and flying-straps, we seem to be imprisoned in a whizzing world, where nothing stable satisfies the senses; our eyes seeking vainly for some spot endowed with the blessing of stillness, and our heads in a short time feeling as if about to catch the infection of motion and to take to whirling on their own account; so we go out again just as the modern steam Thor comes down with another thundering blow on a new mass of metal, and make our retreat amid a shower of blazing sparks.

At a few paces' distance we find the pile pickling-house mentioned above; "still life" this, happily, but evil smelling enough. A large wood yard terminates at one end in a shed of considerable length; in this shed we see something which strikes us as being perhaps the largest steam-boiler in the world; one end is covered by a door, fastened on with such an array of screws that we speculate on the possibility of having discovered the "strong box" of the establishment. It is indeed a "strong box," though it only holds timber. All the piles used on the works, before being submerged, are impregnated with creosote for the purpose of preserving the wood from decay, and the process is effected in the cylinder before us; this is about six feet in diameter, and some ninety feet long, lying lengthways along the ground. Running up to its mouth is a little line of railway, which, on the removal of the door is continued, we see, into the cylinder; on this railway traversing the whole length of the yard are several small trucks; two of these are at this moment loaded with long piles which are thus conveyed into the yawning cavern; the door is swung to, and bolt after bolt securely screwed up. When everything is made fast, pumps, communicating with the boiler and drawing their supplies from reservoirs of creosote beneath the flooring of the shed, begin to pour in streams of the preservative fluid; the cylinder is soon filled, and the continued pumping drives more and more creosote into it; gradually the force of the liquid increases, and the piles begin to be permeated by it, the pumps straining at the work until an enormous pressure on every square inch is obtained.

The wood lies in its penetrating bath until its fibres are completely saturated; when, the creosote being once more restored to its subterranean dwelling, the door is opened and the pile which went in white and spotless pine, comes forth a blackened monster safe from rot—whether wet or dry; preserved indeed, but—smelling! bah!—let us get into pure air again to soothe the feelings of our offended nostrils.

The sun is going down into a still sea, the breeze has fallen, and the quiet of evening is creeping over the bay; we take a long look at the Great Eastern, and her last departing batch of visitors, and with a glance at the black ships-of-war, the stately Edgar and Blenheim, and the beautiful frigates. We wander towards the pier, *en route* for Weymouth, but discover that we have missed our last boat; however, we are not much disturbed at our ill-fortune, for we have not walked so far, but that a stroll home past the beach, which with its picturesque singularity has so delighted us, may not be uninteresting. It is but four or five miles, and as we saunter along, we watch the gray evening mists stealing sea and ship from our sight; the heights of Portland are slowly lost in haze ere the star's faint lustre glints on the darkened water; soon kindred stars shine out everywhere; ship after ship hangs out her bright token of life, and as we turn the point of the last hill on our homeward route, the Bay of Weymouth lies at our feet, a net-work of fairy-like illumination.

Lights glitter everywhere, from the planet-like harbour signals, to the lamps of the promenade, with their long quivering reflections. Once more at home we recall the pleasures of our trip, and filled with admiration of the mighty results which man's skill and perseverance can attain, we determine soon to look a little into the history and structure of that grander breakwater of nature's building,—the pebble-beach. We shall probably find no acts of parliament, no royal commissions, and no foundation ceremonials connected with its story; perhaps, however, with patience, much of interest may be learnt concerning it. May we hope for the reader's future companionship in our proposed "Run on the Chesil Bank?"* D. P.

* The almost tropical severity of the gales of last October (which occurred since this article has been in type) is too exceptional seriously to modify any remark made above. The staging, however, which is represented as being proof against heavy seas, has, we believe, suffered some damage in the recent tempestuous weather, though this is slight in comparison with what might have been expected from the effects of one of the fiercest storms ever experienced on our shores.

THE FOLK-LORE OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

OUR country parish is quite a stronghold for superstitions, and most certainly does its best to preserve "the fast-fading relics of the old mythologies." It will not by any means get rid of its folk-lore fancies, but nourishes them with a tenderness that would be surprising to your fine men of the world and your sceptical dwellers in cities, who pooh-pooh our little idealities, and delight to amuse themselves with our marvels and mysteries. Let them do so, say I! It but little affects our parish, which goes on its way much as it did some scores of years ago—save that we have done with our witches, and no longer oblige our elderly females to sink or swim in the parish duck-pond.

But our country parish believes in many things that are not admitted into the creeds of the more enlightened towns. Permit me to divulge a few of the superstitious fancies that still abide with us: and believe me when I tell you that my tales are strictly true ones, and that their facts came within my own cognisance.

And first—which is beginning pretty nearly at the beginning—as to a baptismal superstition. It is not often that our parish church can produce more than one baptism at a time; but, the other Sunday afternoon, there was the unusual number of three christenings—two boys and a girl. The parents of one boy were in a very respectable class of life: the parents of the two other children were in humble circumstances. The parties at the font had been duly placed by the officiating clergyman (Mr. Milkinsop, our esteemed curate); and, as it happened, the girl and her sponsors were placed last in order.

When the first child—who was the boy of the poor parents—was about to be baptised, the woman who carried the little girl elbowed her way up to Mr. Milkinsop, in order that the child she carried might be the first to be baptised. To do this she had (very contrary to the usual custom of the poor, who—in all essential points at least—are generally as refined as their superiors) rudely to push past "her betters"—i.e., the sponsors of the second boy. As she did so, she whispered to one of the sponsors, by way of apology:—

"It's a girl, so it *must* be christened first!"

And christened first it was. But the peculiar manner in which this was brought about, showed that the woman was influenced by some peculiar feeling; and, on the next day, an opportunity was taken to discover her motive.

This was her explanation.

"You see, sir, the parson baint a married man, and consequentially is disfamiliar with children, or he'd never a put the little girl to be christen'd after the little boys. And, though it sadley flus-ter'd me, sir, to put myself afore my betters in the way which I was fossed to do, yet, sir, it was a doing of a kindness to them two little boys in me a setting of my little girl afore 'em."

"Why so?" it was asked.

"Well, sir! I *har* astonished as *you* don't know," was the reply of this specimen of our country parish. "Why, sir, if them little boys had been christen'd afore the little girl, *they'd* have had *her* soft chin, and *she'd* have had *their* hairy beards—the poor little innocent! But, thank goodness! I've kep' her from that mis-fortin'!"

And the woman really believed that she had done so; and, moreover, the generality of her neighbours shared her belief.

So let this fragment of folk-lore from our country parish prove a warning to clergymen—more especially to bachelors like Mr. Milkinsop—who would desire to stand well in the opinions of their poorer neighbours.

If twins are born in our country parish, it is believed that of the little bipeds—like the quadrupedal martin-heifers and free-martins—only one will prove the father (or mother) of a family.

If any of our women are seen abroad, and pursuing their ordinary out-of-door occupations, before they have been "churched," they at once lose caste in the eyes of their neighbours.

On the subject of marriage we have also our little peculiarities. Not a maiden in our parish will attend church on the three Sundays on which her banns are proclaimed. And this, not from bashfulness or mock-modesty; but because they deem such a proceeding to be eminently unlucky. When Mr. Milkinsop once asked one of these damsels what was the particular kind of ill-luck that she expected would have resulted from her attendance at church on those three particular Sundays, she informed the reverend gentleman that the offspring of such marriages would be born *deaf and dumb*. And, to clench this statement, and prove its truth by a forcible example, she adduced the instance of a young woman of her acquaintance who would persist in going to church to hear her banns "asked out," and whose *six* children were *in consequence* all born deaf and dumb. No wonder, then, that our village maidens stay away from church on those three interesting Sundays, when such sad results are known to follow a deviation from our country parish superstition.

Why or wherefore, when these young damsels present themselves before Mr. Milkinsop to be united in the bonds of wedlock to the husbands of their choice, they should carry a sprig of gorse as a bridal bouquet is a mystery which I have been unable to solve. A young lady fresh from school, and therefore well versed in the mystical language of flowers, informs me that gorse is an emblem of "enduring affection." I am also aware of the old adage (for do we not use it in our country parish, where the glorious gorse grows in such large tracts that, when covered with its golden bloom, it might induce a second Linnæus to throw himself upon his knees and kiss the earth for producing flowers so beautiful)—I am aware, I say, of the old adage that says, "When the gorse is out of blossom, kissing is out of fashion;" by which is meant that kissing is popular all the year round. But, still, I confess that this adage and that emblem do not, as I believe, account for the appearance of the sprig of gorse in the bridal bouquet, and that some further meaning lurks behind, which the damsels are unwilling should be brought to prominent notice. I therefore am

constrained to leave this popular custom where I found it.

The fine old church of our country parish has a pretty peal of bells, whose silvery tongues melodiously proclaim to the neighbourhood the various joyful events that break into pleasant ripples the still surface of our usual humdrum existence. The daughter of our chief farmer was married the other day, and, of course, the bells did their best to spread the tidings. The ringers rang when the bride and bridegroom left the church; and the ringers rang when the happy couple drove out of the parish in a chaise and pair for a honeymoon of four days in the great whirling world of London. And the ringers rang at divers times throughout the day, being filled with beer and friendly feeling. And, late in the evening, when the last peal had been rung, the ringers (according to the custom of our country parish) fore-*tolled* upon the great bell the number of children with which the marriage was to be blessed. This tintinnabular prophecy as to the "hostages to fortune" probably depends—like the gipsy predictions in similar cases—upon the largesse expected to be forthcoming. On this particular occasion, the clapper was made to smite the bell thrice three times. The bride and bridegroom, therefore, know the worst, and can betimes make the needful preparations for the advent of their tuneful nine.

All the young ladies in our country parish, in common with the young lady whom I have just mentioned, are imbued with the same superstitious spirit as their poorer neighbours. That leap-year empowers a young lady to "pop the question" to a young gentleman, is, I believe, a generally received fragment of folk-lore. But, it is the belief of young ladies in our country parish, that leap-year permits them to do something more. I am informed by one of my fair young friends in that romantic village, that if, in any leap-year, she should so far forget herself as to suggest an union between herself and a bachelor acquaintance, who should be uncivil enough to decline her polite proposals, she could, thereupon, demand from him the gift of a new silk dress: but that, to claim this dress with propriety, she must, at the time of asking, be the wearer of a scarlet petticoat; which, or the lower portion of which, she must forthwith exhibit to the gentleman; who thereupon, by the law of leap-year—which is as the law of the Medes and Persians—is compelled to present to the lady a new silk dress, to cover her scarlet petticoat, and assuage her displeasure at his rejection of her proposals.

When my fair young friend told me this bit of feminine folk-lore, I laid it to heart, thinking that it might prove exceedingly useful to me, in putting me on my guard during the forthcoming leap-year. For, I thought within myself, that it was not without a determined significancy, that this young lady, and others in our country parish, had followed the then prevailing fashions (received by us a full twelvemonth after they have been introduced in more civilised places), and had habited themselves in bright scarlet petticoats—which, on a snowy day, and from beneath a looped-up dress, and over a pair of good, sensible legs, shod with good, sensible boots,—made, I can assure you, a great figure in the landscape, and, gleaming warm and sunny, presented to the eye that positive bit of colour which is so valuable to the artist. And I thought it might be reasonably inferred, that the ladies' law of leap-year was about to be inflicted upon the gentlemen of our country parish and its vicinity, in its most expensive silk-dress form, and that the assumption of these scarlet petticoats was merely the initiatory step to a sterner process.

And hence I thought that—from a careful consideration of the various dangers arising from this feminine folk-lore that would beset me, and all the other bachelors in our country parish, during the next twelvemonth,—I should be inclined to coincide with Mr. Meagles' opinion of beadles,* and to consider his advice with regard to those bipeds as worthy of all imitation; and so, when leap-year came, and when I caught sight of a young lady tripping along the road "in full fig," and displaying a scarlet petticoat, I should consider that I showed the best discretion by turning and running away.

We are great on the subject of the weather in our country parish. In particular are we attached to prognostications of rain. If the salt is damp, we say that we shall soon have wet. If we see a snake gliding and wriggling across the road, we say "there will be rain before long." If we see the glow-worms shining at night, we say, "we shall have wet ere morning." If we hear the woodpeckers utter their peculiar, harsh cry, we say, "we shall have a shower soon." We find our barometers in all these things, and many more; and, for us, the moon "takes up her wondrous tale" chiefly to tell us what sort of weather it will be. We say that "it will be a wet month, when there are two full moons in it." Intending to burst into immortal verse, but failing at the threshold in our search after a rhyme, we say,

> A Saturday's change, and a Sunday's full,
> Once in seven years is once too soon.

But we are more successful in our rhymes, when we treat of the gardening operations for spring. Then we say,

> When elm-leaves are as big as a shilling,
> Plant kidney-beans, if to plant 'em you're willing;
> When elm-leaves are as big as a penny,
> You *must* plant kidney-beans, if you mean to have any.

The energy infused into the last line, and the clearness of the advice contained in it, is a sufficient apology for its lengthened metre. In whatever quarter the wind may be on Candlemas-eve, our people say that it will "mainly" remain in that quarter for forty days. Concerning the unhealthiness of the spring season, we say,

> March, search; April, try;
> May will prove if you live or die.

In regard to the approach of spring, we are not to be deceived. For we have a pretty saying, that the gentle season has not come in its "ethereal mildness," until we can plant our foot on twelve daisies. And when it is come, if you should chance to take violets or primroses into

* See "Little Dorrit."

THE BRIDAL OF GALTRIM.

The priest's at the altar; the bride—and the groom—
The bridesmaids—and gallants, with doff'd cap and plume,
Are kneeling around till the word forth is gone
That blesses the union of two into one.
But while the devout were responding "Amen,"
The blast of a war-trumpet rang thro' the glen,
And each man, as he sprang to his feet, gripp'd his sword,
While the fresh-plighted hand of the bride held her lord.

"Oh, hold me not, dearest!—you would not detain?
It is honour to go—'twere disgrace to remain.
The foe's at the gate; we must drive him away:—
A joust is befitting a chief's wedding-day!"
He buckled his mail o'er his gay wedding garb;
He call'd for his lance, and he sprang on his barb,
And waved back a graceful adieu, as he cried,
"A victor I soon will be back with my bride!"

And soon *was* he back, and a victor beside,—
But 'twas to his widow, and not to his bride;
For, foremost in danger the foe to repel,
In the moment of conquest the conqueror fell.
Slowly the victors return from the field,
Lamenting the knight whom they bore on his shield;
And the Lady of Galtrim, as Chronicles say,
Was maid, wife, and widow,—and all in one day.

SAMUEL LOVER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD.

A DAY WITH THE CHRISTCHURCH DRAG. CHAPTER I.

ALTHOUGH I dearly loved my uncle, the Prebendary, and honour his memory with a true respect, I am thankful that he only paid me one brief visit—on the occasion of his taking his doctor's degree—during my pleasant years at Oxford. My uncle was just a thought too fond of Greek to be really good company for us undergraduates, and he had an uncomfortable habit of alluding to the class list, which to hunting men was almost offensive. I blushed when he asked Phil Hunter, of Oriel, who had just performed the unprecedented feat of winning the Aylesbury Steeple Chase, and being plucked for his Little Go the same week, what he thought of Peile's "Agamemnon?" Nor did Philip at all alleviate my distress by inquiring, in reply, whether "Agamemnon was one of the colonel's * young 'uns?" and whether my uncle knew "what he was by?"

Furthermore, the announcement of his coming caused me great expense and inconvenience in re-arranging my apartments. My favourite terriers must be driven from their snug retreat in "the study," to the uncertain diet and coarse society of some dog-merchant's yard. Highly-coloured delineations of "the cracks of the day," and "the pets" of the evening, both performing miracles of saltation, must be taken down and concealed. The roulette table; the travelling cigar-chest, oak, bound with brass,—*robur et æs triplex*,—and "just holding a fortnight's supply, sir, between three and four pounds;" the musical box—it has never recovered its original tone since that wild O'Brien would give it some preserved ginger for playing "Ah, non giunge" so "awfully jolly;"—the well-peppered target for puff-and-dart; the battledores and shuttlecocks; the devils-on-two-sticks: even the cornopean, which everybody loved, except, perhaps, the mathematical tutor,—(on one occasion he so far forgot himself as to rush out of his room, and inquire from the landing, "What lunatic was ill-treating that wretched horn?"—but there never was a mathematician yet with a soul); all these must be removed, and in their place must be set out the obsolescent reading desk, and dusty dictionaries, the solemn paraphernalia of a "sap."

* Colonel, now General Peel.

But, in spite of all my forethought and preparations, I came to signal grief. One morning we were sitting at breakfast (such a breakfast! no grills, no tankards, no top-boots on the hearth-rug), my uncle was deploring the decease of some German commentator, whose name I had not previously heard, and I was lamenting the much more palpable loss of my matutinal bit o' baccy, when there came an ominous single knock at the door; and as, in accordance with my invitation, that door opened, I shuddered to acknowledge the presence of one whom of all men else I should least have wished my uncle to meet—I knew that my visitor was Billy Bouquet.

Ah, me! that door, I say, no sooner moved upon its hinges, than there entered the apartment, and the nostrils of my kinsman simultaneously, a most definite stink of aniseed, accompanied by various attendant smells, which gradually asserted their own identity, and represented with a cruel faithfulness the dogs, and the ferrets, and the rats, and the vermin generally, from whom they freshly came. "'I am not the rose,' said the perfumed earth in the Persian fable, 'but cherish me, for we have dwelt together.'" Billy might have said as much of his badger. And I shall never forget my uncle's face, as he sat with his head erect, like the stag ere he left Glenartney, and snuffed the tainted gale.

Billy Bouquet, or, as he was called by undergraduates who were shy of French, Sweet William, somewhat resembled in personal symmetry Mr. Robson's "Boots at the Swan." His head, which gave one the painful idea of having been sadly overgrazed by his rats, was screened from the inclemencies of our fickle climate, and made symbolical at the same time of his avocations and attachments, by a memorial cap from the epidermis of a deceased bull-dog, of whom he was wont to remark, in all seriousness, that "he'd always know'd that his dog Beerhouse" (archæologists assure me that his original name was Cerberus) "was a sight too good for this world." His neckerchief had once been scarlet—a præ-Raphaelite, vivid scarlet—but time and perspiration had done their silent work, and it was now a peaceful brick colour. His coat and vest of velveteen (the bronze buttons chastely relieved with foxes' heads in the last stage of inflammation) were noticeable for their vast infinity of pockets, one of which, inside the coat, I verily believe would have held a calf. The rest of his person was clad in kingly cord; and of his legs I have only to say, that he was the very last person whom you would have selected to stop a pig in a gate, for the obvious reason that the animal in question would most undoubtedly have run between them.

Once upon a time, some good young men had originated a most benevolent scheme for deodorising Billy Bouquet; and he was actually induced to have a bath on account, and to attire himself in a change of raiment. But "that day there was dole in Astolat;" and he came next morning in his old clothes to the chief promoter of the plan, tendering the vestments which he could not wear, in a bundle to that cock-philanthropist, and declaring, almost in tears, that "the boys howled at him, and that" (here the speaker was visibly affected) "*the badger did not know him!*" And our sole resource and remedy from that time, whenever we required an interview, was to fill his short pipe with the strongest tobacco at hand, and to place him at the furthest possible distance at which conversation was practicable.

But he sees now, as he stands under my lintel, with a knuckle lifted up to his right eye-brow (his idea of ordering himself lowly and reverently to all his betters), that this is no time for a colloquy, and after one short sentence he is gone:

"Tu, to-morrow, if you please, sir, Betts's Bottoms."

I murmured something about "College rat-catcher," and expressed a conviction that "the fellow was drunk;" but it was quite evident that my uncle, figuratively as well as literally, "smelt a rat;" and he told me subsequently, when I had left Oxford, and he no longer felt it a duty to play the Don for my improvement, that he had never experienced greater difficulty in maintaining a dignified deportment.

CHAPTER II.

My uncle left the University next morning in a new shovel hat and gaiters (the avuncular legs were particularly neat, and my aunt had always yearned in spirit for that day when the world might see them); and punctually at "tu" of the clock I arrived at Betts's Bottoms. Betts was a jovial, generous farmer, who lived some three miles out of Oxford, and who not only allowed us every now and then to have "a lark" over his fences, but gave us the best of good ale afterwards from a silver tankard, which he valued dearly, the gift of sporting undergraduates. The Bottoms were some low pastures at the outskirts of his farm, and were the rendezvous on this occasion for the followers of the Christ Church "Drag." M. Bouquet, trailing the usual rabbit, well-steeped in aniseed, though he scarcely required any additional perfumery to secure the attentions of the pack, had been despatched over the stiffest country to be found; and the hard-riding Oxonians were gathering fast for the fun. In velvet hunting caps, short loose coats, designed for the Drag expressly by Mr. Bennett, blameless inexpressibles, and lustrous tops, they come into the field upon every species of the comprehensive genus horse, from my lord's two hundred guinea hunter, superb and glorious in his silky sheen, to the sorry screw, the discarded of some racing stud, who was out yesterday with the Heythrop, and is engaged to-morrow for Drake's. But every rider is as confident and cheery as though he were mounted upon Old Lottery; and there is laughter, honest and hearty, albeit the words which move it may be boisterous rather than brilliant. *Exempli gratiâ:*

"Percy, receive my sincere congratulations on having accomplished the ascent of that fine giraffe. Did you begin to mount him yesterday, or the day before? You'll come down, I suppose, by parachute; though I really think, if you could get him to kneel, that you might alight on the leads of the college. Just look over that wood in

the direction of Oxford, and tell us the time by St. Mary's clock."

"Frank, how can you, with your love of *translations*, look so happy and at ease on that destroyer of *'cribs?'*" Q. E. D.

And even if our proposition be not proven, there must be silence now. The master of the Drag has collected according to custom a purse from the non-subscribers, and the hounds are brought into the field. Inspect them now, if you wish to do so, for you will see them no more to-day in anything like proximity. Fastidious indeed must that man be who cannot here find something to his taste, for no two of the five couple are at all alike. Here you have none of that monotonous uniformity which makes it so difficult to distinguish ordinary foxhounds, but every member of the pack, from that huge mastiff-like hound, which they sent us from the Old Berkshire, to that light little harrier from Bradley Farm, has a distinct individuality and character. But why dwell upon mere appearances? Two or three of them can go like the wind, and the others add materially to the excitement by making a good deal of noise, especially when they are ridden over, a not unfrequent catastrophe. The former will run out the Drag, and be taken home in triumph; the latter will find their way, sometime before midnight, to M. Bouquet's château in the Slums, half-drowned, and maimed, and weary.

They hit the scent now, and stream away at speed. The first few fences are easy enough to-day, and all get over nearly in line. Now there is a formidable post and rail, which says plainly *noli me tangere*, and some of our party slacken their pace. Hark! there is a crashing sound, as though twenty wickets went down at once to the fast bowling of Jackson, and a couple of steeds gallop onwards riderless. Gentlemen in the rear press gratefully to the welcome fissures, and on goes the Drag.

On, swiftly over the springing turf, and steadily through the heavy plough, never swerving at wood or water, bullfinch or stile, stone-wall or stake-and-bound; on goes the Drag. An agriculturist invites us pressingly to stop, and to discuss our right to "ride over folks' land like Beelzebubs;" some labourers salute us with a harmless discharge of turnips; but on goes the Drag. On, but how changed! Steeds came down at that horrid double, where the bank was burrowed like a spunge; three, pumped in that humid fallow, dropped short in the drain which bounded it; and from other sorrowful causes only seven out of a field of twenty (two miles gone over) are with the hounds.

And now "we few, we happy few" (for though it may not be sport, and must not be called so, it is certainly glorious fun!) rushing at full speed through a high, black-looking fence, which holds the lighter ones for a while as it were weighing them, come into a large open pasture of level and elastic sward. It need be even and elastic, for half-way across is THE BROOK, deep and dangerous, with something like eight yards of water. My horse sees it now, and cheers my fluttering heart with a strong attempt to quicken his pace, as though he longed to be over. But I keep him well together at a moderate gallop, till we come within some five-and-twenty yards of those broad waters, so dark and cold, and then, rushing at his leap in all his strength and speed, he is over, and I am patting my brave, dear horse, in an ecstasy of gratified pride!

Looking back upon the chase, I see Percy coming next on Giraffe, in very workmanlike form; but the big brute loses heart at the last moment, desires to refuse but cannot, and, jumping short, lands his rider on the bank, and then slips back into the stream. Percy kept his hold of the reins; and I shall not readily forget the face of his quadruped, raised to the firmament as though in earnest supplication, while he tugged away with one hand, and applied his hunting-whip with the other—in vain. This unhappy precedent was fatal. The crib-biter stopped with a startling suddenness, and poor Frank looked as if he was playing at leap-frog as he bounded off into the stream, a regular case of "stand and deliver;" the rest either got in or refused; and, for the first and only time in my life, I had an undisputed monopoly of the Christ Church Drag!

On I went exulting, and without stop or stay, until, after jumping a hedge and ditch into a lane, we—my pack of four and I—came suddenly to a check. Concluding that, of course, the Drag was onwards, as Sweet William had very severe injunctions to avoid all highways and byways, I was about to charge the opposite fence with a view to casting forward, when the hounds took up the scent down the lane, and were off again at full speed. I could not understand it, but I was bound to follow. Presently we came to a neat white gate, then, to my increasing surprise, into a park-like enclosure; galloping across it to a gravelled road, which led us through plantations and shrubberies; until turning suddenly, and going at full swing, we found ourselves all at once within the portals of a stable-yard!

CHAPTER III.

"BOLT the yard doors, Crupper, and lock up the coach-house," were the first words which I heard on entrance, and these roared with such amazing volume, that my horse positively shied at them.

"*Væ Victis!*" In a corner of that coach-house stood, if anything so limp and drooping could be said to stand, poor little Billy Bouquet,—a piteous contrast to his happy hounds, who, in their guileless ignorance of evil, were leaping joyfully upon him, and could not understand his grief! Solemnly and slowly, the huge folding-doors were closed by two keepers upon the unhappy captive; and Mr. Crupper, the groom, having previously cut off my retreat, locked them, and put the key in his pocket.

Then I turned in the direction whence the word of command had issued, and boldly fronted the foe. He was a handsome, military man, six feet, and sixty; and I ought to have been frightened, I know I ought. But when a young fellow of twenty has been successfully showing to the University of Oxford the way over a big brook, he is very apt to be flushed and thoughtless, and to have a strong distaste for that humble pie,

which his own imprudence has made and baked for him. Accordingly, I regret to say, I lost no time in inquiring, "What the (two of cards) he meant by such ungentlemanlike behaviour?"

Ate and Alecto, what a rage he was in!

"Hear him, hear him!" he exclaimed, turning to his servants, (I remember that the under-keeper touched his hat assentingly, and was sneered at for so doing by Mr. Crupper): "don't lose a word from this fine young gentleman, who has kindly ridden all the way from Oxford to teach us how to behave. I trust, sir, that you have brought your Catechism with you, and that you will edify us with a dissertation on our 'Duty towards our Neighbour.' '*What do I mean, sir?*' By the Lord Harry," (he made frequent reference to this nobleman, who was, I suppose, an influential friend), "what do *you* mean by sending your stinking friends across my estates, sir, and galloping over my wheat, sir, with those mangy curs? Won't you take a canter with that," (he tried hard, but could find no fault with my steed), "with that borrowed beast of yours, into the gardens, and have a turn in the conservatory? By the (usual nobleman), I'll write to the Dons, sir, I will, and have you disgraced. And as for your delightful playmate in the coach-house, sir, I'll have him fumigated with cayenne and brimstone, sir, and when he's sweet enough, he goes to jail. There is *my* card, sir; I want *yours*."

"Sir," I replied, meekly, for I apprehended mischief, "I am extremely sorry that the Drag should have been brought over your property, and I am quite sure that Lord Augustus Plantagenet" (I brought out the title with much dignity of intonation, anticipating a great impression), "who is the manager of it, will offer any apology or reparation in his power. His lordship, I am confident, will lose no time in calling upon you. Meanwhile, I trust, sir," giving him my card, "you will overlook my intrusion, and pardon my words. I am not in very good odour with the College authorities—"

"Good odour, sir!" he replied. "I should as soon expect a foumart to be in good odour, as a man who mixed himself up with this—this putrid amusement. And you may tell Master Gussy from me, sir," (that *was* a finisher, that Master Gussy), "that if he don't mind, I'll write to the Duke, sir, from whose house I have just returned, and have him whipped when he goes home for the holidays, and rests awhile from his refined and arduous *studies*. You shall hear from me shortly, sir. I wish you good morning. Crupper, give me the key of the coach-house, and open the yard doors."

He was gone, "iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;" and there was nothing for it but to return to Oxford, and convoke my friends in council. So forth I rode, pensively and slowly, musing on the mutabilities of life, and upon the consoling influence of Mr. Hudson's weeds.

I had not achieved a mile of the homeward route, when I heard a clattering of hoofs behind, and a voice calling me to stop.

"The General's compliments," says Mr. Crupper, cantering up on a pony, "and will be glad to see you, sir, if you please, immediate."

Come, thought I, this sounds cheerier by several octaves; and back I went, hopeful, but wondering.

You will readily imagine how my surprise culminated and my spirits rose, when the General, coming to me through those most awful doors, seized me by the hand, and, looking me earnestly in the face, vociferated,

"By the Lord Harry, sir, how's your father? Get off, get off, and take care of the horse, Crupper. Your father, sir, is one of my oldest and dearest friends, though I have not seen him since I came from India. If I had known you were his son, as I know it from this card," (it had my country address upon it), "by (the usual nobleman) you might have jumped in at the drawing-room windows, sir, and run that odoriferous rascal to ground in the best bed!"

How I relished his "rent-day" ale! too strong for any human beings, save the undergraduate and the British yeoman. How many happy hours did I afterwards pass at his pleasant home, in the good old times, when men kept their port! How many scores of pheasants have I bagged in his broad woods!

But Billy Bouquet could never forgive himself for being "caught and trapped like a stoat," (*very* like a stoat, the General would have said); and the subsequent behaviour of the under-keeper seemed to trouble him even more than the capture. "I ain't partickler proud," he would say, "but when I see that blackguard with the black whiskers a taking on hisself a horfice of which he know'd nothing, and a trailing of the Drag down that 'ere lane to deceive them innocent dogs, I could 'a punched his 'ed with the biggest o' pleasure, and I *should* 'a punched it, if t'other elephant hadn't been so illconvenient handy." H.

STARVING GENTILITY.

THE attention of the public has recently been called to the distresses incident to unmarried women of gentle birth and refined habits, but whom circumstances have left dependent on their own exertions. The public was reluctantly surprised—as it usually is when grievances are indicated wherewith it is so familiarised as to be insensible of them—but the public was also interested; for the painful narrative had a personal application to the auditors, many of whom vaguely apprehended the like future contingency for their relatives, and pondered how it might be averted.

That in this wealthy land so large a proportion of those claiming our tenderness should remain in enforced celibacy; that they should with such difficulty earn distressful bread; that by social usage all employ should be closed to them except tuition—and that *that* should involve personal humiliation and exhausting labour that would not patiently be submitted to by a kitchen drudge—is a bitter sarcasm on our civilisation that may partially account for the pale phantoms that haunt the steps and sadden the heart of a thoughtful observer in our cities.

The impression produced by these sad revelations augurs favourably for the abolition of this wrong. And, as this is not to be effected by

indolent or ostentatious subscriptions to Governesses' Institutions, but by earnest personal effort, some remarks may be permitted on the objectionable peculiarities of the social system whence it has arisen. For, after making all reasonable allowance for contingencies beyond man's control, for the scanty incomes of many of the middle class, and the frequent difficulty of adequately providing for a family, yet, that the death of the parent should so often entail utter destitution on the delicate daughters, argues error in the social system much more than in the individual.

Such is the artificiality of our society, and the tyrannous pressure of public opinion, that, on pain of ostracism and ruinous loss of social position, a gentleman is enforced to conform to the habits of his immediate circle, and to regulate his expenditure by an arbitrary standard rather than by his own taste or means. Though neither needing nor admiring the fripperies of Vanity Fair, he must exchange his peace and comfort for them, in the struggle for decorous appearances. The calm enjoyments of home must be sacrificed to a society neither loved nor esteemed; his family must practise painful economies that he may give ostentatious entertainments, which Mrs. Grundy accepts to spy out accidental deficiencies or to institute envious comparisons, and whence Smith, Brown, and Robinson retire to inveigh against the extravagance and exaggerate the liabilities of their host. Did they not involve such present suffering and ultimate evil, how laughable would be the petty economies, meannesses, trickeries, and obliquities of genteel life, simulating affluence, and sillily endeavouring to deceive the sharp-sighted world that will not *be* deceived! However averse he may once have been, yet, insensibly ceding to example and other influences, Paterfamilias ends in approving a system from which he is too weak to disenthral himself, speaks with dignity of his duty to society, inculcates that duty on those around him, and, though occasionally, when called on to pay for flimsy millinery and gew-gaws, he vents a sarcasm on feminine vanity, yet he feels a secret pride in the beauty and fashion of his family, and firmly resolves that it shall not be eclipsed. Thus he satisfies his personal vanity and, dying unexpectedly—as most men die—leaves his destitute daughters to the barren and insulting pity of those who had always foreseen such an issue.

Had Paterfamilias given to his daughters the education that would have qualified them for domestic life, or the solitary struggle with the world, his improvidence and deference to usage would partially have been atoned. But, indifferent to the development of the latent beauty and power of their hearts or intellects, he has been solicitous only about appearances and artificial refinement, preferring that, like courtesans, they should attract insolent admiration rather than manly esteem. Their youth has been occupied in frivolous acquirements of no practical value: without reference to their respective tastes or capacities, all have pursued the same silly routine, and attained to a certain mechanical skill in music or drawing, a superficial knowledge of continental tongues—the key to treasures whereof they seldom avail themselves—and some aptitude at embroidery, Berlin-wool, and such like aids to ingenious indolence. To the homely pursuits of their grandmothers, the chief object of which was the comfort and happiness of home, they are scornfully indifferent.

Nurtured in conventionalities, concealments, simulations, and meretricious arts, and taught to esteem a wealthy marriage the object of her existence, it is surprising that the English maiden preserves her loving heart and ingenuous nature; and, considering her inexperience and ignorance of the harsh realities of life, that, when married, she should so earnestly devote herself to her new duties, and struggle with such sweet patience against difficulties hitherto unknown, is an evidence of the angelic element in woman's nature that demands our tenderest admiration.

But the middle class is specially distinguished by its undue proportion of unmarried women, and this celibacy involves consequences unknown elsewhere. As it seldom originates in lack of means in the instances occurring in the aristocracy or the labouring classes, so neither does it necessarily entail impoverishment or loneliness, and a life without sympathy. It is otherwise with the middle class. Sons may shift for themselves—they have muscle and energy—but what becomes of unmarried daughters, thrown on their own resources? Miss Parkes informs us.

As all possible contingencies and conditions of life are susceptible of calculation, statistics may be called in to aid our inquiry. From these it appears that, in England and Wales, of those between the ages of twenty and forty, 41 per cent. of the women are spinsters, while 30 per cent. of the men are bachelors, showing a remarkable preponderance of celibacy among the fair sex. No returns show the distribution of this sisterhood among the different classes of society, but the personal experience of each will suffice to indicate it. From the returns available, the probabilities of marriage of a maiden at twenty are slightly superior to those of a bachelor, and incomparably greater than those of a widow of the same age:—but, with the lapse of years, these ratios change; the probabilities of marriage at thirty-five being, for a bachelor, one to twenty-seven; for a spinster, one to thirty-five; and for a widow, one to *five*—the attractions of the widow standing to those of the spinster in the surprising relation of five to one—or, perchance, that number mystically representing her comparative readiness to matrimony. Thus the chance of finding happiness and a home diminishes with years.

The growing disposition to celibacy among young men of this class, though in some measure attributable to a selfish and luxurious cynicism, is chiefly due to the irrational expenditure consequent on marriage, and the unattractiveness of prospective association with women so unlikely from their artificial habits to yield domestic happiness. If this celibacy frequently defeats the economical considerations deciding to it (as it should), and ends in much immorality and unhappiness among men, how immeasurably evil must be its influence on the other sex; and what a violation of natural law must that social organisation be which so harshly represses the affections,

and bereaves so large a class of the support and sympathy they are entitled to from man! Is the Rajpoot pride that slays a female infant, lest in after-life it should dishonour its parentage by a plebeian marriage, more cruel than the selfish social system that devotes it to a solitary and weary life of penury and regrets?

When death has deprived her of her natural protectors, what can a girl of gentle birth, delicately nurtured, as sensitive to a slight as to physical inconvenience, do for support? As a drowning wretch catches desperately at flimsiest straws, so does she cling to her accomplishments, and under all endurances is punctilious about her gentility, in a way that would be ludicrous were it not so sad. Usually she resorts to tuition, and tries to impart to others the fragmentary knowledge she possesses,—being an object of envious dislike to ladies' maids, and treated by her employers often with a cruel superciliousness. An attempt to sell her drawings will, in most cases, convince her of her deficiencies. Embroidery and fancy-work are as poorly paid for as slop-work. Yet, by such resources, do unknown thousands of faded women, fallen from affluence, exist in proud and respectable poverty, supporting on their labour some aged mother or decrepit sister;—enduring with a divine constancy on their behalf, toils and privations, unknown beyond the precincts of their crazy garret, but which the angels must contemplate with tearful approval. Positive manual labour is rarely resorted to; while from many employments that would seem specially adapted to the quick intelligence and delicate hand of woman, she is excluded by our social and commercial customs.

It may, however, be questioned whether women might not, in many cases, advantageously replace the spruce young men now effeminated by confinement to the counter. When England recently raised a foreign legion to supply the place of those engaged in such *safe* duties, other nations, with not unreasonable sarcasm, inquired in the words of Petrarch to his degenerate countrymen:—

Che far qui tante pellegrine spade?

enviously asserting that the martial spirit of England had decayed for ever. That such a reproach should have been incurred, may not be unconnected with this tame preference for feminine duties that disincline to manly pursuits and athletic sports.

When some years ago the public was informed that the thousand operatives of the Lowell Mills (U.S) were young women of respectable connections, who had voluntarily exchanged comfortable homes for that laborious independence, it stared at such disregard of propriety; and shook its head in grave disapprobation of factory-girls who wore silk-stockings, associated like clusters of fragrant flowers, in houses furnished with pianos and choice books—relaxed from severer labour in literary pursuits—attended scientific lectures in a Lyceum founded by themselves, and like industrious bees, as they were, had stored up 20,000*l.* in their own bank.

This state of things is not peculiar to Lowell, but prevails generally through the American Republic, where labour is honourable, and only vice and sloth discreditable. Wherever quick intelligence and adroitness suffice to the necessities of the case, the preference is considerately given to female industry, and it speaks volumes for American *manliness* that it should be so. However reluctant to domestic servitude, the American girl feels no humiliation in other labour; it involves no loss of social consideration;—it enables her to live with comfort, and to enjoy many refined pleasures, and is no bar to her forming a respectable connection. Some adopt this means of freeing their family from pecuniary embarrassment or the patrimonial farm from mortgage; some to afford to a brother the advantages of a college education; some to bring dowry to their toiling suitors, and others simply from an honourable pride. Nor are any of these girls, in after life, so weak as to conceal or be ashamed of having, at one time, supported themselves by their own labour; nor are instances unfrequent of their marrying men of eminence in a land where respectable men are not snobbishly ashamed of honourable exertion, and where such statesmen as Daniel Webster, like Cincinnatus, frequently guide the plough and share the harvest labours on their own farms. In Australia, where manliness is in demand—where Crœsus is attired in a wide-awake hat and flannel shirt, and eyes fine dress with suspicion, women of the middle-class reputably fill many offices here monopolised by the other sex. In France and Germany women are freed from ungenerous disabilities, and share the labours of the desk, warehouse, and workshop, with their fathers, husbands, and brothers, and are never subject to distresses such as engage our attention, nor does it appear that they thence become less deserving of love and esteem.

Her readiness to adopt from other nations aught that might advantageously replace her own defective institutions, was a primary element of the greatness of Rome, and England should follow the example. Since no wrong exists but to the benefit of some one, many will doubtless exclaim that a profane hand is extended towards the sacred ark, when any one interferes with those sleek proprieties and time-honoured abuses which they mistake for morality and decorum. But no progress in any direction is possible without offending some susceptibilities, while it is a cruel and weak kindness that hesitates to probe a wound; and though England is reasonably averse to harsh innovation, she is too just in intent, and wise in action, to tolerate a manifest evil if it can be safely and conveniently got rid of; while every gentleman of the middle-class, who has a wife and daughters, has a direct personal interest in its abolition. Therefore let us boldly express the conclusions to be inferred from what has been premised.

In what respect, as influencing this question, does our social polity need reform?

The education of an English gentlewoman should qualify her to provide for herself in case of isolation. To this end, with discreet estimation of individual tastes and capacities, she should acquire some art, handicraft, or business adapted to the feminine idiosyncracy and powers. Tuition requires a special training as much as any other duty, and the present pretentious and superficial

state of female education is due to the multitude of inefficient teachers who thus unintentionally avenge the mean economy of parents. It is hard to say why women should not occupy the counter or the desk, provided that they are expert at accounts. Female taste and intelligence might be profitably engaged in lithography, wood-engraving, modelling, designing for manufacturers, jewellery, watch-making, and delicate metal-work of various kinds. But, that women should devote themselves to such duties, or analogous ones, public opinion must support them by affirming that *labour is honourable to all;* it must act as though believing it, and facilitate to them the *means* of labour.

Meanwhile, until the advent of that social millennium, let the woman, eager to escape from social bondage, and anxious for employment, but met everywhere by ungenerous disabilities—if she can muster 10*l.*—tear off these useless and encumbering rags of gentility, and emigrate to the United States. It would be preferable that she should select the western states to dwell in; but in any of the large cities she will have no difficulty in discovering and obtaining employment on application, provided her attire be decorously neat, and her address modest and unaffected. She will be liable of course to criticism; and she will find some difference between the social habits of a foreign land, and those to which she has been accustomed; but as an Englishwoman she will receive singular kindness, and she will secure all the material comforts and many of the luxuries of life—an improvement certainly on genteel destitution.

If such would be the counsel that the writer would offer to a sister whom, dying, he was about to leave friendless and poor, it becomes a duty to give it to his countrywomen at large under similar circumstances; and, having so acted—*liberavit animam.* F. MORTON.

THE GREAT MILITARY-CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT AT PIMLICO.

IN that dreary part of Pimlico which abuts upon the river Thames, close to Messrs. Cubitts' great building establishment, the government have lately dropped a little acorn which, in time to come, will, without doubt, develop as government acorns so well know how to do, into a gigantic oak. We allude to the new Military-Clothing Establishment which seems to have sprung up here in a night, vice Weedon, retired. A great quadrangle is already completed, and we suspect that, ere long, a large portion of Messrs. Cubitts' dominions will be annexed.

We hear so much about England's *little* army, that the reader may wonder why the country requires these acres of buildings to contain its very moderate wardrobe; but if we have few fighting-men at home, we forget the growing boys we have to provide for all over the world, and especially in India.

Taking the royal troops, the militia, and our Indian armies, our entire force does not fall far short of 400,000 fighting-men, the clothing and necessaries for the whole of whom have to be issued from this establishment. We were prepared therefore to meet with a wholesale display within these walls, but the reality far exceeded our expectations. For instance, in the fine room we first entered—one 100 feet long by 40 broad—our eye fell upon a solid wall running down its entire length, some 14 feet high and 12 feet thick, substantial enough to withstand a heavy battery. This black-brown-looking mass on a narrower inspection we found to be built up in a very workman-like manner of Bluchers and shoes. Some people tell you that a million is a number of which we have no conception from merely looking at the figures or signs expressive of that quantity, but here we have more than a third of that impossible "sum-tottle" before our very eyes. There are 380,000 boots and shoes, of all sizes, built into the brown-looking bastion, that first greeted our eyes, in this Brobdingnagian establishment, and these were not all. At regular intervals, all down this long room, rose what we may perhaps be allowed to call, haycocks of boots—Wellingtons for the cavalry—so disposed with their feet in the centre, and their long upper-leathers hung outward as to form huge cones of leather.

"But," said we to the commissariat-officer who, obligingly, conducted us round the establishment, "how are soldiers fitted?"

"Oh," he replied, "we make half-a-dozen sizes, and they are sure some of them to fit."

It was a simple question, we confess, but it never struck us at the moment that soldiers' feet never dare to be so far out of regulation as to require fitting. And where, thought we, a twelvemonth's hence may all these shoes be? Possibly the mass either doing goose step, or the ordinary work of the soldier; possibly splashing through fields of gore or trampling down the dead in some European battle-field.

Leaving the boots to the future, however, we enter another room in the basement, built up with long avenues of bales, the light at the end of each vista looking like a mere speck. Each bale, if we examine it, is as hard as a brick, and bound with iron hoops. How many hundred thousand soldiers' jackets there were in this apartment we forget. Leading out of this are other apartments devoted to artillery, and hussar cloth, great-coats, &c., and an odd room or two filled with hussars' jackets, and then, again, other long galleries full of soldiers' trousers. Then there is the store of soldiers' necessaries. As this peripatetic individual has to carry his house upon his back, his kit, of course, forms a curious collection; but the number of brushes he carries is something absurd. A horse-soldier has no less than eight brushes in his kit,—he ought to be the best brushed individual in Christendom. The infantry-soldier has five, even in these days when pipe-clay is reduced to the minimum. Then there are an infinity of other articles, such as blacking, sponge, button-sticks, &c., which he has to account for at any moment; which is rather hard, seeing that when a man is campaigning—with the enemy perhaps upon him in a night-attack—he can't always pack his knapsack as leisurely as a traveller leaving an inn. The store of necessaries may be

likened to a general-shop on a large scale. Everything is packed away with the utmost regularity, and placarded with the exact number of articles in each department, so that if our entire army had to be supplied it could be done almost as quickly as a company.

Not far from the store of soldiers' necessaries is the button-room. It is quite clear that the Horse Guards haven't souls above buttons, otherwise they would simplify this department of the soldier's dress. Every regiment in British pay has its own distinctive button with its own special device; possibly this arrangement is made for the benefit of the Birmingham button-trade, as it is difficult to conceive what useful purpose such diversity can serve. "They manage these things better in France," and in Germany also; but possibly like those countries we shall come to a simple button for each arm of the service some fine day next century. It was the fashion, during the "good old time," for every regiment to dress its hair differently, and there was a regulation curl or pig-tail in the possession of the regimental barber by which he fashioned the heads of his companies. A little of the same spirit still lingers at the Horse-Guards.

But estimate for us, good reader, the number of buttons in this room, a 100 feet long by 40 wide, and stuffed with buttons as full as it can hold. Here are the silvered ones for the militia; big-sized page-buttons for the hussars; rich gilt for the Guards, and second-best for the line. If, like the Covenanters of old, they were to fire these buttons for shot, there would be ammunition enough here, we should fancy, for another Crimean war. Each class of button, of course, has its separate debtor and creditor account; so we may imagine what the book-keeping of this department is like.

Up-stairs there are the various rooms for the overlookers and inspectors. Under the present system every bit of cloth received into store is examined by an inspector, who passes the contents of every bale between himself and the light, and in this manner is capable of instantly detecting the least weak place in it. After this inspection it is measured and weighed, and then refolded by machinery, and passed into store. In like manner the articles when made up, and all accoutrements, are closely examined and tested by the sealed pattern. One room of the establishment is devoted to these sealed patterns, which contain complete suits of each regiment in British pay.

Why so, says the reader, seeing that all infantry regiments are dressed alike? The Horse Guards, good readers, have no notion of such a simple arrangement. The dress of the infantry is exactly the same, it is true, but what of the facings and trimmings—these are as diversified as the buttons. There are no less than sixteen different shades of green alone used as facings in the British army, besides an infinity of buffs, browns, yellows, blues, and all the other colours of the rainbow. What end all this paltry tailoring serves, we are at a loss to know, for the buttons alone serve to distinguish the number of each regiment, and the service to which each uniform belongs. The manner in which the soldier is fitted is as follows:—

The regimental tailor makes out certain size rolls, as they are termed, in which the different sizes required for the men are set forth. Garments answering to these sizes are forwarded from the Government store, and served out once a year, on the First of April. If they fit, well and good. If not, the regimental tailor is called upon to alter them, a charge of one shilling being allowed for the service, of which the soldier is expected to pay sixpence.

It certainly is a little hard upon the poor soldier, first to make *upon system* a misfit, and then to charge him with correcting the error. "But it's the way we have in the army," according to their professional song. If a soldier joins a regiment in the middle of the year, he gets half-worn clothing, if towards the end of the year, clothes nearly worn out. There must be some little difficulty in hitting the exact amount of shabbiness of the regiment and supplying the new comer with an equable dilapidation. Regiments on foreign service are beginning to receive clothes according to climate, instead as of old, according to an inexorable pattern. Thus, soldiers serving in Canada, in winter, have fur caps and flannel under-clothing, together with high Canada boots. The black troops again, serving in the West Indies and on the Gold Coast, are clothed in the Zouave dress—Turkish trousers, sandals, and leather leggings, with the red fez and turban cloth. We wish European regiments serving in the West Indies were as sensibly dressed, as they are certainly less capable of bearing the heat than their coloured comrades. The stifling red cloth coat has been abandoned for the summer wear of troops in the East, and a light red serge blouse, fitting into the waist with the belt, has been substituted in its place. Why red should be selected as the colour is, however, unaccountable. The reason given is, that it is the national colour; we are not governed at home, however, by any such notions as these. Volunteer riflemen are certainly national troops, but the Government is satisfied with grey here. This is a question of health, and should be settled by the doctors rather than by the Horse-Guards. The Irregular Horse of India use grey, for the reason that it is so much cooler. A German savant, Dr. Couleor, has carefully investigated the qualities of different coloured materials as clothing for troops. Of all materials he found white cotton to be the coolest. This material placed over a cloth dress, produced a fall of seven degrees per cent. in heat. When the tube of the thermometer was covered with cotton sheeting and placed in the sun, it marked thirty-five degrees; with cotton lining 35° 5′. Unbleached linen raised the temperature to 39° 6′, and dark blue and red cloth marked 42 degrees. As the variations of temperature in India, however, are very great, a neutral grey cloth, or serge, would be, we should fancy, the happy medium. Mr. Jeffrey, a military medical officer, who has lived long in the East, recommends garments with metallic reflecting surfaces as by far the best adapted for tropical climates. These would throw off the rays of the sun. The flashing helmets of Eastern nations are far more scientifically applied than we give them credit for, as they are much cooler in the hottest

day than a black felt shako, or the ostrich-plumed bonnet of the Highlander. With these matters, however, the Horse-Guards alone have the power of interfering.

Hitherto Government has contented itself with procuring all its clothing, &c., from contractors; but there are symptoms of its determination to become its own tailor. In one apartment we see women sewing soldiers' jackets with the new sewing-machines, and doing the work ten times quicker, stronger and better than it was done of old by manual labour. The cutting-out is also done by machinery, so that, if necessary, an immense amount of clothing could be turned out at a very short notice. The colour and quality of the material has also been vastly improved since the days when the colonel of the regiment clothed his soldiers and kept the cabbage. The cloth of the private's coat is as good and bright a scarlet as the sergeant's, and the sergeant's is equal to that of the officer's four or five years ago. The Crimean war came just in time to test and prove the utter worthlessness of the old system of clothing the troops; and a walk through this establishment is sufficient to prove that we have at last a Government department that is working well. The credit of organising this immense establishment is due to Mr. Ramsay, the deputy store-keeper general, who has undoubtedly proved that Government officials are capable of carrying on a vast establishment of this kind as successfully as private enterprise, and we believe far more soundly; so that we predict we shall hear no more in any future war of shoes that come to pieces in a week's wear, or of great coats made of devil's dust, calculated, like sponge, to let in and retain the water. A. W.

CATCHING TROUT IN NOVA SCOTIA.

I AM dreaming of the last ball I was at—or the ball I am to be at next—I am not sure which: at all events, I am cooling myself, not alone, in a conservatory after an unusually rapid dance, when crash goes a pane of glass, another, and then another. What can be the matter? I am first so surprised, and then so angry, that I open my eyes by degrees, actually, and find that I am lying on my bed, almost dressed, and that my servant is knocking with much energy at the door. Having become so far conscious, I suddenly remember that Captain V. and myself, having a few days' rest from our ordinary harassing occupations in the celebrated town of ——, British North America, have arranged to go on a fishing expedition, *pour passer le temps*. I also recollect that, in order to make the most of our time, we had agreed to start at one o'clock this morning. So it was in consequence of this arrangement that my dreams were so rudely disturbed. My "waggon" is already waiting at the door—a "waggon," by the bye, here supplies the place of all the innumerable varieties of one-horse vehicles in use in the "old country;" and the prominent features of mine, which may be taken as a type of the more "refined" class of waggon—are, imprimis, a seat, for two people, with light wooden frame—under this seat, a very light wooden tray, with "splash-board" in front, which supports the feet, and also holds a reasonable amount of luggage, &c., and under this again, four very light wheels. Our luggage, consisting chiefly on this occasion of our rods and fishing-tackle, with two or three flannel shirts, and some tea and sugar in a hamper, as well as rugs and wrappers for night-work, does not take long to stow away. We have, each of us, a little brandy in our flasks, but very little—for tea is the almost universal beverage of every body here, while in the "bush." Some ten minutes' driving, up a hill or two, while lamps grow less and less frequent, and we are out of the town, rolling along a road which is as good as an ordinary English turnpike-road — passing every now and then through spots of perfect darkness, where clumps of firs overhang the road on each side, and now again looking over a broad spread of water stretching away from our feet, with a row of distant wooded slopes appearing more and more clearly as the moon slowly rises. I have all the beauties of nature to myself as Captain V. (who did not take the prudent precaution of indulging in a few hours' sleep before starting), has been dozing, to say the least of it, almost from the time of our leaving the door, and the cigar which he so carefully lighted before he mounted the waggon, dropped from his mouth before we were clear of the town, rather to the detriment of a certain plaid, wherein his extremities were wrapped. Just after sunrise, we come to a collection of wooden huts, all small, all dirty, and possessed each of them, apparently, of at least one pig, which is considered, *more Hibernico*, part of the family. V. who has just opened his eyes, constrained thereto by a vehement appeal from me, that he would admire a certain sunrise "effect," has visions of Jamaica floating before him, as he sees some ten or twelve little black urchins, "when unadorned adorned the most," rushing out to shriek at us as we pass. There is, too, at the door of almost every alternate hut, a peculiarly black matron with some more or less gaudy cotton, wound, turban fashion, about her head, occupied (in addition to staring at us) in squalling at either pig or children, and in nursing an admirable likeness, on a small scale, of herself. I explain to V., as we leave this interesting colony behind, that it is one of the "negro villages" which one meets with in the country, colonised by the descendants of certain emancipated slaves who were incontinently, some years ago, turned adrift into our "British North American" possessions. Some of these, generally, it seems, women, form a considerable part of the "low" population at one or two of the seaports. Others, as we see, "settle" up the country, but I am not aware of their devotion to agriculture, having met, as yet, with grand success.

How gloriously warm the summer sun is now, as it pours its first rays into our eyes. How it rouses all the children of the forest around us. Now, instead of the quiet of an hour ago, birds are singing all round us, and the grey and zebra-like striped squirrels are running about in crowds along the picturesque zig-zag "snake fences" which mark off the road on either side. The road

has been getting worse for some time, and I am paying more attention to the sky than to what is exactly underneath us, when bang! bang!—with a quick jerk or two which makes one tremble for the springs, independently of almost throwing us out of the waggon—rouses us to a sense of our position.

What *is* the matter? Nothing at all, except that one of the small torrents, so numerous in this country, has overflowed in the course of the last day or two, and made an extempore channel, now dry, of the exact spot we are passing along for some ten or fifteen yards. The consequence is the displacing of the gravel, and the bringing to light of rocks, great in their "solidarité," but enough to petrify M'Adam, as they rear their heads at intervals, with yawning chasms between. This difficulty surmounted, we come, in a few miles more, to a road or track through the bush, turning off from the main road. After some reconnoitering and discussion (for neither of us have been exactly to this place before), we decide that this must be *the* track which is to lead us to the domicile of "Jack." We proceed painfully along a road which is formed, in different places, in addition to its native soil, of planks, faggots, and sometimes of nothing less than trunks of trees, placed side by side with a small space between. We are getting accustomed to all these varieties of road, and have crossed the fifth rickety bridge (we count the bridges, for our hearts rejoice at the fishing prospect held out by the brooks below them), when a fresh obstacle makes its unwelcome appearance.

(See p. 87.)

A large fir, borne down, probably, by the weight of years, has fallen exactly across our road, with its dead branches sticking out to meet us like a natural *chevaux de frise*. We begin by a vigorous attack on the protruding branches, till we reduce the part which has to be crossed to a bare trunk, raised some three or four feet from the ground. The horse is unharnessed, and "led" across, and with much exertion, and putting of shoulders to the wheel, literally, we succeed in lifting the waggon over it. Nothing further stops us, till we come suddenly on an open space, which, pretty as it is, has a borrowed beauty from its contrast to the dark, almost impenetrable, shade we have been passing through lately. Just to the right of us is a low, substantial-looking, hut—built entirely of roughly sawn planks, with plastered clay to fill up the interstices between them. The chimney only, made of rough stone with the same natural mortar, contrasts with the dark grey of the wood. One or two farm-buildings, strongly resembling the hut, stand out against the dark foliage at the back. In front of the hut extends a gentle partly-cultivated slope—several acres of land have been "cleared"—some for years, evidently, others so lately that the blackened stumps of trees still appear gloomily above the luxuriant grass. Here and there a snake-fence winds over a ridge, and is hidden again in a hollow; close to the house a small stream rushes along over rocks to that lake, as large as our own Derwentwater, which washes the base of the slope I have spoken of. How it glitters in the sun's rays, how perfect the effect of those points and islands, with their heavy rocks and dark foliage, which rise abruptly out of the dazzling water; and then that grey, yet distinct ridge which shuts in the view. Well, we have waited long enough outside; now let us see if the proprietor of this establishment, to whom a message had been sent by a "trader," about a week before, is expecting us.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen, first-rate time for sport," and the owner of the voice, dressed in the every-where-to-be-met-with grey "homespun," with a brilliant scarlet flannel shirt, and straw hat, rolls out of the door, and sets to work, without loss of

time, to unharness my horse, whose wants having been attended to, we proceed to fortify ourselves with the breakfast prepared for us by the "old woman," who had not seen "a strange face for three months, and better." This breakfast consists of the perpetual ham and eggs, with hot bread and cold bread of more varieties than I feel equal at this present moment to describing. Half-past six o'clock sees us loaded with fishing-tackle, food, kettle, &c., which miscellaneous collection of baggage has been divided between us—Jack taking, I must confess, the lion's share—on our way to the first day's fishing-ground, some five miles from our halting-place. For about three miles we follow a "track," that is to say, a sign to the regular woodsman that somebody has been there before him,—nothing like our English notions of a path. Then we come on a little opening among the trees, and a half-ruined "lumberman's" hut. Here we strike off into the regular untracked "bush," and while we are scrambling along, loads and all, through the entangled underwood, let me say something of our guide "Jack." He probably had a surname, but the *nom de guerre* by which he was known answered all our purposes so well, that we never thought of inquiring farther. His grandfather was an old soldier, discharged after "the war of independence" with a grant of land—the same spot we have already seen; and Jack, in addition to tolerably successful farming, was well known as a guide to every one whose inclination led him in that direction to try the perils of moose-hunting in winter, or the milder, but hardly less exciting, sport of salmon or trout-fishing in summer. His square, strong form, dark face, and clear, sharp, blue eyes, make him in appearance a good type of his class. At last, here we are at the end of our journey, at least, here we may begin to think of sport. I will try to give some idea of the place we find ourselves in; but, as I could not even flatter myself that the sketches I proceeded to take do it justice, I cannot expect to succeed better in writing. First of all, we are in the perfect solitude of the bush, a silence which "may be felt," its effect is not lessened by the sound, at intervals, of our own voices. Above us the magnificent forest trees are almost hiding the blue sky, and only allowing flecks of bright light, here and there, to penetrate to the mass of interlaced boughs, and shrubs, and foliage underneath. Before us is a stream, varying from ten to twenty yards in breadth, rushing down the slight slope here in rapids, with rocks rising in all directions above the water; and there in a regular fall of eight or ten feet. From the point we are now at, we are to fish up the stream, a little distance to a pool, where there is a chance of our finding a salmon or two—trout being the primary object of our expedition.

Up the stream we go, wading, scrambling, slipping off rocks, catching flies and line in the boughs, which effectually prevent any but the most crafty kind of "cast;" but all this time catching trout, weighing from half a-pound to three times that weight, which we do not bother ourselves with carrying, but string together on thin sticks, and leave on rocks till we return again.

"What in the world!" shouts V., perched on a bough over a fall, to me, "are these mysterious beasts which swarm round my fly and won't touch it?"

I know they are fish, common enough in these waters, but whose name I have forgotten at the moment,—like trout in size and shape, but of a paler colour, which won't be caught. The most satisfactory part of the affair being, that they are worth nothing when they are caught.

Here is our pool, dull and still, with swamp on two sides. Here I put on the "gaudiest" fly of my collection, and try for a salmon. After waiting till V.'s patience is tried, I hook one, and thanks to Jack—whose part in the performances generally, by the bye, consists in carrying a business-like landing net, and finding us in conversation and advice on various subjects—I land him safely. However, we leave the rest of his tribe, if there are any in the pool, undisturbed, and proceed down the stream again. As the heat of the day comes on, we take up a position on a large shaded rock in the middle of the stream, and attack some cold meat and bread, which we wash down with large draughts of the water running beside us; then light our pipes, and enjoy the most delicious *otium sine dignitate*. I leave the two reposing, and wander off with my sketch-book, but the mosquitos and "black flies" take advantage of my hands being employed to attack me most vigorously, and soon succeed in "drawing blood." I try what can be done with the blue veil I have provided myself with; but my unfeminine eyes are unable to penetrate successfully through its maziness, so I return in despair to the rocks, use my hands in keeping off the mosquitos, and wait patiently till we start for our evening's fishing. At eight o'clock we leave off, having slaughtered, with two rods, nine and a-half dozen trout of all sizes, from three pounds and a-half downwards; horrible to relate, though, we leave two-thirds of them on different rocks, for we can't eat them *all*, and we must only pack the very freshest of our last day's fish to take home with us.

Now, then, for supper and bed. We must fix our camp before we eat, and here is the very place—in a "fork" made by a small stream—where several young firs growing in a sort of circle, make an apology for a roof with their branches. Now for half-an-hour's work with our knives and axes to cut away the boughs, and to make a thick mattrass of small spruce branches for our bed, as well as to get logs for our fire. Out come thousands of fireflies as it grows darker, as if they mean to help us, but soon we shall have fire enough.

There—we have wood enough now, and while V. and I have been chopping, Jack has been collecting an armful of that white, glossy birch-bark which helps to make fire, light, wigwams, and canoes for the Indian. We build our fire in the most open corner of our camp (of which, by the bye, it is to occupy about half), and put a pile of logs close at hand to keep it up during the night. We have got the fire into a good blaze, and now for the cooking. We make a division of labour; Jack splits some sticks, plants one end in the ground close to the fire, divides fish—one for each stick—down the middle of the

back, fastens the fish so divided in the fork of the split stick, and superintends the dressing, while V. and I arrange a tripod, and hang thereupon a big black kettle, with our tea in it, to boil (the luxury of tea-pots is unknown in the bush). Our supper to-night, with our tea in tin mugs, bread, some butter from Jack's, and the trout, is by no means to be despised. I am sure no one can appreciate trout properly who has not eaten them, cooked *bush fashion*, just after he has himself caught them. After supper comes the "calumet of peace," half an hour's talk, and then to bed, rolling ourselves up, just as we are, in our wrappers, and lying down on our spruce branches—feet to the blaze—with the lullaby of the stream and the fire, we soon drop off into sound sleep. Whoever wakes up in the night throws a log or two on the fire, but I am bound to say that Jack took more than his fair share of fire-replenishing, or we should never have found it, as we did, blazing at four the next morning. Soon after four o'clock we unwind ourselves from our wrappers, Jack takes the greater part of our "heavy baggage" and proceeds to a place about a mile down the stream, where he is to get our breakfast ready, while we fish down till we meet him, which we do accordingly in about an hour and a-half. To-day's proceedings are much like yesterday's, we fish, eat, rest, and smoke after the same fashion; we don't catch any salmon, and when we find ourselves at the debouching point of the stream into the lake I mentioned before, being the place where we are to camp to-night, our number of trout for the day turns out to be almost twelve dozen. Of course we have not brought half of them with us, but we have marked down the number in pencil at each point we stopped at. Close to the lake we fixed our camp to-night. Out sparkle the fire-flies, appearing one by one like the stars, and the broad surface of the lake fades away into darkness. We "turn in" about ten o'clock, with much the same shelter as last night. After I have been asleep some time I am roused—something falls on me; it must be a twig from the tree; I turn round, take an extra fold in my wrapper; again and again something falls. I open my eyes and see Jack crawling to put a log on the fire.

"What is the night like, Jack?"

"Don't you feel the rain, sir?" says Jack.

"Indeed I do," by this time, as the drops which came through our slender roof begin to hiss on the burning wood. Well, there is no help for it, for Jack says, "it is only midnight," and we *must* have our sleep. So down goes my head again,—the hissing becomes more constant. I just recollect a slightly damp feeling about the legs, a distinct dream that I am at Chiswick, and have had to take refuge from a shower in a tent which is not large enough to hold me, and nothing more do I remember till I woke at three o'clock—rain still pouring, and everything belonging to me drenched.

Jack and I get up. I shake V., whose sleep having been of the profoundest, it is excessively amusing to see him awaking at the same time to consciousness and a drenching. No more fishing this morning, though we were to have coasted along the lake before going back to Jack's, and starting for civilised life again. With a crust of damp bread, by way of breakfast, we pack up our traps and our fish and start for a four mile tramp through the bush to Jack's. Those who have tried, as well as those who have *not*, a walk under the same circumstances, will easily believe that walking through thick, wet, bush, with from sixty to seventy pounds avoirdupois hanging to one's back, as well as at least half that weight of drenched clothes clinging to one's limbs, is not altogether pleasant. However, in due time we come to Jack's, sit wrapped up in all the available blankets of the establishment till our clothes have finished pouring out their clouds of vapour before the fire, and do full justice, blankets and all, to one of "Mrs. Jack's" best breakfasts. This done, we start for "home," providently securing the assistance of Jack and his eldest son, till we have crossed our enemy, the venerable trunk prostrate across the road. We leave Jack, having bestowed on him the not very extravagant sum of ten dollars, as full, and more than full, discharge of all demands, as well as more fish than they want, and arrive at the door we started from some sixty hours before, having succeeded by this time in getting drenched again. We bring with us a large stock of that glorious *fresh* feeling which ever so slight a taste of bush-life gives, and some wonder why so few fishing men in England find their way to the splendid rivers and lakes of North America, and fish enough to live on for weeks (if they would but keep) for the especial gratification of those of our friends who care for such luxuries as trout.

JAGER.

OUR PETS. By S. S. (Concluded from p. 58.)

My interest in the taming of strange creatures being widely known, I received various contributions from a distance, and once had the pleasure of learning that a tame snake awaited my acceptance, whenever I would go to claim it. Soon afterwards I travelled in the direction of this promised treasure with two friends, who accompanied me in a chaise. One of these friends, a lady, very naturally expressed her horror at the prospect of such a companion; but I assured her it was so completely secured in a strong wire cage, that it was impossible it should escape. It was of course one of the harmless kind, but this seemed to make little difference. A snake was a snake to her; and as we travelled along, with the cage at the bottom of the carriage, I saw my friend sometimes lift up her feet with a shudder of disgust, while her expressive face looked unutterable reproaches at me. I confess I felt rather shocked myself; but I endeavoured to reassure my friend, by continued protestations, that her fears were groundless, for that any escape of the enemy was out of the question. In this manner we travelled until arriving at a hospitable dwelling where we were to spend the night on our way home. After my friend had alighted, I took out the cage with great care, and conveyed it into the house. But what was my consternation, when, on looking for the snake, I discovered that the cage was empty, and the door open, most likely unfastened by the shaking of the journey. I ran back to the carriage; there, at the bottom, was the snake; and my friend had the satisfaction of thinking, that, during the whole journey, this creature had been coiling at its pleasure about her feet. A warm womanly friendship will bear a good deal; but my friend was accustomed to say she thought hers had been rather too severely tried.

This snake was a member of our household for many months, but I do not think it ever afforded me much pleasure; and sometimes I must confess that its creeping, coiling motion caused me an involuntary shudder. It was very tame, would hang on my arm, and exhibited no inclination to leave me; only sometimes, when the sun shone upon it, I observed such an accession of apparent life and animation, with such quick darting movements, that I saw it would escape; as indeed it did at last, without leaving me anything to regret. Indeed the manner in which it was necessary to feed the snake was so revolting, that having seen it once, and only once by accident, I determined from that time that the snake should be at liberty to depart whenever it chose. It never ate what had been killed, though I tried it with all sorts of insects, mice, &c. Our people used to put a small frog into the cage, shutting both up together. In the case which came under my own eye, the little

frog was sitting upon the snake with every appearance of contentment, and had been sitting there some time; when, suddenly, with one sweep of the neck as rapid as lightning, the snake snapped up its living victim, and swallowed it before I had time to avert my eyes. This was quite enough. I had the cage placed in the garden, with the door always open, and after a few days the snake disappeared.

A far more agreeable pet than the snake, though still one at which some persons pretended to shudder, was a tame weazel, which succeeded in making friends with the whole family. I had no idea that such a thing could be tamed, at least made *so* tame. It was very young, and half-dead when brought to me, scarcely so large as a walnut when coiled up. I fed it with milk from a quill, and as soon as I considered it old enough to take care of itself, I took it into a grass field, where I thought it would be safe from harm, and where I had no doubt it would be delighted to be set free. Instead of this, I found the little creature perfectly terrified, and so anxious not to be left, that it pursued my retreating feet with the most piteous cries. The idea had never occurred to me that I could myself be an object of affection to this small animal; yet true it was, my careful nursing had produced the effect of rendering it unwilling to be deserted by me; and from that time we entered into a mutually understood engagement to be all to each other that a weazel and a human being could be. For some days afterwards I repeated the experiment, merely to test the reality of my little friend's attachment, and always with the same result. It had no sense of safety but with me, and no wish to be elsewhere; so I prepared for its accommodation as an inmate of the family, and it soon became an universal favourite.

Remembering what all the weazel tribe can be when assailed or injured, some persons would be disgusted at the idea of such a household guest. But it should be borne in mind, that the means of defence which nature has given to these animals, and which renders them so offensive when worried by dogs, or otherwise wounded, has nothing whatever to do with their quiescent condition; so that, if kindly treated, and made healthy and happy, the weazel is as cleanly and delicate an animal as the squirrel, or any other of our accustomed pets. I think mine was more so; for never was a speck to be seen on its snow-white breast, nor was its soft silky coat ever ruffled.

I soon found that my weazel was not only an affectionate, but most amusing companion, its gambols rapid and graceful in the extreme. Like other favourites, it was addicted to taking liberties, and if I was busy and would not play, nothing was left untried to attract my attention. Summersets were performed upon the table where I was writing, the end of my pen and even my nose were bitten; and not until the rapid little feet, dipped in ink, had made stars all over my paper, and I was compelled to enforce a retreat, would my companion cease from its antics. It would be impossible to describe the beauty and the grace of this little creature while performing its varied evolutions, or the rapidity with which it would dart from one part of the room to another, always most animated in the dusk of the evening, or, as I fancied, when moonlight shone into the room; yet all the while so timid, that if a stranger entered it was still in a moment, perhaps curled up like a ball in some fold of my dress, or hiding in its accustomed place of safety, the hollow of my hand. This was its habit, too, when tired with play; and not unfrequently when I rested on the sofa, it would roll itself into a flattened ball immediately under my cheek. It was always most timid out of doors, and would manage to follow me, usually with an appearance of distress, even when I walked about the garden amongst grass and shrubs, which I supposed might have concealed me from its view. Nor was it to myself alone that this little creature showed attachment. All the family shared in its affection; even with children it was docile, playful, and perfectly harmless; but, as already said, if a strange gentleman or lady entered the parlour, even in its gayest moments, it was gone in an instant into some hiding-place where it was not always easily found.

After many months of this pleasant intercourse, I had occasion to make a journey to a distant part of the country, and decided upon taking my weazel with me. We travelled in a chaise, and the little creature was so annoyed at its confinement in a box, as well as at the constant motion, that it spent the greatest part of the time in a most disgraceful state of raving passion, screaming and tearing at the bars which held it in as well as gave space for air. In this condition of things, I must confess that the box which I had done my best to render airy and comfortable, was far from resembling a bed of violets. I shall never forget the effect it produced upon the countenance of the head-waiter at one of those old-fashioned, well-appointed inns where we stopped one day to dine. With the utmost politeness he had ushered us into the house. With equal politeness he was fetching in the articles we had left in the carriage, the weazel amongst the rest. It was screaming and tearing with passion just under the nose of this solemn-looking waiter, whose face, that seemed as if it had never smiled, wore an expression of such ineffable disgust, that I was obliged to turn away, quite unable even to apologise for the behaviour of my little companion.

This was a fatal journey to my poor weazel, so far at least as our intercourse was concerned. The house to which it was transferred was situated in a town, with a garden protected by high walls. Alarmed at the sight of so many strange people and things, the weazel became more wild, and one day disappeared never to return. We supposed it had run up the garden wall, and, becoming frightened, had escaped on the opposite side.

After this I tried the taming of more than one animal of the same species, but never with the same results. I found them all very different from my first pet, in character and disposition. One I succeeded in taming, but it seldom played, and afforded but little entertainment. Another caused me such serious alarm, that I never made the experiment with a weazel again. I had had it some time, and supposed it to be quite harmless;

indeed I had never seen in any of them the least tendency to be otherwise; when one day I was amusing myself with it in company with a child about seven years of age. It was running about her hands and arms, and had climbed to her shoulder, when in an instant it seized her neck about the place of the jugular vein, with a look and action so full of ferocity that I was only too glad to be on the spot to rescue the child; and from that moment determined to have nothing more to do with weazels as domestic companions.

Amongst those pets which were more agreeable to us than to our friends, I fear I must class my raven. In their mischief-loving propensities the raven and the jackdaw bear a strong resemblance to each other; but there is an aspect of grave and venerable dignity about the former which renders him infinitely more amusing when he stoops to be jocose. I have been told by a naturalist, that, next to the tortoise, the raven lives to the greatest age of any of the lower animals, not unfrequently attaining the dignity of seventy or eighty years. He always looks old, and his very voice sounds as if it had grown deep and hoarse with long usage amongst the winds and storms that beat about old church towers, or roar through unfrequented forests. My raven was a very social bird, fond of human fellowship, and by no means of a morose or melancholy turn of mind. Indeed he was a little too much on the alert, and too fond of meddling with other people's business. As, for instance, when he watched the introduction to a new plantation about the house of a large collection of rare and valuable shrubs, which he saw put into the ground with the greatest care, and then, as soon as the workmen had retired, tore off and destroyed every label so effectually that the names of the plants were never known. Or when he watched with his curious eyes, peeping sideways, any operation in the yard requiring tools of greater nicety than usual, and, unobserved by the workmen, flew away with the very implements which they most wanted and were least able to replace. The extraordinary impudence with which he would reply to any such imputation brought against him, with a nod of the head, and a hoarse croak that seemed to say, "I know all about it, but I am not going to tell you," was the cause of many a strange missile being hurled at the thief, for to catch him on such occasions was impossible. He could evade as well as defy; and when he took the latter course, he always perched himself in some inaccessible place, from which he looked down with such an air of personal insult, that it was impossible not to desire to pursue him with summary vengeance.

My raven was master of a few words, and only a few, but these he managed to use with considerable appropriateness. He was no Cockney, nor yet too well bred to speak in the dialect of his native country. Thus, his accustomed rejoinder, "What's matther wi' ye?" uttered in a guttural tone, was well understood by his associates of the yard and the stable, and sometimes it came with curious effect after he had bobbed his head to avoid a broom or a stick thrown at him, and then turned and looked his assailant in the face. I do not know that his need for verbal expression ever reached a much higher pitch than this. All great occasions were wont to call it forth; and once, as he stood on the roof of a low building, he was heard, after an unusually loud peal of thunder, to say, with peculiar emphasis, "What's matther wi' ye!" In fact, he was a remarkable illustration of how much may be made of a few words well applied, and of a few sounds, too; for when in high good humour he had a habit of whispering in one's ear in a manner so droll, that I was quite sure he had something funny to say, though I failed to catch the idea. Sometimes I interpreted this curious whispering sound into an expression of tenderness, because it was generally accompanied by a gentle nibbling of the bill about my face, which, I must confess, required a considerable amount of faith to sustain without flinching, seeing what that huge bill *could* do, and knowing how easily it might have twitched out one of my eyes, had such been the whim of the moment.

The precision with which this powerful instrument could be made to take effect, was no small addition to the terror which our raven was accustomed to inspire, particularly amongst that class of individuals who do not look well to their heels. He had a quick, piercing eye, and could detect the smallest hole in a stocking. At such a hole the point of his bill would be aimed with a stroke so sudden and so sure, that a piece of flesh twitched out was the usual result, accompanied by execrations against the bird, who cared no more than if you had sung him a song: indeed, I don't think he ever did care except for one or two things, and in these we had our triumph.

One of these resulted from a propensity which came upon him every spring to build a nest. He knew no more about the art of building than if he had had four feet instead of two, and had worn hair instead of feathers; but always about the same time of the year he became very mysterious, and very much occupied with some business of his own. He was observed to collect sticks, and resorted much to the under framework of an open thatched roof which protected a shed. Here, in fact, he slept at all seasons of the year, and the place might be called his "residence." Here, then, he brought his sticks, impelled most probably by a dim vision that something more than usually domestic was to be done. But the sticks, though collected in large quantities, were laid about in all directions, without the least approach to compactness or form. I believe he was himself aware of the bad job he was making of it, for nothing could vex him more than for us to go and look at his nest; so of course we went accordingly. He evidently knew it was wrong, but did not know how to make it right; and when we approached the place he was both angry and embarrassed, exhibiting every appearance of being exceedingly ashamed of what he was about. Perhaps the building partner was wanting in the concern, and so the nest-making never advanced beyond the mere collecting of raw material. (See p. 89.)

Another trouble to the raven, and one which effectually brought down his defiant spirit, arose out of the attacks to which he was subject from

wild birds of his own species. It is strange how tame birds excite the animosity of wild ones of their own tribe. It would seem almost as if they were considered false to their clan, or traitors to their family, in having gone over to the stronger party. Our raven never cared what man could do to him; but when he was pounced upon by a wild raven, his terror and excitement were extreme. This was more frequently the case than would have seemed likely, considering the scarcity of these birds. They generally came singly; but one morning we were alarmed by a terrible commotion in the yard, and learned afterwards that no fewer than six ravens had attacked our poor bird. He looked very small all the rest of the day, kept his feathers tight about him, and quite forgot to say, "What's matther wi' ye!"

If our raven did not die the death of a hero, his last end was still strangely characteristic of his life, though very mournful to relate. For a long course of misdeeds, retribution came at length. An old barn-door cock, an unusually large bird, who had persecuted him for some time, one day, seizing him unawares, so blinded and mangled poor Ralf that he was unable to defend himself; and when at last borne away by his ruthless enemy, was heard muttering, with more than wonted pathos, "What's matther wi' ye!"

The funeral of the raven was conducted with much solemnity, a clergyman then on a visit to our family being requested to officiate. He was interred amongst the old trees of a rookery, a large company of juvenile mourners attended, and many tears were shed around his grave.

LIFE IN A FRENCH KITCHEN. By C.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT this time last year, I had several reasons for spending a winter abroad, not the least of which was economy.

The question was, "Where shall I eat husks?"

The answer was, some cheerful place where there was something to be seen, and where amusement, and perhaps everything beyond bed, board, and washing, might be had for nothing. This was required by my finances—and so I chose Paris.

I had turned over in my mind all the English haunts on the Continent, but none of them were very attractive to my John Bull ideas; for, though I had travelled a good deal as a soldier, I had not as yet set foot on the Continent. Some of the haunts were too far off. In some there was nothing whatever to do; in others nothing whatever to see; and in not a few neither the one nor the other—two great drawbacks for an idler. It is very tantalising to have to look on at the best of games; but a man must look on when he cannot afford to play. This was my fate.

Brussels would have attracted me, for, by all accounts, it is a nice clean town, not very expensive, and the brave Belgians are not more *un-English* than the usual run of foreigners. But there were at that time two or three very agreeable English families of my acquaintance residing in the place, and this turned me against Brussels. They would not have been glad to see me, nor I them.

And so I chose Paris, apparently not a good choice for a man bent on economy; but I heard that Paris was like London in one respect—a man could live as he liked in either place, and have no question asked as to the how and the where. Let a bachelor keep out of the Rue St. Honoré, and mount five pair of stairs instead of two, and he may live in Paris as cheap as he chooses. At any rate, I would try Paris, and if it was too expensive, I could always retreat, shut myself up in Dieppe, or some other place on the coast, and stand a siege as long as the supplies lasted.

So one morning I packed up my things, and was in Paris the same evening. I was driven to an hotel recommended to me by an Englishman during the passage in the steamer; but as the worst room in the house was three francs and a half a day, without attendance, I started off the following morning in search of a lodging more suited to my finances. I had the choice of either living in a room in an hotel, which in France—and I am speaking more particularly of hotels for the French,—is nothing more than a large lodging-house, with the privilege of dining in the house or not; or I might take an *apartement*, which is a suite of rooms with a kitchen, furnished and let by the week or month, or unfurnished and let by the term. This was rather more than required; and besides, the next term being in January, I could not enter at once as I wished. After trailing through half Paris on foot, wheels being out of the question, it was evident that I should be driven to an hotel at last. And even here it was difficult to find anything suiting at once my needs and my means: most of the rooms that fitted the latter were wretched dens at the top of the house; some were quite among the tiles, and, though airy, were far from clean. On the same landing with, and next door to not a few, there were odd-looking women, with large ragged families. Up to this time I had laboured under the impression that a Frenchwoman managed not to have more than three children, but this is a mistake *au cinquième*. At the end of a week I was still in the room at three francs and a half a day, and on the point of commencing a retreat to the coast, when in one of my expeditions in search of a home, I entered into conversation with a gentlemanly-looking person in a cocked hat, long blue cloak, and sword. The lady who became my landlady said that it was *le bon Dieu* that sent me to her hotel; but I found out shortly afterwards that the gentlemanly-looking person was a policeman. He informed me that there was an excellent hotel in the Rue des Mathurins, kept by a friend of his who had been three years in England, and who spoke English; and at that hotel I should find every comfort. "The English spoken" was not a great recommendation, though the comfort of hearing one's language spoken in foreign lands may not actually appear in the bill, it always puts forty per cent. on every other item.

However, I went to the address, and found the Hôtel d'Ici Bas a respectable-looking house. The landlord spoke English, certainly, but broken into very little pieces, and Madame was well-dressed

woman of thirty-eight, of great ambition, and the most elegant manners.

The house itself had good pretensions—but there was a cooper on one side, and a chaudronnier on the other, who kept down the prices in the Hôtel d'Ici Bas.

"They will not be heard *au quatrième*,"—and up I went. I made an agreement at once for a room at forty-five francs a month, including attendance—no extras except wood and candles; no table d'hôte, and I might dine where I liked.

The first introduction of a cleanly Englishman to French habits does not produce a pleasant feeling of surprise; and on the subject of the comforts of a bed-room, the French and English have scarcely an idea in common.

Let me describe my room; and before doing so, let me premise, that although the room in the *étages* below me are more showily furnished than mine *au quatrième*, the style and number of pieces of furniture are precisely the same. The Hôtel d'Ici Bas is thoroughly French. During the whole time I was in it, the only English people that came to the house were a gentleman and his wife, lately married, who had never been abroad before, arrived late one night, and departed as soon next morning as they could get their bill. They were not driven away by either the cooper or the chaudronnier.

My room, No. 14, is small, but well proportioned, with a gay paper and two windows, the curtains of which are of white muslin and rather faded blue damask. On the chimney-piece, and under a glass case, there is a gilt clock with the figure of French Fame blowing a trumpet—probably her own—and distributing leaves of laurel to several young men. The clock is not more correct than the lady blowing the trumpet. It strikes two at half-past eleven, which is rather a comfort on retiring early—and fifteen at six in the morning, which is rather a bore—but much cannot be expected for forty-five francs a month. Also on the chimney-piece there are a pair of imitation Sèvres vases, and a pair of bronze candlesticks—Cupids holding torches. Behind the clock there is a large pier-glass, which gives my face a distorted look whenever I try to shave in it. There is an uncomfortable easy chair in blue damask; a chest of drawers of inlaid wood, with a turn-down sécrétaire; and a table with a leather top embossed with gold: all this for forty-five francs a month. But here my comforts end. I am six feet high, and the bed, with figured muslin curtains, is but five feet ten inches long. My basin is a large saucer. The milk jug of an English farm-house holds more than my water jug. The floor is of red glazed octagon tiles. The carpet is two feet square, and there is not a foot-tub in the house. On my second morning in the hotel, where I lived for the first week, I asked for a foot-bath, but as my French was only moderate, the chamber-maid, who in France is usually a man, was some time before he could understand me; and then he would not believe me, for the weather was bitterly cold. An incredulous smile covered his face when it was made clear to him that the tub was to be filled with cold water.

"The blood of Monsieur would rush to his head."

After waiting about an hour, and evidently disturbing some household arrangement, a tub was brought, containing a very small quantity of cold water. It was made of zinc, about fourteen inches high, eight broad at the bottom, and ten at the top, in shape like a section of a conic chimney-pot, but upside down. It answered the purpose pretty well—one foot at a time, and the rest was left to Providence. A suspicion crossed me at the time that this was not its usual purpose; but I should have left the hotel without knowing what that usual purpose was, if I had not one day, on leaving the table d'hôte, peeped behind a screen in the *salle à manger*, and there seen a garçon washing knives and forks, dishes, and plates in my *bain de pied*.

My curiosity cost me twelve francs; for, on leaving the hotel I purchased a zinc chimney-pot of my own. Whatever love the French may have for bathing in hot weather—and they tell me it is quite a mania—all I can say is, that during my week in that hotel of forty-eight beds, the chimney-pot was never engaged when I wanted it. Indeed, it was always in my room, except at dinner-time.

I do not mean to say that this description of my room in the hotel of Monsieur Blot represents what a visitor will get in the Grand Hôtel du Louvre; but here I am paying forty-five francs a month, and there he will pay one hundred and fifty at the lowest. He will have more carpet and gilding, and larger pier-glasses, that is all,—the style is the same; and though there may be foot-baths in the house, he will have to pay a franc or two each day for the use of them.

There is one all-sufficient reason why the French use as little water in their houses as they can avoid. It is paid for by the bucket.

The system of *égouts*, or drains for supplying water to cleanse the streets, to fill fire-engines, and to carry off the rain-water is complete; but every drop of water for household purposes is brought to the door in butts, and retailed by the water-carriers, who are a powerful corporation, numbering ten thousand, with whose privileges no government, since water-works were invented, has been strong enough to interfere.

The Emperor is strong, and called absolute; but he has many masters, not the least of whom is the water-carrier of Paris.

Nothing could be easier than to supply Paris with water to the very attics, for the Seine has a greater fall than the Thames at Richmond Bridge; but every attempt to introduce water-works is opposed by the water-carriers, who will not allow water to be taken from the fountains in greater quantities than in bucketfuls, except by themselves, and it is a hazardous thing for a touch-and-go dynasty to throw ten thousand able-bodied men out of employment.

Hence it is, that though the water is as good, if not better, than in any other capital in Europe, yet it answers one of the never-failing requirements of monopoly by being exceedingly dear; and hence it was, that when at last the chamber-man brought me a foot-tub, it contained only a little more water than would have been required to boil an egg.

On the subject of domestic comfort, especially in their bed-rooms and staircases, the French have a great deal to learn;—on many points, in and out of doors, in which we are very scrupulous, they are not civilised, and at first they are quite startling.

* * * * *

There is no table d'hôte in the Hôtel d'Ici Bas, and the *locataires* dine where they like. I thought, at first, of living at a pension or boarding-house where everything is found,—bed, board, wines, and attendance—at prices varying from one hundred and fifty francs a month and upwards. But I could not face being obliged to dine for thirty days in succession with anybody, let alone people that I might not like, and it was not human nature—not my nature at any rate—to feel myself bound to dine anywhere for a month, and not long to dine somewhere else.

A dinner at a table d'hôte, even at the best hotels, is a tedious business, and to me not a very pleasing process. It generally struck me that the dinner would be more agreeable, if the dishes were a third less in number, of a little better quality, and not quite so cold. Besides there are few tables d'hôte at less than three francs, without attendance or wine, which last a guest is expected to drink for the good of the house.

This was more than I could afford, so there was nothing left for me but the Restaurants, establishments in which the French can give lessons to all nations. They are suited to all purses, and I can pay them the compliment of saying, that even when dining where the regular price for dinner was as little as two francs, I never received anything but the greatest civility, or saw anything but the utmost decorum.

Once or twice I found myself in the company of some young ladies who were rather gaily dressed, and had their hair parted on one side; but if they really were not ladies, they behaved as such in my presence, and their mode of life at home was the business of their parents and guardians, and not mine.

Sometimes even with my cosmopolitan palate —(and the best of everything is good enough for me),—I did not quite like the dishes, and the meat was not always of the best quality—(English beef and mutton rather spoil a fellow for the Continent),—yet a dish was seldom put before me at a Restaurant that was not well cooked, and delicately seasoned.

If a man has a delicate palate and knows how to order a dinner; if he has a stomach perhaps a little on the wane; if he wishes to leave the table without the feeling of being loaded, but with an inclination to dance, he ought to live in Paris.

The soups on the *carte* at a Restaurant may sometimes taste rather vapid, but they are never hot with pepper, nor do they taste as if they were made of glue and water, as one often finds in England. The French poultry is the best in the world; no game can excel a capon, or a well fed *poularde*. The veal is good—not so white as ours, for it is not killed till three or four months old, and then not bled to death. Above all, the puddings, the dishes made of sugar and cream, and everything in the shape of pastry, are delicious.

But there are some things to be avoided, and *Rosbif* is one of them. As soon as the garçon sees a customer is an Englishman (and we are easy to identify), he takes rather a wicked pleasure in asking him to take Rosbif: but avoid it. A French ox has generally seen long service in the plough before being sent to the butcher.

From this circumstance, and the want of good pasture, which does not exist in France, and also from the fact that meat is never kept for more than three or four days, even in winter, and then it is baked instead of being roasted, in consequence of the expense of fuel, I may be believed in saying that the beef is literally as hard as a board.

Young France, who delights in extremes, has lately taken it into his head that underdone meat makes muscle, and tends to the development of the biceps. At present he is dining at the English Restaurants, where there is beef cooked to suit his fancy. He asks for it *saignant*, and it is scarcely cooked at all.

Also avoid the *vin ordinaire*, particularly where the dinner is so many francs, "wine included." Great efforts are made by Government to prevent adulterations in wine and other articles of consumption, but the manufacturers are too clever, and it is known that most of the *vin ordinaire* is made in Paris, and is not wine at all.

For the first month of my stay in Paris I dined at the different Restaurants, and probably would have continued to do so, if I had not for a few days felt rather unwell. Not wishing to leave the house, for the weather was as cold and bitter and changeable as it only can be in Paris, when it chooses, I asked Madame Blot if she would let me have some dinner in the hotel. I had noticed savoury smells at six o'clock, at which hour two or three of the guests dined with Blot and Madame.

"Would Monsieur dine with them in the kitchen?"

I did so, and never afterwards dined anywhere else, except on great occasions, or when I got my dinner for nothing. Madame did not leave the house more than twice during the winter. She took up her position early in the morning behind the counter, in a room about fourteen feet square, on the right of the entrance door. Here she sat from morning to night, with her feet on a *chaufferette* (a footstool containing a handful of live coals or charcoal), plying her needle at an endless border, which will be finished when Sisyphus has done with his rolling-stone. A glass door opened into the bedroom of Madame. This, in the daytime was nothing more than a passage to the kitchen, which was quite at the back. Here we dined, and dined well.

There was always either a *soupe au gras*, that is, with a gravy foundation, and containing vegetables, such as carrots or peas, or a *soupe au maigre*, which for simplicity and delicacy would have been a lesson to any English cook, plain or otherwise, that ever upset a pepper pot into a soup tureen. Then there came a small joint of mutton or veal, (what odd joints a French butcher does cut!), or a *poulet*; then an *entrée*, followed by a *purée* of peas or spinach, served by itself, and a salad of beet-root and *Mars* (query the spelling), which is

a winter green something like water-cresses, but which I never saw in England. There was as much light Bordeaux as we chose, a dessert, a cup of strong coffee, with the invariable *petit verre* as a finish.

These dinners had many charms in my eyes. They were served well, by Blot himself, and of course hot, for we were dining in the kitchen. Everything was probably inexpensive, but it was undeniably good. The bread was like a cake.

The Blots may not have made much profit by us, but our dining in the kitchen enabled them to have a better dinner than they otherwise would have had. Madame eats little, but she is a delicate feeder, and she and I perfectly agree on one point—we both love a change dearly. The same dish never appears twice in the same week, except by particular desire.

Women are very observing. Madame probably saw, from my habits of life, that my finances were not very flourishing; and when she gave me my bill at the end of the month, I was almost ashamed to pay it. There were several things to be learned in the kitchen. I saw how Blot made a *potage au gras* and a *maigre*, a *purée* of vegetables, a *vol au vent*, and above all a salad. I also learned how, with a handful of coals or charcoal, and a *fourneau* or range forty inches long and thirty-four wide, a dinner could be served hot and fresh for a party of eight. The fuel consumed in this kitchen in a year would not keep going the kitchen of an hotel of the same size in England for one week.

CHAPTER II. OUR COMPANY IN THE KITCHEN.

THERE is a theory that the science of French cookery is a necessity consequent on the hardness of the beef and mutton, without which science no human stomach could digest them, and there would be an end to the population.

I have also a theory that the taste in dress displayed by a Frenchwoman, is a talent given to her by Providence to compensate for her ugliness, a talent without which she could not induce the male to marry her, and there would be an end to the population.

A Frenchwoman is the ugliest female of the human species. An African negress, with her flat nose and thick lips, is not very attractive; but her ugliness has a national type, and cases are known in which a European, after twenty years on the West Coast of Africa, and seeing nothing else to make him discontented, has become reconciled to her, as we do after a time to nearly everything else in the world, and as I did to the cooper on one side and to the chaudronnier on the other. But each individual Frenchwoman has an ugliness of her own, whether it be the ugliness of a tiger, or of a ferret, or of a monkey, or a combination of all three, in which last case, however, the monkey usually has a slight preponderance.

There is something fearful in the expression of a Frenchwoman of the lower orders when her animal instincts are excited—by jealousy, for instance, or when she is paying money, a severe trial to most faces. Come with me to-morrow to the Halle Centrale, a market for everything, near the church of St. Eustache. We will watch the women haggling and parting with money, and you will be satisfied, as I am, that within a not very long time previous to the historical period, the natives of France were crossed with a monkey. Look at that respectably dressed woman haggling for giblets! her hair comes down the ridge bone between her temple and forehead till it actually joins her eyebrows. This is a certain sign of there having been, some time or other, a monkey among the branches of the family pedigree. Even in a ball-room, where she is all smiles, and is looking all she knows, a Frenchwoman will try—for she is a great general—to divert your attention from her face to her dress; but do not be diverted; look at her features, and you will see nothing but tiger, ferret, and monkey.

Oh, my fair fellow-countrywomen! what a comfort it is for us to think that you can give a Frenchwoman all her petty arts of dress, and still beat her! Yet you might show a little more taste in your choice of colours, for I have had to blush for many of you lately in the Bois de Boulogne.

These remarks are necessary as a preface to an introduction to my landlady.

Dear Madame Blot! you are the kindest and best of women: you were a mother to me when I was in sickness and poverty. But you are plain, even for a Frenchwoman. Yet so neat and tasteful is your poplin dress, so well does that ribbon suit your grey cat's eyes, and your outward cuticle (it cannot be called a complexion), so elegant are your manners, and so charming is your conversation, that it would be an actual intrusion to look at your face.

Like all her race, Madame has a scrubby head of hair—but I will not describe her, for, to tell the truth, I was in the house for a whole winter, and never looked at her face but once, and that once quite by accident in the beginning of spring. I would have left Paris in total ignorance of what she was like, if her parrot (such a parrot! although born in Martinique, it has a much better Parisian accent than either I or the garçon) had not bit her finger one dull day. Parrots are subject to dyspepsia in dull weather. Madame had a weak moment, and did what few women can afford to do—she frowned. I took a side-look at her face, and the illusion was over. We remained good friends, but from that moment to the day of my departure she was *moitié tigre, moitié singe*.

Madame has thirty-eight years, and the beautiful figure of a woman of five-and-twenty—without stays. Her vanity requests me to satisfy myself on this point. A fine foot and ankle, also called to my notice on the plea of her suffering from cold feet. She says she gave way early in life to the use of a *chaufferette*, till at last it is of no use to her.

"Would Monsieur feel her feet?"

The foot and leg *were* cold indeed—cold as marble, and well chiselled marble, too.

I cannot give a very clear account of my landlord, or as Madame calls him, *Mon Blot*, on ordinary occasions, or *mon chéri* when she wants anything. He is about fifty, a thorough Frenchman, with a deal of devilry and *bonhommie*, and a stubble head. He talks freely on most subjects,

except the Emperor, whom he never mentions, and himself only now and then. I asked him several questions, in a careless off-hand manner, about his antecedents, more for civility's sake than anything else, before finding out that the antecedents were delicate ground. And then I became very anxious to know all about him—of course—but I had to guess him, for he was hard to pump.

He was in England from 1848 to 1851, and how he can have been there so long and know so little of the language and everything English, would be unaccountable, if we had not evidence of how completely men can shut eyes and ears when determined not to use them. Instances are known in which emigrés of the first Revolution returned to France on the restoration of the Bourbons, without being able to speak a single word of English. Young France is learning English with a French accent which gives our language a peculiar cadence; but the generation just beginning to pass away, to which Blot belongs, thought French enough to pass a man through the whole world.

It may be taken as a rule that a man never learns the language of a nation that learns his, and *vice versâ*—man never works when another will work for him. Everybody learns French, and a Frenchman seldom, if ever, speaks any language but his own. Nobody learns Russ, and the Russians are the best linguists in the world. Hence it is that a Frenchman is so much discontented when out of his own country. He cannot learn a language if he tries, and he is literally deprived of speech till he gets home again.

When Mon Blot was in England, Madame remained in Paris. He was *en garçon*, and says so, as if he wished to make it appear he had been there for his own pleasure, and had enjoyed himself. I asked a few questions, as it were casually:

"Was he *chef* in a nobleman's family?"

"Oh, non."

"Was he in the suite of the ambassador?"

This question had a wide margin, including every place in the embassy, from valet upwards.

"Oh, non. He was in the country—in the west of Scotland—fishing *à la ligne*—it was rather *triste*."

Fishing! in the west of Scotland with a rod and line! A strange thing for a Frenchman to do.

An idea flashes across me that the years of his absence tally with a revolution, a *coup d'état*, and a general amnesty that took place about that time—so I must ask no more questions. What does his beard say? Nothing, for there is not a bristle to be seen. In countries where there is neither liberty of the press, nor liberty of speech, men endeavour to express political tendencies by their hats and beards. And a very unbecoming way it is of speaking; because, if a man were to say I am an admirer of the Emperor Napoleon, he would not be believed unless he wore a beard à la Billygoat, which is the beard adopted by his Majesty. This is not the most fashionable beard in France, but it is by far the most common, for it is worn by the army to a man, and not only by the whole body of officials of every branch, but also by every one who hopes some day or other to be in the pay of government. The present fashion, however, of wearing the hair is very becoming. It is cut quite short in the nape of the neck, increasing in length to the top of the head; when still short it is divided on one side, and brushed rather back so as to show the temples. With a well shaped head and muscular neck and throat, this cut gives a fellow a very manly appearance. There are, however, in the streets of Paris all sorts of beards, from the full Italian to the clean shave. This last is the pledge of total political abstinence, and is adopted by Mon Blot, who probably on one occasion, to which he does not allude, said as much as will serve him to the next revolution. His tongue may have brought him to grief, but he takes very good care that his beard shall never send him a second time fly-fishing into the west of Scotland.

A young man of the name of Louis Velay dines with us in the kitchen nearly every day. He is about twenty years of age, and has been studying for the last two years to enable him to pass an examination for the Engineers, and the other high branches of military science. He has great versatility of talent, and is pretty well informed without being well read, but he is the most thoroughly conceited French puppy that ever was seen. He says the examinations are very severe, which I believe they are, but he could succeed easily enough if he only gave his mind to the subjects. When he tried to pass, there were eight hundred candidates, and only one hundred appointments vacant. He was unlucky—he was plucked—he means to try again; but he is not very anxious about it, for he now thinks that diplomacy, or *la haute finance* (which is a cross between the business of Baron Rothschild and that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer) will be a better field for his talents. He says this quite seriously.

I was puzzled for a long time how to account for a genius like Louis Velay failing in anything that he undertook, for he lives in the room next to mine, and reads very hard—until I found out that he had the perversity of giving his whole mind, by fits and starts, to subjects not required in his examination. Music, for instance, on which science he talks very learnedly, though he does not sing or play any instrument. The French not being very strong in modern languages, he is only required to take up a little bit of German; but being true to his perversity, he has for the last year and a half devoted three hours a day of his precious time to the study of the English language. He has gone through a regular course of English literature, and is well informed on the merits of our old classics and the poets of the time of Queen Anne. Unfortunately, his professor of English is a Frenchman, and when he quotes Shakspeare, which he delights to do, it might be Molière, for I do not understand a word he says.

There is another, but not a regular, diner in the kitchen, one Alfred Duchêne, a sous-lieutenant in the Cent Gardes. He is six feet high, manly looking, and well made, which is not often the case with the French when above a certain height. Of course he wears a beard *à la bouc*, and shaves his cheeks and part of his temples, by which he would spoil his looks if he were not one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He also tries to

spoil his figure by a struggle with his waist—a universal struggle with French officers of all ages; but he is fond of good things, which in this house he probably has for nothing, and in a few years the waist will have the best of it, and he will require a new cuirass.

Where are your brains, Alfred Duchêne? With your face and figure, skyblue tunic, and jack boots; gold epaulettes and white horse-hair plume from the crest of your helmet to your waist? to be eight-and-twenty, and still a sous-lieutenant—where are your brains? Have you no ambition?

Alfred Duchêne begs to inform me that he cannot pass his examination. After dinner some of our neighbours drop in. There is a good coal fire for Madame's feet, and this is a great attraction, where fuel is sold by the kilogramme.* The first that appears is a Mademoiselle Marguerite—I have not arrived at her surname—a very handsome girl of about twenty, whose mother keeps the small lace shop round the corner. I could not guess for a long time where Marguerite got her regular features, large blue eyes, and good womanly expression, until she told me that she came from Strasbourg, which town, though within the French boundary, is essentially German in population and language—so much so, that when she came to Paris two years ago, she did not speak a word of French. It would not be prudent to ask too many questions about antecedents, for the answers might destroy the sentiment; but I did ask how it was that she was still a demoiselle. She sighed, and said something about being too poor to marry. This is a great fiction among the spinsters of the middling and lower orders. Poverty in France, like the young man's promise in England, is made the excuse not only for being unmarried, but for all the liberties of single life.

But they really are very poor in the lace shop round the corner.

I know beforehand when the lieutenant is coming by the appearance of a diamond ring on Madame's finger, and of some Valenciennes lace, which sees light on these occasions only; not that I think she is any attraction to him now—that is over—but between the revolution and the general amnesty, when the "chéri" was fly-fishing in the west of Scotland, Alfred must have been an exceedingly handsome lad of twenty, and she a smart ambitious woman of thirty; two periods of life between which there are often very strong affinities. She is naturally proud of him, and therefore glad to see him. He comes for the cupboard, and a very good cupboard it is too. Alfred talks in a careless unguarded manner on most subjects, even the Emperor, and particularly the Empress, which is not very wise, for he is one of the Body Guard. He has also some dreadful sentiments about female virtue which appear to shock Madame, and others about religion which really *do* startle Marguerite, whose confidence in Sainte Monica, the guardian saint of her native village, is something quite beautiful.

But Alfred is a good fellow for a Frenchman, and liberal. If he had ten cigars in his case he would divide them with me *en frère*. I like him vastly—he is such a thorough vagabond.

* About 2½ lbs.

After dinner we play *rampse*, a curious game like five-card loo, but at which nobody wins, and the loser puts two or three sous into the pool. A *partie* takes up as much time as a short rubber at whist, and it will be seen that it requires a great deal of attention to enable any one of us to lose half a franc in an evening.

At the end of a week, if the pool has accumulated to ten francs, which it sometimes does when we have been hard at it, we invest the amount in a supper, consisting of a galantine of fowl, a salad, roasted chesnuts, and the dinner wine. Sometimes, in a weak moment, I stand a bowl of rum punch, which is brewed strong for Blot and me, and very sweet to please Madame.

And here my French begins to thaw, and comes down in an avalanche of irregular and reflected verbs. Monsieur Blot also softens and relates an anecdote of *himself* and an English countess; but as he mentions no names or dates, except that it occurred when he was "in English," as he calls it, nobody can contradict him. The lieutenant sings a song of which I do not catch the exact meaning, but the words *jour* and *amour* are heard jingling at the end of the burden. The ladies are delighted, and I applaud when they do. This brings us to about twelve o'clock. The men salute each lady on both sides of the cheek, and we part for the night.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE ROGUE!

WAS sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still sentimental day:
"How I long," said I,
"But to make you cry,
And I'd kiss the bright tears away!"

Fair Cecily blush'd,
Her voice grew hush'd,
I thought she would cry to be sure:
But she lisp'd to me,
Pouting prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!" J. S.

THE PYTHAGOREAN. (A TALE OF THE FIRST CENTURY.)

"Who shall deliver me from *this body of death?*"—ST. PAUL.

"I WOULD, Father Claudius, that thou wouldst come and give the consolation of thy faith to my daughter: she lieth sick of fever, and is ill at ease till thou come."

"Who art thou? I know not thy face as one of my hearers."

"Thou dost not—yet is my daughter one of thy flock. She hath heard thee at the house of Servius the goldsmith, and desireth strongly to see thee now. Come quickly, I pray you, therefore."

"Is thy daughter fair, with azure eyes—her name Virginia?"

"Right, holy father, the same. Thou didst but three sabbaths since bless her in the name of thy God, as thou didst leave the goldsmith's house."

"Virginia! fair!—her eyes! Is she near to death?"

"A few turnings of the glass, and her soul will be in Hades, and the white roses will crown her. Haste thee, good father!"

"I cannot come, alas! I cannot come!" said the old grey-bearded man addressed as Father Claudius. "I cannot come," he added, with increasing vehemence of manner: "No, no! I cannot."

"But, father, she is of thine own; she but lately wished to join thy sect of the Nazarenes, or Christians—I know not what ye are called."

"She was a good child. I do remember her well: and yet I cannot come. I will give thee this tablet for her, let her read it; it will take my place." He took the stylus, and wrote in a waxed tablet some few lines indicative of his own faith, and calculated to restore her confidence in her religion. "Say to her, I send her the blessing of God, the Three in One. Still I cannot go with thee! No, no! I cannot!" And the old man sat down in his seat, exhausted by some internal struggle, while large tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

"Father Claudius," said the man, rendered desperate, "I warn thee, that if thou comest not with me, I will tell to the Church that which thou hast refused to do, and they shall judge betwixt us. What will the child judge of thy high-sounding words of self-denial, seeing it is but eight furlongs hence, and thou wilt not go?"

"I tell thee—Thy name?"

"Fabulus."

"I tell thee, Fabulus, that I would go with thee ten times the length, but for—no, no, I cannot see thy daughter die! Virginia! no, no, not again—I *will* not see her die," he added, with fiercer tones. "Pardon an old man, I meant not anger; still I cannot go. I cannot go. Go in peace with the tablet; hasten, lest her sight grow dim."

"Father Claudius, fare thee well, thou shalt surely hear more of this matter before long."

The old man bowed his head, and murmured, regretfully, "No, I cannot see her die!—not again, not again!"

Some seven days after the departing of Fabulus, there might have been seen moving slowly towards the house of Claudius three persons: one was Fabulus, the others the elders or deacons of the Church meeting at the house of Servius, of which Claudius was the chief minister.

"I tell ye," said Fabulus, "he did refuse."

"How?"

"With seeming regret and reluctance, 'tis true; but he did refuse."

"That is not all," said one of the others, "he doth refuse to partake of our feasts—to eat with us."

"He should give good reason for that which he does, otherwise we shall have reproach amongst the Churches, if not reproof."

They came to the house, and found the old man strangely altered since they had heard him on the intervening sabbath. His eyes were more sunken and bloodshot. The holy calm that had been his

chief characteristic was gone, and in its place a nervous, excited manner painful to witness.

"Welcome, Fabulus: welcome, Hermas and Aquila. Peace be with ye!"

He set before them fruits, drinking cups, and a vase of water.

"We are come," said Hermas, the elder of the deacons, "to inquire of thee why thou differest

[See p. 101.]

from other preachers of Christus of whom we have heard? Thou eatest not with us, neither dost thou visit our sick."

"Tis false! Did not I, when the fierce ungodly mob stoned Lepidus, the slave of the armourer of the River Street,—did not I visit him? Did not these arms support his dying head—these garments wipe from his bleeding mouth the foam of death? Did not these lips speak to him of Christus and the future world; these hands, were they not lifted up to Heaven in prayer for his departing soul?—'tis false—most false. Did I not eat with one—with all of ye—when ye gathered your children at the house of Servius, at the time of fruits? Ye know these things, yet ye say I visit not your sick—I eat not with ye; even now I eat with ye, see——" And the old man seized an apple from the board, and ate eagerly.

"But still, Father Claudius, thou dost not feast with us. Though thou hast ministered unto us these three years, thou hast not once feasted at our houses,—our marriages thou dost not come to, our birth rejoicings know not thy presence, and Fabulus, here, will witness that, but seven days since, he did, with tears, entreat thee to visit his dying daughter, and thou wouldst not. These things are strange, and will bring us reproach amongst the Churches."

"'Tis true!" said the old man, now excited beyond endurance, "tis true! but drive me not away from among ye, for that I will not eat of your feasts nor see your daughters die. Brethren, I have suffered much. Ye know, that when first I came to ye, I told you of my life, how that I could not tell you of my youth, but showed you letters from the Churches of Jerusalem, of Macedonia, of Galatia, and others, making known to ye that for the last thirty years I had taught the faith in all lands. I told ye then that in my youth I was as one of the world, and when ye asked how came I to know and believe in Christus, I could not tell ye then, but now, lest ye drive me from ye, I *must*. I had hoped to have ended my days amongst ye in peace — to have carried my sorrows to the grave

alone. Ye will share them; the burden is heavy; 'tis of your own seeking,—complain not of its weight."

The old man paused for breath, drank a deep draught of the water, and restlessly paced to and fro in the small room. The sun was within an hour of setting, and the light streamed in at the narrow window full on his face, as he passed and repassed the opening, making the changes of his countenance awfully sudden as he came to the light, and then disappeared in the partial darkness of the room. A narrow couch stretched along the opposite wall, and on it lay the large upper cloak, or toga, which he habitually wore.

The three sat attentive. Something in the old preacher's look taught them fear. They came as his judges, they felt they were unfit for the high office.

"I remember," said Claudius, after a long pause, during which he seemed to be making a violent effort to suppress some strong emotion, and speaking more in the manner of one thinking aloud and seeking to recal past events than one addressing others. "I remember my youth. I was the son of an Athenian. Both my parents died before I knew them, and left me to the care of an old man, my father's eldest brother. He was a disciple of the doctrines of the Pythagoreans. He taught me well. From him I learnt how to live; the luscious fruit, the sweet honey, the wholesome grain, these were our food. Exercises of all kinds and study in its season, helped the flight of time till I became a man, then he died and left me his small property. I knew a trade—that of a carpenter—and with the money he left me and my trade, I travelled much—in Greece, Egypt, and Italy. Still I felt unsatisfied with my lot. There was a void here," and the old man placed his shrivelled hand upon his heart, "that would not fill..

"One day—that day is as yesterday—I felt the void was gone; the place was filled! I was walking in one of the woods, near to a city in the north of Italy, when I heard a footstep behind me. The leaves rustled as though dancing to the music of the faint breeze that sighed amongst the tops of the young trees. I turned, and beheld—Virginia! just such a sun shone on her."

The old man paused in his walk, full in front of the window. The reddish light cast a glow upon his features, and he seemed to blush as did the youth when first he saw his idol.

"Virginia! Shall I ever forget thee!"

He had quite lost his hearers now, while they eagerly drank in his words.

"Her step, her mien, her face! The void was gone. She bore upon her head a vessel of milk, which she poised gracefully with one arm uplifted, and with the other held her tunic from contact with the damp grass, for the dew was falling. I followed her—saw her deliver the vessel which was emptied—and returned to her. She came back by the same path carelessly swinging the vessel by one of its handles, and singing some childish lay. I had heard in my own city the voices of the hired singers of the great, but never did my ears drink in such melody as flowed from that swelling throat. She thought she was alone, and warbled like a bird. I followed her still, and saw her enter a poor mean cottage near the borders of the wood. It was not long before I found an excuse in my thirst to call there. I drank milk from a cup she handed me. It was the nectar of the gods."

His hearers started. Where was the Nazarene now? he was gone. It was a young man with the full tide of passion flowing in his veins to whom they listened.

"The father was a slave of Sporus the magistrate of the district, but was allowed by his owner to have all the privileges of freedom on payment of a certain sum at every month. He was a carpenter, his wife kept a few cows from which the household of Sporus was supplied. I soon hired myself to the father, and being a good workman raised myself in his esteem; why need I delay, I wooed Virginia—I won her. All the freshness of her girlhood's love was mine. At evenings she would listen to me as I detailed for her my travels by sea and land. She, too, could teach me something, for she had with her mother joined the Nazarenes, the Christians.

"We were to have been united—all was ready, two moons only had to run their course and she was mine. Alas! how we build on sand.

"Sporus had often seen Virginia. He knew she was his slave. I knew it, too. I must buy her freedom. I went to his house, saw him; he asked to see her again. I urged that it could not affect the price—he would see her. He saw her—he refused—I could not marry a slave. What could we do? I offered him thrice her value as a slave—he still refused; and why? He wanted her for himself!

"Virginia not my wife, but the slave and mistress of Sporus! The thought was horrible. Wealth can do much. I persuaded her to flee.

"It wanted but a week of the day fixed, when she, as her custom was, went to the house of Sporus with her milk. I was at work, and saw her go. She was longer than usual returning. I watched the openings in the trees through which she was to come. She came not. I could not endure the suspense—I went to meet her. I reached the wood, I heard her scream. I should have known that voice anywhere. I ran—I found her with disordered dress and dishevelled hair struggling in the arms of her master, Sporus.

"I struck him to the earth, and she twined her arms round me and clung to me, as though dreading to lose me.

"'Loose me, dearest, I am powerless. See he rises.'

"She left me free, but took fast hold of my girdle, as though there was safety in the very act of touching me.

"He rose. 'Glaucus, she is my slave, her father is my slave, leave her to me.'

"'Sporus, thou wretch accursed, I will not leave thee. I will with these fingers tear thy vile heart from its place to feed the dogs, if thou darest but to touch the hem of her robe.'

"'Glaucus, I warn thee. Thou hast struck me. I am a Roman. I never forget an insult. Yet if thou wilt leave her to me, and leave this place thyself, thou shalt cheat my revenge.'

"'Demon that thou art, I will not leave thee

with her. Thou art more vile than the very beasts whose cries do nightly echo through this wood. They wed with no unwilling mates, whilst thou—wolf that thou art—wouldst have despoiled this poor lamb, but for me. I will not leave thee with her.'

"'Once more, I warn thee, Glaucus, tempt not the vengeance of Sporus. Virginia, if thou dost love him, bid him go. I will make thee my queen, thou shalt have slaves at thy command. Thou who art thyself a slave shalt have thy freedom; thou shalt wed Sporus the magistrate. Bid him go.'

"'Sporus, I would not be thy bride for all the riches of earth. Glaucus, leave me not with this wretch; I will live with thee, or die with thee, but leave me not.'

"'Once more, Glaucus, I warn thee, go.'

"'I will not, thou doubly condemned wretch. I defy thee—thy country's laws thou darest not ask to help thee now.'

"'Glaucus—Virginia—I have warned ye thrice. Beware the vengeance of Sporus!'

"He left us—she fell into my arms—I carried her home. The seven days had passed—the night of flight had come. We stole out together, reached the wood in safety; not a sound but from the leaves—the waving of the living, the crushing of the dead under our feet. Hope lit her lamp. A few hours and we should be safe. I heard a sound—other feet. Oh, God! They had us bound, blindfolded, gagged, in a moment. Hope's lamp went out never to be rekindled.

"They hurried us through the wood, and then I know not where, till we came to a building. I heard the gates shut. They fastened my wrists with fetters softly lined with leather, and light. I was almost free. They led me further along a stone vaulted corridor. I heard the echoes, and I heard her footsteps—a door opened, my feet rustled on straw. The gag was taken from my mouth; the bandage from my eyes—Oh, Christus! what a pitiable sight met my gaze. Virginia was kneeling on the ground, her face upraised to mine. I could see by the dim light that came from a large opening above, that she was bound as I was, but—O Sporus! thou child of Tartarus—her fetters were so heavy she could scarcely lift them unaided.

"There was a window in the place. I rushed towards it. She screamed, and was dragged with me. We were linked together—most cruel mockery!

"I sat down on the stone bench against the wall. She leaned on me. We spoke not. Our hearts were too full. I noticed that my slightest movement caused her pain. I could see her eyes close and the lips compressed even in that shady light.

"Morning broke at last: then I found why the lips compressed in pain. Her fetters, four fingers broad, had the edges turned in to the wrists and filed to points like a fine saw. They had cut through the skin, and the blood flowed on the hands and arms. No wonder, now, the poor child screamed so piteously at my movement.

"The place we were in was a small square room with a partial roof, the middle open to the air. Through the centre, in a channel cut in the stone floor, ran a stream of water. I dipped my finger and tasted it. It was salt to bitterness. On one side of the room was the stone bench on which we had sat the long night through. On the opposite side ran two small fountains—the one water, the other wine; one flowed into a basin till it was full, then ran over and was lost, it was the wine; the other ran away at once, there was no basin to collect that. Between the fountains, at a man's height from the ground, was a circular metal mirror. Other objects the room had none, except a trough or ledged shelf under the mirror. The windows were high—higher than my head—I could just catch sight of the distant hill-tops through them. Such was our prison.

"I looked from the windows to her face. It was the old look, one of love and confidence, which it spoke better than words:—

"'Glaucus, thou hast not kissed me since we came here.'

"'My poor child' (she was small and delicate, I called her child sometimes), 'I have had sad thoughts; to think that I have brought thee to this suffering, those fetters, galls me to madness.'

"'They do not hurt me much when you are quite still; it's when you move they hurt me. But, oh, my Glaucus! it is I that brought thee here, not thou me. Thou mightest have been happy but for me. Ah! woe is me that I should thus have harmed thee!'

"'Yet, Virginia, I would rather be here with thee than free with any other. Thou art mine in life or death.'

"'Means he to starve us here?'

"'Alas! I know not what he means. See, there is water—drink!'

"I lifted her fetters, and she came to the fountain and knelt. I filled my joined hands with the water, and she drank eagerly.

"'Wilt not thou drink, Glaucus?'

"And she tried to fill her hands as I had done. I saw the lips firmly set and the tears start to her eyes with the pain of those horrible fetters' teeth.

"'Nay, love, I will thus,' and I let the full stream fall into my parched mouth.

"We went back to the bench. I threw her fetters on my knee, to take their weight, and so the day toiled slowly away. The blood coagulated round the wrists, and the least movement tore open the wounds afresh. She slumbered at last with fatigue and pain. How fair she looked as lying on my breast she slept. Her breath was shorter and faster than I had ever known it. Evening came, and the sun was just sinking when I saw the mirror move and close again; and on the shelf there stood bread and flesh—the flesh was scarcely dressed.

"I dared not move, though hunger was rampant within me. At last she woke, and started with surprise, then shrieked with pain. Those accursed fetters! she had forgotten them.

"'I am hungry—is there no food?'

"I pointed it out to her, and she eagerly seized the bread and began to eat ravenously. Then stopped—put down the bread.

"'Forgive me! I did forget thee, but hunger made me. See! there is flesh—it is of swine, I

cannot eat it. I am a Nazarene. Thou shalt have the flesh, and I the bread, Glaucus.'

"She had forgotten I was a disciple of Pythagoras. She ate—I gave her drink—and still I was famished.

"'Thou dost not eat thy flesh,' she said, with an effort to smile. 'Ah! I had forgotten, thou didst tell me that thou hadst never tasted flesh, and all the bread—all is gone. Oh, wretch that I am! I have killed thee. Thou wilt perish of hunger whilst I am full. Oh, woe is me!'

"'Dearest, fear not! I hunger not. Sorrow hath taken away desire for food.'

"I felt the mad wolves gnawing in my vitals then.

"And then came another night. I had placed her on my one knee as before, with her hands resting on the other, on which lay our chains. One arm was round her form, the other hand gripped the chains lest they should slip. She slumbered. The stars grew dim; I was awakened by a wild shriek and a jerk at my fetters. I had fallen asleep, the hand relaxed its hold, a movement of hers had thrown the chains from my knee towards the ground. The whole weight of the united mass was jerked on her slender wrists. What wonder that wild scream of anguish! She had fainted. I carried her to the fountain to bathe her bleeding arms. The stream was *less!* She recovered, and expressed such sorrow for having awoke me, that my eyes filled with tears. She kissed them away, and again we sat as before, till morning once more broke.

"I had noticed the previous day that all round the room there were openings near the bottom of the wall reaching to the floor about a span high. There came through one of these a large rake, which pulled the straw from under our feet, then a large fleece of wool on the end of a pole with which the floor was washed; and soon after a large bundle of straw was flung down from the opening in the roof. There was system in all this: we should be there some time: God only knew how long.

"How I longed for evening—for food. She talked to me of her youth, and then of her change of faith; never had she been so dear to me as at that moment. All the longings of my nature after purity and truth had been chilled by contact with the professors of the various religions. I was half inclined to think there was no truth or purity in any worship, in any God. But then she taught me of the God of the Nazarenes—of the Man-God Christus; told me of his deeds, his life of benevolence, his cruel death. I could not deny that truth was here, here was purity; and as she talked to me I felt I could believe. I was a believer in the Prophet of Nazareth from that time.

"At last evening came. We both watched intently the mirror. The light flashed a moment on its surface, it turned, the bread and flesh were there, the mirror closed again.

"'Glaucus, thou shalt have thy share of bread to-night.' She broke it in halves: there was less bread than the day before. She saw it, too.

"We ate our bread in silence. I gave her the last portion of mine. She kissed me, and devoured it most eagerly, and looked at the flesh—it was *raw!*

"'Not yet, dearest!' I said, 'not yet.'

"She understood me, and we lay down again for the night.

"Days and nights passed. Each day saw the fresh straw, each night there was less bread. One night there was *no* bread, and but little flesh. That night I saw IT first!

"She lay asleep, breathing quickly, with the fever-flush upon her cheek; not a sound save her breathing, the murmuring of the salt stream at our feet, and the trickling of the wine fountain. I saw IT then—I could not look at her. I could not endure that she should be there so still. I woke her with kisses.

"'What dost thou want, Glaucus?' she said, peevishly, 'thou hast awakened me to pain. I was dreaming of home, and had forgotten these, and thou hast put them on again. Thine are soft, thou dost not feel them; let me sleep.'

"I murmured not at her reproach, and again she slept, and again IT came. I shut my eyes, IT was still before them; I looked up at the stars, IT hid them: I could not see for IT.

"Morning came—she awoke fevered and dry. 'Water, Glaucus, or I perish!' I led her to the fountain. The *stream* had become *drops!*

"I held my hand, as drop by drop it fell into the palm, and then put it to her lips.

"'More, Glaucus, more! Stay, let me come.'

"She put her lips to the aperture, while I held her fetters, and drank; then sank into my arms exhausted with the effort. The day passed in a sort of torpor.

"Evening came—no bread, and less flesh. IT was nearer.

"'Glaucus, I must eat! Christus, forgive me! but I must eat. Give me the flesh.'

"I gave it her. She tore it from my reluctant hand like a wild animal, and with her teeth and nails rent it into shreds, which she bolted whole. Ye gods! what a sight for these poor eyes it was!

"'Eat, my Glaucus,' she said, fiercely, 'eat, I say.'

"'But thou'lt not have enough, Virginia.'

"'True! Thou, Glaucus, shalt eat to-morrow.'

"Eat to-morrow! I kissed her lips, still wet with the juicy flesh, and tasted—Oh, it was life! To-morrow! to-morrow! would it never come?

"That night I saw IT more clearly than ever. I could not look at her as she slept, IT was so clearly there.

"Morning again—again the fountain—the water drop, drop, drop! The wine gurgled in its plenty, we both heard it, had heard it, it always ran so.

"'No love; not yet, not yet.'

"Evening again. With what horrible intensity we watched the mirror. It moved—it turned; there was flesh—less than before.

"She seized it, and had it to her mouth in a moment, and threw herself on the floor to take the weight of her chains off her hands.

"'Virginia, I perish: give me to eat!'

"She tore off a morsel, and dropped it in the straw. I seized it and ate it. It was fulness of life: more I must have.

"'Virginia, more!—more, for pity's sake! Thine own Glaucus asks it of thee.'

"She tore off a smaller morsel than before. It was maddening. More I must have. I held her hands, and tore the remainder in halves.

"The poor wrists bled afresh with her resistance. She swallowed her portion, and then with eager tongue licked her fetters.

"I was a man again. The food was like new life: but still I saw IT.

"'Glaucus, I thirst. Let me drink.'

"Once more I led her to the fountain: there was no water! The wine ran gurgling into its full basin, and flowed away.

"'Glaucus, I must drink, my throat is on fire!'

"I saw frenzy in her eyes. I could not deny her longer. 'But a little, dearest Virginia! but a little.' She put aside my hands with the wine in them, impatiently, and stooped down to the basin and drank.

"I thought she would never cease; at last she did—raised her flushed face to mine.

"'Drink, Glaucus! drink! My fetters pain me not: I am cool now.'

"In a few minutes she looked at me again, and put her arms about me: her fetters were lighter now. I met her look.

"I have wandered at nightfall through the

streets, and seen eyes that as a boy I wondered at, as a youth admired, as a man pitied. My God! my God! those eyes looked at me now! My own Virginia, pure as an angel, was looking at me, as those eyes only can look.

"'Glaucus, dearest Glaucus!' and her arms tightened round me, and her lips were pressed to mine. Her breath, odorous of wine, half-suffocated me. Would that I had died before I had been obliged to recognise in this fierce drunken girl my own Virginia! Yet it was so. I could not return her fierce caresses.

"'Dost thou not love me, dearest Glaucus?'"

* * * * *

"The old man paused, choked with his emotions.

"The horrors of that night I shall never forget. I struggled, and I conquered. She slept at last, the heavy, dead sleep of those given to wine.

"I wiped the dews from her brow again and again till morning came. She woke not; the midday came, and still she slept. I saw IT all the time,—all through the lone night as she lay in my arms, I saw IT.

"As the sun was going down she woke and looked at me with a new light in her eyes; cried for water. I had not a drop. Then she sang again some hymn of childhood, then knelt in front of me.

"'Marcus' (she thought she was a child again, and I her brother), 'I'll make thee a garland,' and she gathered the straw of the place, put the ears together, and made a garland; then put it on my head. I helped her by holding the fetters; she thought I held her.

"'Let me go, Marcus,—let me go.'

"'Nay, Virginia, thy Marcus loves thee too well.'

"She looked from my face to her hands. 'See, I've found some poppies among the corn and squeezed them; see, the juice is running down my arm. I'll paint thee, Marcus, as we saw the man from Britain painted in the market-place; it's red, not blue; but never mind;' and she took a few pieces of the straw and put them to her poor arms, and with her own dear blood streaked my face.

"'Now I'll kiss thee, Marcus, and we'll go home. I must have milk.'

"I humoured her, and we walked about the room. I gave her a few drops of wine, and she was contented and slept.

"Evening again. I watched the mirror alone. The flesh came—less than ever. I feared to wake her, yet I *must* eat. I took her softly in my arms, and moved towards the ledge. I reached it. I must free one hand for a moment. I reached the flesh, but I felt her heavy chains slipping. They fell, jerked her arms violently, and with a loud clang reached the floor. She woke, gave one look at my face, all blood-stained as it was, and shouted 'Glaucus, Glaucus! help! Sporus—thou demon, let me go!' She tore my face with her nails and bit me, and shrieked again and again. I've heard the cry of the wild bird—I've heard the cry of the despairing seamen, as they struggled in the waves—I've heard the wildest of all sounds, the wind amongst the mountain pines, but I never heard such a sound as that before or since. I hear it now!"—and the old man put his hands to his ears, as if to keep out the sound.

"She thought it was Sporus; and struggled for life.

"'I am thine own—thy Glaucus.'

"'Liar that thou art,' and again the cries for Glaucus, and the same wild scream. She tore herself from my grasp and fled round and round the cell. I could have held her by the chains but for the poor wrists; at last I caught her robe and she fell, but it was on the sharp edge of the wine basin, and the blood flowed from a great gash in her fair forehead, and then she swooned, and in the odour of that blood as I staunched it I saw IT with terrible clearness. I dare not kiss her forehead whilst it flowed. I held her and lay by her side while I ate my feast. I felt strong again, and reproached myself for eating—'twas but the longer to live, and why live? Yet I could not but eat.

"The moon was shining brightly on her face, and again I saw IT as she lay. What would I not have given to see IT not? It wanted but a little to sunrise; the stars were growing fainter in the grey morning light when she woke. Oh, what happiness! the old look—the look she had when she sat at my feet in the wild free woods.

"'Have I been asleep long, my Glaucus? I have had such dreams; I have been a child, and then I dreamed of the woods and Sporus again, and I have dreamed that I was thy bride, and that thou didst die upon our nuptial couch. In vain I called thee, kissed thee, pressed thee to me—thou wert dead; and I a widowed virgin.'

"'Dearest, thou hast been sick nigh to death; it was not all a dream. Art thou in pain now?'

"'No, no pain now.' IT was *so* near. I knew when she said that.

"'Glaucus, I shall leave you soon. You will think of those things I said to thee of my god Christus? Wilt thou have anything to live for, when I am gone?'

"'I shall go soon too, I hope—I know not how to live without thee, my Virginia.'

"'But men die not when they will, save with guilt; thou yet mayest escape this when I am gone.'

"'True, dearest.' I should not have been there an hour but for her and her chains. Freedom or death was the work of a moment; the windows I could reach easily.

"'Glaucus; wilt thou grant me a last request?'

"'Ay, my life; anything that thou wilt ask.'

"She reached up her face to kiss me. She had no strength. She fell back. I stooped and kissed her. We could have wept, but nature had no useless moisture for tears—the eye-balls were strained and dry.

"'Promise me that thou wilt become a preacher of those truths I have taught thee so humbly, yet so willingly—thou wilt, my Glaucus?'

"'Thy God helping me, I will preach Christus amongst men till death summon me to thee, love. Soon, soon! O God, soon!'

"'I am *so* happy.' She looked so. I felt she was happy.

"'Christus, bless with thy spirit this thy servant. Make his labours for thy cause, for thy glory, successful. Bless us both, O Christus!' She paused, put up her chained arms to my neck, drew my face to hers, kissed me tenderly. 'Bless my Glaucus, O gracious Christus!' she murmured, and so died."

The old preacher sobbed not alone.

"I let her lips chill mine, still I moved them not. She was dead! Sporus was well avenged: his slave, my own Virginia, was dead; I thought of the evening. It came—the mirror moved not—there was *no* flesh. The wine still gurgled and sparkled in its basin. I looked towards the windows, they were gone!—there was *no* escape. IT must be. IT was there with me all that night, all that long day.

"Evening came again—the mirror moved not—IT was near, dreadfully near. I took my robe, twisted it into a rope, and put it round my throat—drew it tighter and tighter—I could not keep my promise—I *must* die now. I could not look upon IT longer. Tighter and tighter—IT was going, thank God! All was growing dim and indistinct. Tighter yet—IT was nearly gone. Tighter yet—the earth opened. I fell down a fathomless abyss, and all was darkness. I knew no more.

"Alas! I woke again. It was night. I felt weaker—I saw I was still *there*;—the robe had broken and saved me. To what? There she lay so calm, so peaceful, so holy, in her sleep of death. I could hardly think she was dead, yet she was, and I saw IT there.

"I *must* drink. I crawled to the wine fountain—I drank—deeply—but hunger was now more furious than ever, and there was no flesh.

"I carried her carefully back to the bench. I saw IT coming now! A giddiness seized me—IT went away—I saw IT nearer. I stooped to kiss her lips. IT was nearer still again. I stopped—and once again—and then—My God! IT had COME! at last. IT WAS THERE! God forgive me! but I was MAD!

* * * *

"I was a king! I feasted royally, plenty was mine. I slept on a bed of softest down. I ate when I pleased, I drank—how I drank!—'twas strange, my hands were bound still.

* * * *

I was a runner in the games. I saw the assembled throng. I heard their murmurs when they saw my form. I had fleetness—we started. The circus was small, very small. I found I drew after me a weight. I knew no such game—it was new, but I would run. I ran faster and faster; the pace was killing me; my eyes started from their sockets, the golden apple rolled before me—I stooped for it—I fell, and all was dark once more.

* * * *

I woke. I was a gladiator. Once more the arena, and still *so* small. I saw my foe. He was so like myself! He must have fought just before, the fresh blood was on his face. I moved cautiously—he was gone—I watched—moved again—he came back. I lifted my hand to strike, I was not free—neither was he—it was a new game, but I would fight. He raised his fist—I struck at his face with all my force—I hit him—but we both fell—he was under. He was bound to me! I struck again and again. I had killed him now. Again and again I struck—he moved. I seized him by the throat. We rolled over and over each other—and then he was quite still. I watched and drank, and slept while I watched.

* * * *

"I woke again; it was dark. I was a prisoner chained to—what?—a stone—a wet stone! Ha! ha! they had tied me with ropes, with knotted ropes! I felt for a knife—I had none—I could not see.

"They forgot the prisoner's teeth! I gnawed and twisted the ropes all the long night—they were old and rotten—they stank in my nostrils; but I gnawed on, and I was free once more.

"I was free! I ran, I jumped, I leaped. I danced to wild music that seemed close to me. I was free! I was in the wild woods once more—the trees waved, the wind kissed my cheek as of yore. I lay down beneath a tree and slept. I dreamed of Virginia—she came to me—sat beside me—she was soon to be my bride. My heart leapt at the thought. She was my bride now—I led her from the temple. The day passed, the night came, I lay beside my bride. I pressed her to me—she answered not—she was cold!

* * * *

"I awoke. *I was not mad now;* but where was I? It was the same place—the old square opening to the sky, the same gurgling of the wine fountain, my chains on my wrists. But the foul odour! I could not breathe. And that—what was that? No! it could not be *she*. It was she—shall I ever forget that sight.

"I see it now—my God! I see it now," shrieked the old man, "that putrid mass, bruised, torn, mutilated—without a trace of humanity about it—the bones showing through the torn shreds of skin, the flesh eaten—yes, eaten away! Those ears in which I whispered words of love—those eyes in which I saw my happiness—those lips that pressed so lovingly to mine—those tender breasts on which I'd hoped to see my children hang—gone!—gone!—all were gone; and in their place the eyes from their fleshless sockets glared on me, while the lipless teeth seemed to gnash at me from that ghastly skull. Armless too—and the arms!—I started. The bones were in the fetters still—*her* fetters. They still hung to mine. I was free in all but them.

"I looked round and saw the mirror; the matted beard, the blood-stained savage face showed me ALL!

"One window was open *now*. I leapt, caught the sill, and was out, running as if for life to get *that sight* from mine eyes. IT would not go; never went—never has gone! Thirty years IT—*this ravening horror*—has been before me. I have seen everything through that, as through a veil. IT was growing indistinct. Ye have called IT back again. I see IT now. My God!—my God! I see IT now!" and the old man would have fallen, but that his judges caught him and laid him on the couch.

A few minutes and he revived. His voice was weak and trembling.

"Fabulus, forgive me that I could not see her die. Brethren, forgive me that I could not eat your feasts of flesh." He paused, raised himself into a sitting posture; his eyes strangely bright. "Brethren, before I depart, I would pray with ye once more." His hands were uplifted in prayer; the voice came low and faint. "Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and—forgive us our trespasses,—as we forgive them that trespass against us——" A spasm crossed his face, his chest heaved as with a mighty effort; his voice, low before, burst out now with a violence that shook the walls. "Help me, oh God! I must,——I will,——I *do* forgive thee. Sporus, thou, even *thou*, art now forgiven——Christus have mercy, have mer——— IT has gone—gone!" He struggled, knelt, leaned forward as though he saw something in the air, stretched out the old withered arms to grasp the phantom, while a smile of happiness unspeakable lighted up the pallid features.

"Virginia! I come—I come!"—then fell back into their arms—*dead*.

* * * *

It was night; the sun had set. He was with Virginia now.

IT was gone for ever.

A. STEWART HARRISON.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

THE PURITAN MILITANT, JOHN BROWN.

IT could hardly be expected that at this time of day any fresh illustration would arise of the old Covenanter cast of character. In days of religious persecution, especially during the struggle between the High Church and the Puritans, there was a Judaic type of the Christian character conspicuous in every society in which the Calvinistic aspect of the Reformation was more or less established. We are all familiar with this order of character in history and in fiction; and it is preserved for future generations, not only in English, but in German, French, and American literature. In New England, above every other country, the old type is familiar: for the region was settled, and for a long time governed, by the Judaic Christian confessors who are venerated under the title of the Pilgrim Fathers. Not even there, however,

did any historical student or any poet dream that there could ever again be a revival of the old type,—a real Puritan confessor and martyr living and dying, acting and suffering in the genuine old spirit, but using the language, and wearing the manners of the ordinary daily life of the latter half of the 19th century. Such a phenomenon we have before us in the leader of the Harper's Ferry invasion—John Brown.

John Brown was a Connecticut man: and Connecticut was Judaic even beyond the other New England States—its laws being taken bodily out of Deuteronomy, with as little variation as could be permitted. This circumstance—of the man's birth-place—should be borne in mind, though he was early removed into Ohio. The associations which surround the first years of life in Connecticut may well impress the character for life.

JOHN BROWN.

I am not going to relate the life of John Brown; for we are less supplied with particulars of it than we shall be some months hence, when the Americans will send us a full biography of the most remarkable man of their generation. I wish merely to offer such traits of character as may show how the old type has been revived for a very special occasion. I will only say, in regard to his history, that his ancestry was thoroughly puritan and militant.

John Brown was sixth in descent from one of the veritable Pilgrim Fathers—Peter Brown, who landed from the Mayflower, on Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts Bay, on the 22nd of December, 1620. Peter's great-grandson—John's grandfather—was a gallant soldier in the Revolutionary war. He led out the Connecticut company of which he was captain to the conflict when its seat was New York; and he died in camp in the year of the Declaration of Independence, 1776. One of his many children was a judge in Ohio. One of his grandsons was for twenty years the president of a New England university. Owen, one of the sons of the captain, and father of John, married into a family as good as his own—his father-in-law having been the officer in charge of the prisoners when General Burgoyne's army surrendered. Thus John inherited a military spirit from both lines of ancestry.

He seemed framed for a military existence: but the religious tendency prevailed in the very years when martial ardour is strongest. He desired to be in the Church; and he went from Ohio back into Connecticut for the sake of a college education to fit him for the pulpit. Inflammation of the eyes, which became chronic, prevented study, and compelled him to give up his wish. But he was, in his temper of mind and domestic and social character, a minister of the Gospel, as he understood it, through life.

He had a large family; and as the sons grew up they pushed westwards from Ohio, in the pioneering fashion of the far west, moving with their waggons and farm-stock, and settling down

on new land beyond the Mississippi. Through life the whole family had abhorred negro slavery —regarding it not only as the disgrace and curse of their country, but as a heathen vice and cruelty upon which every true Christian was bound to make war to the death. In Kansas there was free scope for their action, when the border banditti of Missouri strove to compel the adoption of slavery in Kansas, against the wishes of the free settlers. The Browns suffered cruelly in the border warfare, several of John's sons being slain or wounded. It is not true, however, that John or his sons ever inflicted retaliatory injury on the border ruffians—at Ossawatomie or elsewhere. What John did was to run off as many slaves as he could from Missouri, where everything is ripe for emancipation, and where the farmers would have abolished slavery long ago, but for the control of their banditti neighbours. John used to prepare a certain number of negroes, through his messengers, for a long ride on some appointed night; then meet them with horses, and escort them to the Canada frontier, or some friendly shelter short of it. On one occasion, when the pursuit was hot, and the escape nearly hopeless, he turned aside among the trees, put on some disguising article of dress, slipped in among the pursuers as they came up, and by his evident knowledge of the tracks, obtained the direction of the party, and led them wide apart from the negroes, every one of whom reached Canada. He well knew the faces of some of the border ruffian party; but they did not recognise him, in such a place, and in such company as their own.

It seems to have been in some such way as this that he proposed to free the Virginia negroes: and no doubt he chose the point of invasion from his knowledge that, as in Missouri, slavery is near its end in Virginia, being unpopular among the farmers, and precarious all through the State. If he had desired a servile insurrection, he would have gone further south, among the cotton plantations. An extract from one of his letters, from his condemned cell, on the 15th of November, will show what his view of his errand was. He is addressing an aged teacher of his, the Rev. H. L. Vaill.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I do assure you I have not forgotten our last meeting, nor our retrospective look over the route by which God had then led us; and I bless His name that he has again enabled me to hear your words of cheering and comfort at a time when I, at least, am on the "brink of Jordan." (See Bunyan's Pilgrim.) God in infinite mercy grant us soon another meeting on the opposite shore. I have often passed under the rod of Him whom I call my Father; and certainly no son needed it oftener: and yet I have enjoyed much of life, as I was enabled to discover the secret of this somewhat early. It has been in making the prosperity and happiness of others *my own*,—so that really I have had a great deal of prosperity. I am very prosperous still; and looking forward to a time when "peace on earth and goodwill to men" shall everywhere prevail. I have no murmuring thoughts or envious feelings to fret my mind. "I'll praise my Maker with my breath." I am an unworthy nephew of Deacon John, and I loved him much; and in view of the many choice friends I have had here, I am led the more earnestly to pray, "gather *not* my soul with the unrighteous." Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of the friends in my native land is very grateful to my feelings; and allow me to say a word of comfort to them.

As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have *done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity.* And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the *worst event* it would certainly PAY. I often expressed that belief; and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not, as yet, in the *main*, at all disappointed. I have been a good *deal* disappointed as it regards *myself*, in not keeping up *to my own plans;* but I now feel entirely reconciled to that even; for God's plan was infinitely better, *no doubt*, or I should have kept to my own. Had Samson kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably have never overturned the house. I did not tell Delilah, but I was induced to act very *contrary* to my *better judgment*, and I have lost my *two* noble boys, and other friends, if not my *two eyes*. But, "God's will, *not mine*, be done." I feel a comfortable hope that, like that erring servant of whom I have just been writing, *even I* may (through infinite mercy in Christ Jesus) yet "*die in faith*." As to both the time and manner of my death, I have but very little trouble on that score; and *am able* to be (as you exhort) "of good cheer."

When this letter was written, he had, as we see, lost two more of his sons, slain in the enterprise which had failed. He had undergone, while suffering from wounds, a trial unfair to the last degree. He had sent his positive commands to distant friends that no one should come to his assistance from the free States, because he knew that they would never return; and he refused the aid of local counsel, because he did not choose to run the risk of being kept silent, or made to say what he did not think. Thus alone, in his condemned cell, bereaved of many beloved sons, feeble from his wounds, and expecting to be hanged on the 2nd of December, he was not only as calm as when conducting family worship at home, but as cheerful as at the head of his own table. The most irresistible proof of the fixed heroism of his temper is, that he has imbued his wife with it. The night before his death, she was with him at his supper—having persisted in going to him, and thus for once deciding on her duty apart from him. They had settled some affairs; she had received his instructions about the children and some other matters; they had supped together—on prison fare so dished up that they could eat it with their fingers, as knife and fork were forbidden; and now it was getting late in the night, and she must go. Some tears fell from her eyes, but not many. Her husband tapped her on the shoulder, saying, "Now, Mary, this is not right. Show that you have nerve." As by an electric shock she was roused; she drew up to her full height, and wept no more. As she was leaving the cell, her husband said he might have something to add, and would write it; turning to the jailer, and asking, "What is the hour to-morrow?" to which the answer was, "Eleven o'clock." Mrs. Brown had put two pairs of stout woollen socks on his feet, to lessen the pressure of the chain on his ancles. She made interest to get possession of that chain, to transmit as a family honour to future generations.

His guards and attendants can talk of nothing but his natural cheerfulness, which seems never to have given way at all. He was a man of few words; and any long conversations, any preachments, given out as his utterances, must be distrusted. His conduct and manners were just those of a man to whom nothing particular was happening. When an officer, impressed with this, asked him plainly whether he really felt no recoil at all from what awaited him; he replied, Why, no; but that fear was not his trial. He was not liable to fear. He had in the course of his life suffered far more from bashfulness than fear.

The aid of clergy was constantly pressed upon him till he decisively closed the subject. He objected that a slave-holding clergyman could do nothing for him, not being up to his business—"not understanding the A B C of Christianity." "I should wish, if he came," he said, "to treat him as a gentleman; but it must be understood that it would be as a *heathen* gentleman." In no circumstances would he, a man whose hourly walk was with God, have admitted the intervention of a priest. Such was his view of the matter; and when the Virginia clergy were offered—priests who committed what seemed to him an act so anti-Christian as to be a deadly crime—he showed himself as thorough-going a puritan worshipper as when he prayed aloud in public in Kansas for divine direction what to do with his prisoners: "O Lord, what wilt Thou that I should do with these men?" And when a judge, there present, burst out a laughing at so unusual a mode of conducting a trial, Brown turned upon him with an intimation that if he did not suppress such unseemly levity, he should know what to do with *him*, "without asking the Lord anything about it."

After his wife had left him, the officer who escorted her improved the occasion (for which his neighbours praised him), by addressing arguments to her in favour of "the peculiar institution." And some governor or other, proud of the repute of his chivalrous State, told her—actually pressed it upon her at that hour of her life—that if she should ever be disposed to come to Charlestown (near Harper's Ferry) again, the inhabitants would be happy to show her what Virginia hospitality was. Meantime, her husband was writing. He wrote till past midnight; then slept for some hours, and rose to write again. When his wife examined these papers (instructions for her guidance) she found a P.S., beginning, "I have time just to add," &c. This was written at the last moment before leaving his cell. His handwriting was the same as ever—clear, but "angular and constrained." His work had been more with the plough, the team, and the rifle, than with the pen, since he was disappointed of his clerical career.

In court, at his trial, he had been the object of the keenest attention, and we know exactly what he looked like, and how he carried himself; at least during the short time that his condition from his wounds allowed him to stand. When on his couch on the floor of the court he covered himself up, and shut his eyes, only occasionally conversing with a youth, Mr. Hoyt, of Boston, sent to give him legal assistance, without incurring the danger which any established professional man would have incurred on such an errand. While standing up, Brown looked about, and observed everything with his keen blue eye; and, as usual, when he had nothing else to do with his long arms, he drummed upon his knees with his fingers. Just so it was when he came out of the jail to die. He wore his ordinary amused smile at seeing any spectacle; and nothing escaped him. He had nothing to ask or to say. He had throughout declared that he would ask no favour of Virginia, or any of her officials. He took his seat on his coffin. It was of oak. The undertaker had some days before sent him a message of advice that he should have a metal coffin provided; to which Brown replied that, considering the weather would be cool, he was confident that he "should keep" till his wife reached home with the coffin; and that was all that was necessary.

On mounting the scaffold (which he was the first of the party to reach) he looked round upon the military display, which kept the crowd at a great distance; and while he observed upon it, he was patting his knees as usual. His eye fixed on the range of the Blue Mountains, which rose across the plain on the horizon, and observed that he had never seen them so well before—had not noted them in his hasty travelling. When the moment arrived for covering his face, he carelessly threw his black wide-awake on the floor beside him; and during the unpardonable delay which followed he showed no sort of agitation. For eight—some say ten—minutes after he ought to have been turned off, the military commander made his troops march hither and thither, as if about to receive an attack from an enemy. So atrocious was the suspense that the word was given at last before the evolutions were complete. Brown had stood still, steady and silent. He was asked whether he was tired. "No, not tired," he said; "but do not keep me longer than is necessary." He was desired to step upon the drop. He answered, "You have put this thing upon my head so that I cannot see. You must lead me, gentlemen." So they did. The accounts vary as to how long he moved; but the surgeons say he must have ceased to suffer instantly, as the spinal cord was ruptured, though the neck was not dislocated. Strange to say, his countenance was not deformed, more or less. A bruise near the right eye was the only sign of violence. The surgeons felt the pulse, laid their ears against his chest, steadying the body by passing an arm round it. In a little more than half an hour the corpse was taken down, and it fell together as if it had not a bone in it while the coffin was got ready. The flashing blue eye is half closed and dim; the grey hair no longer stands up like ruffled plumage, but falls damp and dead. The sinewy limbs bend as they are disposed; but the hard-featured face is unchanged, unless it be even more placid than usual.

His widow was well attended as she went homewards with her charge. Every effort was made to secure privacy on the journey; but the public interest baffled all. At Philadelphia the mayor and other authorities and a great crowd attended the coffin to the station, and saw it deposited in

the train. Warning was taken by this: and at New York the coffin was not landed till two, A.M. Mrs. Brown's arrival was also not announced. Yet early in the morning crowds assembled at the house where the body was; and it was necessary to allow access to the coffin. The serene face was looked at by eager thousands. There was no shroud; but the man lay in his ordinary clothes. An eminent citizen from Philadelphia, and another from New York, and another from Boston escorted Mrs. Brown to her home in Vermont, and witnessed her hero's burial. She and her children are adopted by the free States. It will be time enough to speak of the results of John Brown's crusade when we see more of them. They are abundantly remarkable already, and they will be more so by the time this portrait is in print. Our business has been with the character of the man. It has impressed the national imagination for ever in his own country. Some eminent citizens of Virginia cannot bear the force of it, and are preparing to migrate, with their property, to Europe. (Their slaves they must leave behind). Among those who must remain, the children will never forget the man, nor lose the impression of the winter nights following his death. In Cumberland the aurora borealis is called "Lord Derwentwater's lights," because it was particularly splendid the night after his execution. The Virginia children will shiver for life when they remember John Brown's lights—those mysterious lights which ascend every night in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and are answered from various parts of the horizon—in spite of all efforts of police and military to make out what they mean. John Brown is as sure of immortality as Washington himself.

INGLEBY SCOTT.

THE TORDA IN TRANSYLVANIA.

ALL the world has heard of the marvels of Addelsberg and Adderbach, the wizard-haunts of Faust in the Hartz, and the epic "Fatherland" of Tell in Zurich. But in the wilds of Transylvania, scarce trodden by the foot of a stranger, are scenes which reduce the Hartzberg to a simple upland, and legends which would have made the heart of Goethe and Schiller thrill with inspiration.

Among the former there is a place ——, the remnant of an elder world, a shattered fragment of the vast skeleton of creation left naked at the ebbing of Deluge, and which, seen, whether by sunshine or by moonlight, should leave "Der Teufels Tanz-platz," or the wizard dens of the Brocken, scenes of a common world.

Beyond the right bank of the Manos,* in the range of hills which extends to the western Alps, or snowy mountains of Transylvania, is a gigantic and wondrous chasm, called "The Torda-hasadik," and which gives name to the town of Torda, though it is eight miles distant.

In advancing from this place the effect of the great antediluvian memorial is much heightened by the contrast of the living world through which it is approached. For some distance after leaving the town, a beautiful valley extends before us, interspersed with villages, and bounded by hills covered with forests. Pursuing the course of a small stream which winds through the valley, we arrive at a mill surrounded by meadows, and about three-quarters of a mile farther reach the opening of the chasm.

To the left the face of the hill is bare; on the right still covered with umbrage, though now the foliage is dwindled into copse; but as we advance the stream becomes enclosed between rocks, vegetation disappears, and the cliffs exhibit a more imposing sight at every step, till suddenly we stand in the gorge of the Torda.

It is impossible to render an adequate description of this appalling scene. The ruins of a thousand churches, towers, pillars, and obelisks seem to rise before us in fearful confusion. The mind feels overpowered by the awful devastation; the cliffs are brown, white, and red, giving the appearance of a city destroyed by fire. The bed of the stream is in some places twenty-four feet, in others forty feet wide; but the breadth of the chasm increases with the height, until the summits of the rocks on either side are about a musket-shot apart. The extent of the chasm is something more than half a mile, and the height of the craigs exceeds that of the loftiest tower. After passing the entrance, a gateway seems to rise before us, formed by an arch of rock forty feet in length. Advancing a few hundred paces on the stones of the stream, two caverns are discovered in the precipices on either side of the gulf, their mouths strongly walled up, and provided with loop-holes and windows. Formerly, upon the summit of the hill above, there was a monastery, a small wooden church, and a hermitage, surrounded by centenary oaks, walnuts, and cherry-trees, which, though the buildings are ruined, still enclose the solitary domain. The monastery belonged to the Wallachians, and was burned during the late insurrection, to prevent the house from serving as a place of refuge to the disorderly bands by which various parts of the country were infested.

According to an ancient legend, the chasm was formed by the rending of the hill at the prayer of St. Laszlo, who, being pursued by the Kuns,* from a lost battle, as the foremost of the pursuers were coming up, prayed for deliverance, when the hill rent asunder between the king and his enemies, and formed the gulf of the Torda. Upon one of the rocks the print of his horse's shoe—like that of the horse of Fingal in the Highlands of Scotland,† is shown by the people to this day. Miles, who visited the spot in the seventeenth century, describes this impression as having an octagon form, but was doubtful whether it was a natural feature or, like the figure of the Saxon badge—the "horsa"—in the vale of "White Horse," it was the work of man.

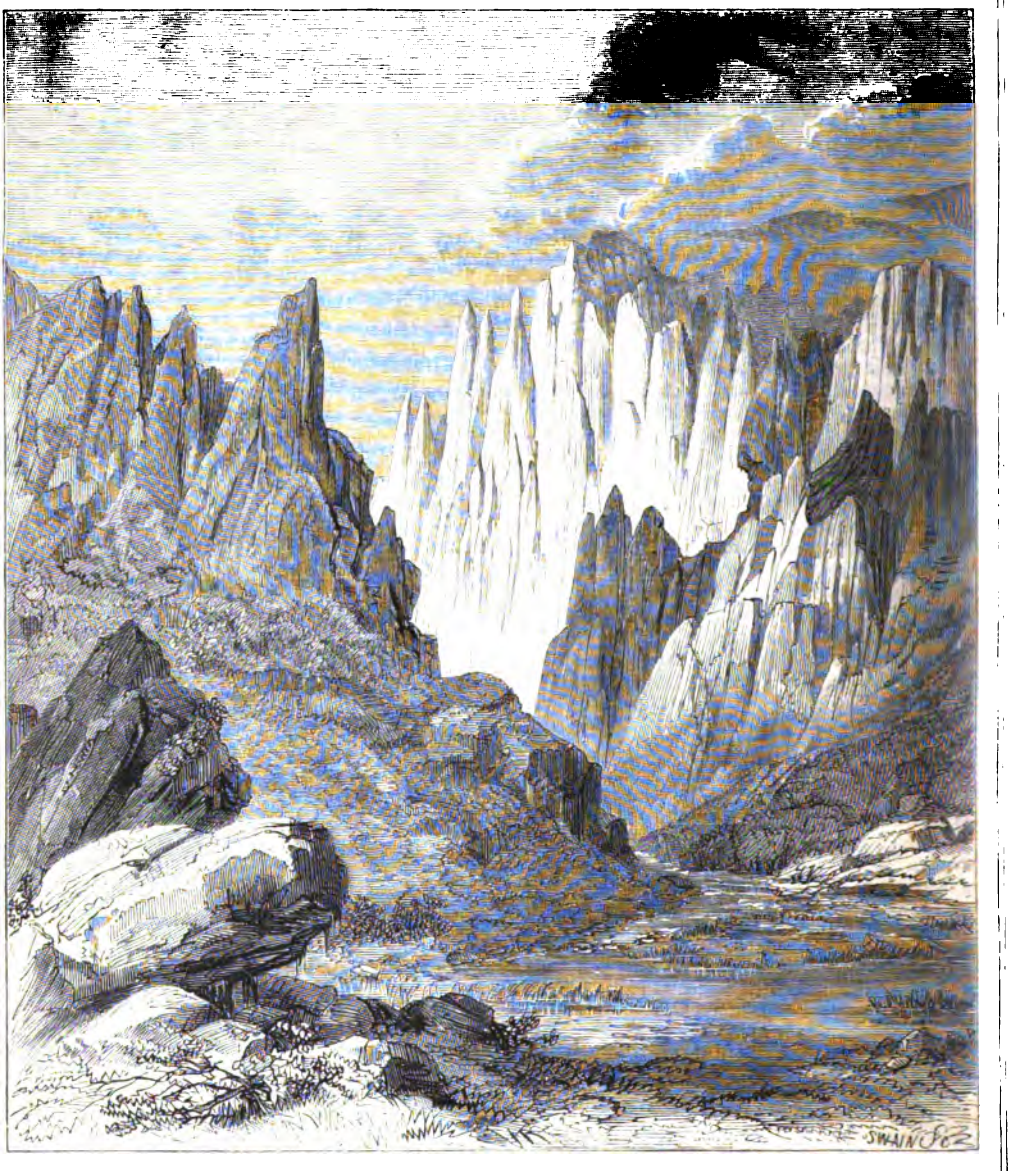
The origin of the legend may, however, be traced in history. Bonfi relates that the Kuns frequently devastated the frontiers of Transylvania in the eleventh century during the reign of St. Lászlo, and that the king gave them battle

* The Manos, one of the principal rivers of Transylvania, rises at the foot of the Caudal-tos Mountains, on the confines of Moldavia, and flows into the Thiess at Szegodin.

* Or Cumanians.

† In Glen-Etive, in Argyllshire.

more than once, and finally drove them out of his dominions. It is on one of his less fortunate encounters that the miracle of the chasm is founded. The two caverns before mentioned formed holds of refuge for the people from the same or even an earlier period, and in the seventeenth century Töster relates, that during the wars of 1660 the Tátars enticed the refugees



from their hiding-place by fraud, and carried them away prisoners. The cave on the right face of the gulf is called Balika, or, in the Transylvanian tongue, "Bajkavár," from "Var," a fortress, and the ancient usage of the cave as a place of strength. Besides these principal caverns, there are several smaller ones, which probably have never been explored, and it was long a belief among the inhabitants of the district, that in some were deposited barrels of gold, treasures of the ancient refugees, and still concealed by a magical charm which closed the rock at the approach of an exploring foot. It was probably in the hope of discovering a portion of this hidden wealth, that on the 13th August, 1780, Janos Kis, a chimney sweeper, descended into one of the caves, provided with ropes and iron hooks; but his enterprise was unsuccessful, for he never returned to upper air, and since that time none have been so bold as to repeat his trial. M.

A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

SHORTLY after my arrival in Canada, a severe accident, received on a shooting expedition, caused me to be placed for a time under the hospitable roof of the stipendiary magistrate of Tircouaga, one of the prospective cities of the far west; and during the severe illness that followed, I could not have received more kindness had I been in my own home. When I left the woods the tints of autumn were flushing them with crimson and orange, as if their leaves had suddenly burst into blossom; but ere I looked on them again their glories had all vanished beneath the stern sway of the northern winter, with its train of biting frosts and deep snows, while the broad winding Tircouaga river, which I had last seen so blue and wavy, was now hushed and stilled by the universal ice-fetter.

To me, but recently arrived from England, it seemed strange how, amid so wild a solitude, this advent of a six or seven months' winter could be welcomed as I saw it by those around me. I did not yet know that winter was the only season when the bonds of their isolation were loosened, nor that the snow was the magician smoothing the difficulties of social intercourse in a district where neighbours dwelt miles apart, and the roads between them were mere lanes cut through the primeval forest, and abounding in holes, and ruts, and stumps of trees.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I was the companion of Mr. Norton and his daughters in all these exchanges of courtesy; and if I cared little for the visiting, I greatly enjoyed the drives in the swiftly-gliding sleigh over the gleaming snow; while, instead of leaves, the trees above our heads were hung with icicles, sparkling and flashing in the sunshine, like the ruby and emerald fruit and foliage of eastern story; and the long rhythmical chimes of our sleigh bells echoing through the arches of the trees, were the only sounds, save our own laughter, that broke the silence of those ancient woods.

We went to merrymakings, too—real backwoods "frolics"—held in rude barns, whose decorations were essentially rustic, but where the warmth of the hospitality compensated for every deficiency; the friend of a guest was kindly welcomed, the passing traveller was pressed to stay, and the wandering merchant, with his stores of finery and news, was received with delight, especially by the fair sex. Then the home-coming was almost as merry; the long strings of sleighs with their bells sounding cheerily through the midnight woods, and the joyous leave-takings of the occupants as each went his separate way.

On one occasion we had been to one of these festivities, some six or seven miles beyond the Tircouaga, and were returning home in two light one-horse sleighs, the first containing Mr. Norton and his elder daughter, the second her sister and

myself. The night was calm and beautiful in its dim snow-light, and the red glow of the northern streamers above our heads flashed and leaped and quivered in a thousand brilliant coruscations; while strangely and sweetly through the grey old woods sounded the clear girlish voices of the sisters, as from the different sleighs they sang in alternate stanzas one of the quaint old ballads of the middle ages. At length we reached the banks of the Tircouaga, which lay between us and our home, a mirror of ice, and we at once commenced its passage. As we swept quickly on, it seemed to me that some other sound mingled with the firm footfalls of the horses, and the chime of their bells—a low threatening murmur like the echo of a distant tempest. But Mr. Norton drove gaily on, as if he either heard it not, or thought nothing of it, and I dismissed it from my mind, until as we drew near the centre of the river, strange dark spots, like cloud-shadows, began to fleck its gleaming surface.

The next instant one appeared right on Mr. Norton's path, and too close for him to avoid. With a long leap the horse bounded over it, and as the sleigh was drawn quickly after, there was a plash that told it had struck against water. I could see Mr. Norton spring hurriedly up.

"Back, back, for your lives!" he cried to us; "the ice is breaking up!"

I turned to follow his directions, but it was too late—two or three such spots lay between us and the bank. I looked around; they were rapidly appearing on every side; and then I remembered to have heard that the ice of the Tircouaga, like that of several other Canadian rivers, was treacherous in consequence of hot springs in the bed of the river, which at times burst forth; and that particularly in the early part of the winter the morning would see the river covered with ice, of which before evening not a trace would remain.

Perceiving how matters were, Mr. Norton bade us follow him, and quickly, for that not a moment was to be lost; and then dashed off at a rapid pace for the opposite bank, leaping the chasms, and speeding lightly on over the frozen portions, as if he hoped by swiftness to diminish the danger; and with the same breathless speed we hastened on in his rear.

Meanwhile, larger and more numerous grew those dark blue spaces, and longer and more frequent our horses' leaps. At length there came a chasm mine could not venture. I looked eagerly round for some more favourable spot; but as my eye glanced onward, it fell on constantly-widening water, until it had gone the circuit; and, with a sensation of surprise and horror, I perceived that we stood upon an ice island, from which the surrounding ice was rapidly retreating. I looked after Mr. Norton; but, unsuspicious of what had happened, he was still making his way with arrowy speed across the ice; so I felt we were left to our own efforts for escape, and my utter inexperience rendered the chances few indeed, unless we should again draw near enough to the main ice to leap the space between; and none can tell how anxiously I watched each movement of our raft as it began to yield to the influence of the current. But each fathom that we were swept down the river seemed to bear us an equal distance from its icy borders, and we soon found ourselves floating on a comparatively open space of water, and surrounded by numerous ice-islets.

I could almost have echoed poor Annie's cry of agony when the certainty of our position burst upon her, so fearful was it. Alone at midnight, on a fragment of ice, floating down a rapid river whose future course I knew not, while on each side stretched tracts of crumbling ice, and beyond them rose banks of inaccessible steepness! What could exceed the desolation of such a position, and what hope could it leave to us of life? While, to complete our misery, we had not even the power to struggle against our fate, but must passively await its coming.

How deeply I pitied my young companion, as she sat there weeping such bitter tears. It was hard for her to part with life, after sixteen years of such bright and joyous experience as hers had been; hard to lay it down thus suddenly and fearfully, absent from all she loved, and yet harder the unresolvable fears for her father's and sister's safety which our own danger had awakened. I tried to utter words of consolation as I wrapped the poor girl in the buffalo robes from the chill night air that our inaction rendered doubly cold. She looked a sad contrast to the bright creature of the last few hours, whose joyous ballad-strains were yet lingering in my ears. But when the first shock was over, poor Annie struggled bravely with her grief, and during the remainder of that long, dreary night of peril she sat calmly by my side, the most patient and resigned companion man ever had in danger.

Meanwhile, the river was bearing us swiftly on past rocky headlands, and dark pine forests, waving above lofty cliffs, on to yet wilder and sterner regions, where it seemed even the red man would scarce pitch his wigwam. Sometimes the river swept us smoothly along on its broad bosom, at others it contracted into narrower limits, and hurried on with a quicker current; and as our frail raft was swayed about by the broken water, we oft-times thought either that it would part, or we be swept from its slippery surface, while every now and then our poor horse beat the ice wildly with his hoof, and, as he recognised its unsoundness, his long shrill cries of distress and terror rang far and wide over the river, and quivered through the dismal woods beyond.

Day at length broke upon us, still floating down that lonely river, between its frowning banks, and on our raft, whose limits were now small indeed. Death seemed close upon us in one of his most repulsive forms, and we no longer pretended blindness to his coming, but spoke together as they should whose hour was at hand.

Suddenly the river took an abrupt bend, and, aided by the waters of another river, which here fell into it, spread almost to the dimensions of a lake; but still it was bordered by those monotonous, wall-like banks, shutting out every hope. At length we sighted something like a chasm dividing the cliff down to the water's edge. I sprang to my feet in a moment. Here was at least a chance of life—the first that during all

those wretched hours had presented itself—and I resolved at once to profit by it.

Without a moment's delay the horse was cast loose from the shafts, and Annie was tied securely to his back, then with a few words of encouragement and hope to the poor young girl, doomed to so many hardships and dangers, I took the halter in my hand, and sending the horse into the water, leaped in myself, and then commenced swimming to the shore.

But the struggle was a long and arduous one, for we were more than a mile from the land, and both the horse and I were cramped and stiffened with cold. Many a time I thought the effort was in vain, and that neither the horse nor I would ever reach the shore, that to my weariness seemed to recede as we advanced. Moreover, the current pressed strongly against us, striving to sweep us down beyond our goal, against the steep rocky barrier that lined the water. Fortunately the hot springs had raised the temperature of the water, for poor Annie's girlish form was almost hidden in it, as the waves gurgled and surged around her, sometimes even sweeping above her head. But the young girl's courage rose with the occasion, and she bore unmurmuringly this new phase of suffering.

But they strive hard whose prize is life, and after more than an hour of hope, and doubt, and fear, we reached the land we had never hoped to tread again. As we emerged from the water the wintry wind pierced through our saturated clothing, with an icy chill that threatened to freeze them on us. Providentially, in our need, we found a settler's house near at hand, where we obtained dry clothes, refreshment, and the loan of a horse and sleigh, in which we were soon speeding along the road to Tircouaga. As we proceeded, fresh fears for her father's and sister's fate assailed poor Annie, which were only set at rest when she found herself in their arms.

Since then, the chances of a soldier's life have brought me through many adventures, but none have left so deep an impression on my mind, as that long and terrible night upon the ice; nor shall I ever cease to remember with deep affection and esteem the young girl who was my gentle and heroic companion in its suffering and danger.

ANDREW MITCHELL.

PHYSICAL ANTIPATHIES.

EVERY person reckons among his acquaintances individuals who are peculiarly "touchy" upon certain points. In an ordinary way it is plain-sailing enough with them; but just venture upon certain topics and they are "nowhere" in a moment. Pressure upon some hidden mental spring makes all sorts of secret drawers of the mind shoot out suddenly, to the amazement of the unconscious operator, and he will go away with a firm conviction that there is some screw loose in that particular quarter at least. Familiar as we are with mental peculiarities of this kind, there is a parallel range of physical ones, which are generally very little known. The physician who sounds the depths of our bodies, and knows how oddly the mucous membrane of one individual behaves, and what eccentricities are shown by the epidermis of another, is aware that this "too, too solid flesh" can have fads and fancies, tastes and dislikes, and show them, too, in a manner as decided and demonstrative as though the mental instead of the grosser organs were implicated. These physical idiosyncracies sometimes put on such extraordinary features, that we fear, in relating some of them, the reader will think we are romancing. For instance, he will readily assent to the old saying, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" nevertheless, he will doubt our good faith when we tell him of a man being poisoned by a mutton chop. Dr. Prout, in his valuable work on the Stomach, however, relates just such a case. This individual, with a contumacious stomach, could not touch mutton in any form. It was at first supposed that this dislike arose from caprice; the meat was therefore disguised, and given to him in some unknown form, but with the invariable result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa: and from the severity of the effects, which were those of a virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in, his life would soon have been destroyed. Strange and irrational as this behaviour may appear to be, yet it is only a rather exaggerated example of stomachic capriciousness. Some persons cannot touch veal, others are prostrated by a few grains of rice. We happen to know an individual that is immediately seized with all the symptoms of English cholera if he takes as much as a single grain of rice. Such is his susceptibility to the presence of this article of food, that the most infinitesimal portions are instantly detected. Thus, for instance, having been seized with illness immediately after drinking beer, it was discovered that a grain or two had been introduced into the bottle for the purpose of giving it a head. Eggs are equally obnoxious to some individuals. Mr. Erasmus Wilson relates the case of a patient who was seized with a violent bowel complaint suddenly, without any apparent cause. Knowing, however, his proclivity to violent gastric irritation from touching eggs, he at once declared that he must have partaken of the obnoxious food. It could not be traced, however, until the cook acknowledged that she had glazed a pasty, of which he had partaken, with the white of an egg.

Shell-fish is well known to disarrange the digestive organs of some people. We happen to be acquainted with a lady who unfortunately partook of a lobster-salad for supper at a ball with the inconvenient result of almost immediately breaking-out into a rash over the face, neck, and arms. For this reason mussels, shrimps, and cockles cannot be touched by many individuals. In order to understand the immediate and extraordinary effect thus produced upon the skin in consequence of partaking of food irritating to the stomach, we must inform our reader that the lining of the whole digestive apparatus is only a continuation of the epidermis. Let us imagine a double night-cap, one end of which is thrust into the other, and we have at once the true idea of the relation the epidermis, or outside

skin, has to the mucous membrane, or inside skin, which lines the stomach and intestines. With this explanation, it is easy to understand how it is that an irritating poison coming in contact with the stomach immediately tells its tale on the fair shoulders of the ball-room belle.

Results equally distressing, if not so unsightly, are produced in some individuals without the introduction to the stomach of articles of food or medicine. Floating particles in the air are sometimes sufficient to produce all the symptoms of spasmodic asthma. We once knew a dispenser who could not stop in the room with an unstoppered bottle of ipecacuanha. Even if it were opened thirty or forty feet away out of his sight, he was instantly aware of the fact, in consequence of the sudden seizures to which he was liable. We have heard of an old lady, residing in Holborn, who at times was subjected to sickness and vomiting in the most sudden and unaccountable manner. At last her physician, suspecting some atmospheric influence, made inquiries, and found out that a room on the ground-floor, at the back of the house, was used as a dispensary, whence the emanations from the ipecacuanha penetrated to her apartments on the second-floor front.

There is a very distressing complaint, popularly known as the hay-asthma, which affects a certain small proportion of the population. At the season of hay-making, these individuals are suddenly seized with what appears to be a very bad influenza—running at the nose, sneezing, coughing, and in some cases a most violent irritation of all the mucous surfaces, the eye-lids, and the air-passages, and the nose swelling in the most extraordinary manner. We have seen individuals quite blind for a time from this cause. Persons so affected can only find relief by immediately retreating from the vicinity of the hay-fields. The Duke of Richmond, for instance, who is particularly susceptible to the influence of hay asthma, retreats every hay-making season to Brighton, to avoid his well-known enemy. Floating vegetable particles of the seed of the grass are the cause of this extraordinary affection. That these travel a long distance is clear, inasmuch as persons susceptible to their influence feel uneasy even within a mile or two of hay-fields. We know a gentleman, living in the Bloomsbury district, who is rendered very uneasy in the hay season when the wind is from the north or north-east, but is quite well when it shifts to the west. The explanation of this circumstance lies in the fact, that the open fields where hay is made lie so much nearer to him in the former direction than in the latter, the intervening mass of houses towards the west acting as a kind of disinfectant as far as his own peculiar susceptibility to hay emanations are concerned. There are animal emanations, however, which appear to affect some almost as energetically as these vegetable ones. The atmosphere of cats, for instance, is intolerable to them. We have heard of a military gentleman who would sometimes become suddenly and violently agitated during dinner, so much so that his speech left him, and he seemed on the verge of an apoplectic seizure. His friends, however, knew what this meant, and immediately began searching for the cat, which was sure to be found in some part of the room, although before unobserved. To other individuals the presence of rabbits is equally obnoxious, they seem to catch cold merely from going near them, and all their symptoms are greatly augmented if they happen to stroke them down. We have lately heard of two individuals of the same family who are affected in the same manner from the same cause: some people we know cannot sit in the same room with a cheese, others are obliged to retire before the presence of cooked hare.

Mr. Nunn, one of the surgeons of the Middlesex Hospital, who has given some very curious instances of idiosyncracies with respect to food and medicine, in the British Medical Journal, states that he has found that honey-comb has produced in a patient swelling of the tongue, frothing of the mouth, and blueness of the fingers; that figs produced formication of the palate and fauces, and that the dust of split peas have the effect, upon some persons, of hay-fever. A very singular example related by him of the effect of touch, is that of a gentleman, who could not endure the sensation produced by the handling of a russet apple. We have been informed of another singular instance of the excitability of the epidermis. For instance, a lady who immediately cries involuntarily on the addition of any mineral acid to the water in which she is bathing her feet; and of a gentleman in whom a severe attack of spasmodic asthma is immediately induced by the application of cold water to his instep.

We have hitherto dwelt merely upon certain idiosyncratic susceptibilities to certain articles of medicine, food, and animal emanations. The disease, spasmodic asthma, just alluded to, as to its effects is so nearly allied to many of those related, that there can be no doubt they arise from a common cause, irritating particles floating in the air, or atmospheric influences. A man goes to bed perfectly well, and awakens in the night with a difficulty of breathing, which threatens to suffocate him; after a while it goes off, but if he remains in the same place he is always liable to a recurrence of the fit. Dr. Hyde Salter, who has devoted much attention to this capricious disease, gives it as his experience that change of air, as in hay-asthma, is the only cure for this distressing complaint. As a general rule, those persons who are affected in pure country air, invariably find relief, or rather complete immunity from attack, in the moist air of dense cities, whilst city asthmatics will become instantly well in the dry pure air of the country. Dr. Salter relates a most singular couple of cases illustrative of this extraordinary capriciousness. One patient could only breathe in Norwood, the other only in London. If the one who could live at Norwood attempted to go to London, he was invariably stopped by a seizure of asthma at Camberwell Green. If, on the other hand, the patient who was exempt in London, attempted to go to Norwood, he found Camberwell Green the limit of his journeying—if he passed this his enemy immediately attacked him. Camberwell Green was their joint difficulty, and will remain so to the end.

Many persons who come up from the country for the "best advice" for this complaint, find that

in town they suddenly lose their asthma, and are somewhat disappointed that they cannot show their doctor the effect of a fit upon them. In many cases, however, they learn that the true doctor is city air—the worst city air, moreover, is generally the best for them. Thames Street atmosphere is particularly efficacious, and some even pick out the foggiest, densest, foulest lanes of Lambeth or Bermondsey as to them the balmiest, most life-giving of neighbourhoods. There are more extra-ordinary instances of idiosyncratic susceptibilities on the part of the air-tubes of some persons than even those examples would imply. For instance, some asthmatics can live at the top of a street in perfect health, whilst at the bottom of the same street they seem to be at the last gasp. We happened to know of a patient, who is more dead than alive at the top of Park Lane, but recovers immediately at the bottom of the same street; and Dr. Watson tells us, that he had an asthmatic patient who could sleep very well in the Red Lion, at Cambridge, but could never rest for a minute, on account of his asthma, in the Eagle in the same town.

Some asthmatics, with air-tubes more capricious and difficult to please than ordinary, make it the business of their lives to travel about in search of the air best suited to them. Thus, in their wanderings, they experience every conceivable degree of exasperation of, or exemption from, their disease; possibly in some lovely spot where the patient would willingly abide as in an earthly Eden, the asthma suddenly and rudely grips him by the throat and bids him depart or die. Journeying onward he may happen to come upon some barren ridge, or possibly upon that Plutonic region, known as the "Black Country." Here the patient would hurry onward with horror and affright, but suddenly his tyrant interposes. This air suits him, it imperiously cries, and here the slave of irritable mucus membrane is but too glad to end his pilgrimage, compounding with dreary scenery and a savage people, for the perfect freedom of drawing the breath of life. M. D.

ST. ANNE'S LAKE, TRANSYLVANIA.

BEYOND the Baths of Tasnad there is a chain of mountains extending towards the east as far as Kézdivásarhely,* rising ridge above ridge, covered by ancient forests; not a village or a hamlet is to be found in this solitary region; and even the high road through the country avoids its lonely wilds, tracked only by the paths of the hunter—even these are less beaten than centuries ago, when many a castle, now a ruin, in the midst of the forest, was inhabited by its hospitable lords,

* In the south-east, near the confines of Moldavia.

and the woods rang with the sounds of the bugle and the voices of hunter-trains.

In the midst of this vast and profound solitude, undisturbed by the storms which sweep the mountain, lies a sheet of still water, associated from the earliest ages with religious memories, which, like the valley of the Ganges to the Hindoo, the temple of the golden visions to the Hellenic poet, or the shades of Igdrasil to the Scandinavian, consecrates to the Transylvanian the "Lake of St. Anne." The bosom of this mountain basin lies 3000 feet above the level of the sea, an elevation little below the summit of Snowdon or Ben-Lomond; but here a deep valley surrounded by hills, which rise 1200 feet higher, covered with a cloud of oak and beech, while gigantic pines spread a deep and solemn shadow round the pale waters of the Lake, tinged with a silvery green by the reflection of the wooded hills. The absence of every human sound, and the deep silence which sleeps upon the valley, gives an imposing sense of awful repose, the mysterious influence of which is heightened by the magical effect of a wonderful echo, which, as it spreads round the Lake, rises by degrees until it dies away in a prolonged cadence, almost an octave higher than its original tone.

According to tradition, when the rites of the ancient Huns were confined to their solitudes and fastnesses, it was at the Lake of St. Anne that they made sacrifice to the god of war; and afterwards, when the light of the true faith had banished these dark superstitions, a chapel dedicated to the Mother of our Lady, was founded on the ashes of the pagan fires by one of the earliest Christian ladies, to whom St. Anna had appeared in a dream. This solitary fane became a place of great devotion, until the sacred walls having been profaned by a false vow, were struck by lightning and reduced to a ruin. Subsequently, however, they were restored by one of the bishops, and the valley became again animated by the Szekler pilgrims: its lonely water brightened with the reflection of their gonfannons, and its echo prolonging the cadence of their hymns. Beside the chapel, there was also a small dwelling with a bell-turret, the habitation of the "Pilgrim Father." But now all have disappeared; the storms of war have reduced the chapel to a heap of ruins; the echoes are silent; and no living shadow is reflected in the still water, but the deer which comes down to drink at its margin, and the heron which watches in its pools. M.

FLOATING A WHALE.

It was my good fortune, when stationed off the Island of Vancouvers, in 1858, to be an eye-witness of one of the most extraordinary modes of capturing a whale that I have ever heard of.

It appears the natives are similar to those upon the shores of Siberia and Kamskatcha—much addicted to whales' blubber; and at their royal feasts nothing is held in such estimation as a quantity of the aforesaid delicacy.

One fellow-sailor of mine tells a story of being invited to one of these feasts on the coast of Siberia, and having laid before him the two greatest delicacies of the season, "whales' blubber," and the substance taken from the first stomach of a reindeer directly it is killed; and as he kindly added, for our information, forming a dish not unlike spinach.

Blubber being thus held in such high repute by the Vancouver Indians, as well as their more northern brethren, it may be supposed they are particularly anxious to obtain it; and although they do not object to a dead and often putrid whale which chance casts upon their coasts, they naturally prefer fresh meat, and to secure it go to great lengths. Their canoes generally consist of a single tree, hollowed out by fire or some other means, ballasted by their own activity in springing from side to side as occasion requires; and though sometimes hoisting a sail made of cedar bark, just as often entirely dependent on a pair of paddles, one worked at the stern, the other at the bow.

Considering the fragile nature of these boats, the reader may believe I was somewhat incredulous as to their efficacy in the pursuit of the great Leviathan, and inwardly thinking "seeing was believing," determined, if possible, to accompany one of these expeditions.

As good luck had it, my ship remained three months at Vancouver's, lying at anchor in the lovely harbour of Victoria, or, according to the Indian language, "Esquimault." Thus it happened that I saw a good deal of the island, and, being in favour with the captain, had a good many runs ashore, and I hope made some use of the opportunities thus afforded me.

During the winter season severe storms frequently visit these coasts, and, blowing directly down from the northern Pacific, bring with them great shoals of fish, and frequently whales, who, getting out of their latitude, and their strength probably much reduced by struggling against the storm, they are cast on the coast of Vancouver. Once there, they are speedily observed by the active islanders, always on the look out for their esteemed luxury. No time is to be lost: the receding tide leaves the whale for a time impotently lashing his tail, unable to regain the deep water, trying to bury his nose in the shallow breakers, and making loud attempts to spout, which generally end in a guttural sound, not unlike the bellowing of a hundred bulls. All is excitement on the shore: Indians rush here and there: friends are summoned from every quarter: canoes hauled down to the water, while the weapons of destruction are prepared.

The weapon used is worthy of description, both from its ingenuity and the important part it takes in the capture of the whale. It consists, first, of a barbed spear-head, to this is tied a large seal's skin made into the shape of a bag, and filled with air so as to resemble a large bladder; secondly, to the spear-head a long rope is attached, which is sometimes made of bark, but oftener of a kind of sea-weed which grows to an enormous length, and when wet resists almost any force; thirdly, into a socket in the centre of the spear-head a pole is fitted, but so arranged that it can be easily withdrawn, while the head is left imbedded in the flesh of the whale, acting as an anchor to the bladder and rope.

Armed with these primitive weapons the natives set off in their fragile canoes, and approaching their prey as closely as is consistent with safety, dexterously cast their spears, catching back the loose handles. In a short time the monster assumes a most extraordinary appearance, being completely covered with these sealskin air-bags, which make a curious noise when bumped against one another by the winds. When the tide begins to rise, the aspect of affairs is altogether changed; the great fun now commences, and the use of the bladders becomes evident, as they actually prevent the animal sinking sufficiently to use his full strength, keeping him upon the surface of the water.

The canoes now pull towards shore, the lines become taut, and suddenly the monster feels himself moving slowly but steadily towards the land; his struggles are tremendous, but fruitless; he is literally a fish out of water, and hopelessly in the power of his Lilliputian foes, who laugh at his strength and utter ludicrous imitations of his attempts to spout, while the inhabitants, for miles round, crowd to the scene of triumph, singing and beating large drums made of the hollowed bole of a tree, over the ends of which is stretched the skin of a sea-lion. As soon as the whale is beyond low water-mark the work is done, as they have only to wait till the tide leaves their prize high and dry upon the beach, where the heat of the sun soon puts an end to its sufferings. The favourite blubber is then dug out and put away in calabashes for the future, after every one has eaten as much as he can possibly hold. However, they look forward with more anxiety to the feasts to come, as they prefer their favourite dish in a state decidedly "gamey."

As may be supposed, the carcase of the whale decays rapidly, and taints the atmosphere for miles round, to such an extent that no one but a native could exist in the vicinity. Although if there happens to be a whaler at anchor anywhere near, she soon gets wind of what is going on, and comes in for the lion's share at small cost or trouble; the natives, not knowing the value of any part except the blubber, are easily induced to help the whalers by the gift of a few glasses of rum.

I. D. Fenton.

THE EUROPEAN DIFFICULTY.

It would have excited a strong sensation—five centuries ago—if, in a time when the Pope was displeased with anybody in Christendom, a faithful likeness of himself and his spiritual councillors had been dispersed among the towns and villages of England. What the Pope thought and said,—what he promised or threatened—was important to every man, woman, and child in Western Europe. When he was offended to a certain point, a complete desolation spread over the country which lay under his displeasure. The church-bells did not toll: the people would have rejoiced to hear that doleful sound; for, instead of it, there was a silence which was worse to bear.

A complete stop was put to all religious observances but two, and those two were permitted only that innocent souls might not be lost. The priests were seen only when discharging those two offices—hurrying to baptise the newly-born, and to administer the viaticum to the dying. The priests looked stern and mournful. They had spread ashes on the floors of the churches, and laid the holy images upon them; and they then retired to pray for repentance of the sinners, and the return of the Pope's favour, that the curse might be removed. They were not permitted to bury the dead: and the dead were therefore laid in large pits, without a word being said over them. The priests could not perform the marriage-service, and young people had to wait,—they knew not how long. On Sundays the nation tried to pass the day in the old Sunday sports of the kingdom; but it was not the same thing as sport which follows homage rendered and duty done. So, in a little while, the people made Sunday like other days, and worked seven days in the week. News spread through the land which disheartened them at their work. Foreigners would hold no intercourse with a nation which lay under the Pope's curse; and thus there would soon be no silk, or wool, or precious woods, or other commodities from abroad, and nobody abroad would purchase goods from an excommunicated country. Above all, there was the heavy sense of the Divine rebuke, administered by the Pontiff, spreading a deep gloom over each day and hour. At such a period, if it had been possible to circulate an engraving of the Holy Father and his priest-ministers throughout the kingdom, what a rush there would have been to see it! The carpenter would have come from his work-bench, and the dyer from his vat, and the swineherd from the forest, and the women from the dairy, to gaze (some through their tears) on the countenance of him who held their spiritual and social fate in his hand. Bold warriors would have bent their heads, and infants would have been taught to clasp their hands before it. Wistful eyes would have searched in every face in the group of portraits for chances of relenting,—for some token of a pitying heart within. Many would have willingly walked to Rome with peas in their shoes, if there was any chance of obtaining a pardon at the end of the march; but it was too well known that petitioners clothed in sackcloth, with ashes on their heads, had knelt before the Pope in vain.

Thus was it in former times, except that there was no such portrait to exhibit; but, instead of it, some returned pilgrim here and there, whom the people assembled to see and question. Thus was it for five years, in the reign of King John. But times are changed.

When we look at a print of the Pope and his councillors of our days, we remember that a part of Christendom is under his displeasure: but we do not feel it. It is nothing to us, except as an interesting matter of observation; and we know that it is not of much more consequence to the special objects of his censure. He has more than once threatened the King of Sardinia with excommunication, and he has—so lately as New Year's Day—sent a message of fierce rebuke to the Emperor of the French; but we all feel that the world's business, religion, and pleasure, will go on much the same, whether the Pope is gracious

or angry. When we look upon his portrait, it is with strong interest, certainly, but without fear, or home-felt emotion of any kind. We study it to impress on our memories the countenance of the unhappy Pope who is doomed to exemplify the long-foreseen degradation of that which was for centuries the greatest power in the world.

This year will, in all probability, decide the future destiny of the papacy as a European sovereignty. Of its authority as a spiritual power, this is not the place to speak. The quarrel between the Pope and his antagonists is not an affair of his spiritual kingdom, but his temporal dominions. It is not a case of rebellion of heretics against the head of the church, but of the revolt of Catholic subjects against a sovereign who lets them be oppressed by tyrannical ministers of state.

Popes are changed as well as times. Instead of bold, combative, self-willed, haughty priests, we have now, in the highplaces of the Church, men who begin with supposing themselves as powerful as their predecessors, and who set to their work accordingly, but who collapse at once when they find out their mistake,—still using the language of pretension and insolence, but using craft and cruelty where they can no longer rule by unquestioned authority.

From that point of degradation no government ever revives. Its duration is merely a question of time; a question only too interesting, however, to those whom it most nearly concerns,—the Italian subjects of the Pope. They and he, and the dignitaries about him have the nearest concern in the matter which interests all Christendom. It may be difficult to say which we should pity most —him or his subjects. As for his priestly officials, we need not trouble our feelings much about them. According to their deserts, they will suffer either a righteous retribution for the selfish abuse of power, or will meekly bear, with some moral satisfaction, the consequences of their mistakes in mixing up civil despotism with the exercise of their spiritual authority.

There are several reasons why we should pity Pius the Ninth sincerely and deeply. He is a man in the wrong place. He might have been a kindly and devoted minister among the poor; and, without any act of his own, he is lifted up to a place whence oppression necessarily bears hard upon the multitude. He was made for orderly and ordinary times of peace in the Church, or for seasons of natural calamity: but not for any crisis of social or ecclesiastical conflict. He has not intellect, nor moral force, nor self-reliance, nor bodily health for such a position as that of the head of a sinking state; and thus, if we cannot feel any great respect for him on the ground of his merits, we are sensible of a respectful compassion for his sufferings in the unhappy lot he is fulfilling.

There was a time, however—and that not very long ago—when many of us said that, happen what might, we would never cease to give the present Pope credit for the early acts of his reign. Let us carefully redeem that pledge, and keep his best deeds uppermost in our minds.

It is interesting to speculate on what he would have been if he had followed up his first destined profession, and continued a soldier. He would hardly have risen to any high military rank, unless by favour: but he would have been a pleasant comrade, and a kind and considerate commander; and he would probably have escaped the disease of epilepsy, which may be answerable for much of the failure of his latter life. Whatever may have been the motive which led him to choose a clerical life, among his many enemies none have impugned the purity of his life, or questioned the due subordination of his affections to his calling. No nepotism has caused scandal during his reign: no love of money for his relations, nor ambition for himself. Pure in conduct, and disinterested in feelings while a working priest, he deserved the hopes and the homage poured out before him when he recovered from the fainting-fit with which he received the news of his election to the Papal-chair. This was in 1846, when he was fifty-four years of age.

It was supposed that the long-needed reforming Pope had now arrived. Cardinal Ferretti, Archbishop of Imola (as he was before his election), was known to have seen and heard a good deal about liberalism in Chili, where he had been sent on service, soon after the independence of that republic: and his six years in the Romagna had taught him much of the grounds of discontent which existed under the rule of Gregory the Sixteenth, and his tyrannical Minister Lambruschini. As he had formerly sympathised with the sufferers by pestilence, devoting himself and all that he had, night and day, to the victims of cholera; so, in the Romagna, he was understood to give his pity and his prayers to the victims of the papal tyranny of that day. That he would be a reforming Pope, and the father of his people was the general expectation, thirteen years ago: and he sincerely intended and endeavoured to be so.

Some surprise was occasioned in Puritan New England about that time by an incident which occurred one evening, in the neighbourhood of Rome. It was the Pope's custom to recreate himself by a drive into the country, where he was wont to get out of the carriage, and walk for exercise. One summer evening, about sunset, he was standing, in his ordinary dress, with his cap on his head, looking at the landscape from a hill-road when a party of Americans came up, only just landed at Cività Vecchia. They were sons and daughters of the Pilgrims; yet they were presently kneeling in the dust, the ladies with their faces bathed in tears, receiving the Pope's blessing. There was nothing wonderful in their emotion. A throng of associations connected with the supreme papacy of past ages no doubt arose in their minds in contrast with the destiny and character of the reforming Pope before them, who was to purge out the evils of the institution, and show what a paternal and really spiritual government could do. With these thoughts in their minds, and the benign-looking grey-haired old man standing before them in the sunset light, gazing back upon Rome, which they were about to enter for the first time—it is not surprising that strong emotions stirred even Puritan bosoms.

Some of that party may be saying now, "Who

can believe that this man, now christened 'the European difficulty,' is the same? He who sanctions the separation of the child Mortara from his Jewish parents: he who lets his officials scourge, and imprison, and banish, and persecute his helpless subjects by thousands: he who permits the roads to be infested by brigands because his ministers suspend and defy the laws in the towns and villages: he who gives impunity to his troops for the slaughter, pillage, and brutality perpetrated by them in Perugia: he who allows all natural blessings and all human affections to be violated and tortured in his name. Can this be the saint and ministering angel, and holy apostle who blessed us in that sunset light, while we almost worshipped him?"

Yes—it is the same man: and without much, if any change. It is only that different times have presented different phases of his character. The narrowness of view, the shallowness of intellect, the jealousy of interference, the tenacity of authority, the proneness to scold, the fear of those near him, and contempt of those afar off, were all in him in his best days, and certain to be brought out if he should live a dozen years. It is the same man who declared himself the subject of a miracle when a floor fell in without killing him, and who charged the Marquis d'Azeglio with denying the immortality of the soul by promoting a good social organisation in the Romagna. It is the same man who could, at one time, restore to their home three thousand citizens banished by his predecessor, and at another transport, bring back, torment, and insult, and bewilder with misery a yet greater number of his subjects, in imitation of Austrian rule. It is the same man who could, for ten years, rest on French troops in his capital for protection from his own subjects, and then, on New Year's Day, 1860, insult the Emperor of the French in terms of abusive spite, addressed to the Emperor's own officers. It is the same man throughout—never strong enough for the place, in which the strongest must fail to do what is expected from him.

The question now is,—can any strength or wisdom carry the papacy through its present crisis?

On the one hand, the Pope has 139,000,000 of spiritual subjects, many of whom (and especially those who live in the remotest places) are eager to sustain him in all the rights he ever claimed. Again, the private character of Pius the Ninth justifies the respect and affection of those distant subjects, and relieves his cause from the dead-weight of scandal which burdened papal pretensions many a time in the old days. On the other hand, his government is found unendurable by his temporal subjects, and he was always unable, and is now unwilling, to regenerate it. There is only one way in which it can be done—by changing it, in all civil affairs, from a priestly to a secular government; and this is what no Pope probably could effect, and what this Pope will certainly never attempt. As for the rest, he early made promises which he could not fulfil. He rushed into acts of which he did not foresee the consequence. When those consequences arrived, he made an abrupt stop in his liberal career; became virtually a prisoner in his own palace; fled thence over the Neapolitan frontier in the disguise of a footman of the Bavarian Minister; became the familiar and admiring friend of the late King of Naples; was brought home under foreign guardianship, and has since lived, apparently among his people, but under the protection of French troops. German soldiers are now stealing into his territories, by way of the Adriatic, and assembling, we are told, to fight the Pope's own subjects in the Romagna.

The only idea in the Vatican of restoring the power and influence of the papacy seems to be obtaining the aid of foreign sovereigns and their soldiery to put down the Pope's own subjects. That this will not do, he is now assured by his protector, the French Emperor, whom he styles "the eldest son of the Church." His remaining territories shall be secured to him, says the Emperor, if he will at once surrender the revolted part. This would be rather a pity, if, as the same oracle declares, his spiritual power would be all the greater for his being unincumbered by the temporal dominions. It does not appear how a part can be guaranteed to remain under bad government after another portion has obtained relief: nor who would do it; nor who would benefit by its being done. The Pope will not hear of surrendering anything.

What then? If we try to conceive a modern Pope laying a nation under interdict for five years, two circumstances seem indispensable;—that the nation should be purely catholic, and that the Pope's power should be purely spiritual. Other parties would interfere and spoil the process, if there were the smallest intermixture of protestantism in the humbled nation, or of physical force with the Holy Father's authority. If there be a way, therefore, of saving the Papacy, it is by surrendering the States of the Church to a sovereign of their own choice. If this were done, it would be, in the estimation of most people, the wisest practical step; and we might look with deep interest on the group of the last territorial Pope and his advisers, preparing themselves to enter on a new spiritual reign, in hope of renovating the true power of the Holy See.

But it is not to be so. Many of the Pope's best subjects wish that it were. The Holy Father himself, however, will part with nothing. He struggles for his territories as he does for his ecclesiastical supremacy. He thinks those his best subjects who abet him in the fatal imprudence of representing his temporal and spiritual powers as inseparable. If he does not govern Bologna, they say, he cannot issue valid commands from the Vatican. If this be true, it is all over with him: for it is becoming clear that he will never more rule Bologna.

In our own country, as on the Continent, we see that the Catholics move in three divisions. Frantic Irish papists worship or revile the Powers of Europe, according to their view of the probability of the Pope keeping or losing his dominions. These popish politicians adored the French Emperor last spring, and denounce him now because he sees, better than he did, the necessary issue of his own war. They scold England, as if she were at war with the Pope, because she is not at war for him. According to these clamorous

THE POPE AND HIS CHIEF OFFICERS. (See note p. 121.)

men, all is lost if the Romagna is lost. Another section abstains from censure, but desires our Government to protect the interests of the Pope by diplomacy. A third takes the general English view: that the essence of the papal power is in its spirituality; and that if it is to revive, it must be as High Priest, and not as king on earth.

The frantic party demands war: and it is believed that Cardinal Wiseman has promised an Irish brigade, while Dr. M'Hale engages for a million of gallant soldiers. The law of the land gives a short answer to that. There will no more be an Irish brigade putting down the Pope's own subjects on his behalf, than there will be an English brigade, under Garibaldi's command, on the other side. Such idle talk does not contribute to the dignity of the Holy See.

If, then, the Pope and his advisers continue to struggle against the change of the time, and the fixed purpose of the people whom they have alienated, we may look upon them as a set of doomed men—doomed to more than the suffering

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of martyrs, because they have not the justification of martyrs:—doomed to suppose their Church overthrown, because they mistake the lands about its base for the rock on which it is founded:—doomed perhaps to retire into monastic life, as many disappointed statesmen have done before them. The Pope himself declares that to ask him to give up the Romagna is a breach of all laws, divine and human. Such words are prophetic of the catastrophe. I. S.

NOTE.—The group on p. 120 is from a private photograph recently taken at Rome, and is probably unique in this country. The central figure is the POPE; nearest, on His Holiness' left, stands MONSIGNOR PACCA; in a kneeling posture is MONSIGNOR G. TALBOT, Chamberlain and Secretary to the Pope, formerly Vicar of Evercreech, Somerset. On his right in succession stand MONSIGNOR BORROMEO, the Papal Major Domo (answering to our Lord Chamberlain); PRINCE HOHENLOHE, Archbishop of Edessa *in partibus;* and MONSIGNOR STELLA, the Pope's Confessor; the kneeling figure nearest to the Pope on the same side is MONSIGNOR DE MÉRODE, now an ecclesiastic and Grand Echanson, formerly an officer who served with distinction with the French Army in Algeria. Let us study this group intently, and see what manner of men these are, whose political domain is slipping away from beneath them.

SWANKA!

OUR NAVAL NOVEL, AFTER THE MANNER OF CAPTAIN ——.

PREFACE.

IN offering this story to the public, the writer craves the indulgence of his readers in their criticisms of the nautical terms. Never having been further seaward than the port of Gravesend on the one hand, and Battersea Bridge on the other, his only means of studying nautical character and acquiring naval terms has been by attending the performances at the transpontine theatres; so the defects must rest on the heads of those bold British tars who are always "shivering their timbers," and fighting terrific combats at the minor theatres. The language has been somewhat modified to suit the times.

CHAPTER I.

I sail in the good ship "Cat-o'-nine-Tails," under my uncle, Lord Tartar.—Am blown up and blown away.

"PITCH the mainmast overboard, and splice the main-deck! Throw her up to the wind's eye, Mr. Smith, and be hanged to you; the service is going to the deuce, and there's not a man amongst you who knows his duty."

"Another spar has gone, my lord," remarked the carpenter, respectfully touching his forelock.

"Another spar!" shrieked Lord Tartar, whose voice might be heard above the howling of the hurricane. "Turn the hands up, and give them six dozen a piece, and mind the boatswain gets double allowance. Mr. Goldfinch, attend to your duty, sir, instead of standing there, gaping like a stuck pig, or by Gad I'll put all the officers in irons, and marry the youngsters to the gunner's daughter. I will be obeyed on board my own ship, or I'll know the reason why, by Gad!"

"Sail on the lee bow!" cried the man in the foretop.

"What colours does she carry?"

"French, my lord; and she's making signals of distress. She's within two hundred yards of us now."

"Pipe all hands for action!" roared old Tartar. "I don't care the turn of a marling-spike for all the signals of distress; but, by Gad, we'll send a broadside into her, as sure as I'm a peer!"

"I don't think the ship will bear a broadside now," observed the first lieutenant: "the hurricane is at its height, my lord, and she's pitching heavily; a broadside will send her over."

"And serve her right, too, sir!" replied his lordship; "who the deuce asked your advice, I should like to know. This is the worst ship in the service, by Gad! and the worst officered, and the worst manned; and if she goes to the bottom it serves the country right, by Gad, for sending such a lot of land-lubbers aboard. Are your guns ready, Mr. Trigger?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the gunner, determined to do his duty."

"Then fire, and be hanged to you, you ugly son of a soap-boiler!"

The wind was blowing a hurricane, and the waves were mountains high; and, in addition to the raging of the sea, the sky was so black that we could hardly see our enemy across the short space which intervened between us. The Cat'-o-nine-Tails was fairly buried in the water from the recoil of the broadside, but rose again like a cork.

"'Bout ship, and give her another broadside!" screamed old Tartar.

"I beg respectfully to intimate to you, my lord," said the first lieutenant, stepping forward, "that the enemy has had all her masts and upper deck carried away, and may now be considered a wreck."

"Put him in irons!" roared the captain: "by Gad, there's a mutiny in the ship! Does any other officer want to give me any advice, because if he does he had better say his prayers first, for I'll shoot him as dead as a nail, by Gad! Fire, ye scoundrels, and be hanged to you."

Another broadside was poured into the luckless ship; but, to our surprise, not a living creature appeared on her deck.

"Now, Mr. Bluejacket, you are skulking, as usual; you are a disgrace to the family, and as great a rascal as your father, who is in Hades. Take the jolly-boat, sir, and board the prize; and mind before you board that the swivel-gun and firearms are discharged into the port-holes. And, quartermaster, mind that the swivel is charged to the muzzle with broken iron and old nails, and let each of the men carry twelve revolvers and three cutlasses a-piece."

"I don't think it much matters, my lord," observed the quartermaster, "what the swivel is loaded with, as the boat will founder long before we reach the prize."

"Then go in her yourself," was his answer, "and I shall get rid of the worst officer in the ship."

Mr. Bluejacket, kind reader, was no other than your humble servant, and Lord Tartar was my uncle—one of the rough and tough old tars of a school which has passed away. People who didn't know him so well as I did, were prejudiced against him on account of his brusqueness of manner; but I can answer for it, that at the bottom he was a good kind of man. Certainly he had a propensity for flogging his crew, and putting them in irons, but I must do him the justice to say, that if he put a man in irons he generally remembered to take him out again. But to return to our narrative.

The boarding party were at quarters ready to go, but the sea was so heavy that we could not get her alongside, and some delay was occasioned in getting the men in; at last she broke away, and two men and myself had not embarked.

"Jump overboard, you sons of guns, and swim to the boat," shouted my uncle (as I shall now call him), "and Mr. Bluejacket, you remain here till the boat comes alongside."

To hear was to obey, and the two unfortunate seamen jumped overboard and sank immediately, and were drowned before our eyes. This circumstance rather appeased my uncle, who instantly became polite and amiable.

"My dear nephew," he said, "if you go to Davy Jones's locker, which I rather expect you will, be good enough to present my kind compliments to your father, and tell him that I am

enjoying myself comfortably in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place me, and as I don't intend any son of his to inherit the title and estates, if I can help it, it is my intention to marry as soon as I get on shore—and now, good-bye, my boy, and see if you can drop into the boat rather more cleverly than those two lubbers who were drowned a minute ago.

I felt that my fate was sealed, but I managed to drop into the boat.

"Good-bye, my boys," cried the quartermaster, rising up in the boat, "it's all over with us—if there's a man amongst you, you will bring that old villain to a court-martial."

"Fire into the boat!" sung out my uncle, "there's a mutiny amongst them, by Gad!"

"Do it yourself," replied the gunner, crossing his arms.

"Take that, you villain," said my uncle, firing his pistol at him. Fortunately the shot missed the gunner, but lodged in the thick part of the purser's thigh, which perhaps was the only thing Lord Tartar did which gave pleasure to the crew.

We had not gone a hundred yards from the ship before we lost all command of the boat—she was driven furiously against the side of the prize, and instantly foundered.

I have a dim recollection of going down fathoms deep and appearing again on the surface, and my last impression was that I saw my uncle standing on the quarter-deck rubbing his hands with glee.

CHAPTER II.

I presume that Britannia ceases to rule the waves, as I am taken prisoner by a slave-owner.—Cupid laughs at my fetters, and forges fresh ones for me.

WHEN I came to my senses, I found myself lying on a couch in a spacious half-darkened room. The couch I was lying on, and all the rest of the furniture were of solid silver, and the exquisitely polished mahogany floor was thickly inlaid with precious stones and mother-of-pearl. The sea-breeze was wafted through the window which opened down to the ground, and was fragrant with the perfumes of an orange-grove through which it rustled. Pictures of the best old masters were plentifully hung round the walls, many of which I was familiar with from having seen copies of them in our National Gallery. On rising from my couch I felt weak and languid, and on looking at myself in a mirror I found that my head had been shaved. My costume somewhat surprised me, as instead of my naval uniform I found myself attired in a pair of loose silk trousers and a velvet slashed jacket profusely ornamented with silver filagree buttons.

My first idea was to look for some one who could explain my metamorphosis, but the windows were all protected by bars, and I could find no door to the apartment. At last my eye lighted on a silver bell. No sooner had I sounded it than one of the panels of the wainscot opened, and closed as rapidly behind a black boy who entered.

"Ah, massa, you be a good sleeper, by gum; for four weeks you've been dozing and chattering and singing, but mostly sleeping."

"Where am I? Whose house is this?" I eagerly asked.

"Yah! yah! yah! Walker!" grinned my sable friend, pointing significantly over his left shoulder.

Weak as I was I rushed at the nigger, and planted my foot, pretty satisfactorily, against that portion of his black carcass which could best resist a kick, and was about to repeat the dose when a second comer made his appearance in a similar manner to Pompey, which I afterwards found was the name of the boy.

"Halloa!" exclaimed the stranger. "Don't kick poor Pompey, that's my amusement, and Pompey gets a fair allowance without any one else's assistance; don't you, Pompey?"

"I believe you, massa," said Pompey, who was rubbing the part affected much more than was necessary.

"Then get out," laughingly replied his master, administering another kick: "there, you were shuffling a moment ago, so there's something real for you to rub in.—Well," turning to me, "and how is Mr. Bluejacket?"

I looked hard at the inquirer: he was a handsome, middle-aged man, and bore the stamp of Spanish blood in his face, which was finely chiselled—a profusion of black ringlets fell over his shoulders, and a restless eye and long drooping moustache gave somewhat of a fierce look to a countenance which I could not read.

"I feel as if I had been very ill," I replied; "but how did you know my name?"

"Your affectionate mamma had cautiously marked your linen," he answered, laughing, "in the first place, and, secondly, we have met before—now guess who I am?"

"You cannot be Don Skittleballos, the great anti-slavery agitator?"

"The same, my dear fellow; and now you will remember our meeting at the Duchess of Bijou's, in Belgrave Square, at the breakfast given to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe."

The whole circumstance flashed across my mind like lightning. "But how came I here, and where are my companions?"

"You came here on a spar which drifted ashore, and, believe me, you have had a narrower escape from fever than from drowning; your companions were picked up by one of my cruisers, and a good pick up it was, I can tell you. They are all safe, and doing their duty in that station of life to which it has pleased Providence, or the chances of war, to call them."

"But where are they?" I hurriedly asked.

"That is a secret," he answered; "be content to know that you are safe, and will be well treated. You must pardon this necessary restraint, as you are my prisoner; if you try to escape, I rather imagine you will come to grief: if you are contented to stay where you are, in a few months you will be put on board an English ship. I wish well towards you, but if you do not attend to my injunctions, why the fault will be yours. You can go anywhere you please about the garden or grounds, but take my advice and don't try to go beyond them, for there are some queer fellows in my establishment, who, you will

find, are rather more active than your London flunkeys. We dine in an hour's time, and a mouthful of air will give you an appetite."

I wanted no second bidding to get an instalment of my liberty, at any rate, and went out into the garden. The rarest tropical plants were planted outside the deep verandahs, and long feathery palm-trees waved lazily in the breeze. The end of the garden terrace abutted on a lofty cliff, and the blue tropical sky was reflected in the boundless ocean which lay beneath. A magnificent schooner, evidently of English build, was at anchor a few hundred yards from the shore, with which exception not a trace of shipping was to be seen.

As I was returning towards the house, the sound of singing attracted my attention. The voice of the singer was low and soft, and there was a plaintive tone in the music which brought tears to my eyes. I crept quietly up to the window from which the music proceeded, and beheld one of the most beautiful creatures that mortal eyes ever lighted on. Her fair auburn hair fell over a snowy neck and shoulders; her features were oval and regular, but there was an expression of melancholy in the face which was sad to contemplate. I hesitated for a moment whether to go in or not; but modesty was never a failing of the Bluejacket family, so I boldly entered the apartment. She did not see me at first, so I had an opportunity of contemplating her appearance. She was dressed in a loose robe of white satin slashed with gold, which extended as far as the knee, and wore—what shall I call them? "pants," no, that's a Yankee word; "bags," no, that's vulgar—I am afraid, therefore, I must say trousers, after the Turkish fashion, which fell over a pair of embroidered slippers which encased two fairy-like feet. She started and blushed at my approach.

"Sing! O, pray sing for ever!" I exclaimed, in a rhapsody.

"I cannot sing for ever," she replied: "angels may do that, but it is not in my power."

"You are an angel already," I cried.

She smiled and bowed slightly at the compliment, and, snatching up her banjo, she struck up the touching air of "Hoop-de-doo-dum-doo." Seizing a set of bones which Pompey had left in the room, I accompanied her in her song. My thoughts were recalled to home by the old melody; and when it was finished I put my face in my hands and burst into tears.

"Where did you learn that beautiful song?" I inquired, as soon as my voice returned.

"In Whitechapel!" she answered with much emotion. "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can, I can!" I said.

At this moment Don Skittleballos entered the room. He started, and frowned at me.

"I had hoped," he said, "to have had the pleasure of introducing you to the Princess Swanka; but I see that you have introduced yourselves. Come, dinner is ready. Stay," he said, "I may as well introduce you formally, for fear of accidents. Mr. Bluejacket, allow me to introduce you to La Principessa Swanka—my fiancée. We shall be married the day after to-morrow, and you can act as my best man."

The princess looked imploringly at me; and I fancied I read her thoughts. "Is it too late?" I whispered to her, as I handed her into the drawing-room.

"Faint heart never won fair woman," she replied, tremulously. "I am an Englishwoman: save me, dear Mr. Bluejacket!"

I inwardly vowed to do so, or die; and my fate for death or love was sealed.

CHAPTER III.

A grand dinner off borrowed plate.—The Don opens his heart.—A conspiracy.

THE dinner was served in the most luxurious style. Plate, both gold and silver, covered the table, and a tribe of black servants attended on us. As I was leisurely eating my soup with what appetite I had, under the double influence of sickness and love, I was startled to observe the crest of the Duchess of Bijou on my spoon; and, on looking round the table, I saw the same heraldic device on the pieces of plate. The Don's quick eye caught mine.

"You are looking at the crests on the plate. They are a few trifles from the Duchess of Bijou when I was in London. Most of my plate consists of reminiscences of old friends."

I couldn't unravel this strange riddle, as I knew the duchess was not in the habit of giving away her plate. As soon as dinner was over, the princess left us, and wine was brought. The Don warmed into confidence, and finding me not very conversational, said:

"Bluejacket, you are puzzled to know who and what I am, and I don't mind telling you; as if you try to get away before I give you leave, you won't live to tell the tale, and you may tell it to whom you please after you are at liberty, for I shall be far from here soon after your departure. I am the Don Whiskerando Skittleballos who created such a sensation in London two years ago. My father was a Spaniard, and my mother was an Englishwoman: the former was hung for piracy, and the latter died of his illtreatment. My sole object in visiting England was to get a clipper schooner built at Southampton, you saw her lying off the cliffs, and a good sailor she is, and she has shown her heels to a pretty many of your cruisers. By the bye, that ship which you riddled, and tried to take, was only an old hulk which we turned adrift, just to deceive your squadron, and this dodge paid pretty well, as old Tartar must have blazed half his powder into her. I was on board my schooner at the time, taking advantage of the darkness of the weather to run a cargo of niggers—don't start, my calling is apostolic, and I am a fisher of men—which accounts for your being picked up. To return to my story: as I was acquainted with the interior of many English gaols, I thought I might as well see the inside of some of your great mansions; so, money being plentiful, and all trace of my antecedents wiped out, I went to Mivart's. The 'Morning Post' announced 'the arrival of Don Whiskerando Skittleballos, who had visited England for the purpose of having a yacht built for the Brazilian Club, of which he is commodore.' As you may suppose, hundreds of cards were left for me, and I

was made a Lion. The whim pleased me, and I felt half inclined to lead what you call an honest life; *i. e.*, live as hard as you can without being particular about paying your bills. I announced myself as an anti-slavery man, and was dragged to Exeter Hall meetings. By the way, the Duchess of Bijou's breakfast bored me; and men of my profession never being idle, I took the liberty of pocketing a few spoons and salt-cellars—here is one of them, try some salt out of it with your nuts. My yacht being built, I sent for my own crew; and the people in Cowes Roads were delighted at the way in which a native crew handled the craft. Some of your heavy dragoons and fresh-water men were very knowing on the subject, and I humoured them into the belief that they were right, although they knew nothing about it. I was made an honorary member of the Yacht Club, and started, as announced in the 'Morning Post,' for the coast of Africa. Thither I went, without any suspicion, shipped a cargo of niggers, and landed them safe in Cuba. Now," he added, "I think I have been pretty candid; and you may warn your English friends on your return, that when they make Lions of unknown foreigners, to keep an eye to their spoons."

"But why have you taken such care of me?" I could not help asking.

"Because," he answered, "you are a peer's nephew, and will be a peer some day, and if you don't turn up there will be the deuce to pay. I remember when I was in London, a bishop was a passenger in a railway train when an accident occurred, and there was more row about that bishop than all the rest of the passengers, so I took a leaf out of the English book in treating you well. However, I am rewarded, for I think you will be an agreeable companion. Let me only give you one more caution, don't be too polite to La Principessa, or you may find too much sugar in your grog some odd morning, as I cannot stand a rival."

Well! I thought, I am in a pretty fix. Here I am the guest of a man who treats me well, and tells me quietly that I shall be poisoned if I make any overtures to the angel whom I intend to marry, and coolly hints at my coming short home if I go out of bounds, or seek after my companions.

Being an invalid, I pleaded fatigue early in the evening, and went to bed, but sleep would not come to me. I tossed about in my bed in a fever of excitement.

"Bother the pillow!" I inwardly exclaimed, as I pitched it across the room, and once more laid down my fevered head—it came in contact with something hard—on looking I found it was a coil of rope. I struck a light for the purpose of examining it; to my surprise, I discovered that it was a silken rope ladder, a note was tied to it on which was written—

"*When you hear me singing 'Hoop-de-doo-dum-doo,' let yourself down, and lie hid in the orange grove, and wait for my coming.—S.*"

I lay on the bed counting the minutes. The Princess was playing and singing to the Don, the fumes of whose cigar stole in at the window. I thought the signal would never come, when at last I heard the long wished-for sound. Without another moment's consideration I followed the instructions contained in the note, and reached my hiding-place safely.

CHAPTER IV.

La Principessa's story.—A scheme for our escape, and its result.

I HAD hardly been five minutes in my place of concealment, before I heard a footstep in the garden, and the Princess walked leisurely by the spot where I was lying, in company with the Don. My heart beat violently, as the least rustling of the leaves would have betrayed me.

"My dear Don, do have the yacht ready against our wedding-day, as I long for a cruise amongst these beautiful islands," I heard her say.

"I will go now, and give the necessary orders," answered the Don, "if that will please you."

"Well," she answered, "it is a beautiful night, and I should like to go with you, if it was not for my cold, and I should be sorry not to be well on my wedding-day."

"So should I, too, dear Princess," he answered; "so go to bed, and soft be your slumbers. I will go to the yacht and sleep on board of her." So saying, he proceeded down the cliff, and hailed for a boat.

Well, I thought, you are a romantic scoundrel for a gentleman who steals spoons and kidnaps niggers.

No sooner had his footsteps died away, than La Principessa, who talked to him over the cliff as long as he was within hearing, came tripping back to me.

"Oh! my dear Mr. Bluejacket," she exclaimed, "I thought I should have died with fright, just now—but all's well that ends well. The Don would have shot you in a moment, if he had stumbled across you; but this is real luck getting rid of him, as we are safe till day-break. Now I have a plan for your escape."

"Not without you," I replied.

"That is as you wish, Mr. Bluejacket."

"Will you stick to me, if I get you away?"

"Close as wax," she replied; and we sealed the bargain after a fashion common to most civilised nations.

"Look here," she said, "the Don is gone for to-night, but we had better do nothing till to-morrow, as we must secure the schooner. Your men are all slaves in a plantation two miles from this. That scoundrel makes them not only work but sleep fettered together. I can get the key to their manacles now, and also the key of the armoury, and you must do the rest; their hut is exactly two miles from this, straight up the mountain, you can see the light now. The only thing which you must do to-night is to take all the arms out, and hide them in the garden. I will help you, and if any of the servants interfere, stab them; our liberty is as valuable as their lives."

"But who are you?" I asked.

"I am an Englishwoman," she replied; "and no more a Princess than you are. My name is Figgs, and my father is a grocer in High Street, Whitechapel."

"But how came you here?"

"By a Whitechapel and Blackwall omnibus," she innocently answered, "as far as the docks, and from Blackwall in a West India ship. I was going to Jamaica to marry my cousin, who is doing very well out there, accompanied by my maiden aunt; who, by-the-bye, was the plague of my life. The ship was taken by the Don's schooner, and the crew escaped, leaving my aunt and me behind. Well, do you know (I can't help laughing), the Don traded my aunt to a Yankee, who wanted a governess, for two bullocks and a bale of tobacco, and brought me on here, and as you know, intended to marry me."

"Never!" I remarked, resealing our contract. "But how about the cousin?"

"Oh! I'll throw him over, of course; it is the fashion to do so in high life, and I am a Princess here, you know," she added smiling; "but now to business."

We set quietly to work, and secured all the arms and ammunition, and hid them in a cavity of some rocks near the house. The key of the sailors'

fetters was given into my keeping, and the only thing which remained to be done, was to abide the result of to-morrow's enterprise.

The Don returned in the morning in high feather. We chatted and talked merrily all day on his approaching marriage, and I led him on after dinner till he was three parts intoxicated. I insisted on having another bottle, and La Principessa, who entered the room, seconded me, and rallied him cheerfully on the propriety of making merry before his marriage. My first object was gained, as I had stupified him with drink just as the night set in. "Let us carry your master up to bed, Pompey," I said, "and I will sit by him." We laid him on the bed, and he snored heavily. I signalled to La Principessa, who was outside, to come in, and having taken the precaution to tie his hands and feet, I left her sitting by him with a loaded revolver, with instructions to blow his brains out if he threatened to make a noise.

I obtained the keys of all the gates, and flew rather than ran to the hut where my poor comrades were. At my appearance they thought I was a ghost, but two bottles of rum which I produced assured them that I was a friendly spirit at any rate. Their shackles were soon undone, and the whole party arrived safely at the spot where the stand of arms was hidden.

Leaving the majority of the party outside the house to secure the servants, the quartermaster, the boatswain, two seamen, and myself, well armed, entered. We went at once to the Don's room. We found him wide awake foaming at the mouth with rage, and his guardian angel holding the pistol to his head.

"So you wish to be married, do you," said the boatswain, squirting a shower of tobacco juice into the Don's eye, "so you shall be in a moment," and he pulled down one of the silk bell-ropes, and unravelling it, constructed a very artistic "cat."

I tried to save the Don, but in vain.

"We will obey all your orders, Mr. Bluejacket, except in this instance. You have been well treated, but we have had monkey's allowance, and so shall he. If this young lady will retire we will make a spread-eagle of him in a moment. Pipe all hands for punishment!" roared the brawny seaman.

All the sailors entered into the joke heartily, and the Don received as fair a six dozen as any man ever had in this world.

I was quite exhausted by the fatigue and excitement of the last two days, and took some rest, which was much disturbed by the groaning of the Don after his punishment and the carousal of the sailors down below, who made the most of the delicacies provided for the wedding breakfast.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

We capture the schooner.—Arrive at Plymouth.—I find that I have a handle to my name.—The Don gives us the slip.—I am married.

THE next morning we held a council of war as to the means of taking the schooner. There were a dozen men on board her, and the small boat would not carry more than four or five of us, and we knew the rascals would sink our boat and go off with the schooner if they suspected treachery.

"The Don must hail the schooner," remarked the boatswain, who spoke last. "I'll manage. Look here, my dear," he said to him, "just you put that cloak on, and walk down to the edge of the cliff, and if you don't do what I tell you, over you go." The unhappy man rose and obeyed. "Cry, *ship ahoy!* now."

"Ship ahoy!" he cried in the most desponding voice.

"Speak up cheerfully," said the boatswain, giving him a lively prod with a dagger in the leg, "or you'll get another six dozen."

"Ship ahoy!" cried the poor Don as cheerfully as if he was going to his wedding.

"Shout, 'All hands ashore for my wedding.'"

He obeyed mechanically, and in a few minutes the pirates' crew, dressed in their best, pulled to the landing-place with a will. Our men being well armed, the pirates were secured in an instant, and the island and the ship were ours.

"And now for Old England!" we all cried.

"But what shall we do with these fellows?" I asked.

"Why, Mr. Bluejacket," replied the boatswain, "my impression is that we had better at the last moment let the niggers loose, and they will turn the tables on these scoundrels."

The advice was too good not to be followed. We gutted the Don's house of all which was valuable, and as the yacht was well victualled we had nothing to do but to go. We prepared the state-cabin for the Princess Swanka, as I still called her, and after we were all embarked, we gave the keys of the niggers' huts to Pompey, whom we sent ashore in the dingy, and we bade farewell to Pirates' Island.

The Don, heavily ironed, was brought away with us, and the Duchess of Bijou's spoons were not forgotten.

Under pain of instant death, the Don furnished us with his chart, and we found, not much to our surprise, that the Admiralty charts of these seas were totally wrong. I promised the Don his life if we arrived safe in England.

"But what will you do with me?" asked the fallen hero.

"Why, I shall take you to London, and charge you with stealing the spoons,—first, on account of the dirtiness of the transaction, and secondly, as a warning to lion-hunters in Belgravia."

"Oh, Mr. Bluejacket," he whined, "I treated you like a gentleman!"

"Yes," I answered. "Why? Because I was heir to a peerage."

"But I learnt those manners in Mayfair," he replied.

This answer somewhat staggered me.

We had a good run, and made Plymouth in twenty-eight days. I at once went ashore and reported myself to the admiral.

"Gracious me, Mr. Bluejacket, are you risen from the dead?—or rather I should address you Lord Tartar."

"Lord what?" I asked.

"Lord Tartar, to be sure. Your uncle died at sea; and, to tell you the truth, I think he died at the right time, as that affair with the abandoned hulk would have cashiered him. He had a fever, after a paroxysm of passion, and he said that the surgeon was a fool, and the assistant-surgeon was an ass; he refused all treatment, and lay and swore at the fever till he got the worst of it. But come in to luncheon," he added, "my wife and daughters will be delighted to see you."

I accepted his offer, and after luncheon told my story, to their great astonishment. The young ladies were much interested about the Don, and wanted to know if he resembled Lord Byron's Corsair, and the prettiest of them threw up her eyes and said,

> "He left the Corsair's name to other times,
> Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

"I am afraid, my dear ladies," I remarked, "I have extinguished his only virtues, by robbing him of his intended; and as one of his crimes was stealing spoons, he was a petty larceny hero."

The civilities and attentions of the admiral's wife and daughters somewhat died away when they found that I had brought my fiancée with me. However, they could not resist making the acquaintance of a Princess, and Kitty Figgs made a great *furore* amongst the naval circles at Plymouth. She put off her female piratical dress, and appeared in a blue moire antique skirt without any crinoline or hoops, and a tight jacket with silver buttons.

Before she had worn this for a couple of days, the "La Principessa" costume was to be seen in all the windows in Plymouth, and all the ladies discarded their hoops, to a woman.

Our story now comes near its end. I married the Princess, as I still call her, at Plymouth, and a Royal salute was fired in her honour as we came out of church. I paid off the yacht and sent her to Cowes, where she now is, though an attempt was made to seize her by the builders of her, who had never been paid.

into fluids and solids. The solids are the fruitful source of poisonous gases, yet it is demonstrable that if the solids be kept from moisture they evolve no gas whatever. A large trade is carried on by drying them and packing them, most probably in the identical hogsheads which bring back sugar from the West India Islands, which receive this dried matter as manure. "Well," said Lord Palmerston, "dirt is only matter in a wrong place." That which is dirt in London, becomes sugar in the tropics. Of the value of these matters for purposes of manure, there has probably been much exaggeration; but of the importance of expending considerable sums on destroying or getting rid of them there can be no doubt, and against the cost of any newer or better methods there is always to be set the cost of the present system of sewers. If we can utilise them in value while destroying their noxious properties, so much the better; but the great consideration is how to destroy the nuisance.

On the pampas of southern temperate America, the prairies of northern temperate America, and in sundry table lands to boot, fuel of wood or coal is a very scarce commodity, and the chief resource of travellers is called "bosta" in the south, and "buffalo chips" in the north: it is, in short, dry animal manure. When in sufficient masses a pleasanter or better fire never warmed an Irish cabin on the edge of a peat moss. Here is an indication of one means of disposing of noxious matter, not polluting thousands of gallons of water in a vain attempt to move matter from one "wrong place" to another, but applying the universal cleanser, fire. Placed in close retorts as we use coal to distil gas, this matter also would distil gas almost identically the same, leaving as a cinder not gas coke but a more valuable article—animal charcoal. The whole question in this case is a different mechanical arrangement in our dwellings, not difficult to imagine or construct, separating fluids from solids—in short, a retort for a receptacle to which the application of gas or fuel in another form might be made at pleasure. The water-closet would become a fire-closet with chemical arrangements to fix the noxious gases. The chemical world is largely at work upon the process of deodorisation, and it will be accomplished. The chief error lies in trying to deodorise with a thousand-fold dilution. Let the chemists apply the deodorisers in small bulk, and the process becomes easy. It must be done house by house by a process simple and easy, within the servants' control, and, in order to ensure success, yielding a perquisite to the servant in a similar mode to the grease-procuring process of the cook, and in such case it would never be neglected. If the value be anything like that assumed by the Chadwick school of water transit, it will be very largely increased by keeping it in the concrete state. Of the effects of water dilution we have examples in our river docks, which act as cesspools for twelve months together, and, in the summer, when the heat renders them unbearable, vomit forth their contents into the river.

We have another example in the town of Croydon, which, after a long experiment in Chadwickian pipe-drainage and enormous dilution, is washed tolerably clean, but can find no exit for its polluted waters, the authorities trying place after place, and being encountered by Chancery suits; at one time polluting the Wandle stream, but driven back thence, are now in despair of finding any outlet for their liquid manure, and the parish likely to be ruined in law. Why do they not deodorise? Probably because the huge bulk renders it impracticable.

Thus Croydon gives us on a small scale a foretaste of what is likely to be the result of the huge brick tubes leading to Erith.

Preventing the access of air and moisture is the true method. This may be done in many ways. There is one obvious method adapted to the sick room or the hospital which may probably be in use, but I am not aware of it. It is well known that flesh meat dried, and covered with peat or butter, may be preserved fresh for any length of time. If coal oil, or paraffin oil, Rangoon, or any of the hydro-carbons, natural or artificial, be floated on the surface of decomposing matter, it will arrest decomposition as surely as the Egyptian process of embalming dead bodies. And this oil, wholesale, scarcely exceeds in value one shilling per gallon. It would therefore be practicable to use it in dwellings in small quantities instead of the enormous water dilution.

The water idolators will scoff at all this, and ask how all the dwelling arrangements in London are to be changed to meet these conditions? Our answer would be, has not a large alteration from cesspools and distributing pits to water dilution already taken place? and how? Simply by making a commencement—setting a pattern. Getting rid of the dilution is a much more easy thing than creating the dilution, for it gets rid of the underground complication. There is amongst house-agents a standing jest about a lady, who "wanted a house without a drain." There was more common sense in her words than probably she herself dreamed of. She really wanted to get rid of underground "black ditches" as well as those on the surface.

It is not every town that is blessed with a Thames. Birmingham, for instance. Birmingham is a town of cesspools, but Birmingham has always been free from cholera. After their fashion they mix coal dust and cinders with excreta, so that a clumsy partial deodorisation takes place, and the matter is put in a *right* place, *i. e.*, on the land. Moses in the olden time enacted that every man should have a spade on the end of his spear to dig and cover up nuisances in the camp.

But how to destroy or render harmless the excreta of all London is the question before us. Not in a single day can it be dealt with, nor in many days; but a beginning might be made. An individual might try a single house; a building company might try a number of houses, induced thereto by the consideration of getting rid of sewers rates for all time. If the legislature would consent to this compromise, and the fact were once demonstrated, the process would spread without much trouble.

There are localities where the experiments could be fittingly made: for example, the camp at

Aldershott—a town in miniature without a river, and in a comparatively primæval condition. It could there be ascertained whether it is not practicable, by the dry chemistry of fire, and at very moderate cost, utterly to destroy the nuisance, while leaving a marketable residuum of little bulk and easy transport—this as regards the solids. As regards the liquids: undiluted, there would be little difficulty in dealing chemically with them, extracting the valuable salts, and suffering the innoxious filtered liquid to flow away. This would be a valuable boon from a government to a nation, putting "matter in the right place," and showing that what holds good of a camp or a temporary town holds good also of a city or permanent town.

There are four methods to try:—First, to destroy the nuisance by fire. Secondly, to neutralise it by chemical action. Thirdly, to inclose in oil or analogous material, so as to exclude the atmosphere. Lastly, to keep the solids and liquids apart in all cases, and to cease from multiplying the evil by enormous dilution, the results of which we experience in the condition of the Thames.

As regards immediate action, we must pay the penalty of our ignorance in converting the Thames into a cesspool. In the blue books of the Board of Health the sewers were denominated "elongated cesspools." Under diluvian guidance the Thames has become an open black ditch for the reception of their contents, blocked up by the incessantly returning tide—the protest of the ocean against pollution.

Nature helps us. With the thermometer at 80°, the acetous fermentation of the river commences, and goes on to the putrefactive, converting into unsavoury but warning gases the excreta lying in the channel of the river, and so the nuisance is gradually carried away by the atmosphere. If the warm weather lasted long enough each summer, and the supply of matter were cut off, the Thames would become pure, as it does in casks or tanks on shipboard,—horrible to every sense while the fermenting process is going on, but pronounced by all skippers frequenting the Thames harbour as the finest water in the universe when the gases are thrown off and the no longer fermentable mud subsides to the bottom—a thing almost incredible to those who have not witnessed it.

And yet some millions are to be given to engineers to expend in huge high tunnels to form a temporary safety-valve for London, while chemists and engineers are studying the processes which will ultimately render the tunnels useless, after a plentiful crop of litigation on the part of the inhabitants of the outfall regions—the present Croydon process on a gigantic scale. Well; we are a rich nation, and prefer the impracticable methods which we call practical to logical inference leading to probable experimental verification. We prefer arriving at the processes that will do by going in succession through all the processes that will not do.

It is not creditable to our common sense that it should be needful to discuss such a question in public journals. It was a maxim of the elder Bonaparte that "dirty linen should be washed at home." That is, the dirt kept out of public view: but the nuisance has endured so long that, perforce, it must be talked of in public in order to get the public to understand it, and to enforce the needful change. W. Bridges Adams.

THE HEAD OF BRAN.

For an account of this British worthy, see "The Mabinogion," Lady Charlotte Guest's translation. He was the son of Llyr, king of Britain, and said to be the first convert to Christianity in these islands. Hence his title, "Bendigeid, the Blessed." Taliesin, the bard, the "radiant brow," was one of the seven princes to whom it was committed to carry the head to its resting-place.

The Head was buried, looking towards France, in the Gwnvryn, or White Mount, site of the Tower of London. And this was called "the third goodly concealment of the isles of Britain;" for that no invasion from across sea came to this island while the Head was in that concealment. Arthur, "the blameless king," had it disinterred, refusing, in his pride, to trust to the charm. And this the Triads term the third ill-fated disclosure of the isles of Britain, invasion and general disaster following it.

I.

When the Head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders,
God made a man!
Cried all beholders.

Steel could not resist
The weight his arm would rattle;
He, with naked fist,
Has brain'd a knight in battle.

He march'd on the foe,
And never counted numbers;
Foreign widows know
The hosts he sent to slumbers.

As a street you scan,
That's tower'd by the steeple,
So the Head of Bran
Rose o'er his people.

II.

"Death's my neighbour,"
Quoth Bran the Blest;
"Christian labour
Brings Christian rest.
From the trunk sever
The Head of Bran,
That which never
Has bent to man!

"That which never
To men has bow'd,
Shall live ever
To shame the shroud:
Shall live ever
To face the foe;
Sever it, sever,
And with one blow.

"Be it written,
That all I wrought
Was for Britain,
In deed and thought:
Be it written,
That, while I die,
Glory to Britain!
Is my last cry.

" 'Glory to Britain !'
Death echoes me round.
Glory to Britain !
The world shall resound.
Glory to Britain !
In ruin and fall,
Glory to Britain !
Is heard over all."

III.

Burn, Sun, down the sea !
Bran lies low with thee.

Burst, Morn, from the main !
Bran so shall rise again.

Blow, Wind, from the field !
Bran's Head is the Briton's shield.

Beam, Star, in the west !
Bright burns the Head of Bran the Blest.

IV.

Crimson-footed, like the stork,
From great ruts of slaughter,
Warriors of the Golden Torque,
Cross the lifting water.
Princes seven, enchaining hands,
Bear the live head homeward.
Lo ! it speaks, and still commands;
Gazing far out foamward.

Fiery words of lightning sense,
Down the hollows thunder;
Forest hostels know not whence
Comes the speech, and wonder.
City-castles, on the steep,
Where the faithful Seven
House at midnight, hear, in sleep
Laughter under heaven.

Lilies, swimming on the mere,
In the castle shadow,
Under draw their heads, and Fear
Walks the misty meadow.
Tremble not ! it is not Death
Pledging dark espousal :
'Tis the Head of endless breath,
Challenging carousal !

Brim the horn ! a health is drunk,
Now, that shall keep going :
Life is but the pebble sunk ;
Deeds, the circle growing.
Fill, and pledge the Head of Bran !
While his lead they follow,
Long shall heads in Britain plan
Speech Death cannot swallow !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER I. ABOVE BUTTONS.

LONG after the hours when even laggard tradesmen commence business, the shutters of a certain shop in the town of Lymport-on-the-Sea remained significantly closed, and it became known that death had taken Mr. Melchisedec Harrington, and struck one off the list of living tailors. The demise of any respectable member of this class does not ordinarily create a profound sensation. He dies, and his equals debate who is to be his successor: while the rest of them who have come in contact with him, very probably hear nothing of his great launch and final adieu till the winding up of cash-accounts; on which occasions we may augur that he is not often blessed by one or other of the two great parties who subdivide this universe. In the case of Mr. Melchisedec it was otherwise. This had been a grand man, despite his calling, and in the teeth of opprobrious epithets against his craft. To be both generally blamed, and generally liked, evinces a peculiar construction of mortal. Mr. Melchisedec, whom people in private called the great Mel, had been at once the sad dog of Lymport, and the pride of the town. He was a tailor, and he kept horses; he was a tailor, and he had gallant adventures; he was a tailor, and he shook hands with his customers. Finally, he was a tradesman, and he never was known to have sent in a bill. Such a personage comes but once in a generation, and, when he goes, men miss the man as well as their money.

That he was dead, there could be no doubt. Kilne, the publican opposite, had seen Sally, one of the domestic servants, come out of the house in the early morning and rush up the street to the doctor's, tossing her hands; and she, not disinclined to dilute her grief, had, on her return, related that her master was then at his last gasp, and had refused, in so many words, to swallow the doctor.

"'I won't swallow the doctor!' he says, 'I won't swallow the doctor!'" Sally moaned. "'I never touched him,' he says, 'and I never will.'"

Kilne angrily declared that, in his opinion, a man who rejected medicine in extremity, ought to have it forced down his throat; and considering that the invalid was pretty deeply in Kilne's debt, it naturally assumed the form of a dishonest act on his part; but Sally scornfully dared anyone to lay hand on her master, even for his own good. "For," said she, "he's got his eyes awake, though he do lie so helpless. He marks ye!"

"How does he look?" said Kilne.

"Bless ye! I only seen him once since he was took," returned Sally. "We're none of us allowed to come anigh him—only missus."

"Ah! ah!" went Kilne, and sniffed the air. Sally then rushed back to her duties.

"Now, there's a man!" Kilne stuck his hand in his pockets and began his meditation: which, however, was cut short by the approach of his neighbour Barnes, the butcher, to whom he confided what he had heard, and who ejaculated professionally, "Obstinate as a pig!" As they stood together they beheld Sally, a figure of telegraph, at one of the windows, implying that all was just over.

"Amen!" said Barnes, as to a matter-of-fact affair.

Some minutes after the two were joined by Grossby the confectioner, who listened to the news, and observed:

"Just like him! I'd have sworn he'd never take doctor's stuff;" and, nodding at Kilne, "liked *his* medicine best, eh?"

"Had a—hem!—good lot of it," muttered Kilne, with a suddenly serious brow.

"How does he stand on your books?" asked Barnes.

Kilne shouldered round, crying: "Who the deuce is to know?"

"*I* don't," Grossby sighed. "In he comes with his 'Good morning, Grossby,—fine day for the hunt, Grossby,' and a ten pound note. 'Have the kindness to put that down in my favour, Grossby.' And just as I am going to say, 'Look here,—this won't do,' he has me by the collar, and there's one of the regiments going to give a supper-party, which he's to order; or the admiral's wife wants the receipt for that pie; or in comes my wife, and there's no talking of business then, though she may have been bothering about his account all the night beforehand. Something or other! and so we run on."

"What I want to know," said Barnes the butcher, "is where he got his tenners from?"

Kilne shook a sagacious head: "No knowing!"

"I suppose we shall get something out of the fire?" Barnes suggested.

"That depends!" answered the emphatic Kilne.

"But, you know, if the widow carries on the business," said Grossby, "there's no reason why we shouldn't get it all, eh?"

"There ain't two that can make clothes for nothing, and make a profit out of it," said Kilne.

"That young chap in Portugal," added Barnes, "*he* won't take to tailoring when he comes home. D'ye think he will?"

Kilne uttered: "Can't say!" and Grossby, a kindly creature in his way, albeit a creditor, reverting to the first subject of their discourse, ejaculated, "But what a one he *was!*—eh?"

"Fine! to look on," Kilne assented.

"Well, he *was* like a Marquis," said Barnes.

Here the three regarded each other, and laughed, though not loudly. They instantly checked that unseemliness, and Kilne, as one who rises from the depths of a calculation with the sum in his head, spoke quite in a different voice:

"Well, what do you say, gentlemen? shall we adjourn? No use standing here."

By the invitation to adjourn, it was well understood by the committee Kilne addressed, that they were invited to pass his threshold, and partake of a morning draught. Barnes, the butcher, had no objection whatever, and if Grossby, a man of milder make, entertained any, the occasion and common interests to be discussed, advised him to waive them. In single file these mourners entered the publican's house, where Kilne, after summoning them from behind the bar, on the important question, what it should be? and receiving, first, perfect acquiescence in his views as to what it should be, and then feeble suggestions of the drink best befitting that early hour and the speaker's particular constitution, poured out a toothful to each, and one to himself.

"Here's to him, poor fellow!" said Kilne; and it was deliberately echoed twice.

"Now, it wasn't that," Kilne pursued, pointing to the bottle in the midst of a smacking of lips, "that wasn't what got him into difficulties. It was expensive luckshries. It was being above his condition. Horses! What's a tradesman got to do with horses? Unless he's retired! *Then* he's a gentleman, and can do as he likes. It's no use trying to be a gentleman if you can't pay for it. It always ends bad. Why, there was he, consorting with gentlefolks—gay as a lark! Who has to pay for it?"

Kilne's fellow-victims maintained a rather doleful tributary silence.

"I'm not saying anything against him now," the publican further observed. "It's too late. And there! I'm sorry he's gone, for one. He was as kind a hearted a man as ever breathed. And there! perhaps it was just as much my fault; I couldn't say 'No' to him,—dash me, if I could!"

Lymport was a prosperous town, and in prosperity the much despised British tradesman is not a harsh, he is really a well-disposed, easy soul, and requires but management, manner, occasional instalments—just to freshen the account—and a surety that he who debits is on the spot, to be a right royal king of credit. Only the account must never drivel. *Stare aut crescere* appears to be his feeling on that point, and the departed Mr. Melchisedec undoubtedly understood him there; for, though the running on of the account looked so deplorable and extraordinary now that Mr. Melchisedec was no longer in a position to run on with it, it was precisely that fact which had prevented it from being brought to a summary close long before.

Both Barnes, the butcher, and Grossby, the confectioner, confessed that they, too, found it hard ever to say "No" to him, and, speaking broadly, never could.

"Except once," said Barnes, "when he wanted me to let him have a ox to roast whole out on the common, for the Battle of Waterloo. I stood out against him on that. 'No, no,' says I, 'I'll joint him for ye, Mr. Harrington. You shall have him in joints, and eat him at home;'—ha! ha!"

"Just like him!" said Grossby, with true

enjoyment of the princely disposition that had dictated that patriotic order.

"Oh!—there!" Kilne emphasized, pushing out his arm across the bar, as much as to say, that in anything of that kind, the great Mel never had a rival.

"That 'Marquis' affair changed him a bit," said Barnes.

"Perhaps it did, for a time," said Kilne. "What's in the grain, you know. He couldn't change. He would be a gentleman, and nothing'd stop him."

"And I shouldn't wonder but what that young chap out in Portugal 'll want to be one, too; though he didn't bid fair to be so fine a man as his father."

"More of a scholar," remarked Kilne. "That I call his worst fault—shilly-shallying about that young chap. I mean *his*." Kilne stretched a finger towards the dead man's house. "First, the young chap's to be sent into the navy; then it's the army; then he's to be a judge, and sit on criminals; then he goes out to his aunt in Portugal; and now there's nothing but a tailor open to him, as I see, if we're to get our money."

"Ah! and he hasn't got too much spirit to work to pay his father's debts," added Barnes. "There's a business there to make any man's fortune—properly *d*irected, *I* say. But, I suppose, like father like son, he'll be coming the Marquis, too. He went to a gentleman's school, and he's had foreign training. I don't know what to think about it. His sister's over there—she's a fine woman."

"Oh! a fine family, every one of 'em! and married well!" exclaimed the publican.

"I never had the exact rights of that 'Marquis' affair," said Grossby; and, remembering that he had previously laughed knowingly when it was alluded to, pursued; "Of course I heard of it at the time, but how did he behave when he was blown upon?"

Barnes undertook to explain; but Kilne, who relished the narrative quite as well, and was readier, said:

"Look here! I'll tell you. I had it from his own mouth one night when he wasn't—not quite himself. He was coming down King William Street, where he stabled his horse, you know, and I met him. He'd been dining out—somewhere out over Fallowfield, I think it was; and he sings out to me, 'Ah! Kilne, my good fellow!' and I, wishing to be equal with him, says, 'A fine night, my lord!' and he draws himself up—he smelt of good company—says he, 'Kilne! I'm not a lord, as you know, and you have no excuse for mistaking me for one, sir!' So I pretended I *had* mistaken him, and then he tucked his arm under mine, and said, 'You're no worse than your betters, Kilne. They took me for one at Squire Uploft's to-night, but a man who wishes to pass off for more than he is, Kilne, and impose upon people,' he says, 'he's contemptible, Kilne! contemptible!' So that, you know, set me thinking about 'Bath' and the 'Marquis,' and I couldn't help smiling to myself, and just let slip a question whether he had enlightened them a bit. 'Kilne,' said he, 'you're an honest man, and a neighbour, and I'll tell you what happened. The Squire,' he says, 'likes my company, and I like his table. Now the Squire'd never do a dirty action, but the Squire's nephew, Mr. George Uploft, he can't forget that I earn my money, and once or twice I have had to correct him.' And I'll wager Mel did it, too! Well, he goes on: 'There was Admiral Sir Jackson Roseley and his lady, at dinner, Squire Foulke of Hursted, Lady Barrington, Admiral Combleman'—our admiral, that was; Mr. This and That, I forget their names—'and other ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance I was not honoured with.' You know his way of talking. 'And there was a goose on the table,' he says; and, looking stern at me, 'Don't laugh yet!' says he, like thunder. Well, he goes on: 'Mr. George caught my eye across the table, and said, so as not to be heard by his uncle, "If that bird was rampant, you would see your own arms, Marquis."' And Mel replied, quietly for him to hear, 'And, as that bird is couchant, Mr. George, you had better look to your sauce.' Couch*ant* means squatting, you know. That's 'eraldy! Well, that wasn't bad sparring of Mel's. But, bless you! he was never taken aback, and the gentlefolks was glad enough to get him to sit down amongst 'em. So, says Mr. George, 'I know you're a fire-eater, Marquis,' and his dander was up, for he began marquising Mel, and doing the mock-polite at such a rate, that, by-and-by, one of the ladies who didn't know Mel called him 'my lord' and 'his lordship.' 'And,' says Mel, 'I merely bowed to her, and took no notice.' So that passed off: and there sits Mel, telling his anecdotes, as grand as a king. And, by-and-by, young Mr. George, who hadn't forgiven Mel, and had been pulling at the bottle pretty well, he sings out, 'It's Michaelmas! the death of the goose! and I should like to drink the Marquis's health!' and he drank it solemn. But, as far as I can make out, the women part of the company was a little in the dark. So Mel waited till there was a sort of a pause, and then speaks rather loud to the Admiral, 'By the way, Sir Jackson, may I ask you, has the title of Marquis anything to do with tailoring?' Now Mel was a great favourite with the Admiral, and with his lady, too,—they *say*—and the Admiral played into his hands, you see, and, says he, 'I'm not aware that it has, Mr. Harrington.' And he begged for to know why he asked the question—called him, 'Mister,' you understand. So Mel said, and I can see him now—right out from his chest he spoke, with his head up—'When I was a younger man, I had the good taste to be fond of good society, and the bad taste to wish to appear different from what I was in it.' That's Mel speaking; everybody was listening; so he goes on. 'I was in the habit of going to Bath in the season, and *con*sorting with the gentlemen I met there on terms of equality; and for some reason that I am quite guiltless *of*,' says Mel, 'the hotel people gave out that I was a Marquis in disguise; and, upon my honour, ladies and gentlemen—I was young then, and a fool—I could not help imagining I looked the thing. At all events, I took upon myself to act the part, and with some success, and considerable gratification: for, in my

opinion,' says Mel, 'no real Marquis ever enjoyed his title so much as I did. One day I was in my shop—No. 143, Main Street, Lymport—and a gentleman came in to order his outfit. I received his directions, when suddenly he started back, stared at me, and exclaimed: "My dear Marquis! I trust you will pardon me for having addressed you with so much familiarity." I recognised in him one of my Bath acquaintances. That circumstance, ladies and gentlemen, has been a lesson to me. Since that time I have never allowed a false impression with regard to my position to exist. I desire,' says Mel, smiling, 'to have my exact measure taken everywhere; and if the Michaelmas bird is to be associated with me, I am sure I have no objection; all I can say is, that I cannot justify it by letters patent of nobility.'

That's how Mel put it. Do you think they thought worse of him? I warrant you he came out of it in flying colours. Gentlefolks like straightforwardness in their inferiors—that's what they do. Ah!" said Kilne, meditatively, "I see him now, walking across the street in the moonlight, after he'd told me that. A fine figure of a man! and there ain't many Marquises to match him."

To this Barnes and Grossby, not insensible to the merits of the recital they had just given ear to, agreed. And with a common voice of praise in the mouths of his creditors, the dead man's requiem was sounded.

CHAPTER II. THE HERITAGE OF THE SON.

Towards evening, a carriage drove up to the door of the muted house, and the card of Lady Roseley, bearing a hurried line in pencil, was handed to the widow.

It was when you looked upon her that you began to comprehend how great was the personal splendour of the husband who could eclipse such a woman. Mrs. Harrington was a tall and a stately dame. Dressed in the high waists of the matrons of that period, with a light shawl drawn close over her shoulders and bosom, she carried her head well; and her pale firm features, with the cast of immediate affliction on them, had much dignity: dignity of an unrelenting physical order, which need not express any remarkable pride of spirit. The family gossips who, on both sides, were vain of this rare couple, and would always descant on their beauty, even when they had occasion to slander their characters, said, to distinguish them, that Henrietta Maria had a Port, and Melchisedec a Presence: and that the union of a Port and a Presence, and such a Port and such a Presence, was so uncommon, that you might search England through and you would not find another, not even in the highest ranks of society. There lies some subtle distinction here; due to the minute perceptions which compel the gossips of a family to coin phrases that shall express the nicest shades of a domestic difference. By a Port, one may understand them to indicate something unsympathetically impressive; whereas a Presence would seem to be a thing that directs the most affable appeal to our poor human weaknesses. His Majesty King George IV., for instance, possessed a Port: Beau Brummel wielded a Presence. Many, it is true, take a Presence to mean no more than a shirt-frill, and interpret a Port as the art of walking erect. But this is to look upon language too narrowly.

On a more intimate acquaintance with the couple, you acknowledged the aptness of the fine distinction. By birth Mrs. Harrington had claims to rank as a gentlewoman. That is, her father was a lawyer of Lymport. The lawyer, however, since we must descend the genealogical tree, was known to have married his cook, who was the lady's mother. Now Mr. Melchisedec was mysterious concerning his origin; and, in his cups, talked largely and wisely of a great Welsh family, issuing from a line of princes; and it is certain that he knew enough of their history to have instructed them on particular points of it. He never could think that his wife had done him any honour in espousing him; nor was she the woman to tell him so. She had married him for love, rejecting various suitors, Squire Uploft among them, in his favour. Subsequently she had committed the profound connubial error of transferring her affections, or her thoughts, from him to his business, which, indeed, was much in want of a mate; and while he squandered the guineas, she patiently picked up the pence. They had not lived unhappily. He was constantly courteous to her. But to see the Port at that sordid work considerably ruffled the Presence—put, as it were, the peculiar division between them; and to behave towards her as the same woman who had attracted his youthful ardours was a task for his magnificent mind, and may have ranked with him as an indemnity for his general conduct, if his reflections ever stretched so far. The townspeople of Lymport were correct in saying that his wife, and his wife alone, had, as they termed it, kept him together. Nevertheless, now that he was dead, and could no longer be kept together, they entirely forgot their respect for her, in the outburst of their secret admiration for the popular man. Such is the constitution of the inhabitants of this dear Island of Britain, so falsely accused by the Great Napoleon of being a nation of shopkeepers. Here let anyone proclaim himself Above Buttons, and act on the assumption, his fellows with one accord hoist him on their heads, and bear him aloft, sweating, and groaning, and cursing, but proud of him! And if he can contrive, or has any good wife at home to help him, to die without going to the dogs, they are, one may say, unanimous in crying out the same eulogistic funeral oration as that commenced by Kilne, the publican, when he was interrupted by Barnes, the butcher, "Now, there's a man!——"

Mrs. Harrington was sitting in her parlour with one of her married nieces, Mrs. Fiske, and, on reading Lady Roseley's card, she gave word for her to be shown up into the drawing-room. It was customary among Mrs. Harrington's female relatives, who one and all abused and adored the great Mel, to attribute his shortcomings pointedly to the ladies; which was as much as if their jealous generous hearts had said that he was sinful, but that it was not his fault. Mrs. Fiske caught the card from her aunt, read the superscription, and exclaimed: "The idea! At least she might have

had the decency! She never set her foot in the house before—and right enough too! What can she want now? I decidedly would refuse to see her, aunt!"

The widow's reply was simply, "Don't be a fool, Ann!"

Rising, she said: "Here, take poor Jacko, and comfort him till I come back."

Jacko was a middle-sized South American monkey, and had been a pet of her husband's. He was supposed to be mourning now with the rest of the family. Mrs. Fiske received him on a shrinking lap, and had found time to correct one of his indiscretions before she could sigh and say, in the rear of her aunt's retreating figure, "I certainly never would let *my*self down so;" but Mrs. Harrington took her own counsel, and Jacko was of her persuasion, for he quickly released himself from Mrs. Fiske's dispassionate embrace, and was slinging his body up the balusters after his mistress.

"Mrs. Harrington," said Lady Roseley, very sweetly swimming to meet her as she entered the room, "I have intruded upon you, I fear, in venturing to call upon you at such a time?"

The widow bowed to her, and begged her to be seated.

Lady Roseley was an exquisitely silken dame, in whose face a winning smile was cut, and she was still sufficiently youthful not to be accused of wearing a flower too artificial.

"It was so sudden! so sad!" she continued. "We esteemed him so much. I thought you might be in need of sympathy, and hoped I might— Dear Mrs. Harrington! can you bear to speak of it?"

"I can tell you anything you wish to hear, my lady," the widow replied.

Lady Roseley had expected to meet a woman much more like what she conceived a tradesman's wife would be; and the grave reception of her proffer of sympathy slightly confused her. She said:

"I should not have come, at least not so early, but Sir Jackson, my husband, thought, and indeed I imagined— You have a son, Mrs. Harrington? I think his name is—"

"Evan, my lady."

"Evan. It was of him we have been speaking. I imagined, that is, we thought, Sir Jackson might— you will be writing to him, and will let him know we will use our best efforts to assist him in obtaining some position worthy of his—superior to—something that will secure him from the harassing embarrassments of an uncongenial employment."

The widow listened to this tender allusion to the shears without a smile of gratitude. She replied: "I hope my son will return in time to bury his father, and he will thank you himself, my lady."

"He has no taste for—a—for anything in the shape of trade, has he, Mrs. Harrington?"

"I am afraid not, my lady."

"Any position—a situation—that of a clerk even—would be so much better for him!"

The widow remained impassive.

"And many young gentlemen I know, who are clerks, and are enabled to live comfortably, and make a modest appearance in society; and your son, Mrs. Harrington, he would find it surely an improvement upon—many would think it a step for him."

"I am bound to thank you for the interest you take in my son, my lady."

"Does it not quite suit your views, Mrs. Harrington?" Lady Roseley was surprised at the widow's manner.

"If my son had only to think of himself, my lady."

"Oh! but of course,"—the lady understood her now—"of course! You cannot suppose, Mrs. Harrington, but that I should anticipate he would have you to live with him, and behave to you in every way as a dutiful son, surely?"

"A clerk's income is not very large, my lady."

"No; but enough, as I have said, and with the management you would bring, Mrs. Harrington, to produce a modest, respectable maintenance. My respect for your husband, Mrs. Harrington, makes me anxious to press my services upon you." Lady Roseley could not avoid feeling hurt at the widow's want of common gratitude.

"A clerk's income would not be more than 100*l.* a year, my lady."

"To begin with, no; certainly not more." The lady was growing brief.

"If my son puts by the half of that yearly, he can hardly support himself and his mother, my lady."

"Half of that yearly, Mrs. Harrington?"

"He would have to do so, and be saddled till he dies, my lady."

"I really cannot see why."

Lady Roseley had a notion of some excessive niggardly thrift in the widow, which was arousing symptoms of disgust.

Mrs. Harrington quietly said: "There are his father's debts to pay, my lady."

"His father's debts!"

"Under 5000*l.*, but above 4000*l.*, my lady."

"Five thousand pounds! Mrs. Harrington!" The lady's delicately gloved hand gently rose and fell. "And this poor young man—" she pursued.

"My son will have to pay it, my lady."

For a moment the lady had not a word to instance. Presently she remarked: "But, Mrs. Harrington, he is surely under no legal obligation?"

"He is only under the obligation not to cast disrespect on his father's memory, my lady; and to be honest, while he can."

"But, Mrs. Harrington! surely! what can the poor young man do?"

"He will pay it, my lady."

"But how, Mrs. Harrington?"

"There is his father's business, my lady."

His father's business! Then must the young man become a tradesman in order to show respect for his father? Preposterous! That was the lady's natural inward exclamation. She said, rather shrewdly, for one who knew nothing of such things: "But a business which produces debts so enormous, Mrs. Harrington!"

The widow replied: "My son will have to conduct it in a different way. It would be a very good business, conducted properly, my lady."

"But if he has no taste for it, Mrs. Harrington? If he is altogether superior to it?"

For the first time during the interview, the widow's inflexible countenance was mildly moved, though not to any mild expression.

"My son will have not to consult his tastes," she observed: and seeing the lady, after a short silence, quit her seat, she rose likewise, and touched the fingers of the hand held forth to her, bowing.

"You will pardon the interest I take in your son," said Lady Roseley. "I hope, indeed, that his relatives and friends will procure him the means of satisfying the demands made upon him."

"He would still have to pay *them*, my lady," was the widow's answer.

"Poor young man! indeed I pity him!" sighed her visitor. "You have hitherto used no efforts to persuade him to take such a step, Mrs. Harrington?"

"I have written to Mr. Goren, who was my husband's fellow apprentice in London, my lady, and he is willing to instruct him in cutting, and measuring, and keeping accounts."

Certain words in this speech were obnoxious to the fine ear of Lady Roseley, and she relinquished the subject.

"Your husband, Mrs. Harrington—I should so much have wished!—he did not pass away in—in pain?"

"He died very calmly, my lady."

"It is so terrible, so disfiguring, sometimes. One dreads to see!—one can hardly distinguish! I have known cases where death was dreadful! But a peaceful death is very beautiful! There is nothing shocking to the mind. It suggests Heaven! It seems a fulfilment of our prayers!"

"Would your ladyship like to look upon him?" said the widow.

Lady Roseley betrayed a sudden gleam at having her desire thus intuitively fathomed.

"For one moment, Mrs. Harrington! We esteemed him so much! May I?"

The widow responded by opening the door, and leading her into the chamber where the dead man lay.

At that period when threats of invasion had formerly stirred up the military fire of us Islanders, the great Mel, as if to show the great Napoleon what character of being a British shopkeeper really was, had, by remarkable favour, obtained a lieutenancy of militia dragoons: in the uniform of which he had revelled, and perhaps for the only time in his life, felt that circumstance had suited him with a perfect fit. However that may be, his solemn final commands to his wife Henrietta Maria, on whom he could count for absolute obedience in such matters, had been, that as soon as the breath had left his body, he should be taken from his bed, washed, perfumed, powdered, and in that uniform dressed and laid out; with directions that he should be so buried at the expiration of three days, that havoc in his features might be hidden from men. In this array Lady Roseley beheld him. The curtains of the bed were drawn aside. The beams of evening fell soft through the blinds of the room, and cast a subdued light on the figure of the vanquished warrior. The Presence, dumb now for evermore, was sadly illumined for its last exhibition. But one who looked closely might have seen that Time had somewhat spoiled that perfect fit which had aforetime been his pride; and now that the lofty spirit had departed, there had been extreme difficulty in persuading the sullen excess of clay to conform to the dimensions of those garments. The upper part of the chest alone would bear its buttons, and across one portion of the lower limbs an ancient seam had started; recalling an incident to them who had known him in his brief hour of glory. For one night, as he was riding home from Fallowfield, and just entering the gates of the town, a mounted trooper spurred furiously past, and slashing out at him, gashed his thigh. Mrs. Melchisedec found him lying at his door in a not unwonted way; carried him up-stairs in her arms, as she had done many a time before, and did not perceive his state till she saw the blood on her gown. The cowardly assailant was never discovered; but Mel was both gallant, and had, in his military career, the reputation of being a martinet. Hence, divers causes were suspected. The wound failed not to mend, the trousers were repaired: Peace about the same time was made, and the affair passed over.

Looking on the fine head and face, Lady Roseley saw nothing of this. She had not looked long before she found covert employment for her handkerchief. The widow standing beside her did not weep, or reply to her whispered excuses at emotion: gazing down on his mortal length with a sort of benignant friendliness; aloof, as one whose duties to that form of flesh were well-nigh done. At the feet of his master, Jacko, the monkey, had jumped up, and was there squatted, with his legs crossed, very like a tailor! The imitative wretch had got a towel, and as often as Lady Roseley's handkerchief travelled to her eyes, Jacko's peery face was hidden, and you saw his lithe skinny body doing grief's convulsions: till, tired of this amusement, he obtained possession of the warrior's helmet, from a small round table on one side of the bed; a casque of the barbarous military-Georgian form, with a huge knob of horse-hair projecting over the peak; and under this, trying to adapt it to his rogue's head, the tricksy image of Death extinguished himself.

All was very silent in the room. Then the widow quietly disengaged Jacko, and taking him up, went to the door, and deposited him outside. During her momentary absence, Lady Roseley had time to touch the dead man's forehead with her lips, unseen.

CHAPTER III. THE DAUGHTERS OF THE SHEARS.

Three daughters and a son were left to the world by Mr. Melchisedec. Love, well endowed, had already claimed to provide for the daughters: first in the shape of a lean Marine subaltern, whose days of obscuration had now passed, and who had come to be a major of that corps: secondly, presenting his addresses as a brewer of distinction: thirdly, and for a climax, as a Portuguese Count: no other than the Señor Silva Diaz, Conde de Saldar: and this match did seem a far more resplendent one than that of the two elder sisters with Major Strike

and Mr. Andrew Cogglesby. But the rays of neither fell visibly on Lymport. These escaped Eurydices never reappeared, after being once fairly caught away from the gloomy realms of Dis, otherwise Trade. All three persons of singular beauty, a certain refinement, some Port, and some Presence, hereditarily combined, they feared the clutch of that fell king, and performed the widest possible circles around him. Not one of them ever approached the house of her parents. They were dutiful and loving children, and wrote frequently; but of course they had to consider their new position, and their husbands, and their husbands' families, and the world, and what it would say, if to it the dreaded rumour should penetrate! Lymport gossips, as numerous as in other parts, declared that the foreign nobleman would rave in an extraordinary manner, and do things after the outlandish fashion of his country: for from him, there was no doubt, the shop had been most successfully veiled, and he knew not of Pluto's close relationship to his lovely spouse.

The marriages had happened in this way. Balls are given in country towns, where the graces of tradesmen's daughters may be witnessed and admired at leisure by other than tradesmen: by occasional country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with light minds: and also by small officers; subalterns wishing to do tender execution upon man's fair enemy, and to find a distraction for their legs. The classes of our social fabric have, here and there, slight connecting links, and provincial public balls are one of these. They are dangerous, for Cupid is no respecter of class-prejudice; and if you are the son of a retired tea-merchant, or of a village doctor, or of a half-pay captain, or of anything superior, and visit one of them, you are as likely to receive his shot as any shopboy. Even masquerading lords at such places, have been known to be slain outright; and although Society allows to its highest and dearest to save the honour of their families, and heal their anguish, by indecorous compromise, you, if you are a trifle below that mark, must not expect it. You must absolutely give yourself for what you hope to get. Dreadful as it sounds to philosophic ears, you must marry. This, having danced with Caroline Harrington, the gallant lieutenant Strike determined to do. Nor, when he became aware of her father's occupation, did he shrink from his resolve. After a month's hard courtship, he married her straight out of her father's house. That he may have all the credit due to him, it must be admitted that he did not once compare, or possibly permit himself to reflect on, the dissimilarity in their respective ranks, and the step he had taken downward, till they were man and wife: and then not in any great degree, before Fortune had given him his majority; an advance the good soldier frankly told his wife he did not owe to her. If we may be permitted to suppose the colonel of a regiment on friendly terms with one of his corporals, we have an estimate of the domestic life of Major and Mrs. Strike. Among the garrison males, his comrades, he passed for a disgustingly jealous brute. The ladies, in their pretty language, signalised him as a "finick."

Now, having achieved so capital a marriage, she, worthy creature, was anxious that her sisters should not be less happy, and would have them to visit her, in spite of her husband's protests.

"There can be no danger," she said, for she was in fresh quarters, far from the nest of contagion. The lieutenant himself ungrudgingly declared that, looking on the ladies, no one for an instant could suspect; and he saw many young fellows ready to be as great fools as he had been: another voluntary confession he made to his wife; for the candour of which she thanked him, and pointed out that it seemed to run in the family; inasmuch as Mr. Andrew Cogglesby, his rich relative, had seen and had proposed for Harriet. The lieutenant flatly said he would never allow it. In fact he had hitherto concealed the non-presentable portion of his folly very satisfactorily from all save the mess-room, and Mr. Andrew's passion was a severe dilemma to him. It need scarcely be told that his wife, fortified by the fervid brewer, defeated him utterly. What was more, she induced him to be an accomplice in deception. For though the lieutenant protested that he washed his hands of it, and that it was a fraud and a snare, he certainly did not avow the condition of his wife's parents to Mr. Andrew, but alluded to them in passing as "the country people." He supposed "the country people" must be asked, he said. The brewer offered to go down to them. But the lieutenant drew an unpleasant picture of the country people, and his wife became so grave at the proposition, that Mr. Andrew said, he wanted to marry the lady, and not the "country people," and if she would have him, there he was. There he was, behaving with a particular and sagacious kindness to the raw lieutenant since Harriet's arrival. If the lieutenant sent her away, Mr. Andrew would infallibly pursue her, and light on a discovery. Twice cursed by Love, twice the victim of tailordom, our excellent Marine gave away Harriet Harrington in marriage to Mr. Andrew Cogglesby.

Thus Joy clapped hands a second time, and Horror deepened its shadows.

From higher ground it was natural that the concluding sister should take a bolder flight. Of the loves of the fair Louisa Harrington and the foreign Count, and how she first encountered him in the brewer's saloons, and how she, being a humorous person, laughed at his "loaf" for her, and wore the colours that pleased him, and kindled and soothed his jealousy, little is known beyond the fact that she espoused the Count, under the auspices of the affluent brewer, and engaged that her children should be brought up in the faith of the Catholic Church: which Lymport gossips called, paying the Devil for her pride.

The three sisters, gloriously rescued by their own charms, had now to think of their one young brother. How to make him a gentleman! That was their problem. Preserve him from tailordom—from all contact with trade—they must; otherwise they would be perpetually linked to the horrid thing they hoped to outlive and bury. A cousin of Mr. Melchisedec's had risen to be an

admiral and a knight for valiant action in the old war, when men could rise. Him they besought to take charge of the youth and make a distinguished seaman of him. He courteously declined. They then attacked the married Marine—navy or army being quite indifferent to them, as long as they could win for their brother the badge of one service, "When he is a gentleman at once!" they said, like those who see the end of their labours. Strike basely pretended to second them. It would have been delightful to him, of course, to have the tailor's son messing at the same table, and claiming him when he pleased with a familiar "Ah, brother!" and prating of their relationship everywhere. Strike *had* been a fool: in revenge for it, he laid out for himself a masterly career of consequent wisdom. The brewer—uxorious Andrew Cogglesby—might and would have bought the commission. Strike laughed at the idea of giving money for what could be got for nothing. He told them to wait.

In the meantime Evan, a lad of seventeen, spent the hours not devoted to his positive profession—that of gentleman—in the offices of the brewery, toying with big books and balances, which he despised with the combined zeal of the sucking soldier and emancipated tailor.

Two years passed in attendance on the astute brother-in-law, to whom now Fortune beckoned to come to her and gather his laurels from the pig-tails. About the same time the Countess sailed over from Lisbon on a visit to her sister Harriet (in reality, it was whispered in the Cogglesby saloons, on a diplomatic mission from the Court of Lisbon; but that could not be made ostensible). The Countess narrowly examined Evan, whose steady advance in his profession both her sisters praised.

"Yes," said the Countess, in a languid alien accent. "He has something of his father's carriage—something. Something of his delivery—his readiness."

It was a remarkable thing that these ladies thought no man on earth like their father, and always cited him as the example of a perfect gentleman, and yet they buried him with one mind, and each mounted guard over his sepulchre, to secure his ghost from an airing.

"He can walk, my dears, certainly, and talk—a little. Tête-à-tête, I do not say. I should think *there* he would be—a stick! All you English are. But what sort of a bow has he got, I ask you? How does he enter a room? And, then, his smile! his laugh! He laughs like a horse—absolutely! There's no *music* in his smile. Oh! you should see a Portuguese nobleman smile. Oh! Dio! honeyed, my dears! But Evan has it not. None of you English have. You go so."

The Countess pressed a thumb and a finger to the sides of her mouth, and set her sisters laughing.

"I assure you, no better! not a bit! I faint in your society. I ask myself—Where am I? Among what boors have I fallen? But Evan is no worse than the rest of you; I acknowledge that. If he knew how to dress his shoulders properly, and to direct his eyes—Oh! the eyes! you should see how a Portuguese nobleman can use his eyes! Soul! my dears! soul! Can any of you look the unutterable without being absurd? You look so."

And the Countess hung her jaw under heavily vacuous orbits, something as a sheep might yawn.

"But I acknowledge that Evan is no worse than the rest of you," she repeated. "If he understood at all the management of his eyes and mouth! But that's what he cannot possibly learn in England—not possibly! As for your poor husband, Harriet! one really has to remember his excellent qualities to forgive him, poor man! And that stiff bandbox of a man of yours, Caroline!" addressing the wife of the Marine, "he looks as if he were all angles and sections, and were taken to pieces every night and put together in the morning. He may be a good soldier—good anything you will—but, Dio! to be married to that! He is not civilised. None of you English are. You have no place in the drawing-room. You are like so many intrusive oxen—absolutely! One of your men trod on my toe the other night, and what do you think the creature did? Jerks back, then the half of him forward—I thought he was going to break in two—then grins, and grunts, 'Oh! 'm sure, beg pardon, 'm sure!' I don't know whether he didn't say, MA'AM!"

The Countess lifted her hands, and fell away in laughing horror. When her humour, or her feelings generally, were a little excited, she spoke her vernacular as her sisters did, but immediately subsided into the deliberate delicately-syllabled drawl.

"Now that happened to me once at one of our great balls," she pursued. "I had on one side of me the Duchess Eugenia de Formosa de Fontandigua; on the other sat the Countess de Pel, a widow. And we were talking of the ices that evening. Eugenia, you must know, my dears, was in love with the Count Belmarañia. I was her sole confidante. The Countess de Pel—a horrible creature! Oh! she was the Duchess's determined enemy—would have stabbed her for Belmarañia, one of the most beautiful men! Adored by every woman! So we talked ices, Eugenia and myself, quite comfortably, and that horrible De Pel had no idea in life! Eugenia had just said, 'This ice sickens me! I do not taste the flavour of the vanille.' I answered, 'It is here! It must—it cannot but be here! You love the flavour of the vanille?' With her exquisite smile, I see her now saying, 'Too well! it is necessary to me! I live on it!' when up he came. In his eagerness, his foot just effleuréd my robe. Oh! I never shall forget! In an instant he was down on one knee: it was so momentary that none saw it but we three, and done with ineffable grace. 'Pardon!' he said, in his sweet Portuguese; 'Pardon!' looking up—the handsomest man I ever beheld; and when I think of that odious wretch the other night, with his 'Oh! 'm sure, beg pardon, 'm sure!'—'pon my honour!' I could have kicked him—I could indeed!"

Here the Countess laughed out, but relapsed into:

"Alas! that Belmarañia should have betrayed that beautiful trusting creature to De Pel. Such scandal!—a duel!—the Duke was wounded. For

a whole year Eugenia did not dare to appear at court, but had to remain immured in her country-house, where she heard that Belmarafia had married De Pel! It was for her money, of course. Rich as Crœsus, and as wicked as the black man below! as dear papa used to say. By the way, weren't we talking of Evan? Ah,—yes!"

And so forth. The Countess was immensely admired, and though her sisters said that she was "foreignised" over-much, they clung to her desperately. She seemed so entirely to have eclipsed tailordom, or "Demogorgon," as the Countess pleased to call it. Who could suppose this grand-mannered lady, with her coroneted anecdotes and delicious breeding, the daughter of that thing? It was not possible to suppose it. It seemed to defy the fact itself.

They congratulated her on her complete escape from Demogorgon. The Countess smiled on them with a lovely sorrow.

"Safe from the whisper, my dears; the ceaseless dread? If you knew what I have to endure! I sometimes envy you. 'Pon my honour, I sometimes wish I had married a fishmonger! Silva, indeed, is a most excellent husband. Polished! such polish as you know not of in England. He has a way—a wriggle with his shoulders in company—I cannot describe it to you; so slight! so elegant! and he is all that a woman could desire. But who could be safe in any part of the earth, my dears, while papa will go about so, and behave so extraordinarily? I was at dinner at the embassy a month or two ago, and there was Admiral Combleman, then on the station off Lisbon, Sir Jackson Roseley's friend, who was the admiral at Lymport formerly. I knew him at once, and thought, oh! what shall I do! My heart was like a lump of lead. I would have given worlds that we might have one of us smothered the other! I had to sit beside him—it always happens! Thank heaven! he did not identify me. And then he told an anecdote of papa. It was the dreadful old 'Bath' story. I thought I should have died. I could not but fancy the Admiral suspected. Was it not natural? And what do you think I had the audacity to do? I asked him coolly, whether the Mr. Harrington he mentioned was not the son of Sir Abraham Harrington, of Torquay,—the gentleman who lost his yacht in the Lisbon waters, last year? I brought it on myself. 'Gentleman, ma'am,'—MA'AM! says the horrid old creature, laughing,—'gentleman! he's a——' I cannot speak it: I choke! And then he began praising papa. Dio! what I suffered. But, you know, I can keep my countenance, if I perish. I am a Harrington as much as any of us!"

And the Countess looked superb in the pride with which she said she was what she would have given her hand not to be. But few feelings are single on this globe, and junction of sentiments need not imply unity in our yeasty compositions.

"After it was over—my supplice," continued the Countess, "I was questioned by all the ladies—I mean *our* ladies—not your English. They wanted to know how I could be so civil to that intolerable man. I gained a deal of credit, my dears. I laid it all on—Diplomacy." The Countess laughed bitterly. "Diplomacy bears the burden of it all. I pretended that Combleman could be useful to Silva. Oh! what hypocrites we all are!"

The ladies listening could not gainsay this favourite claim of universal brotherhood among the select who wear masks instead of faces.

With regard to Evan, the Countess had far outstripped her sisters in her views. A gentleman she had discovered must have one of two things—a title or money. He might have all the breeding in the world; he might be as good as an angel; but without a title or money he was under eclipse almost total. On a gentleman the sun must shine. Now, Evan had no title, no money. The clouds were thick above the youth. To gain a title he would have to scale aged mountains. There was one break in his firmament through which the radiant luminary might be assisted to cast its beams on him still young. That divine portal was matrimony. If he could but make a rich marriage he would blaze transfigured; all would be well! And why should not Evan marry an heiress, as well as another?

"I know a young creature who would exactly suit him," said the Countess. "She is related to the embassy, and is in Lisbon now. A charming child—just sixteen! Dio! how the men rave about her! and she isn't a beauty,—there's the wonder; and she is a little too gauche—too English in her habits and ways of thinking; likes to be admired, of course, but doesn't know *yet* how to set about getting it. She rather scandalises our ladies, but when you know her!—— She will have, they say, a hundred thousand pounds in her own right! Rose Jocelyn, the daughter of Sir Franks, and that eccentric Lady Jocelyn. She is with her uncle, Melville, the celebrated diplomate—though, to tell you the truth, we turn him round our fingers, and spin him as the boys used to do the cockchafers. I cannot forget our old Fallowfield school-life, you see, my dears. Well, Rose Jocelyn would just suit Evan. She is just of an age to receive an impression. And *I* would take care she did. Instance me a case where I have failed?

"Or there is the Portuguese widow, the Rostral. She's thirty, certainly; but she possesses millions! Estates all over the kingdom, and the sweetest creature. But, no. Evan would be out of the way there, certainly. But—our women are very nice: they have the dearest, sweetest ways: but I would rather Evan did not marry one of them. And then there's the religion!"

This was a sore of the Countess's own, and she dropped a tear in coming across it.

"No, my dears, it shall be Rose Jocelyn!" she concluded: "I will take Evan over with me, and see that he has opportunities. It shall be Rose, and then I *can* call her mine; for in verity I love the child."

It is not our part to dispute the Countess's love for Miss Jocelyn; and we have only to add that Evan, unaware of the soft training he was to undergo, and the brilliant chance in store for him, offered no impediment to the proposition that he should journey to Portugal with his aunt (whose subtlest flattery was to tell him that she should

not be ashamed to own him there); and ultimately, furnished with cash for the trip by the remonstrating brewer, went.

So these Parcæ, daughters of the shears, arranged and settled the young man's fate. His task was to learn the management of his mouth, how to dress his shoulders properly, and to direct his eyes—rare qualities in man or woman, I assure you; the management of the mouth being especially admirable, and correspondingly difficult. These achieved, he was to place his battery in position, and win the heart and hand of an heiress.

Our comedy opens with his return from Portugal,

(See p. 138.)

in company with Miss Rose, the heiress; the Honourable Melville Jocelyn, the diplomate; and the Count and Countess de Saldar, refugees out of that explosive little kingdom.

(To be continued.)

THE MISTAKE.

(AN OLD GEM RESET.)

Miss Marion Gray was an old maid confest
Of some forty and two p'rhaps to spare;
And she lived in a region that once was "the West,"
And held up its head I've been told with the best—
In short, it was Red Lion Square.

Though the first bloom of youth had been wiped from her cheek,
Though her hair was—don't breathe it—a wig,
Though the vulgar remarked that her voice was a squeak,
And her nose rather red, and her temper not meek,
She was "merry as e'er was a grig."

The Square has gone down, but the trees are still green
That o'ershadow the dull plot of ground,
Some grass and a sprinkling of flowers are seen
By those who in summer-time peep through the screen
Of old iron that totters around.

Her house is an old one—'twas built at the time
When Anna the Stuart was Queen:
No legends suggested that aught of sublime
Was connected therewith, and no terrible crime
Rooms, closets, or cellars had seen.

Though a dark-looking stain on the drawing-room floor,
Might have hinted a story of guilt
To the brains of a Spinner of Tales by the score,
Who had lifted the carpet ('twas just by the door),
Where some blood—or some beer—had been spilt.

No roses climbed over the mansion, but bowers
As dwellings are terribly "slow,"
Some flower-pots stood in the yard, and the showers
Still watered the mould and the sticks, but the flowers
Were *potted* some ages ago.

Miss Gray, as we've said, was an old maid confest,
Who of "offers" had had just a score,
(Did you e'er know a lady not quite at her best,
Who hadn't been bothered with many a pest,
In the shape of a man, or a *bore*?)

Her income sufficed for herself and a maid,
Extremely good looking and young;
But, like all pretty girls, a most tiresome jade,
She gave her poor mistress not much of her aid,
And a very great deal of her tongue.

One morning in summer, the weather was fine,
But the lady was still in her bed, [nine,
Though the church (if there is one) was just striking
When the door-bell rang out like a summons to dine,
And the fair one uplifted her head,

Rose, passed from the room, and leaned over the stairs
To listen—What mortal can blame?
'Twas a failing she had (knowing all men are bears),
That she liked to "drop down" on the maid "unawares,"
If she thought that a "follower" came.

Why that start of amazement—that look of surprise,
Why those feelings that fast men call "queer?"
To Jane's "What do you want, sir?" a deep voice
"I die for your mistress, my dear." [replies:—

"For me is he dying? oh! beg him to wait,
I'll be down, Jane, as soon as I can,"
(For her costume was then in a terrible state,
Loose and white like a Muse, or a Grace, or a Fate,
Ere crinoline fashions began.)

She had dined not long since at a rustic retreat,
Near Kennington Oval, or Square,
Where a gentleman filling a neighbouring seat,
Had gazed in a manner that's fondly called "sweet,"
As he helped her to jelly with hare.

Could it chance to be he—it was early, but then,
Love visits both early and late:
Of course, she still hated "those horrible men,"
But she liked to encourage a little, and then—
Oh, dear! she was making him wait.

Her toilet complete, she descended in haste,
All a-flutter her lover to scan.
Just paused at the stair-foot (she'd exquisite taste),
To tighten a little the cord at her waist,
And moved forward to look at the man.

He looked rather "seedy," a cap in his hand,
A parcel just opened to show,
She collapsed—the disturber on seeing her stand
Amazed—"took an attitude," sheepish and bland,
Like a goose, but *she* couldn't say *beau*.

"My master has done, miss, the best that he can,"
(Displaying a marvel of skill),
"Your master—the *dyer*—you infamous man!"
He stared—"Go away, sir, as fast as you can,
And I'll send the amount of your bill."

He thought she was mad, not at all, she was sane,
As a woman so worried could be,
She crawled to her chamber assisted by Jane,
And (after restoratives) came down again
To her breakfast of toast and of tea.

Rather late in the day, with her spirits restored
(Much sooner than Jane had expected),
She searched out a card from an odd little hoard,
And entered this call on this mystical board,
As the twenty-first offer—Rejected.

James W. Johnson.

THE STUDENT.

HIS HEALTH.

How much truth is there in the popular notion of the effects of a student life? The ordinary conception of "a bookworm" (as every man is liable to be called whose life is spent amongst books) is of an uncomfortable-looking personage who cannot hold up his head, nor tread firmly, nor see a yard before him. His limbs are lank: his hair is limp: his shoulders are shelves to hold dust: his head droops forward: his face works nervously in conversation: there is scarcely anything that he can digest: he is disconcerted if any visitor, any news, or household incidents break in upon his habits and his plans. Nothing seems to him worth such a sacrifice; for he has long been convinced that nothing in the world is of so much consequence as the particular subject which occupies him: and it follows of course that to obstruct his labours upon it is to do the greatest possible injury to the world. If he is married, it is a mistake; for he gives his wife only the second place in his heart after his books; and the children are very disturbing little people. If he is too much absorbed to hear their voices in play or in grief, they may jog his chair, or even shake the room; and no bookworm can stand that. If they are ever so well disciplined, they are occasionally ill; or one may even die—and that is a painful and irresistible interruption. I need say no more. A mere outline will call up the image of the recluse student, as it is presented to the minds of the practical people of everyday life.

"Is it true?" is the first question. Yes, it is. For ages there have been such persons; and there are such at this moment. We may comfort ourselves with the certainty that the number diminishes; and at present so rapidly, that we may fairly hope that a true specimen of the bookworm will soon be a subject of investigation as interesting as the dodo in Madagascar—setting naturalists to work to ascertain whether a known specimen is really the last of its species.

The next question is, Why we may expect the species to die out? And this involves the fundamental inquiry of all, How such a thing came to exist?

The bookworm is a transformation from the proper type of man, wrought by the too strong action of some law of nature, in the exclusion of other laws which it is a folly and a crime to evade. In the course of the education of the human race, there must be a period during which books must have a higher value than they can have in the long run: and during that period, there must be men who overrate the value of books in general, and sacrifice themselves individually to the worship of some particular class of them. Such a period must necessarily occur before men understand their own nature and position well enough to perceive how they may make the best use of books, as of everything else; that is, as means and not as an end. During the bookish ages which originated and followed the invention of printing, men were unaware that the brain is the organ by which "we live and move and have our being;" and that no part of it (and therefore of our frame) can work as well as it might do unless the whole is exercised sufficiently for its health. Our growing knowledge and understanding of the structure and functions of the brain, and of the laws of health generally, is our security against a perpetual succession of bookworms. We may hope that intemperance in study will in time become rare, like other kinds of intemperance which we believe that men will outgrow, sooner or later. For some time past we have been accustomed to look into Germany for perfect specimens of the bookworm; yet even in Germany there is a strong conviction of the value of schools of physical training, in counteraction of the tendencies of study. This is right: for Germany has afforded the richest specimen perhaps of the bookworm in modern times; and to balance this, it is fair that she should furnish founders of gymnasia, at home and abroad. Eichhorn is one of the latest examples we have of the recluse student of the bookish ages of the world. If I remember right, he lived for twenty-five years shut up in his study, never crossing the threshold (except, I suppose, to go to bed), and never having worn coat or shoes during that time. If ever seen at all, he was seen in gown and slippers. One would like to know how many human faces he did see—how many voices of his own kind he heard during those years. With all his learning, he certainly missed the great truth that the man who makes no use of his environment lives but half a life, or more probably scarcely anything of a life at all, but rather a waking dream.

What, then, is the student to do? There must be men whose business lies in the library and at the desk. Such men are honoured by the wise, and most honoured by the wisest. Is this really an unfortunate destiny?

Not if they are wise. Not if they are aware that to exercise their limbs and senses, to cultivate their social faculties, and to lay a firm grasp on some practical business in life, is the true way to get the greatest value out of book-study. It is not necessary for them, any more than for other people, to be always thinking about their health, and consulting their own welfare. That is in

itself a morbid habit. What they have to do is to plan their ordinary life in obedience to the laws of nature, as far as circumstances admit; and then they are free to think no more about it.

Such a plan is something like this,—proceeding on what we know of the differences of sleep in the light and in the dark; of the condition of the brain at different periods of the day; of the relation between the stomach and the brain, and generally of the animal functions and the brain; and, again, of the relation between the man altogether and the objects and influences which surround him.

The student should rise early. To my mind, after careful observation, and after a long experience, the thing is proved. It is the fashion now to say, that early rising might be wise and pleasant in former states of society, but that our existing social habits make it disagreeable and pernicious, if not impracticable. I am not writing for members of parliament, nor for people who pay visits every night. The great majority of Englishmen, and I suppose all students, have the power of arranging their own day, and obeying the laws of nature in the disposition of it. If I had room, I should like to give some account of the results of philosophical observation in regard to the quality of sleep in daylight compared with that of the dark hours. The differences in regard to the circulation and the action of the brain are very marked—the indications being in favour of sleeping in the dark hours.

It is of great importance to persons of sedentary occupations to obtain brisk exercise as the first act of the day. Whether it shall be walking, or some vigorous exercise at home, is a matter of choice; but a man will study all the better after breakfast for having cheered his spirits, and quickened his circulation by a walk; and I will add, by what some people would call an unpleasant one. I speak from experience here. For thirty years my business has lain in my study. The practice of early rising was, I am confident, the grand preservative of health, through many years of hard work—the hours gained being given, not to book or pen, but to activity. I rose at six, summer and winter; and (after cold bathing) went out for a walk in all weathers. In the coldest season, on the rainiest morning, I never returned without being glad that I went. I need not detail the pleasures of the summer mornings. In winter, there was either a fragment of gibbous moon hanging over the mountain, or some star quivering in the river, or icicles beginning to shine in the dawn, or, at worst, some break in the clouds, some moss on the wall, some gleam on the water, which I carried home in the shape of refreshment. I breakfasted at half-past seven, and had settled household business and was at my work by half-past eight, fortified for seven hours' continuous desk-work, without injury or fatigue.

The bookworm makes no choice of hours for his studies. He begins when he gets up, and leaves off when he goes to bed. More moderate students will do well to choose the morning hours for study. I believe they are all well aware of this, though many excuse their practice of night study by the ordinary pleas of quietness and a supposed favourable state of brain. If we do not question their assertions, we have the strong ground for remonstrance that they are sacrificing duration to quality at a tremendous rate. They will lose more by injuring their nerves, sleep, and digestion by night study, than they can possibly gain by any supposed aptitude in the brain for the labours of the lamp. I am myself convinced that the brain is more obedient to wise calls upon it than we are accustomed to suppose. I am confident that a vast amount of energy, thought, and time is wasted in fastidious consultation of the brain's likings; and that men who make their brain their servant, instead of their master, may train it to punctuality and obedience. The way to obtain the needful "inspiration" for writing, and clearness for reading, is surely not to question whether it is there, or whether it is coming, but to sit down in confidence that it must come, if the faculties and feelings which accompany it are put in action. If the student is out of order,—if his digestion is wrong—if his feelings are agitated, or he is benumbed by want of exercise—then, of course, he must betake himself to the best means of setting himself right. In his normal condition, however, he will find the fresh, strong, light hours of morning the most favourable to close attention, vigorous thought, and unfaltering achievement. Such is, I believe, the testimony of those who have tried whether or not the hours of vigour are best suited to the primary task of the day.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the familiar danger of night study: the recourse to stimulants or sedatives to force the brain action or compose the nerves. The dismal story of the intemperance of students is too well known to need to be dwelt on here. We have heard enough of strong coffee, of green tea, of wine, of tobacco, of opium, and even, as in Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's case, of wet towels round the head, to keep the faculties awake. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's recompense for such inveterate study was a besetting, maddening head-ache, frequently recurring for the rest of her life. I have never forgotten a dismal spectacle that I saw, and some pathetic words that were uttered, when I was sitting, in 1834, beside Kosciusko's monument on the Hudson River.

Two students of the West Point Military Academy were telling me about their college-life, in which very hard study was required. Both were thin and pale, and both obviously accustomed to tobacco-chewing. One walked a few paces away to look for the approaching steamboat, when the other made some remark which justified me in asking whether his health would not be better for abstinence from the juice which showed itself at the corners of his mouth. He assented instantly and heartily.

He said it was a dreadful bondage; it was wearing out his stomach and ruining his nerves; he would give all he had in the world, and undergo any suffering, to get rid of the curse he had taken upon himself in mere imitation on entering the college; but he "could not afford it now." He could not study without it; it would take him a fortnight to learn to study without it, and the loss of a fortnight would prevent him from passing in his year, and would injure his prospects for life.

What became of him I never knew; but the certain thing about him was, that he had nerves which could be expected to stand the ess of life for its ordinary term.

There are physicians who are much to blame in counsel they give to persons who place themves under artificial conditions for the sake of dy.

When I was young, and under a course of hard rary work, a physician said to me one day in study:

'You have a convenient cupboard there, at ir elbow. You ought to keep a bottle of hock l a glass there (I would not recommend an holic-wine). You should help yourself with a ss of hock when you feel exhausted—say, by ven o'clock at night, or when you feel a king."

'No, I thank you," said I. "If I begin h a glass by myself, will you warrant my not ting on to a bottle? Cold water is my rerative; only that I never want one, beyond ular meals."

What would not a physician have had to answer who should have advised the West Point dent to chew tobacco? And how much less h is it to recommend a recourse to wine in tude, as a consequence of preceding intempece in study? If some physicians were more eful in their advice, no one perhaps could say, London literary clergyman said to me twenty rs ago,—that he did not know one single author ept our two selves who did not resort habitually some sort of stimulant or sedative,—strong ee or tea, snuff, wine, or spirits, or opium in ie form,—as a necessity of student life. We may e that the intervening twenty years have made great difference; but the true preventive—scular exercise, securing good digestion and ulation—is not nearly so much valued as it will hereafter.

Here comes in the question, how much of the may be given to study—book and pen-work vithout injury to health?

t would be absurd to offer any precise answer his, because much depends on individual conution and intellectual habit, and much more the way in which the rest of the day is spent.

As to the constitutional and habitual differences ve have seen how Eichhorn lived; and a good ay scholars have approached very near to him levotion to books. Dr. Chalmers tried, above uarter of a century since, to induce me to proe that I would not write, nor study, more than hours per day. He said, he had tried various portions; and that he was satisfied nobody ld write or study more without injury. He was it to confine himself to that limit, under such experience: but the case might be, and is, very erent to others. I had to reply to a similar ark from Dr. Channing afterwards. He was ut to write an essay when I was his guest in ode Island, and he told me that he could not p well enough to write at all if he did not stop the end of every hour, and walk round the den or converse with the family. I could not mise what either adviser wished, for the fact I have never felt seven or eight hours' continuous work too much; and moreover have always found that, up to this limit, each hour was worth about two of the preceding. It is a matter in which no one can lay down a rule for another. Due provision being made for the exercise of other faculties than those engaged in study, the student must decide for himself how soon he ought to quit his desk.

The preliminary arrangements are very simple. Good meals at moderate intervals, and the stomach left at rest between. Some interval—an interval of active exercise is best—between books and food. A leisure hour for dinner, and cheerful conversation after it. A short nap, for those who need or like it, after dinner. Light occupation in the evening—literature, or correspondence, with more or less social intercourse, music, or other recreation. These are each and all highly desirable; but the most indispensable of all is strenuous and varied bodily exercise.

Many men believe, even now, that they are fully discharging their duty by quitting their books an hour or so before dinner; buttoning up their coat, taking their umbrella, and going forth for a constitutional walk. A man who goes out in this way, alone, along a familiar stretch of road, and unable to escape from the same thoughts he has been engaged with all the morning, had really better be asleep at home. His brain would get more varied action by sleep than by such exercise as this.

A man who does nothing more or better than this for his muscles, and the part of the brain which is appropriate to them, will find but few dinners which he can digest. He must not touch this or that which he sees other people enjoying. After dinner he cannot sit upright or get any ease for hours. He craves an easy chair or a sofa; and if they relieve his back, there is still the miserable uneasy stomach,—the headache, the spell of troubled and anxious sleep. Then tea and coffee make him sleepless; yet he does not know how to do without them. Then follows the night, with nightmare, fearful dreams, intellectual labour without any fruit but nonsense; or a leaden sleep which portends a morrow lost for study, or strongly unfavourable to it. What moral trials attend a suffering of this kind I need not show.

All considerate and good-natured people are ready to make allowance for the moods and tempers of a dyspeptic man; but the most generous treatment cannot give him self-respect under his frailties, nor such affection from those about him as is enjoyed by the amiable and cheerful friend who is not at the mercy of his own moods.

It is now the middle-aged student only (or chiefly) who can do nothing for exercise but walk. Boys and young men can either ride or row, or play cricket or fives. Those who cannot may derive much increased benefit from their walks, if the exercise is not expressly one merely for health's sake, but for some ulterior object; and if the object be benevolent the gain is great. Active business is a good antagonism to close study; and if the business be in the service of others, so much the more complete is the truce to besetting thoughts.

Nothing is so beneficial as the combination of muscular exercise with social enjoyment. "What does that mean?" some may ask.—"Dancing? Running races? Hunting? These are not at command, or are incompatible with a day's study."

Certainly they are. But we now have means of physical training in which exercise of the most exhilarating kind may be taken in company with comrades. I do not mean volunteer rifle-corps—in the first place—though they are admirable for the purpose. Some preparation for that drill is necessary, if not for all the members, for those of them whose employments are sedentary, and especially for students. A student, accustomed to a daily constitutional walk, joins a corps with all possible willingness, with good walking power, perhaps, and intelligence which gives him quickness and readiness; but his arms fail him altogether. Having wielded nothing but the pen (except his knife and fork) he is confounded by the impossibility of handling his rifle. He does not see what he can do but give it up altogether. There is a remedy, however, if he lives within reach of a gymnasium such as several of our towns are now supplied with. We ought to have one in every place where any sort of education is provided for: for physical education is of at least as much consequence as anything that is taught in our schools. Under the instruction of a master of physical exercise, the weak part of any man's anatomy may be brought up to an equality with the rest in a very short time.

The blessing to Oxford men of the great gymnasium there—the best in the kingdom, if not in Europe—is altogether inestimable. It is a resource which has restored health to many a man too old to begin learning the sports of the undergraduates. It has made the middle-aged man feel his youth renewed by giving him the full use of his muscles again—perhaps a fuller use than he ever had in his life.

One of the most striking evidences of Mr. McLaren's science and skill in physical-training is the benefit he renders to children, on the one hand, and elderly men on the other. Many boys at our public schools are injured by the violent exercises to which they are tempted there,—the long and desperate running especially. In the holidays they are taken to Oxford, and put under Mr. McLaren, who at once discovers the seat of the mischief, and soon and infallibly redresses the balance of the muscular action. And so also with his oldest pupils. He measures the chest, he detects the enfeebled muscle, and by gentle and appropriate exercises strengthens the weak part, till the spindle-arms become muscular, the chest expands, the back becomes straight, with the head properly set on the top of it; there is an end of the need of easy-chair and sofa after meals; nothing comes amiss at dinner, and there is no indigestion to make it remembered afterwards.

Mr. McLaren's pupils have lately expressed their gratitude to him by a splendid gift of plate, and words of strong acknowledgment. His best services of all will have been the establishment of scientific physical training among us, if his Oxford pupils will exert themselves in their respective future homes to promote the opening of a gymnasium in every place where men have not the full natural training of diversified country sports.

So much for the physical life of the student. But the completest prudence in regard to daily habits of food, sleep, exercise, and study, may be baffled by deficient discipline in another direction. It is commonly observed and agreed upon that the most amiable, equable, cheerful-tempered class of men in society are the scientific men, and especially the naturalists; while, on the other hand, the most irritable and uncertain are first the artists, and next the literary people. If this is true, more or less, the reasons are sufficiently obvious. Scientific men, whose business lies among the tangible facts of the universe, have the combined advantages of intellectual exercise and a constant grasp of realities; whereas the artists—though they partly share the same advantage—are under special liabilities from the exercise of the imagination for purposes of mere representation, and from the inevitable mingling of self-regards with their labours. The literary men have to deal with words, and with the abstractions of things, instead of with things themselves; and there is easy opportunity and strong temptation to implicate egotism with their work.

When naturalists get into controversy they are sometimes as irritable as literary men: and when men of letters are engaged on great questions, and pass beyond considerations of self, they may be as gay and placid as the happiest *savant*. It is unnecessary to say more; for it is clear enough to all eyes that a candid, unselfish temper and well-amused mind tend to good sleep at night, and healthful moods during the hours of study and sociability. If the case is a higher one than this, and the studies are of the lofty kind which relate to the welfare of mankind, or the development of human intellect by the extension of abstract science, the daily life is not only amused but blessed in a very high degree; and the temper and spirits should be so disciplined as to correspond with the privilege. If the half-dwarfed, morbid, egotistical student is one of the most pitiable members of the human family, the well-developed, lofty-minded, calm-tempered enthusiast in the pursuit and propagation of true knowledge, and high literary art, is surely one of the supreme order of men. It can do no harm to any of us, of any class of workers, to mark the extent of the difference between the two.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

WHITE CATS.

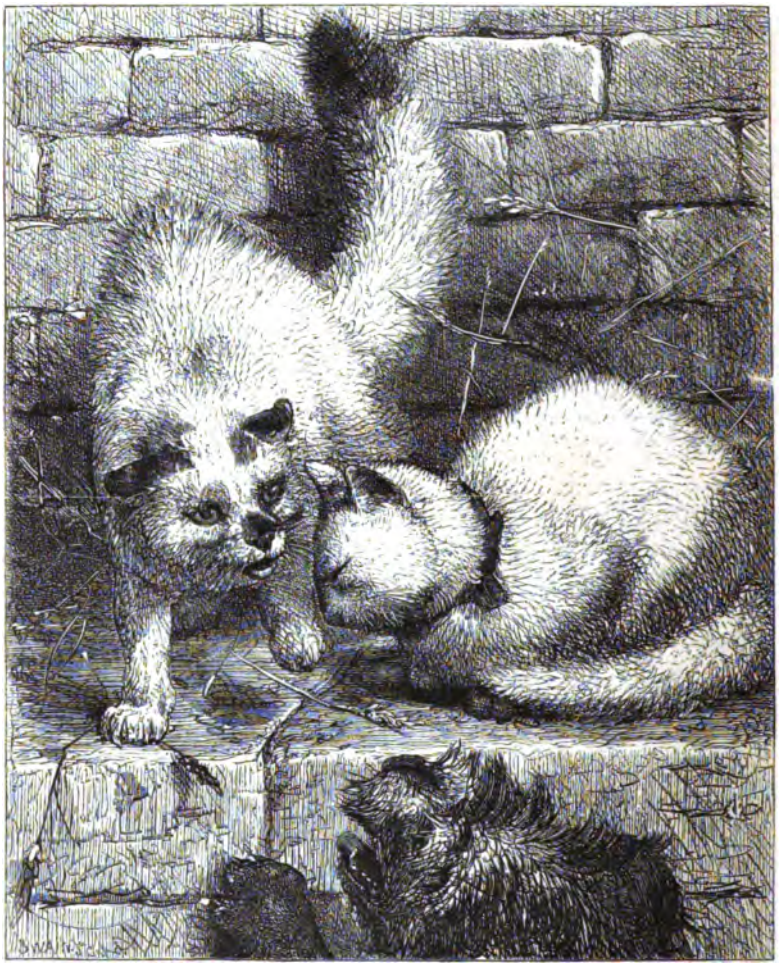
ALBINISM in man and in the inferior animals has been always attended by peculiar traits of character and constitution; but in no animal, except the cat, has it been accompanied with *deafness*.

Dr. Sichel, a French naturalist, communicated the fact some years ago, that, after many observations and experiments, he had found that cats with perfectly white coats and blue eyes are invariably *deaf!* Make any sound you will near

them, except such as are of a nature to convey vibrations—as shaking the ground, striking the floor with a hammer—and the animal will remain perfectly indifferent. Crack a whip as loudly as you will, imitate the barking of a dog, clap the hands, in fact, make any noise, except such as may convey vibrations, and the result will be the same—indifference on the part of the animal.

If, however, there is the smallest spot of black, brown, or grey on the coat of the cat, or if the iris be any other colour than blue, or greyish-blue, then the power of hearing will be the same as in another animal.

This naturalist had a cat, which he procured while a kitten, the coat was perfectly white, and the eyes were perfectly blue. This cat, which at



sight of a dog made off with rapidity, paid not the slightest attention to his barking, if she did not see him. At the end of a few months the iris became of a deeper colour, and the cat began to show signs of attention when a bell was sharply rung about a yard from her ear. But unfortunately the further progress of the experiment was interrupted by the death of poor puss, she having been worried in the street by a dog whose barking she had not heard.

Professor Hevsinger, a German, has drawn attention to another extraordinary peculiarity of white animals; viz. their inability to resist the injurious effects of external agents, which to other animals are perfectly harmless.

And we are told by Carillo, by Marinosci di Martini, and by Menni di Lecce, that in Naples and Sicily eating of *Hypericum crispum*, or, as it is called there, *Fumulo*, acted perniciously on *white* but not on black sheep; causing in the former the wool to fall off, the head to swell, and death itself to supervene in a couple of weeks. On this account, in Tarentino, where this plant is very common, *black* sheep alone are kept.

Spinola, in his work on the Diseases of Swine, says that buck-wheat, *Polygonum fagapyrum*, if eaten at its time of flowering, causes diseases in white and partially white swine, which are not produced by the same agent in black animals.

Another fact bearing upon the point of the

inferiority of white animals, in strength and power of resistance, to otherwise harmless agents, is related by a Mr. Youatt. He says: "A cow, for the most part white, but having some black spots, fell sick, and became bald in every part of the white surface. On "these parts the epidermis detached itself from the subjacent true skin, while the dark spots continued perfectly healthy." A similar fact is related by a veterinary surgeon named Erdt.

To this day, in Ireland, the thrifty housewife will always call out for the white calf to be killed; and if you ask her why—little versed in Natural History, but shrewd enough in experimental observation—she remarks, "The white calf is ever dawny [sickly], and the white cow is a bad milker."

A few years ago, there was a dinner-party given in the city of Dublin by an eminent dignitary of of the Church, famed for learning and eccentricity; and in the course of the evening, during the "feast of reason and flow of soul," the host proposed the following strange conundrum: "Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?"

Taken aback at once by the strange simplicity of the question, which, on account of the well-known ability of the interrogator, was supposed to involve a most intricate maze of solution, not one of the noble, learned, and accomplished guests could give an answer! They were fairly nonplused. Said the Archbishop: "Do you give it up? Do you give it up, Miss Lind?" (for the world-famed and accomplished cantatrice was present.) "Do you give it up, my Lord Chief Justice? Do you give it up, Mr. Vice-Provost? What! all give it up? Well, then, It is *because there are more of them!*"

This may do very well for our country; but were the learned and accomplished prelate in Tarentino, his question might possibly have been reversed. H. R.

LIFE IN A FRENCH KITCHEN. By C.

(Continued from p. 97.)

CHAPTER III.

On my first arrival in Paris, being a thorough idler, and having nothing to do after dining at a Restaurant, which pleasure could not be well extended beyond seven o'clock, I went a few times to the theatres, although doing so was contrary to my rule of only indulging in amusements which cost nothing. However, either from the actors speaking too quickly, or from my limited knowledge of French, I only made out half what was said, and lost all the points; so I gave it up. But when I came to understand what the natives said, even when they were talking among themselves, I visited the pit of every theatre in Paris, except the opera, which was beyond my finances.

One day, I proposed to Madame Blot, that we should make a party for one of the theatres. Madame, who loves an outing in summer, can scarcely be induced to cross the threshold in winter; but the natural love of a Frenchwoman for a theatre overcame her expected sufferings from cold feet, and we arranged to go the following Sunday to the Gymnase, to see a piece called *Les Parents*, which had been acted one hundred and seventy-four times, and still drew houses. The party consisted of Madame and Marguerite, the lieutenant and myself, the *cheri* being left at home to guard the house, and to have a hot supper ready when we came home. The feet of Madame being carefully encased in woollens, boots, and goloshes, so as entirely to stop the circulation, and the evening being fine, we started to walk, and arrived in about twenty minutes at the doors, where we joined the *queue*. There is no crowding or crush at the doors of a French theatre, as in a civilised place like London, but the people fall in, two and two, like a company of soldiers in file, sometimes extending sixty or seventy yards along the *trottoir*. I do not know whether this is done by mutual consent, or by orders of the police, but an attempt is never made to get in front of those who are already in the *queue*. Half an hour before the play begins, the bureau is opened, and about six or seven of the two *queues* (for there is a second one for the gallery) are admitted at a time. They pay their money through a wire grating, and are ushered into their places, without the most tender female suffering any annoyance. This would never do in England. It would be infringing on the liberty of young Bull, if he was not allowed to jostle the old lady and her two daughters, and to make their visit to the play as disagreeable as he could.

All this is a pleasant contrast to our system; but indeed the whole business of a theatre is better organised there than in England. The seats are more comfortable, and even in the pit there is room for the legs—a great consideration to a man of six feet. The house holds a certain number, and that number is admitted, and no more. It is well ventilated, and sufficiently lighted with one large chandelier and the footlights. There is no shouting or uproarious applause. A spectator may be amused, but he is not expected to applaud more than he would do in a drawing-room. Those men in front of us, in the first and second rows of the pit, are the *claqueurs*—that is their *chef* with the diamond breastpin—and they do all the applause. They pay nothing for their places, and receive a small allowance from the actors: a curious system, but it saves a deal of confusion. The audience is very well behaved, great courtesy being shown to ladies. Indeed the audience never gave me any other idea than that it was composed of a quiet set of ladies and gentlemen who came to be amused at something going on in a large drawing-room. The doorkeepers are women, who practise a little extortion on their own sex—but it is only for a few sous, for footstools.

There was only one piece to be acted, *Les Parents*, which means "relations" as well as parents. It was in seven acts and eighteen tableaux—something to undergo; but the interest of the audience never flagged for a moment. The *intrigue*, or plot, was not only considerably involved, but the thread of it was nearly lost to me altogether, when several events, which had happened previous to the first act were told by an old negress in nigger-French, a language I do not

understand. However, thanks to some explanations by Marguerite between the acts, I made out the following story.

There are two sorts of heroes on the French stage; a popular ruffian who sticks at nothing, and never makes love for an honest purpose; and a spoony hero who gains the prize in a school of design, or can ride without stirrups; who does all the honest love in the play, and whose fate in the end is generally matrimony. There are two heroes in *Les Parents*,—a spoony and a vagabond.

An old Monsieur Dubois is married to a young wife, and they have one son, but they live separate, in consequence of her having given him cause to be jealous of a Count de Champsey. During the first revolution, Dubois escapes with his child to England, and afterwards settles in one of the West India Islands, where he dies and leaves his property to his son, provided he never speaks to his mother, to whom he also leaves a small annuity, which she loses if she speaks to her son. The ship in which the boy is returning to France is wrecked, and all hands are lost except young Dubois, and another boy of the same age, and a black woman, by whose means the two children are saved.

Fifteen years are supposed to have elapsed between the first and second acts, which opens with Madame Dubois, rather low in the world, and longing all the more to see her son, because she is forbidden to do so.

The old black nurse, who is the mysterious character in the play, hints at having something on her conscience, and excites the curiosity of Madame Dubois by asking if she would know her son if she met him.

Madame says she would, by a mole on his neck.

Young Dubois, who is the spoony hero, is in love with Marie, the daughter of the very Count de Champsey already mentioned, and he has a rival in Auguste, the vagabond hero and the other boy who was saved from the wreck. But as the latter has nothing but lieutenant's pay, she is betrothed to Dubois, although her heart is naturally with Auguste, who is rather a fine fellow with all his faults.

Madame Dubois watches her son's door till she sees him, but she cannot rest till she has also seen the mole on his neck, which must be done without his knowledge. She manages to get into his house by being employed to make some alterations in the curtains of his bed; and a fine scene takes place between the son and the agitated mother, as she endeavours to look for the mole on his neck while he is dressing. The mother's doubts and love, and the son's absence of all expression, except a little impatience, made a good contrast, and were well acted; and the whole scene, in which not twenty words were spoken, commanded great attention.

Auguste, who does everything compatible with noble ruffianism, tries all methods to get possession of Marie, and, on one occasion, would have carried her off, if it had not been for a very fine dog, whose clever performance on the stage is, no doubt, one of the causes of the success of the piece.

He has now to join his regiment in Spain, whither we follow him through two rather long acts, in which he performs wonders on a grey charger, also produced on the stage.

Among other feats, he rides through an embrasure of a field-work, sabres all the gunners, and is only prevented carrying off the colours of an English regiment, by their having been captured the week previous in a victory, the name of which is not mentioned.

In the sixth act, Dubois and Marie are about to be married, when his mother enters. She tries to get near him to whisper something in his ear, but he will not listen, and she is put out. But, after the marriage, she contrives to meet him alone, about ten o'clock at night, Marie having gone to her bed-room, when she tells him that she is his mother, that he is the son of the Count de Champsey, and therefore married to his half-sister. Dubois, very naturally, is not a little startled, but a discussion takes place—which is fairly argued on both sides—whether he ought to proceed further or jump out of the window. He comes to the conclusion that the latter is the correct thing to do under the circumstances; so, tearing himself from his mother, he throws himself with a run from a window at the back of the stage. Madame faints, and Auguste—who has returned from the wars a colonel covered with glory—here enters. She recognises her real son from his likeness to the Count de Champsey; he shows the mole on his neck, and the black nurse confesses that, to make her old master's child rich, she changed the children at the wreck.

Madame sends Auguste to tell Marie what has happened, and the scene changes. The audience have been very attentive, and now become quite silent. A pin would have been heard to drop when Marie appears in her night-dress (and very nice she looked) and passes into the bridal chamber. But when Auguste crosses the stage, and follows her into the bed-room—knowing, as we all do, that he is capable of any mortal thing—I felt Marguerite's heart thumping against my arm, and when I looked round the girl was as white as a sheet.

Two years are supposed to have elapsed, and in the last tableau Marie and Dubois (who, of course, was not killed by the jump from the window) appear in a drawing-room with the rest of the characters. She is dressed in a drab moire, with one deep flounce trimmed with crimson velvet. This is her eighth change during the piece—one more beautiful than another. There is no applause, but you are aware, by a low murmur, that the dress is creating a sensation. She announces that Dubois, not being her half-brother, is still her husband, and that she has presented him with a son and heir—also produced on the stage in the arms of the black nurse. Each of the characters now repeats a couplet, and the curtain falls.

Marguerite, who realised every situation in the play, is silent all the way home. All her sympathies were with Dubois, and she firmly believed that Marie was *en chemise* behind the scene when Auguste went into her bed-room, and she cannot shake off the idea. By the time we reach home she is more cheerful, and comes quite round at the

sight of the supper provided by the *chéri*—a brace of partridges *aux truffes* and a magnificent *mayonnaise*.

Let me try to draw a comparison between the English and French stages. We are supposed to have the best of it in the language, for, though French is very telling in light conversation, and capable of great point and precision, yet it fails in melodramatic power independent of the situation. The tones are nasal, and the chant (or sing-song, as it may be called,) of a person declaiming, though musical, is monotonous and tiresome to a degree. When sitting with closed eyes, a little beyond the distance of hearing distinctly, it would not be easy to say whether the sing-song is from Regnier the actor, Monsieur Dupin the senator, or Monsieur Coquerel (père) the distinguished preacher in the Rue Marbœuf. To overcome this monotony, an expressive manner is required. A Frenchman does not assume it, for he has it naturally, and in the ordinary conversation of daily life he has as much manner as an Englishman assumes on the stage. Without this assumed manner English acting would look bald and cold. Hence it is that the French do not appear to be acting in light or genteel comedy, for nothing more is required of them but their natural manner, whereas our actors always seem to be acting a part.

The French come on the stage in a quiet manner, as if nobody was watching; they join in the conversation, as if nobody was listening but the actors, and they move about as if they were in a room. They have much saluting and kissing of foreheads and both cheeks, which they do gracefully, and naturally too, for it is the daily custom among relations, and sometimes among friends when they meet even in the streets.

In a play which I saw in Paris, called *Cendrillon*, and founded on our Cinderella, the favourite daughter, a grown-up woman, fairly lived in her mother's arms, and they kissed each other every two minutes. The table-cloth is generally laid in one of the scenes of a French play—not that a meal has anything to do with the plot, but it is made a vehicle for dialogue. All this manner and these petty occupations tend to employ the hands and to fill up scenes which, on the English stage, look bald and bare, as if an artist had painted a picture without a background.

French Tragedy is a very painful lady. Her breast is ever heaving with passion, and her hands trembling with emotion above her head. She has no dignity, for she cannot keep her hands quiet for a moment. To me there is no greater punishment than a French five act tragedy —"*Iphegenie en Aulide*," for instance. It has very little action on the stage, and it is played from beginning to end without a change of scene or even fall of the curtain; and the ladies wear no crinoline. It is written in couplets, which always have a jingling effect which Rachel may have overcome, but I never saw her act.

The forte of the French players is genteel comedy, and in this line they can give us many lessons in grace, manners, and imitation of real life. They certainly have no actors equal to ours of the first class, but they have a much higher average. I never saw a "regular stick" on the Paris stage. Most of them—particularly the women—have an easy manner, are perfectly self-possessed, and look the part without any great exaggeration in the make-up.

When they have to act gentlemen (a difficult part for them, as they have no very clear idea of what we call gentlemen, the word *gentilhomme* only extending to birth and dress,) they look and play the part as well as Frenchmen can and it is only now and then that we see a Frenchwoman on the stage that does not look like a lady. Whereas our actresses have left an impression on my mind that they are lady's-maids promoted.

The French are great play-goers. Being good judges of acting they go to see the play, and to be amused, and therefore make a most attentive audience. No conversation is allowed during the acts. Parties not satisfied with the performance, and showing signs of disapprobation are walked out, but whether their money is returned at the door or not I cannot say.

It is said that the French are excitable, but they gave me more the idea of being frivolous—easily pleased and patient in their amusements. They will make *queue* on a wet night, half-an-hour before the doors are opened, and they will wait another half-hour before the curtain rises to one long piece of perhaps seven acts, and an indefinite number of tableaux. They delight in small jokes, and there are a few of not a very delicate description, which no amount of repetition can deprive of their point, and without which a French farce would no more be complete than an English pantomime without a hot poker.

On the subject of propriety on the stage, their ideas and ours differ not a little, and a great deal takes place, and is applauded with them, that would damn a piece at once with us.

In a farce called *Une chambre à deux lits*, which is the foundation of our *Box and Cox*, two of the actors take off their clothes, except shirt and drawers and get into the two beds. In *Les Parents* the audience attached no indelicate idea to the part where Marie, on her wedding night, appeared in her night-dress and went into the bedroom, followed at once by a man that was not her husband.

If this play was translated into English, and had its French sentiment turned into corresponding English pathos,—if it had the advantage of the best cast and *mise en scène*, it would not live beyond the first act on any boards in London.

CHAPTER IV. TOO HOT IN THE KITCHEN.

About this time I offended my landlady and blundered into genteel society,—two great mistakes.

A Parisian never travels, and speaks no language but his own. If he is driven from home by business, or by the heat of Paris, to London or to the German baths, he is in exile till he is again inside the barrier. Like all untravelled people he thinks that his country is the most beautiful and the most glorious in all the world; that the natives are the most enlightened and civilised; and that

Paris is everything that is attractive, and gay. He resents, as a personal insult, the pretensions of other nations to compete with his.

Now, Madame Blot, who never was out of Paris in the course of her life, is exceedingly touchy on this point; and not being aware of her weakness, I was constantly giving offence, which was quite unintentional on my part, and, it must be said, as soon forgiven on hers. But, in the course of ten minutes of one unlucky day, I said three unpardonable things, creating a wound that did not heal for a whole fortnight. First: I preferred English bacon to French — a dreadful heresy. Secondly: I had not seen a better looking woman in France than the Empress, forgetting she was a Spaniard. And the third unlucky remark referred to the expressive way the French have of shrugging their shoulders and raising their hands as high as the waist, at the same time turning out the palms. This they do when they have no words to express their ideas, or no ideas to express, or when they wish to finish the argument. I went through the motion, remarking that it said a hundred things.

Madame, who, without my observing it, had felt hurt at my admiration of the Empress and English bacon, now thought that I was imitating her when I shrugged my shoulders. She boiled up at once, and bounced out of the kitchen to her seat near the window, where I could see her working furiously at the endless border. Next day, when I hung my key on the board in the bureau, she was so huffy that I told Blot I would dine *en ville* for a short time.

There was a M. de Falaise, or some such name, who, during the Exibition in 1851, brought a letter of introduction to me in London. I took lodgings for him, and gave him a dinner or two at the club. In return, he hoped I would call upon him if ever I was in Paris; and meeting him a day or two after the row with Madame, he said he would be glad to introduce me to Madame de Falaise, who gave a ball every other Thursday. "Would I go to the next?"

There is no society more expensive than that which one gets for nothing, and hitherto I had avoided going into society on that account. But I thanked him, and went.

The ladies were plain enough, but they were studies, quite pictures in dress. They were friendly at once, and agreeable without formality. Madame de Falaise introduced me to some other French families, and, at the end of the week I had been to four balls and a dinner. Here was success! But could I afford it? I had to buy a new hat with a white lining, for my old Donaldson was too bad for anything, and could not be concealed by even a broad band, worn for an imaginary relative who died about that time. At a ball in Paris a man does not part with his hat till he has asked a lady to dance, and he then places it in her chair, which is thereby kept for her till the dance is over. I was rather ashamed of Donaldson on the first occasion,—he was left alone on a fauteuil of white satin trimmed with pink silk cording—and next morning I gave twenty-two francs for a new hat. Besides this sum, which came, as it were, out of the capital account, there were three francs every night for gloves; two francs for a cab there, and the same back, not including the *pourboire*—seven francs for the night's amusement!

And then I was led by Louis Velay to visit, by gaslight, several of the low parts of Paris,—a subject to which, not being required in his examination, he had paid great attention. And thus it was that in taking stock of the finances at the end of fourteen days, I found I had spent my whole month's allowance.

I could see Madame Blot was wishing for a reconciliation.

Marguerite asked me one day, on meeting her between the hotel and her mother's shop, "How it was that I had deserted my old friends?" This was rather good, but she had probably been deputed to ask the question; and as she believes everything that is said to her, of course she was satisfied that it was I that was offended. On leaving the key of my room in the bureau next morning, and, as usual of late, merely bowing to Madame without speaking, she made me a gracious bow, and ended by hoping she would soon see me again in my old place in the kitchen. I was not sorry to get back, for genteel society had played harlequin with my finances, and we became better friends than before. I managed her better afterwards. When she was at all touchy, or less amiable than usual, I used to flatter her and her country; French beauty and French bacon—everything at dinner and everything she had on—and I never paid her a compliment too large for her swallow.

I gave up genteel society, and contented myself with *Rampse*, and my friends in the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

ORCHIDS OR AIR PLANTS.

It is not easy at all times to say where vegetable life ends, and animal life begins; and were we required to determine the line of separation between merely organic and sentient life, by the distinctive forms of each, the recently discovered forms of vegetable life would greatly increase the difficulty. Resemblances to external forms of animal life exist in several portions of the vegetable world, but they abound in Orchidaceous plants, the latest, rarest, richest, and most beautiful addition to our floral treasures. No poet's dream ever pictured a more perfect metamorphosis than many of the flowers of this rich and brilliant order of plants exhibit. Science teaches us that in the order in which the world we inhabit was furnished, the vegetable preceded the animal occupants; and if a metamorphosis in nature, such as that adverted to, could be allowed, and the forms of animal life appeared first in the vegetable world, very intelligible vestiges of creation might be presented, and the development theory might be set forth as a more simple and natural process than it has hitherto appeared. But leaving these and other recondite suppositions, it is sufficient for our present purpose to contemplate these singular and beautiful plants where we find them, constituting the most gorgeous and wonderful ornaments with which our world is adorned.

Although the greatest curiosities in the whole range of the vegetable kingdom, and described in terms of glowing rapture by some of the early writers on the floral productions of India and the Western world, Orchids were until recently little known, and less appreciated, in England. These flowers had "adorned the brow of royal Indian maidens; flourished in the palaces and perfumed the luxurious air of Peruvian courts; they were the love messengers of noble Mexican youths; they lay a mournful tribute of affection on the grave of a departed friend; and hung their fantastic garlands along the gold-glowing walls of Mexican temples." Yet till within the present century they scarcely found a place among the collections of Europe. But no sooner were the lovers of flowers in England made acquainted, chiefly through the labours of Dr. Lindley, with their transcendent claims, than they were sought with energy and determination. Collectors were sent to all the rich and prolific tropical regions: one ship, at least, came to England freighted entirely with orchids, and it is supposed that in England alone, at the present time, not fewer than 2000 species are under cultivation.

Though orchids are not confined to countries lying within the tropics, these realms of exuberant vegetation are their genial home. Their organisation is peculiar and distinct among other orders of plants. A few live on the ground, but the greater proportion of them are epiphytes, and grow on the trunks or branches of trees, often on the topmost boughs, and are nourished entirely by the atmosphere. The species found in the East Indies differ in several remarkable particulars from those found on the continent of South America and in the West Indies, and require for their successful culture separate treatment and a different temperature. The accompanying engraving exhibits an orchid of each kind, a terrestrial plant and an epiphyte, both natives of the Western world.

The terrestrial orchid is a remarkable plant, from Panama, whence it was brought to England in 1826. It is a bulbous-looking plant. The smooth pseudo bulbs growing above the surface of the ground, are oval in shape, of a bright green colour, and covered with deciduous scales, each bulb being five or six inches in length, and three inches in diameter. From the point or summit of the pseudo bulbs rise three or more leaves, lance-shaped and ribbed, four or five feet in length, and five or six inches wide. From the base of the bulb a pale green, almost white, articulated flower-spike shoots up along the side of the bulb, and rises to the height of four or five feet, the upper portion forming a raceme of pure white waxy flowers, sometimes as many as twenty in number. Each flower, waxy and pure white, is nearly circular, about two inches in diameter, in the centre of this flower, the column, pollen masses, with erect wings, are so beautifully combined as to bear a remarkable resemblance to a dove of purest ivory, having the wings faintly spotted with lilac. The botanical name of the genus, *Peristeria*, designates this distinctive characteristic of the flower, as does also *Dove flower*, the English name for the genus. In the country where it was discovered, it is called *El Spirito Santo*, and regarded with superstitious reverence as a religious symbol, at which no one who has ever seen the flower will feel the least surprise. The portion of the raceme in the centre of the illustration shows the singularly elegant form of the flowers, while the plant, comprising pseudo bulbs, leaves, and raceme of flowers, is shown at the side. There are two varieties of *Peristeria elata*, but the chief difference consists in the periods of their flowering, one blossoming in the summer, the other during the winter season; the former being also perhaps rather larger than the latter. The mode of treatment which the plants require is now so well understood, that no difficulty is experienced in their successful cultivation; and there are few collections of orchids in which they are not included.

Three years earlier than we became acquainted with the charming *Peristeria elata* the butterfly flower, *Oncidium papilio*, was introduced to England from the verdant island of Trinidad. This is an epiphyte, or true air plant, growing on the trunks or branches of trees, to the outer bark of which it attaches itself with great firmness by a network of fibrous and threadlike roots. These roots neither penetrate the substance of the bark, nor derive any nutriment from the bark itself or the wood which it covers, being nourished entirely by the atmosphere. The pseudo bulbs of *Oncidium papilio*, smooth and brown in colour, are roundish and flattened, varying from one to two inches in diameter. At the summit of each pseudo bulb arises a single elliptical or lance-shaped leaf, six or seven inches long, of a reddish-brown colour, marbled with spots of green. From the base of each bulb springs a small leafless articulated or jointed stalk, stiff, and frequently four feet long, with small deciduous scales attached to the joints of the stalk. At the end of each stalk a small green peduncle supports a single flower bearing a singular and striking resemblance to a butterfly on the wing, not only in general outline, but in some of the details, both of form and colour. The centre of the flower seems a mimicry of the body of the insect, the sepals, long, narrow, and slightly curved, represent in a wonderful manner in shape and position the antennæ of the butterfly, while the petals represent the wings, and the labellum or lip the expanded body of the insect. Each stalk produces but one terminal flower at a time, but instead of decaying when the flower has withered and fallen, as occurs in most other orchids, the stalk retains its vitality, a new terminal bud forms and develops into another flower, and by the continuance of this process each stalk produces a number of flowers in succession. On one of the stalks of a large plant growing on a block of wood, fourteen apparent articulations or projections, covered by as many deciduous scales, seemed to indicate the number of flowers this single stalk had borne. There are fifteen stalks on this plant, eight of which at the present time are adorned by brightly coloured terminal flowers. The flowers are imperfect and produce no seeds, but the plant is increased by the formation of new pseudo bulbs. The tints vary in different plants, but only in the shades of the two invariable colours, yellow and brown. In some

flowers the yellow is clear and bright, shading off through successive plants to a deep orange, while the brown is at times mingled with red; both colours are rich and glowing. The petals which represent the wings are brown barred with yellow, while the labellum is yellow encircled with brown. The sepals, which substitute the antennæ of the insect, are four or five inches long—one on the plant already named measured 4¾ inches in length. The petals or wings of the same flower being

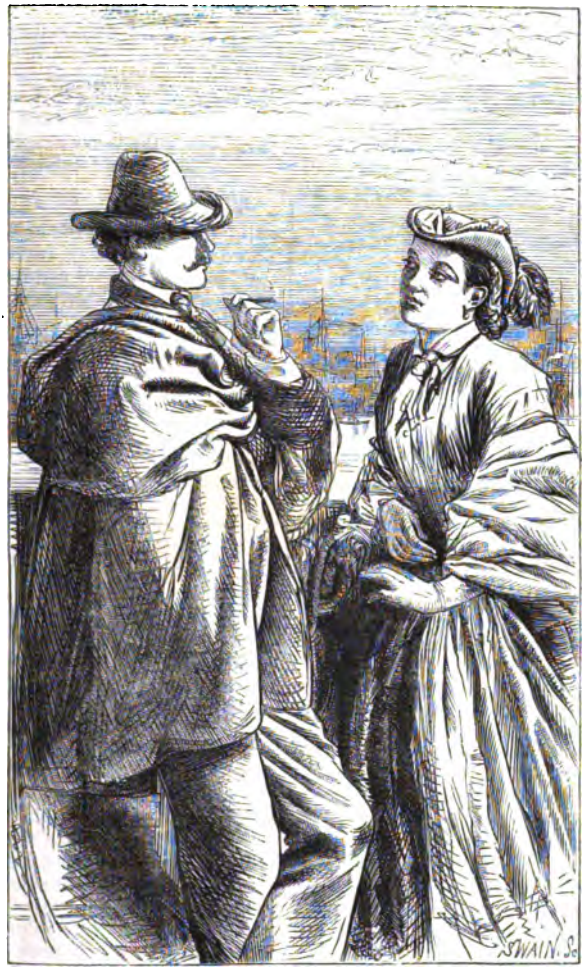
three inches in length, made the flower nearly six inches across. The striking and wonderful form of this flower, the brilliancy of its colours, the position of each flower, at the end of a long leafless neutral-tinted elastic wirelike stem, when seen moving, we might almost say fluttering, like an insect with every current of air, remote and apparently unconnected with any root or bulb, it requires no very vigorous exercise of the imagination to believe it to be, not a flower, but a gaily coloured butterfly flitting among surrounding leaves and flowers. The plant, comprising bulbs, leaves, stalks, and flowers, exhibiting its habit of growth, was copied from a living specimen. The larger flower at the bottom shows more distinctively the several parts of this wonderful flower, which is of easy culture, and still remains a general favourite.

E. W.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER IV.
ON BOARD THE IOCASTA.



FROM the Tagus to the Thames the Government sloop-of-war, Iocasta, had made a prosperous voyage, bearing that precious freight, a removed diplomatist and his family; for whose uses let a sufficient vindication be found in the exercise he affords our crews in the science of seamanship. She entered our noble river somewhat early on a fine July morning. Early as it was, two young people, who had nothing to do with the trimming or guiding of the vessel, stood on deck, and watched the double-shores beginning to embrace them more and more closely as they sailed onward. One, a young lady, very young in manner, wore a black felt hat with a floating scarlet feather, and was clad about the shoulders in a mantle of foreign style and pattern. The other you might have taken for a wandering Don, were such an object ever known; so simply he assumed the dusky sombrero and little dangling cloak, of which one fold was flung across his breast and drooped behind him. The line of an adolescent dark moustache ran along his lip, and only at intervals could you see that his eyes were blue and of the land he was nearing. For the youth was meditative, and held his head much down. The young lady, on the contrary, permitted an open inspection of her countenance, and seemed, for the moment at least, to be neither caring nor thinking of what kind of judgment would be passed on her. Her pretty nose was up, sniffing the still salt breeze with vivacious delight.

"Oh!" she cried, clapping her hands, "there goes a dear old English gull! How I have wished to see him! I haven't seen one for two years and seven months. When I'm at home, I'll leave my window open all night, just to hear the rooks, when they wake in the morning. There goes another dear old gull! I'm sure they're not like foreign ones! Do you think they are?"

Without waiting for a reply, she tossed up her nose again, exclaiming:

"I'm sure I smell England nearer and nearer! Don't you? I smell the fields, and the cows in them. I declare I'd have given anything to be a dairy-maid for half an hour! I used to lie and pant in that stifling air, among those stupid people, and wonder why anybody ever left England. Aren't you glad to come back?"

This time the fair speaker lent her eyes to the question, and shut her lips: sweet, cold, chaste lips she had: a mouth that had not yet dreamed of kisses, and most honest eyes.

The young man felt that they were not to be satisfied by his own, and after seeking to fill them with a doleful look, which was immediately succeeded by one of superhuman indifference, he answered:

"Yes! We shall soon have to part!" and commenced tapping with his foot the cheerful martyr's march.

Speech that has to be hauled from the depths usually betrays the effort. Listening an instant to catch the import of this cavernous gasp upon the brink of sound, the girl said:

"Part? what *do* you mean?"

Apparently it required a yet vaster effort to pronounce an explanation. The doleful look, the superhuman indifference were repeated in due order: sound, a little more distinct, uttered the words:

"We cannot remain as we have been, in England!" and then the cheerful martyr took a few steps further.

"Why, you don't mean to say you're going to give me up, and not be friends with me, because we've come back to England?" cried the girl in a rapid breath, eyeing him seriously.

Most conscientiously he did not mean it; but he replied with the quietest negative.

"No?" she mimicked him. "Why do you say 'No' like that? Why are you so mysterious, Evan? Won't you promise me to come and stop with us for weeks? Haven't you said we would ride, and hunt, and fish together, and read books, and do all sorts of things?"

He replied with the quietest affirmative.

"Yes? What does 'Yes!' mean?" She lifted her chest to shake out the dead-alive monosyllable, as he had done. "Why are you so singular this morning, Evan? Have I offended you? You are so touchy!"

The slur on his reputation for sensitiveness induced the young man to attempt being more explicit.

"I mean," he said, hesitating; "why, we must part. We shall not see each other every day. Nothing more than that." And away went the cheerful martyr in his sublimest mood.

"Oh! and *that* makes you sorry?" A shade of archness was in her voice.

The girl waited as if to collect something in her mind, and was now a patronising woman.

"Why, you dear sentimental boy! You don't suppose we could see each other every day for *ever?*"

It was perhaps the cruelest question that could have been addressed to the sentimental boy from her mouth. But he was a cheerful martyr!

"You dear Don Doloroso!" she resumed. "I declare if you are not just like those young Portugals this morning; and over there you were such a dear English fellow; and that's why I liked you so much! Do change! Do, please, be lively, and yourself again! Or mind! I'll call you Don Doloroso, and that shall be your name in England. See there!—that's—that's?—what's the name of that place? Hoy! Mr. Skerne!" She hailed the boatswain, passing, "do tell me the name of that place."

Mr. Skerne righted about to satisfy her minutely, and then coming up to Evan, he touched his hat, and said:

"I mayn't have another opportunity—we shall be busy up there—of thankin' you again, sir, for what you did for my poor drunken brother Bill, and you may take my word I won't forget it, sir, i he does; and I suppose he'll be drowning his memory just as he was near drowning himself."

Evan muttered something, grimaced civilly, and turned away. The girl's observant brows were moved to a faintly critical frown, and nodding intelligently to the boatswain's remark, that the young gentleman did not seem quite himself, now that he was nearing home, she went up to Evan, and said:

"I'm going to give you a lesson in manners, to be quits with you. Listen, sir! Why did you turn away so ungraciously from Mr. Skerne, while he was thanking you for having saved his brother's life? Now there's where you're too English. Can't you bear to be thanked?"

"I don't want to be thanked because I can swim," said Evan.

"But it is not that. Oh, how you trifle!" she cried. "There's nothing vexes me so much as that way you have. Wouldn't my eyes have sparkled if anybody had come up to me to thank me for such a thing? I would let them know how glad I was to have done such a thing! Doesn't it make them happier, dear Evan?"

"My dear Miss Jocelyn!"

"What?"

Evan was silent. The honest grey eyes fixed on him, narrowed their enlarged lids. She gazed before her on the deck, saying:

"I'm sure I can't understand you. I suppose it's because I'm a girl, and I never shall till I'm a woman. Heigho!"

A youth who is engaged in the occupation of eating his heart, cannot shine to advantage, and is as much a burden to himself as he is an enigma to others. Evan felt this; but he could do nothing and say nothing; so he retired deeper into the folds of the Don, and remained picturesque and scarcely pleasant.

They were relieved by a summons to breakfast from below.

She brightened, and laughed. "Now, what will you wager me, Evan, that the Countess doesn't begin: 'Sweet child! how does she this morning? blooming?' when she kisses me?"

Her capital imitation of his sister's manner constrained him to join in her laugh, and he said:

"I'll back against that, I get three fingers from your uncle, and 'Morrow, young sir!'"

Down they ran together, laughing; and, sure enough, the identical words of the respective greetings were employed, which they had to enjoy with all the discretion they could muster.

Rose went round the table to her little cousin Alec, aged seven, kissed his reluctant cheek, and sat beside him, announcing a sea appetite and great capabilities, while Evan silently broke bread. The Count de Saldar, a diminutive tawny man, just a head and neck above the tablecloth, sat sipping chocolate and fingering dry toast, which he would now and then dip in jelly, and suck with placidity, in the intervals of a curt exchange of French with the wife of the Hon. Melville, a ringleted English lady, or of Portuguese with the Countess, who likewise sipped chocolate and fingered dry toast, and was mournfully melodious. The Hon. Melville, as became a tall islander, carved beef, and ate of it, like a ruler of men. Beautiful to see was the compassionate sympathy of the Countess's face when Rose offered her plate for a portion of the world-subjugating viand, as who should say: "Sweet child! thou knowest not yet of sorrows, thou canst ballast thy stomach with beef!" In any other than an heiress, she would probably have thought: "This is indeed a disgusting little animal, and most unfeminine conduct!"

Rose, unconscious of praise or blame, rivalled her uncle in enjoyment of the fare, and talked of

her delight in seeing England again, and anything that belonged to her native land. Mr. Melville perceived that it pained the refugee Countess, and gave her the glance intelligible; but the Countess never missed glances, or failed to interpret them. She said:

"Let her. I love to hear the sweet child's prattle."

"It was fortunate" (she addressed the diplomatist) "that we touched at Southampton and procured fresh provision!"

"Very lucky for *us!*" said he, glaring shrewdly between a mouthful.

The Count heard the word "Southampton," and wished to know how it was composed. A passage of Portuguese ensued, and then the Countess said:

"Silva, you know, desired to relinquish the vessel at Southampton. He does not comprehend the word 'expense,' but" (she shook a dumb Alas!) "I must think of that for him now!"

"Oh! always avoid expense," said the Hon. Melville, accustomed to be paid for by his country.

"At what time shall we arrive, may I ask, do you think?" the Countess gently inquired.

The watch of a man who had his eye on Time was pulled out, and she was told it might be two hours before dark. Another reckoning, keenly balanced, informed the company that the day's papers could be expected on board somewhere about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"And then," said the Hon. Melville, nodding general gratulation, "we shall know how the world wags."

How it had been wagging the Countess's straining eyes under closed eyelids were eloquent of.

"Too late, I fear me, to wait upon Lord Livelyston to-night?" she suggested.

"To-night?" The Hon. Melville gazed blank astonishment at the notion. "Oh! certainly, too late to-night. A—hum! I think, madam, you had better not be in too great a hurry to see him. Repose a little. Recover your fatigue."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Countess, with a beam of utter confidence in him, "I shall be too happy to place myself in your hands—believe me."

This was scarcely more to the taste of the diplomatist. He put up his mouth, and said, blandly:

"I fear—you know, madam, I must warn you beforehand—I, personally, am but an insignificant unit over here, you know; I, personally, can't guarantee much assistance to you—not positive. What I can do—of course, very happy!" And he fell to again upon the beef.

"Not so very insignificant!" said the Countess, smiling, as at a softly radiant conception of him.

"Have to bob and bow like the rest of them over here," he added, proof against the flattery.

"But then you will not forsake Silva, that I am convinced," said the Countess; and, paying little heed to his brief "Oh! what I *can* do," continued, "for over here, in England, we are almost friendless. My relations—such as are left of them—are not in high place." She turned to Mrs. Melville, and renewed the confession with a proud humility. "Truly, I have not a distant cousin in the Cabinet!"

Mrs. Melville met her sad smile, and returned it, as one who understood its entire import.

"My brother-in-law—my sister, I think, you know—married a—a brewer! He is rich; but, well! such was her taste! My brother-in-law is indeed in Parliament, and he—"

"Very little use, seeing he votes with the opposite party," the diplomatist interrupted her.

"Ah! but he will not," said the Countess, serenely. "I can trust with confidence that, if it is for Silva's interest, he will assuredly so dispose of his influence as to suit the desiderations of his family, and not in any way oppose his opinions to the powers that would willingly stoop to serve us!"

It was impossible for the Hon. Melville to withhold a slight grimace at his beef, when he heard this extremely alienised idea of the nature of a member of the Parliament of Great Britain. He allowed her to enjoy her delusion, as she pursued:

"No. So much we could offer in repayment. It is little! But this, in verity, is a case. Silva's wrongs have only to be known in England, and I am most assured that the English people will not permit it. In the days of his prosperity, Silva was a friend to England, and England should not—should not—forget it now. Had we money! But of that arm our enemies have deprived us; and, I fear, without it we cannot hope to have the justice of our cause pleaded in the English papers. Mr. Redner, you know, the correspondent in Lisbon, is a sworn foe to Silva. And why but because I would not procure him an invitation to Court! The man was so horridly vulgar; his gloves were never clean; I had to hold a bouquet to my nose when I talked to him. That, you say, was my fault! Truly so. But what woman can be civil to a low-bred, pretentious, offensive man?"

Mrs. Melville, again appealed to, smiled perfect sympathy, and said, to account for his character:

"Yes. He is the son of a small shopkeeper of some kind, in Southampton, I hear."

"A very good fellow, in his way," said her husband.

"Oh! I can't bear that class of people," Rose exclaimed. "I always keep out of their way. You can always tell them."

The Countess smiled considerate approbation of her exclusiveness and discernment. So sweet a smile!

"You were on deck early, my dear?" she asked Evan, rather abruptly.

Master Alec answered for him: "Yes, he was, and so was Rose. They made an appointment, just as they used to do under the oranges."

"Children!" the Countess smiled to Mrs. Melville.

"They always whisper when I'm by," Alec appended.

"Children!" the Countess's sweetened visage entreated Mrs. Melville to re-echo; but that lady thought it best for the moment to direct Rose to look to her packing, now that she had done breakfast.

"And I will take a walk with my brother on deck," said the Countess. "Silva is too harassed for converse."

The parties were thus divided. The silent Count was left to meditate on his wrongs in the saloon; and the diplomatist, alone with his lady, thought fit to say to her, shortly: "Perhaps it would be as well to draw away from these people a little. We've done as much as we could for them, in bringing them over here. They *may* be trying to compromise us. That woman's absurd. She's ashamed of the brewer, and yet she wants to sell him—or wants us to buy him. Ha! I think she wants us to send a couple of frigates, and threaten bombard of the capital, if they don't take her husband back, and receive him with honours."

"Perhaps it would be as well," said Mrs. Melville. "Rose's invitation to him goes for nothing."

"Rose? inviting the Count? down to Hampshire?" The diplomatist's brows were lifted.

"No. I mean the other," said the diplomatist's wife.

"Oh! the young fellow! very good young fellow. Gentlemanly. No harm in him."

"Perhaps not," said the diplomatist's wife.

"You don't suppose he expects us to keep him on, or provide for him over here—eh?"

The diplomatist's wife informed him that such was not her thought, that he did not understand, and that it did not matter: and as soon as the Hon. Melville saw that she was brooding something essentially feminine, and which had no relationship to the great game of public life, curiosity was extinguished in him.

On deck the Countess paced with Evan, and was for a time pleasantly diverted by the admiration she could, without looking, perceive that her sorrow-subdued graces had aroused in the breast of a susceptible naval lieutenant. At last she spoke:

"My dear! remember this. Your last word to Mr. Jocelyn will be: 'I will do myself the honour to call upon my benefactor early.' To Rose you will say: 'Be assured, Miss Jocelyn'—*Miss Jocelyn* is better just then—'I shall not fail in hastening to pay my respects to your family in Hampshire.' You will remember to do it, in the exact form I speak it."

Evan laughed: "What! call him benefactor to his face? I couldn't do it."

"Ah! my child!"

"Besides, he isn't a benefactor at all. His private secretary died, and I stepped in to fill the post, because nobody else was handy."

"And tell me of her who pushed you forward, Evan?"

"My dear sister, I'm sure I'm not ungrateful."

"No; but headstrong: opinionated. Now these people will endeavour—Oh! I have seen it in a thousand little things—they wish to shake us off. Now, if you will but do as I indicate! Put your faith in an older head, Evan. It is your only chance of society in England. For your brother-in-law—I ask you, what sort of people will you meet at the Cogglesbys? Now and then a nobleman, very much out of his element. In short, you have fed upon a diet which will make you to distinguish, and painfully to know the difference! Indeed! Yes, you are looking about for Rose. It depends upon your behaviour now, whether you are to see her at all in England. Do you forget? You wished once to inform her of your origin. Think of her words at the breakfast this morning!"

The Countess imagined she had produced an impression. Evan said: "Yes, and I should have liked to have told her this morning that I'm myself nothing more than the son of a—"

"Stop!" cried his sister, glancing about in horror. The admiring lieutenant met her eye. Blushingly she smiled on him: "Most beautiful weather for a welcome to dear England?" and passed with majesty.

"Boy!" she resumed, "are you mad?"

"I hate being such a hypocrite, madam."

"Then you do not love her, Evan?"

This may have been dubious logic, but it resulted from a clear sequence of ideas in the lady's head. Evan did not contest it.

"And assuredly you will lose her, Evan. Think of my troubles! I have to intrigue for Silva; I look to your future; I smile, Oh, Heaven! how do I not smile when things are spoken that pierce my heart! This morning at the breakfast!"

Evan took her hand, and patted it tenderly.

"What is your pity?" she sighed.

"If it had not been for you, my dear sister, I should never have held my tongue."

"You are not a Harrington! You are a Dawley!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

Evan received the accusation of possessing more of his mother's spirit than his father's in silence.

"You would not have held your tongue," she said, with fervid severity; "and you would have betrayed yourself! and you would have said you were *that!* and you in that costume! Why, goodness gracious! could you bear to appear so ridiculous?"

The poor young man involuntarily surveyed his person. The pains of an impostor seized him. The deplorable image of the Don making confession became present to his mind. It was a clever stroke of this female intriguer. She saw him redden grievously, and blink his eyes; and not wishing to probe him so that he would feel intolerable disgust at his imprisonment in the Don, she continued:

"But you have the sense to see your duties, Evan. You have an excellent sense, in the main. No one would dream—to see you. You did not, I must say, you did not make enough of your gallantry. A Portuguese who had saved a man's life, Evan, would he have been so boorish? You behaved as if it was a matter of course that you should go overboard after anybody, in your clothes, on a dark night. So, then, the Jocelyns took it. I barely heard one compliment to you. And Rose—what an effect it should have had on her! But, owing to your manner, I do believe the girl thinks it nothing but your ordinary business to go overboard after anybody, in your clothes, on a dark night. 'Pon my honour, I believe she expects to see you always dripping!" The Countess uttered a burst of hysterical humour. "So you miss your credit. That

inebriated sailor should really have been gold to you. Be not so young and thoughtless."

The Countess then proceeded to tell him how foolishly he had let slip his great opportunity. A Portuguese would have fixed the young lady long before. By tender moonlight, in captivating language, beneath the umbrageous orange-groves, a Portuguese would have accurately calculated the effect of the perfume of the blossom on her sensitive nostrils, and known the exact moment when to kneel, and declare his passion sonorously.

"Yes," said Evan, "one of them did. She told me."

"She told you? And you—what did you do?"

"Laughed at him with her, to be sure."

"Laughed at him! She told you, and you helped her to laugh at love! Have you no perceptions? Why did she tell you?"

"Because she thought him such a fool, I suppose."

"You never will know a woman," said the Countess, with contempt.

Much of his worldly sister at a time was more than Evan could bear. Accustomed to the symptoms of restiveness, she finished her discourse, enjoyed a quiet parade up and down under the gaze of the lieutenant, and could find leisure to note whether she at all struck the inferior seamen, even while her mind was absorbed by the multiform troubles and anxieties for which she took such innocent indemnification.

The appearance of the Hon. Melville Jocelyn on deck, and without his wife, recalled her to business. It is a peculiarity of female diplomatists that they fear none save their own sex. Men they regard as their natural prey: in women they see rival hunters using their own weapons. The Countess smiled a slowly-kindling smile up to him, set her brother adrift, and delicately linked herself to Evan's benefactor.

"I have been thinking," she said, "knowing your kind and most considerate attentions, that we may compromise you in England."

He at once assured her he hoped not, he thought not at all.

"The idea is due to my brother," she went on; "for I—women know so little!—and most guiltlessly should we have done so. My brother perhaps does not think of us foremost; but his argument I can distinguish. I can see that, were you openly to plead Silva's cause, you might bring yourself into odium, Mr. Jocelyn; and Heaven knows I would not that! May I then ask, that in England we may be simply upon the same footing of private friendship?"

The diplomatist looked into her uplifted visage, that had all the sugary sparkles of a crystallised preserved fruit of the Portugal clime, and observed, confidently, that, with every willingness in the world to serve her, he did think it would possibly be better, for a time, to be upon that footing, apart from political consideration.

"I was very sure my brother would apprehend your views," said the Countess. "He, poor boy! his career is closed. He must sink into a different sphere. He will greatly miss the intercourse with you and your sweet family."

Further relieved, the diplomatist delivered a high opinion of the young gentleman, his abilities, and his conduct, and trusted he should see him frequently.

By an apparent sacrifice, the lady thus obtained what she wanted.

Near the hour speculated on by the diplomatist, the papers came on board, and he, unaware how he had been manœuvred for lack of a wife at his elbow, was quickly engaged in appeasing the great British hunger for news; second only to that for beef, it seems, and equally acceptable salted when it cannot be had fresh.

Leaving the devotee of statecraft with his legs crossed, and his face wearing the cognisant air of one whose head is above the waters of events, to enjoy the mighty meal of fresh and salted at discretion, the Countess dived below.

Meantime the Iocasta, as smoothly as before she was ignorant of how the world wagged, slipped up the river with the tide; and the sun hung red behind the forest of masts, burnishing a broad length of the serpentine haven of the nations of the earth. A young Englishman returning home can hardly look on this scene without some pride of kinship. Evan stood at the fore part of the vessel. Rose, in quiet English attire, had escaped from her aunt to join him, singing in his ears, to spur his senses: "Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it beautiful? Dear old England!"

"What do you find so beautiful?" he asked.

"Oh, you dull fellow! Why the ships, and the houses, and the smoke, to be sure."

"The ships? Why, I thought you despised trade, mademoiselle?"

"And so I do. That is, not trade, but trades*men*. Of course, I mean shopkeepers."

"It's they who send the ships to and fro, and make the picture that pleases you, nevertheless."

"Do they?" said she, indifferently, and then with a sort of fervour, "Why do you always grow so cold to me whenever we get on this subject?"

"I, cold?" Evan responded. The incessant fears of his diplomatic sister had succeeded in making him painfully jealous of this subject. He turned it off. "Why, our feelings are just the same. Do you know what I was thinking when you came up? I was thinking that I hoped I might never disgrace the name of an Englishman."

"Now, that's noble!" cried the girl. "And I'm sure you never will. Of an English *gentleman*, Evan. I like that better."

"Would you rather be called a true English lady than a true English woman, Rose?"

"Don't think I would, my dear," she answered pertly; "but 'gentleman' always means more than 'man' to me."

"And what's a gentleman, mademoiselle?"

"Can't tell you, Don Doloroso. Something you are, sir," she added, surveying him.

Evan sucked the bitter and the sweet of her explanation. His sister, in her anxiety to put him on his guard, had not beguiled him to forget his real state.

His sister, the diplomatist and his lady, the refugee Count, with ladies' maids, servants, and luggage, were now on the main-deck, and Master Alec, who was as good as a newspaper correspondent for private conversations, put an end to the

colloquy of the young people. They were all assembled in a circle when the vessel came to her moorings. The diplomatist glutted with news, and thirsting for confirmations; the Count dumb, courteous, and quick-eyed; the honourable lady complacent in the consciousness of boxes well packed; the Countess breathing mellifluous long-drawn adieux that should provoke invitations. Evan and Rose regarded each other.

The boat to convey them on shore was being lowered, and they were preparing to move forward. Just then the vessel was boarded by a stranger.

"Dio!" exclaimed the Countess. "Is that one of the creatures of your Customs? I did imagine we were safe from them."

The diplomatist laughingly requested her to save herself anxiety on that score while under his wing. But she had drawn attention to the intruder, who was seen addressing one of the midshipmen. He was a man in a long brown coat and loose white neckcloth, spectacles on nose, which he wore considerably below the bridge and peered over, as if their main use were to sight his eye; a beaver hat, with broadish brim, on his head. A man of no station, it was evident to the ladies at once, and they would have taken no further notice of him had he not been seen stepping towards them in the rear of the young midshipman.

The latter came to Evan, and said: "A fellow of the name of Goren wants you. Says there's something the matter at home."

Evan advanced, and bowed stiffly.

Mr. Goren held out his hand. "You don't remember me, young man? I cut out your first suit for you when you were breeched, though! Yes—ah! Your poor father wouldn't put his hand to it. Goren!"

Embarrassed, and not quite alive to the chapter of facts this name should have opened to him, Evan bowed again.

"Goren!" continued the possessor of the name. He had a cracked voice that, when he spoke a word of two syllables, commenced with a lugubrious crow, and ended in what one might have taken for a curious question.

"It is a bad business brings me, young man. I'm not the best messenger for such tidings. It's a black suit, young man! It's your father!"

The diplomatist and his lady gradually edged back; but Rose remained beside the Countess, who breathed quick, and seemed to have lost her self-command.

Thinking he was apprehended, Mr. Goren said: "I'm going down to-night to take care of the shop. He's to be buried in his own uniform. You had better come with me by the night-coach, if you would see the last of him, young man."

Breaking an odd pause that had fallen, the Countess cried aloud, suddenly:

"In his uniform!"

Mr. Goren felt his arm seized and his legs hurrying him some paces into isolation. "Thanks! thanks!" was murmured in his ear. "Not a word more. Evan cannot bear it. Oh! you are good to have come, and we are grateful. My father! my father!"

She had to tighten her hand and wrist against her bosom to keep herself up. She had to reckon in a glance how much Rose had heard, or divined. She had to mark whether the Count had understood a syllable. She had to whisper to Evan to hasten away with the horrible man. She had to enliven his stunned senses, and calm her own. And with mournful images of her father in her brain, the female Spartan had to turn to Rose, and speculate on the girl's reflective brows, while she said, as over a distant relative, sadly, but without distraction: "A death in the family!" and preserved herself from weeping her heart out, that none might guess the thing who did not positively know it.

Evan touched the hand of Rose without meeting her eyes. He was soon cast off in Mr. Goren's boat. Then the Countess murmured final adieux; twilight under her lids, but yet a smile, stately, affectionate, almost genial. Rose, her sweet Rose, she must kiss. She could have slapped Rose for appearing so reserved and cold. She hugged Rose, as to hug oblivion of the last few minutes into her. The girl lent her cheek, and bore the embrace, looking on her with a kind of wonder.

Only when alone with the Count, in the brewer's carriage awaiting her on shore, did the lady give a natural course to her grief; well knowing that her Silva would attribute it to the darkness of their common exile. She wept: but in the excess of her misery, two words of strangely opposite signification, pronounced by Mr. Goren; two words that were at once poison and antidote, sang in her brain; two words that painted her dead father from head to foot, his nature and his fortune: these were the Shop, and the Uniform.

Oh! what would she have given to have seen and bestowed on her beloved father one last kiss! Oh! how she hoped that her inspired echo of Uniform, on board the Iocasta, had drowned the memory, eclipsed the meaning, of that fatal utterance of Shop!

(To be continued.)

ABOUT COTTON.

More cotton is bought and sold at Liverpool than at any other place in the world. The locality where cotton brokers "most do congregate," is the area enclosed by the Liverpool Exchange-buildings, on the east side of which they may be seen gathered together every forenoon. Although "the flags" is their particular meeting-place, however, they are not in the habit of behaving after the manner of the sharebrokers hard by, of whom it is related, that having subjected the curious or unwary invader of their domain to the extremities of contumely and ill-usage, they finally deposit him outside the sacred precincts, presenting an appearance strongly contrasting with that which he bore previously to his ill-advised entry. It would probably strike a stranger on his first visit to "the flags," that there was no such appearance of hurry or bustle as his previous notions of the magnitude of the cotton-trade would have led him to expect; and he would perhaps be tempted to suppose from finding those whom he should meet there perfectly willing

to enter into conversation on the current topics of the day (occasionally interrupted, it is true, to answer an inquiry as to Bowed at 6⅝, or Surat at 5 to 5¼), and from his observation of the easy style of talk going on around him, that he had happened to make his appearance at a time when no particular business was going forward; and yet very likely he would be told on inquiry that the sales for the day would probably be 8000 or 9000 bales—which latter is about the average—worth perhaps 100,000*l.* By way of getting a clearer idea of the manner in which this amount of business is transacted, let us take the liberty of paying a visit to one of the sale-rooms in the immediate vicinity of the Exchange area: and here on entering we see conveniently disposed a large number of brown paper parcels, a glance at the open ends of which is sufficient to inform us that they are cotton samples. We do not wait here long before an individual enters, and says interrogatively to the presiding salesman, "Bowed,"—or it may be Orleans or Mobile—"six three?" which demand, being interpreted, signifies that the inquirer is a buyer of Bowed—so called from a former method of cleaning by means of a bow—Orleans, or Mobile cotton, at 6¾*d.* per pound. Sundry of the brown paper parcels are opened and spread out before him, showing that every one of them contains perhaps 25 pieces of cotton, each piece the sample of a bale; and after a very brief inspection, he desires that certain of these may be "sent in to him." This he does in order that he may view them at "his own light," and may compare them with other samples which in his tour round the market he has seen and had sent to him from various sale-rooms. It may be here explained, that these sale-rooms are plentifully supplied with north or east light, and that each broker, from custom, is able to judge better as to the colour and general appearance of the cotton—on which in a measure its value and suitability for his particular purpose depend—in his own sale-room than elsewhere. West or south light is never used.

Other buyers enter, in rapid succession, the sample-room in which we have taken up our position, and inquiries are made for cotton of various kinds and prices: for Maranhams, Pernams (a contraction for Pernambuco), or Bahias; for Egyptians, or possibly for Dhollerahs, Comptas, Tinnevellies, or Oomrawhuttees, all which strange sounds represent varieties of East Indian growth. It will be observed, that the word cotton is seldom, if ever, mentioned; contraction is the order of the day; time and breath are saved by asking for "Orleans," or "Maranham." It will also be noticed that American descriptions are vastly more inquired for than any other kinds; which arises from a reason analogous to that assigned as the cause of white sheep eating so much more than black ones; viz., that there are so many more of them. The differences in the requirements of buyers cannot fail to have been remarked: thus, one "doesn't care for colour, but must have staple;" another "isn't so particular about staple, but wants colour;" another "can't do with sand" (on which point more hereafter); and so on. Amongst other things, it is very likely blue or red cotton will be spoken of. But is not all cotton white? Broadly speaking, no doubt it is; but there are various tints of blue, yellow, and red, not certainly approaching indigo on the one hand, or scarlet on the other; but still sufficiently marked to be readily distinguished by anyone when attention is drawn to the subject, and comparison instituted between different samples; and perceptible at a glance to the practised eye of the broker. From all these inquiries it may be gathered that the value of cotton depends upon the length, strength, and fineness of the fibre or "staple," modified by conditions of colour and cleanliness. Accordingly, with reference to the first of these points, the article is divided into "long" and "short" stapled. To the former of these divisions belongs that class of American called Sea Island, which takes its name from the place of its growth, and which is the finest and highest priced cotton known; also all cotton from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt. The second division includes all kinds of American, save Sea Island, and all descriptions of East Indian. It has been already stated that America supplies by far the largest quantity of cotton; in proof whereof, I here venture to present some figures, at the prospect of which, however, as they shall be few in number, I respectfully submit that no lady or gentleman who may honour me by reading this paper has any cause for alarm. During the year 1859, the total import into the kingdom was 2,828,000 bales, of which 2,085,000 were American, 510,000 East Indian, leaving only 233,000 as import from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt.

Of these 2,828,000, 2,709,000 were received into Liverpool, against about 119,000 into London, Glasgow, and Hull, the only other places which import the article. One week's sales in Liverpool have before now been as much as the whole of last year's import into the rest of the United Kingdom. A price current, now before the writer, gives nearly one hundred quotations of different descriptions and grades, varying from 4*d.* a pound for ordinary Surat, to 2*s.* for fine Sea Island. The grades quoted in each different description of cotton are, "ordinary," "middling," "fair," "good fair," "good," and "fine," which one would suppose to be a division sufficiently nice. But in practice, a much more minute subdivision is used, and it is common enough to hear brokers speak of "low and good ordinary," "barely middling," "middling fair," "fully fair," and so on.

These explanations may be supposed to have been offered in the sale-room to which we are paying an imaginary visit, and the buyer whom we first saw, has in the mean time examined the samples sent in to him, and now comes to make an offer. "We'll give you 6⅜ for the B A 100 by the Mississippi," says he. "Can't take it." "Well, will 11/16ths buy them?" "I don't know, but I'll see our principal, and if you'll call in five minutes I'll give you an answer." Accordingly, when the buyer calls at the expiration of that time, he is told, "We'll put those hundred down to you at 6 11/16ths:" he gives the name of the spinner for whom he acts, and the affair is settled. This is all that passes in a transaction involving perhaps 1200*l.* or

1400*l.*; nay, in busy times, thousands of bales are often bought on the first inspection of the samples, without leaving the spot. No contract other than an oral one passes between buyer and seller: such bargains are annually entered into to the amount of dozens of millions sterling, yet disputes are almost unknown, and are, when they occur, generally settled without trouble or expense by reference to brokers not interested in the disputed transactions.

Payment for cotton bought, is due (less three months' interest) in ten days from the date of purchase. In the supposed sale just recorded, the buyer paid for the cotton $\frac{1}{16}$th of a penny per pound less than the price first asked, and if the seller had not made this concession, the transaction would probably not have taken place; and though at first $\frac{1}{16}$th of a penny appears a trifling matter, yet when it is stated that the average weight of American bales is about 440 lbs., it will be seen that on one hundred such, this $\frac{1}{16}$ths represents to the spinner a saving of between 11*l.* and 12*l.*, sufficient to pay part of the carriage to his mill, besides his broker's commission for buying, viz. 10*s.* per 100*l.* value. This does not seem a very large remuneration, yet a little calculation shows that the buying and selling commission on the average daily sales of 9000 bales must amount to nearly 1000*l.* per diem, or at the rate of more than 300,000*l.* per annum. In addition to this commission, the samples are for the most part, after they have served their purpose, a perquisite of the broker;—no insignificant one either, though each separate sample weighs but a few ounces; it being understood that the yearly value to many firms is sufficient to defray all their counting-house expenses.

We noticed that many of the buyers, in making known their wants, objected to "sand," and it was intimated that there was something further to be stated on this point. Of course everybody has heard of what is called the San Juan difficulty; but not everybody, perhaps, has heard of another dispute respecting American territory which is now in progress. The American nation not being particularly ready to cede to Great Britain, or to any other Power, that to which it conceives it has any claim, it will probably surprise many people to be told that a large portion of American soil has lately passed into British possession; and not only so, but that it is absolutely in England at the present moment, though it must be confessed that England has paid pretty dearly for its acquisition. It was not to be expected that an article of such importance as cotton could escape the usual lot, and remain free from adulteration. Accordingly, when the spinner comes to open and inspect his purchases at the mill, he frequently finds concealed therein substances which are certainly not cotton. Formerly flint stones were the principal articles selected as substitutes; and the manufacturer used often to discover that instead of the "fair bowed" which he had bought and paid for, he was favoured with a considerable weight of geological specimens. But it seems at length to have struck certain individuals on the other side of the Atlantic, that this was at best but a coarse and vulgar fraud, unworthy of an enlightened age and people, and that it was possible to carry out the principle of sophistication on a far more extended scale, and in a much more refined manner.

Accordingly the system of "sanding" sprung up, and instead of bales consisting of American cotton, they are frequently found to consist of America itself, to the extent of 10, 20, or in many instances of more than 30 per cent.

The extent to which this practice has reached may be imagined, when it is known that, taking the adulteration at 10 per cent. on the import of the last crop, which is stated to be a very low estimate, a quantity of sand equal in weight to more than 200,000 bales, or 40,000 tons, is found to have been bought and paid for as cotton by Great Britain, at an expense of upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling; and that there are now lying at Liverpool at least 100,000 bales of this sanded cotton, which spinners will not buy at any price.

But it may be asked, "cannot they purchase it at an allowance in price proportionate to the amount of adulteration?" To this it must be answered that cotton is now bought by sample and not by inspection of the bulk of the article, which indeed would be almost impracticable from the nature of the packages and other causes. When the cotton is warehoused on its arrival from abroad, a sample is taken from each of the bales, but these are pressed so hard, that it is impossible to penetrate more than a few inches into them. If, therefore, as is generally the case, the surface layer be clean cotton, it is evident that the sample can be of no value as an index of quality; but supposing the sample when first drawn to be fair, in the very act of drawing, and at every subsequent examination it is liable to lose some of the sand which it contains, and very shortly to become nothing better than "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare."

This sandy adulteration, too, is more difficult to deal with than the simpler one before mentioned: when stones are found in cotton bales, it is at once evident that they have no business there; they were not represented in the sample, and were, therefore, not expected; consequently an affidavit is made of their presence, and a claim for compensation is preferred. It is true that a spinner has occasionally suffered the inconvenience of having his mill burned down, in consequence of contact between a flint and the iron machinery; but as this is not of *very* frequent occurrence it may, perhaps, be taken out of the account.

But as regards sand, which is nominally, if not actually or fairly, represented in the sample, it is plain that if the spinner make a claim on this score, he is liable to be told that the price he paid, was calculated upon the fact of the presence of this sand, and that it would be a point of no small difficulty to settle such a claim equitably, if allowed at all. No wonder, therefore, that there are so many bales of cotton at Liverpool which manufacturers decline to touch.

The money actually paid to America for this stuff does not represent the extent of the evil; freight, warehouse rent, and other charges are all incurred on this mass of useless earth, just as though it were what it ought to be; to say nothing of the damage caused to machinery, and the detri-

ment to the health of the work-people in factories where the adulterated cotton is used.

This fraud has assumed such proportions that active steps are taking for its abatement. It is clear that the check must ultimately come from the consumer, for as long as a market exists for such cotton, so long will people be found to supply it. Whatever may be the result of the means adopted with a view to the suppression of this gigantic swindle, it cannot be denied that its perpetration is a strong argument against our remaining, longer than can be avoided, dependent upon one country for the largest supply of so important an article as cotton.

It is stated by those whose assertions are worthy of respect, that cotton could be grown in Africa, and laid down in England at considerably lower prices—quality for quality—than that brought from New Orleans. No doubt time and capital are requisite to render Africa to any extent available as a source of supply; but most certainly 2,000,000*l.* sterling might have been far better spent in this direction during the past year, than in paying for an enormous quantity of useless and mischievous rubbish, and in thus helping to encourage and support a shameful and systematic fraud. C. P. William.

A CLERICAL CAPTAIN.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, if report speaks true, is an honorary member of a rifle corps, and we trust so admirable an example may be generally followed by the English clergy. But our present story is of a clerical commander who proved himself the most effective of effectives in the hour of trial.

In the year 1812, a visitor to the town of Rathangan might have been surprised on any Sunday morning by the spectacle of a fine body of yeomanry being reviewed before service by the clergyman of the parish. His astonishment would have been increased on his being informed that the reverend gentleman was the official captain of the corps, and drew his pay in that capacity. In 1798, the terrible year of the Irish rebellion, when the whole country was rife with treason, and no man could trust his fellow, amongst the various places in which the insurgents obtained a temporary success, the neighbourhood of Rathangan may be noted. The place was threatened with pillage. There were no regular troops who could be moved for its defence; the yeomanry were called out, but there was no one to command them. What was the reason of this mysterious defection of their leaders we have not been able to ascertain; but there are many causes by which it might be explained, even without supposing that there was an exhibition of the white feather. Many gentlemen of good family, besides the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitz Gerald, were involved in the rebellion, and it is possible that the sympathies of the officers may have been with those whom it was their duty to attack. Or, again, many who would have ridden boldly enough against a foreign foe, might have shrunk from fleshing their maiden swords in the bosoms of their countrymen.

But whatever may have been the reason, the fact remains. When the troop assembled, there was no one to lead them on. Doubtless there were some among the ranks who rejoiced in the absence of a commander, and who would soon have made it an excuse for dispersing.

But, fortunately, this alternative was not permitted them. Whilst the debate was still at its height the clergyman of the parish rode up, saying, like Richard the Second to the mob, after the death of Wat Tyler,—"I will be your leader."

The man who has the courage and presence of mind to appeal boldly to the sympathies of a crowd, especially if they bear any semblance of discipline, seldom fails in carrying his point.

The proposal was received with a hearty cheer. "Sorra a place they would not follow his rivirince!"

Whether the pastor had any previous experience in giving point and edge, or whether his knowledge of military tactics was confined to his reminiscences of Cæsar and Xenophon, we cannot say. But he showed the way gloriously, was well supported by the "priest-led citizens," routed the rebels, and saved the town.

When the danger was past and the rebellion had subsided, there was talk of appointing a new captain to the Rathangan troop. The yeomanry at once declared that they would never serve any other officer than the man who had already led them to victory. Those were times when gallantry was too valuable to be neglected, and enthusiasm in the right direction too uncommon to be snubbed. The government was pleased to receive favourably the suggestion of the Rathangan yeomanry. The gallant pastor was appointed captain—an office which he held until the day of his death.

Should occasion arise, we have no doubt that there are many clergymen, both in England and the Sister Isle, who would be quite ready to emulate the pastor of Rathangan, even though they do not come professedly within the pale of "muscular Christianity." H. V.

ANA.

Mountstuart Elphinstone.—For no quality was this great man more remarkable than for self-possession in moments of difficulty and danger. One day, when engaged in animated conversation with the Peishwa upon questions affecting the administration of his dominions, the latter advanced a statement which seemed to Mr. Elphinstone at variance with the facts. "That's a lie," quietly replied the imperturbable Scotchman, in the simplest and plainest Hindostanee, and without moving a muscle of his face or a nerve of his body, and continuing to pull to pieces a rose which he had in his hand, just as if nothing had happened. The Guards of the Peishwa stood by, fully armed, and ready to fall on Mr. Elphinstone and his secretary, Mr. Russell, at the slightest signal from their master. But they and their master were cowed and fairly quailed by the intrepid bearing and calm indifference of "our great Indian administrator," and the Peishwa was forced to "pocket the affront" in silence.

THE LAY OF THE LADY AND THE HOUND.

Listen, fair knights, to a minstrel's word,—
Trust to your horse and your good broadsword,
Trust to your hawk and your bold bloodhound,
But trust no woman that ever was found.

Sir Dinas had prick'd over hill and plain,
At his castle gate he slack'd the rein;
To his trusty squire his bridle threw,
And his bugle-horn he loudly blew.

Soon as the seneschal old he spied,
He ask'd for the health of his fairy bride;
The aged vassal made no reply,
But he tore his hair and he wiped his eye.

The knight was mute, but his heart was sore,
As he hurriedly strode through the long corridor;
Until in her chamber he stood, and alone:—
The bower was there, but the bird was flown.

Then he sprang on his horse at a single bound,
And whistled amain for his bold bloodhound;
But "Alas!" said the vassal, "in vain you call,
My lady's gone off with the dogs and all."

Sir Dinas set spurs to his steed, and away,—
From evening's close to the break of day
He slack'd not a moment his desperate course:
'Twas a weary night for the noble horse;

Till, just as the morrow to dawn began,
Who should he see but his false leman,
Riding along 'neath the greenwood tree
With a stranger knight right lovingly.

That knight was bold, and that knight was strong,
His sword was sharp, and his spear was long;
But he found himself ere he could utter a prayer
With his helm on the ground and his spurs in the air.

Down from the saddle Sir Dinas sprung,
O'er the foeman's throat his poniard hung;
But ere it was dimm'd in his heart's best blood,
A hoary friar between them stood.

"Now hold your hand," quoth the palmer gray,
"And read me aright the cause of the fray;
For though youth hath strength, by the will of Heaven
To the hoary head is wisdom given."

Sir Dinas bow'd to the holy man,
And in reverend guise his tale began.
"Now out and alas! Sir Knight," said he,
"That good blood should be shed for a bad ladye;

"Blood cannot end what lust began,
Nor restore the heart of a false leman.
Let her choose her mate; and, whoe'er he be,
I wish him small joy of her company."

Sir Dinas swore, with a faltering voice,
To hold and abide by the lady's choice.
Then up arose that lady bright,
And gave her hand to the stranger knight.

A woeful man was Sir Dinas then,
The scorn of a woman, the jest of men;
He said not a word, but his cheek was pale,
And the strong man shook in his coat of mail.

Then he heavily clomb on his courser's back,
And set his face on the homeward track.
The heart in his breast seem'd turn'd to stone,
As he rode through the lone wood all alone:

Till he heard a sound, and he felt a bound,
And he look'd, and he saw that his noble hound
Had left lady's whistle, and coaxing word,
To follow the path of his lonely lord.

The lady had lain in a silken bed,
She was deck'd in the spoils for which Dinas bled,
She was fed on the daintiest cates, I wot,—
But she fled from her lord, and she loved him not.

The hound was bred under a sterner law:
His couch had been of the mouldy straw,
His food the crumbs from the board that fell,—
But he clove to his lord, and he loved him well.

Then lithe and listen, and hearken all
To the words that the minstrel's lips let fall,—
Trust, gallants, trust to your bold bloodhound,
But to never a lady that walks the ground.

S.

PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP.

[See p. 167.]

I HAVE always believed that the stimulus of proprietorship is the most powerful that can be applied to labour, and was rejoiced to find that the greatest of modern writers upon political economy (Stuart Mill), in one of the most striking and interesting portions of his great work, sums up, on the whole, in its favour.* He says:—"If there is a first principle in intellectual education, it is this—that the discipline which does good to the mind is that in which the mind is active, not that in which it is passive. The secret for developing the faculties is to give them much to do, and much inducement to do it. Few things surpass, in this respect, the occupations and interests created by the ownership and cultivation of land" (vol. i. p. 331).

A Swiss statistical writer speaks of the "almost superhuman industry of peasant proprietors." Arthur Young says, "It is the magic of property which turns sand into gold." Michelet says it acts like a ruling passion upon the peasantry of France, and that in Flanders, the peasant cultivation is affirmed to produce heavier crops in equal circumstances of soil than the best cultivated districts of England and Scotland.

Having dwelt much on this subject, I was a good deal interested in the following simple narrative, which I believe to be strictly founded on fact.

Joseph Austin, a bricklayer, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, had often looked with a longing eye upon a small piece of land by the roadside—a portion of what is called "The Lord's Waste"; a term which reflects little credit on manorial rights or parochial management. He had never passed this spot without observing upon its capabilities for improvement, and being a house-builder by trade, and something of a castle-builder by nature, he constantly dreamt that he was at work in his favourite spot, with bricks and trowel.

At length, after much brooding upon his scheme, he made an application to the manor-court, and obtained a verbal permission to build there. Two of his neighbours—moved, as he said, by envy—threatened that if he began his house, they would pull it down. Upon this he applied a second time to the court, and obtained a legal permission, with the consent of all the copyholders, paying for the entry of his name on the court-rolls, and sixpence a-year quit-rent. And here we must do our country the justice to observe, that if a man of known industry and good character, like Joseph Austin, applies for an indulgence of this kind there is very little probability of its being refused.

* Chapters vi. and vii. vol. i., Principles of Political Economy.

Austin was at this time forty-two years of age. He had a wife and four children, and his whole stock of worldly wealth amounted to fourteen shillings. But men who deserve friends are seldom long unbefriended, and a master with whom he usually worked at harvest sold him an old cottage for nine guineas, which he undertook to work out.

He had, for some time, been preparing *bats*—a species of brick made of clay and straw well beaten together (18 inches long, 12 wide, and 4 deep), not burnt, but dried in the sun. With these and the materials of the old cottage he went to work.

The *bats* made a better wall than lath and plaster with a coating of clay. Less wood is required, and the house is stronger and warmer, but they must be protected from rain as much as possible, especially towards the foundation.

As he had to live and support his family by his daily labour, this building could only be carried on when his regular day's work was over. He continued it by moonlight, and frequently heard the clock strike twelve before he withdrew from an occupation which engaged all the interest and energy of his character. All this time he had to rise at four o'clock in the morning, to walk four miles to his work, returning the same distance in the evening.

If his constitution had not been unusually strong, his zeal could hardly have carried him through these extraordinary exertions. But he possessed an unwearied frame of body as well as an invincible spirit. When the building was one story high, and the beams were to be placed, the carpenter discovered that the timbers from the old cottage were too short. This was a severe disappointment. Nothing, however, discouraged him. He covered the half-erected walls with a few loads of furze, and immediately began a new building, after the same fashion, only smaller, and connected with the original one. Working at this with as much vigour as perseverance, he succeeded in housing his family in it, with tolerable comfort, at the end of four months from the laying of the foundation.

This great object being accomplished, he went on more leisurely with what remained to be done, spending money upon it as he found he could spare it. After five years he raised the second story; in ten, it was tiled and coated. Although his family had now increased to eight, there was not only house-room for themselves, but another apartment which let for a guinea a-year.

The money his cottage had cost him altogether was about 50*l.*, which sum he saved from his daily labour in the course of ten years. The house and garden occupied about twenty poles of ground, and the garden was in admirable order. Nor did he omit all that might set it off to the best advantage. One of the fences was of sweet-briar and roses, mixed with woodbine, and another of the dwarf plum-tree. Against the back of the house he had planted a vine, a nectarine, and a peach-tree. A single row of quickset, which he cut down six times whilst it was young, fenced it strongly from the road.

Meanwhile his children growing up, and Mrs. Austin being, like her husband, of an active and enterprising character, it was proposed amongst them that they should endeavour to rent a few acres of land, on which they might be able to keep a cow. The same kind master who had formerly befriended Austin was yet more disposed to do so, after many years' experience of his courageous and persevering industry. He let him have ten and afterwards fourteen acres of pasture-land, on which they kept two cows. The rent was never a shilling in arrear, and the produce enabled them to make a profit and to keep several pigs.

The clergyman of the parish became much interested in this family, and used frequently to draw from Austin the history of his difficulties and his perseverance. He justly regarded himself as having attained a proud position, for he had risen to independence and comfort in the noblest manner. He was a great advocate for small holdings for the poor, and always said it was a never-failing spur to industry and exertion.

"You like to see the neatness of my cottage and garden, sir, which you say differ from the greatest number of those you visit; but why should not such a state of things be more common? As long as every nook of land is let to the great farmers, and nothing left for the poor but to labour hard in their youth, and go on the parish in their old age, I fear it cannot be expected; but I am sure it is the way to better the condition of the peasantry of this country, and to make them contented and attached to the soil where they live, and to the gentry who live near them."

"Yes, but few people manage as well as you do. They may have industry and a desire to help themselves, instead of depending on others; but you could not have effected this, without a good deal of knowledge."

"Well, sir," said Austin, "I won't deny but that it was a great advantage to me, in the building of my house, to have served so long as I did to a good master mason, where I also picked up some little knowledge of joiner's work, and never neglected any opportunity of learning all I could about agricultural matters. In short, I never let a hint go by me, but kept eyes and ears open, and always employed; but any man is able to do the like. One advantage I had, sir; I had kind friends, and nothing encourages poor folks more than finding that the great folks are ready to lend a helping-hand when a man is striving to help himself."

The good effected by this family was far from being limited to the example they presented to the neighbourhood. One instance of it deserves to be mentioned.

It happened one day that Austin had occasion to go to a distant part of the country; in returning home late he lost his way across a lonely tract of moor with which he was unacquainted. Being fatigued with a long day's march, he was glad to discover a cottage in the midst of this wild and desolate scene, although, upon approaching it, he perceived it was little above a hovel; still there were appearances of care and cleanliness

which encouraged him to knock at the door and ask permission to sit down and rest himself for a short time.

The woman who opened the door was a remarkable looking person. Her features were strong but regular, such as in youth had probably been beautiful in no ordinary degree, but care and hard toil seemed to have usurped all of grace except a womanly expression of tenderness in the large sad eyes. She received Austin doubtfully, but gave him leave to enter, and he observed that the inside of this uninviting hovel was far from being neglected or comfortless. There were even traces of an endeavour after cheerfulness and decoration. There were flowers in bright scarlet flower-pots in the window, looking well-tended; coloured prints on the white-washed walls, tied up with bright coloured scraps of ribbon; but on the bed lay a piteous object—an idiot-child of about eight or ten years of age, so entirely devoid of sense as to be almost without the power of motion, yet beautifully neat, clean, and carefully dressed. Austin endeavoured to enter into conversation with the mother, whose quaint looks and neglected attire contrasted painfully with that of her idiot-child. He made some remark upon the neatness of the house, and having been gifted by nature with one of those frank and kindly manners which it is next to impossible to withstand, the poor woman's reserve gradually melted under its influence, and she told him somewhat of her story.

She said she had been deserted by her husband about ten years ago; he had feared to face the poverty that was threatening him, after failing in a small business with which they had begun their married life, and had left her to struggle with penury alone. She had been confined of her poor idiot-child, and for some time had subsisted upon charity; but this existence was repugnant to her spirit, and as her calamity became more apparent with the infant's growth, she had shunned the intercourse of her neighbours, and had resolved to retire to some solitary spot where she might work for her bread and that of her boy.

As is always the case with natural ties, he had become dearer to her in proportion to his helplessness, and she determined to live and to employ her health, strength, and time for him. She wandered to a distance from her native village, and got permission from a humane farmer to occupy a hovel on one of the sheep-walks of his farm, which had been considered in too hopeless a state of decay to be inhabited by the shepherd. The shepherd, however, proved a kind friend to her. (The poor help one another to a degree which is often a reproach to their wealthier brethren.) She established herself, with his assistance, in the little cottage; worked out her rent—1*l.* a-year—and earned her child's food and clothing by labouring on the farmer's land at picking stones or weeds. She was allowed to bring her helpless child with her; and carefully wrapping him up and placing him on a bed of straw in some out-house, she would devote her dinner-hour to feeding and attending upon him, forgetting her own hunger and weariness in the delight of being able to minister to his.

She said, with the tears in her dark eyes, that he was the only thing she lived for, and the delight of her lonely life—for him she had ornamented the walls and procured the flowers, because the gay colours seemed to attract the poor boy's vacant gaze. Austin asked if the neighbours were kind to her. She answered that she saw no one but the shepherd, who had assisted her to establish herself. She did not want neighbours. She had her boy to occupy her, and she earned enough to support him. What more did she need? Nobody could feel for her boy but herself—most people would be revolted by the sight of him. She did not care to see any one. Hitherto she had done well, but trouble was now threatening her. After this week her employer was to leave the farm, and as no one else knew her, she was at a loss how she could get employment. Except the shepherd, most people shunned her—it was no wonder. She had first shunned them. Still she must think of something. Her boy must not starve, even if she were reduced to beg his bread.

There was something heroic about this woman, and her devoted love for her helpless child, that touched a cord in Austin's heart. He was a thoroughly religious man, and his mind reverted habitually, whether in sorrow or in joy, to the source of all comfort and all hope. He touched upon that sacred subject to her, but was disappointed to find not the slightest response. It appeared either as if her religious feelings had become confused and indistinct from want of cultivation and communication, or else (and which he thought more probable) that misfortune and calamity had had a deadening influence, and had darkened her sense of dependence upon a Father who invites us to cast our cares upon Him.

After some conversation with her, it suddenly occurred to this kind-hearted man that, poor as he was, he might benefit this isolated being. Communication with his wife and children he felt certain would prove beneficial to a character soured by penury and solitude, and for her labour he could afford a fair remuneration. He therefore proposed to her to work upon his land, assist his wife with the cows and with the domestic drudgery, and offered her the same wages she had received from the farmer. She joyfully accepted his proposal, and undertook to be at her work by eight o'clock every morning, provided she might bring her child with her.

This was willingly granted, and her work allotted, which she faithfully and diligently performed, attending with the utmost punctuality. The hour's rest in the middle of the day was devoted to the idiot child, who was comfortably lodged on a bed of hay in the cow-shed. She became a great favourite with Mrs. Austin and the children, and her labour was fully worth the humble wages she earned.

Nothing could be happier and more prosperous than this little colony. The children were sent for education to the village-school, and as they grew older they assisted in the little farm. Upon the produce of this farm they almost entirely subsisted, and the feeling of proprietorship added a zeal to their efforts which tells in manual labour

after a fashion, which no other motive is ever found to supply.

But it pleased the Almighty that this remarkable example of honest, hard-working perseverance, hitherto blessed and stimulated by success, should be a further example of humility under affliction. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Thus may many of us say, to whom calamity comes as a stranger, and as a phantom, to scare away the peaceful and even tenour of an innocent life!

The first blow fell upon the poor deserted wife. Her child sickened and died, and it would perhaps be impossible to form any conception of her misery, on the part of those who have never known what it is to live in another's life, and that life one that depends on our exertions. A fresh creation, as it were, every day drawing its daily life from the fountain of our affection and devotion.

As might be expected, she sorrowed as one that had no hope. She refused employment; she left not her home; she saw no one. Unfortunately, Mrs. Austin's confinement had recently taken place, and she had been unable to look after her; but feeling now sufficiently strong to go to her cottage, on a bright September morning she set forth with a little basket of provisions for the poor mourner, little dreaming that the happy home she left was, ere night, to be turned into the house of desolation and woe.

On Mrs. Austin's reaching the lonely cottage, she observed its unusually bleak and deserted appearance. Not a footstep was to be seen near the door; the path was almost obliterated; a miserable hovel it had been at the best, but now indeed it was marked as the abode of wretchedness itself. The cracked mud wall was not more than four feet in height, and the roof had no other covering than the damp green moss, under which the thatch had rotted away. The moor sheep, lying under the black stones which everywhere appeared amid the surrounding heath and peat, seemed better housed and sheltered than the inmate of this abode of misery. The bed was in disorder, and the window, which was broken and stopped up with weeds, was already obscured with dirt and cobwebs. The prints had mildewed on the walls; the flower-pots were still in their places; but the plants were dead, and drops of damp had collected on their decayed leaves.

The poor woman—sullen in her woe,—was sitting erect on the bed with folded arms, and a countenance that afforded no encouragement to kindness. From her neighbours she had received no aid or consolation, for they had begun to abuse and hate her as a witch; and the overseers, with whom she was compelled to have intercourse had brought no unusual degree of feeling and charity to the execution of their office. But nothing could repel the Christian benevolence of Mrs. Austin; she suggested schemes of employment; she made offers of assistance; she pressed upon her the duty of employment, the consolations of religion.

"God," she said, "will give you strength to go on; do but make a beginning. Do not give yourself up to this sad, stern way of taking your grief. It looks like impatience."

"And you would be impatient, too!" she retorted. "You never lost a living soul you loved; but what if you were to lose *all* you loved! *All* at once! No—no! I thank you, mistress! but leave me to my grief. Nobody has felt grief like mine!"

Mrs. Austin was compelled at length, most unwillingly, to abandon all hope of doing any good. She made one more effort to turn the poor woman's heart towards the only source of consolation, but her sun was darkened. She could only look upon it as the source of sorrow. Her notions of religion were too indistinct to afford her any comfort; they had never been cultivated, and the fruit was therefore not to be found when it was wanted. Nor was there any of that pride which enables so many to bear up against affliction. It was vehement grief, acting upon a strong mind, and strong frame, unmixed—unsophisticated—unalleviated; and for want of the most precious of all the Almighty's gifts to man—unalleviable.

But now the consoler was to need consolation. Mrs. Austin returned late to her home to find it in a state of affliction that baffles description. As the tidings burst upon her amid the sobs and groans of her children, that their father's corpse lay in the adjoining room, she sank down senseless. He had been busied about some repairs which were required in the roof. The ladder on which he stood had slipped, and being a heavy man, his fall had been violent. Some sharp stones lay below, and one moment had ended his useful and energetic life.

Crushed and stunned by her grief, in the first instance, Mrs. Austin's character was not one in which exertion would fail, whilst she had the power to serve God and her fellow-creatures. Her children rallied round her, giving and finding strength, and in their sympathy and affection she found her best earthly consolation. The eldest son, though still under fourteen years of age, was a lad of sense and conduct, and had inherited his father's courage and energy. He redoubled his activity and punctuality. His sisters and younger brother seconded his exertions, and after the lapse of some months the routine of the family life was resumed.

Mrs. Austin, however, could not but feel the utmost anxiety respecting their future fate—and the relieving officers made their appearance one day in her cottage and proceeded with more of kindness and consideration than is usual in such cases, to talk over the possibility of maintenance which her circumstances afforded. They proposed to take her five youngest children into the house. It may be difficult to say what system of affording relief to the poor is to be preferred; but this may be affirmed without hesitation, that whatever system tends to weaken the domestic affections by separating parents from children, is radically bad. When this was proposed to the poor widow, she answered in great agitation that she would rather die in working to maintain her children, than part with any of them. If necessary, she would accompany them all into the workhouse; and there labour with them, but never should they be divided except it were the will of God. Still, she added, if the landlord would continue her in "the farm," she would undertake to bring up all her ten

children without any help at all from the parish. This noble spirited woman had, fortunately, a benevolent landlord to deal with. He told her she should continue his tenant and hold the land, rent free for the first year. At the same time he gave private directions to his receiver, not to call upon her afterwards, thinking that even with that indulgence it would be a difficult undertaking to bring up so large a family. But this further liberality was unnecessary. By her high-principled exertions she set the example to her children of patient and unremitting toil, and she had in return from them every assistance which their age and strength enabled them to render.

One evening it happened that the lonely woman who had formerly been their only labourer, found her way to their yet cheerful and happy home. The day's labour was over, and they had gathered round the tea-table. Their mother was the only privileged one who was allowed the luxury of tea; the rest having respectable bowls of milk and bread. Toil and sorrow had already added many furrows to Mrs. Austin's open and honest brow, but there was a calmness and repose upon it which struck the other, who had never known a moment's rest since *her* sorrow, nor ever sought to check its selfish indulgence. She had made it her thought by day and her dream by night; and from suffering her mind to dwell on her loss incessantly, she had nearly brought herself to a state of phrenzy. Her wild eye was fixed upon Mrs. Austin, who sat surrounded by her children, the most admirable spectacle that humanity can afford.

It would require the pen of Sir Walter Scott to draw the gradual moral influence which this living picture of piety, patience, and fortitude exercised over the diseased mind of the sufferer, whose calamity, though immeasurably the least, was immeasurably the most to be pitied. Her admiration for them all knew no bounds. She entreated to be allowed to work with them, for them; to be admitted, on any terms, into so blessed a community. She promised that her labour should prevent her being a burden to them; and that Mrs. Austin would find she was of use to the younger part of her family, as well as in the most humble offices.

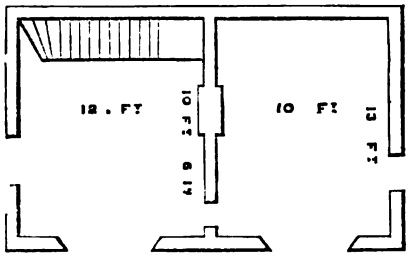
Mrs. Austin felt that even were it injurious to her interests, she could not as a Christian reject the prayer of the poor woman; and that her continuing amongst them afforded the only chance of arousing her from the melancholy state into which she had fallen. It is needless to add that the result was entirely successful, and that she gradually assimilated herself to the character of those she so deeply reverenced and loved. Mrs. Austin had the satisfaction of finding that her Christian act proved beneficial, as a temporal measure, for the poor dependant was of the greatest service to them in many ways; and that the introduction into the establishment of a second person of mature age was a material convenience.

The rent was forthcoming with perfect regularity after the year of grace. They held the land till eight of the ten children were placed in service; and Mrs. Austin then resigned it to take the employment of a nurse, which enabled her to provide for the remaining two during the short time they required support; and this she found a more suitable employment for her declining years. Had the five children been sent to the Union, they would have cost the parish hardly less than 70*l.* a year; and the widow, had she been deprived of the land, would have been compelled, with the remaining five, to have had recourse also to parochial relief.

I must not forget to add, that the devoted servant continued her labours until they were transferred to a small farmer who had married one of Mrs. Austin's daughters; and that, treated with care and kindness, she died at an advanced age, having nursed her young mistress's children, and been the delight and comfort of many a youthful and merry heart. H. E.

COST OF COTTAGES.

I am requested, by persons anxious to improve the abodes of the labouring-class, to explain the particulars of such a cottage as can be built in Westmoreland for 60*l.* I have therefore obtained from the experienced builder whom I quoted before—Mr. Arthur Jackson—a plan and estimate of the cottage he would build on receiving such an order.



By the plan it will be seen that there is a fair-sized front-room, a kitchen, and two bed-rooms above, all having fire-places, by the chimney running up the middle of the house. The walls are two feet thick, the windows large, and the ventilation ample. There is, however, no out-door accommodation; and a pump and sink cannot be afforded for the money. The items of cost are these, "walling," comprehending the entire building, and paving, and all the stones of the walls:

Walling	£23 0 0
Plastering	7 0 0
Slating	10 0 0
Carpenter's work, which includes the entire fitting up of the interior	20 0 0
	£60 0 0

While giving these particulars, and showing that separate lodging-rooms can be provided for a rent of 3*l.* 10*s.*, I must explain that I do not recommend this kind of cottage as anything especially good in itself. If I built a dwelling of four rooms, I should certainly afford the requisite out-door accommodation and a proper water-supply at home. When the women have to go up the hill for a tubful of water, or with pails to some distant

pump, the family at home never have enough for all purposes of cleanliness, and the fatigue of the fetching and carrying is out of all proportion to the supply obtained.

Mr. Jackson says, however, that he could afford both kinds of accommodation if a row of half-a-dozen dwellings was in question. A well and pump for common use would, in that case, be provided in the rear. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

"YES, sir, I *do* object to smoking," said the pudsy little man; "and so the sooner you and your friend there throw away those filthy cigars, the better."

Charlie Davis and I had taken some pains to secure a carriage to ourselves, and had tipped the guard half-a-crown not to allow us to be disturbed; when, just at the last moment, as we had made ourselves comfortable, and settled down for a quiet smoke all the way to Z——, in pops this puffy old fellow, with his Counterblast against tobacco, delivered in the offensive form above set forth.

The appearance of our persecutor was "podgy" —emphatically "podgy." He had no neck; his waist was the broadest portion of his person; he stood five feet five in his square-toed boots. His hair was aggressive and defiant; his face very red; his eyes very black and bright; the brim of his hat curled up in an insulting manner; and such was the supernatural stiffness and ferocity of his shirt collars, that I wondered they did not slice his ears off each time he moved his head.

Away went the train: Charlie and I put out our weeds, and resigned ourselves to our fate; whilst our companion sate bolt upright, glaring savagely out of the window at nothing at all.

"Wonderful thing steam, sir!" said Charlie, with a wink at me. He was a bit of a wag was Charlie, in his way, and wanted to draw out the "old bird," as he subsequently designated our fellow-traveller.

"Thank you, sir, for the information!" replied the old gentleman, suddenly throwing his body forward, and staring Charlie full in the face: "I'll take a note of it. And in return, allow me to give *you* a piece of news — Queen Anne's dead."

Charlie collapsed.

"Would you like to see the paper, sir?" said I, perceiving that our companion was not to be chaffed, and offering him my "Times," deferentially.

"No, sir!" was his reply, turning round so sharply upon me, that I winced, half expecting a blow. "I read everything worth reading in the 'Times' four hours ago—before you were out of your bed, I'll be sworn—it took me just ten minutes."

Having given utterance to this polite speech, he sate bolt upright again, and glared as before.

Giving up the attempt to engage him in conversation as useless, Charlie and I moved to the other end of the carriage, and read our newspapers in silence.

"By Jove, Charlie!" said I, after a while, "just read the evidence given yesterday before the Wakefield Election Commission—there's bribery and corruption for you."

"Bribery and corruption!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in a tone compared with which his former observations were calm and courteous: "don't talk to me about bribery and corruption!"

"Excuse me, sir, I did not talk to *you* at all," was my rejoinder. I intended this withering sarcasm should crush the old fellow, but it didn't.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, excitedly, not heeding me. "Bribery and corruption, indeed! Do you call the miserable huxtering for votes you are reading about there, bribery and corruption? Boys shouldn't talk about what they don't understand."

I was about to make some angry reply to this fresh piece of impertinence, when Charlie gave me an admonitory kick on the shin. He saw that by accident we had mounted the old boy on his hobby; and that, with a little tact, he might be made to perform a rapid piece of horsemanship upon it for our especial amusement. Charlie was right.

"I perfectly agree with you, sir," he said, looking as grave as a judge: "such trumpery proceedings do not deserve those good old titles, 'bribery and corruption.'"

The old gentleman was delighted. "Permit me to shake you by the hand, sir," he cried; "allow me to make your acquaintance: my name is Minkinshaw."

"What *the* Minkinshaw?" asked Charlie, in a mysterious tone. (The rogue had never heard the name before in the whole course of his life.)

Our eccentric companion smiled blandly. "You have read my pamphlet upon the necessity of re-establishing rotten boroughs, as a means of supplying statesmen and orators for Parliament, then?" he whispered in his ear.

"Admirable!" Charlie replied, throwing up his head, and frowning, as in duty bound, when speaking of so recondite a work—"admirable!"

"We shall never be able to govern the country without them."

"Never!"

"Never, by Jove! never!"

"And so little is known about them by the present generation!" said Charlie, with a sigh.

"They are as ignorant as pigs upon the subject," replied Mr. Minkinshaw, indignantly. "They indulge in some parrot's talk about Gatton and Old Sarum, just as if those were the only rotten boroughs! Who knows now of Corfe Castle, a borough in the Isle of Purbeck, which consisted of twelve thatched cottages, eight of which belonged to one landlord: of Northallerton, which returned two members to Parliament, to represent the chimneys of Lord Harewood's cow-houses, which were once on a time what the lawyers call 'burgage tenures:' or of Midhurst, which had not house nor inhabitant, but one hundred and eighteen stones, marking where so many of such tenures had stood: or of Launceston, in Cornwall, where the Corporation, consisting of fifteen members under the thumb of the Duke of Northumberland, would have returned his black

footman, had he given them the order: or of Wilton, in Wiltshire, which would have done the same for another noble lord: or of Lymington, in Hampshire, the absolute property of one Sir H. B. Neale at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill: or of the old boroughs of Liskeard, Lyme Regis, Droitwich, Thirsk, New Ross, Calne, Portarlington, and others, which did as they were told by their owners, and asked no questions? When I was a boy, sir, if a person wanted to get into Parliament himself, or to send his son or brother-in-law there, he did not go chaffering and pettyfogging amongst a set of butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers for their votes; no! he bought them and their borough up bodily, and was returned respectably, like a gentleman."

"What was a 'burgage tenure,' Mr. Minkinshaw?" I asked.

"A 'burgage tenure' was—ahem! a 'bur-gage tenure' means a tenure that is—well! I don't exactly know what it means; and if I did, it would take too much time to tell you," replied Mr. Minkinshaw, rubbing his red double chin thoughtfully. "A barrister friend of mine once tried to tell me, but, confound him! he was so prosy, I could not make him out. All I know is, that they were certain plots of land, on which there was, or had been, some building, and whoever was the tenant of one of them, had a vote. So you see, when a nobleman had a 'burgage tenure' borough—like Old Sarum, for example, where the right of voting was in respect of the foundations of a ruined wall—he kept these tenures in his own hands, and just before the election conveyed them to his friends, or servants, who of course returned him to Parliament as their representative, and when the election was over gave back the deeds into his hands. It never would have done for him to have parted with them out and out, running the risk of the tenants being bought up by some one else and turning upon him. No! no!"

"In many of the boroughs," I observed, "the franchise was held by the freeholders."

"Lor' bless you," replied Mr. Minkinshaw, "that made no difference. Now I'll tell you what happened in the village where I was born—Haselmere, in Surrey, I mean. This was, down to the year 1832, a pocket-borough of the Earls of Lonsdale. There were about sixty-seven freeholds in it altogether; forty of them belonging to the Earl, twenty to Lord Gwydir, and the remainder to independent persons. Did the Earl trust his freeholds to the Haselmere people? Not he. He knew a trick worth two of that. Seats in Parliament were worth something in those days, I can tell you. A nobleman who could command the votes of half-a-dozen members, had not to ask the minister twice for a rich sinecure for his younger son, or a bishoprick for his daughter's husband. No! Seats in Parliament were worth having, and worth keeping: so he sent for forty labourers from his collieries in the north, built cottages for them, and allowed each man half-a-guinea a week, besides what he could earn, for being ready to vote for him, and they *did* vote for him, returning his nominee in the general elections of 1780, 1784, 1790, 1796. Well, the old Earl died in 1802, and his successor, thinking that the seat was quite safe, and not caring to be at the expense of keeping the forty freeholders any longer, sent them about their business; the consequence of which was, that at the general election in 1812, which came somewhat suddenly upon the country, he found himself without a single qualified elector in the borough! Lord Gwydir was no better off, and there were two opposition candidates in the field! Here was a pretty fix to be in!"

"Well," said I, "The seven independent freemen, I suppose, returned the popular candidates?"

Minkinshaw contemplated me with an air of lofty compassion. He looked me down my forehead, nose, and chin—down the line of my shirt-studs, and waistcoat buttons—down the seams of my trowsers, till he came to my boots—and then he looked me back again, over the same route, up to my hair, when, throwing up his red double chin in silent scorn of my ignorance and presumption, he proceeded with his narration to Charlie, ignoring my existence and observations altogether.

"Well, sir, the day of election came. The returning officer was the bailiff appointed by the Earl of Lonsdale. He was told to adjourn the poll to the following morning, and he did so. In the meantime we got together all the attorneys' clerks that were to be had within fifty miles, and set them at work to draw up conveyances of my lord's freeholds. By polling-time the next day, fourteen deeds were engrossed, signed, sealed, and delivered, and an equal number of bran-new electors voted for Charles Young and Robert Ward, Esquires, his lordship's nominees, and, having so done, returned the deeds, like free and independent electors and good tenants. The gentlemen I have named were elected, and Admiral Greaves and his son were sent about their business!"

Now, methought, I have you on the hip, Mr. Minkinshaw. "I think you said this took place in the year 1812?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir; I am always exact as to dates."

"No doubt, then," I replied, "you will remember that the Act forbidding splitting of votes, and requiring six months' residence in a borough before a vote could be gained, was in force at that time?"

"Of course it was. What then?" demanded *the* Minkinshaw, fiercely.

"According to your own showing, all the freeholds belonged to Lord Lonsdale, immediately before the election, and also immediately afterwards. Admiral Greaves should have petitioned against the return."

"He did petition, and was beaten."

"Then," I urged, somewhat nettled, "you have not acquainted us with all the circumstances of the case. If he proved what you have stated, he *must* have succeeded!"

"If he proved it—ay! It was all as notorious as noon-day; but he couldn't prove it with legal evidence. First of all, he called Lord Lonsdale's steward as a witness that all the freeholds belonged to his master; but the steward was objected to, being a confidential agent, and was not allowed to

give evidence. Then the petitioner tried to examine my lord's rent-collector, to prove that the *freeholders* (?) had paid rent before and after the election; but his evidence was held to be inadmissible, for the same reason. No man can be called upon to disqualify his own vote, therefore none of the freeholders who voted could be witnesses. Mr. Disney was counsel for the petitioners, and jawed away sixteen to the dozen, I can tell you, but it was of no use. The committee rejected his witnesses, and the petition was dismissed."

Mr. Minkinshaw, whose gestures throughout were, to say the least of them, lively, emphasised this triumph of corruption with a wave of his arm that sent my hat flying in Charlie's face.

"What do you call splitting votes?" asked Charlie, dabbing his handkerchief on his excoriated nose.

"When the owner of a freehold gave a portion of it to some one, so as to enable him to vote," replied Minkinshaw. "In a famous contest at Weymouth, not so many years ago, two hundred freeholds were split into ten thousand. Fellows were brought there on purpose to vote, and so fine was the splitting, that some of them voted in respect of the thirteen hundred and sixtieth part of a *sixpenny freehold*."

"In many counties and boroughs though," added I, "all those who paid scot and lot—that means rates and taxes, Charlie—were electors."

You see, I did not want to let my friend think that old Minkinshaw monopolised all the information upon the subject in discussion.

"Yes! you are right—for once!" remarked Mr. Minkinshaw, with insolent condescension. "And now I'll tell you a little history about these sort of voters. In the borough of Seaford, the franchise belonged to all inhabitant housekeepers paying scot and lot. The Duke of Richmond had chalk-pits near at hand, and he brought twenty-seven of his labourers into the borough as taxpayers, so as to make them electors. Some of them were rated as occupying houses really tenanted by widows, or revenue officers, who could not vote. One lived under a boat turned upside down; another was taxed in respect of a stable; and a third of a cottage that had been pulled down and never rebuilt. Of course, the Duke paid the rates. Well! the general election of 1790 came on eighteen days before these voters had resided there six months. Here was a fix again! But the returning officer, who was a dependent of the Duke's, put off the poll till the eighth day after the proclamation, as he was entitled to do, and then the ministerial candidates—nominees of his Grace—made long speeches against the admissibility of every vote that was tendered against them—there were no registers of votes in those days—and got the returning officer to administer to each elector the six oaths of allegiance, abjuration, supremacy, declaration of test, residence, and bribery. Spinning it out in this way, it took one whole day to poll four votes. Thus the election was tided over the remaining eight days, and then, their term of residence being completed, the chalk-diggers were marched up in a body, their votes given and accepted, and the poll was closed—smack! That *was* something like CORRUPTION, sir! There is something great about a 'dodge' of that sort. It is true that the House of Commons declared the election void: but what of that? The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava was not successful, sir; but it was dashing, grand, heroic—something to talk about—and so was my Lord Duke's chalk-diggers' dodge!"

Saying which, Mr. Minkinshaw brought down his brass-ferruled umbrella perpendicularly upon my instep, inflicting thereupon an injury, the mark of which I shall carry with me to my grave. I writhed in agony, and the exclamation "Infernal!" rose unbidden to my lips.

"Bah!" cried the Minkinshaw, still purple with excitement, "that's nothing!"

"Really, sir, you must allow me to be the best judge of my own feelings," said I, angrily. "You have hurt me severely."

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" rejoined my tormentor. "I was not talking of your foot. Why, the deuce, did you stick it in the way of my umbrella?" Then, turning to my friend, he continued, "I repeat that what I have just told you is nothing to what the returning officers of pocket-boroughs did to put down opposition. They were usually the stewards or attorneys of the patron, and acted as they pleased. Now, at Beeralston, in Cornwall, the election used to be held without any electors being present! In the year 1816 there were but two qualified voters in the borough, and these determined to oppose the candidate of the Earl of Beverley, its proprietor. The portreeve, who was returning officer, but had no vote, set out from Plymouth, where he lived, with an attorney's clerk, and met the voters under a great tree, where the election had been usually held. He began to read the Acts of Parliament, which at that time it was the custom to read, and one of the voters handed him a card, on which was written the names of the candidates he wished to propose. The clerk told him he was too soon. Before the reading was ended, the other voter tendered another card, when he was informed that he was too late. Then away went the portreeve and his clerk to a neighbouring public-house and cooked up a return of the Earl's nominees, which was not signed by a single elector!"

"But were the returning officers never called over the coals for such work as this?" inquired Charlie.

"Sometimes they were," replied the Minkinshaw. "In 1623, the Mayor of Winchilsea, having been convicted of threatening some of the voters, and improperly excluding others from the poll, was sentenced by the House of Commons to be committed to prison, and afterwards to make submission on his knees at the bar of the House, and also in his native town before the jurats and freemen. In 1702, another mayor of the same place received the same punishment, in spite of the utmost efforts of the Government—whose tool he was—to save him. You see they had not learnt to manage these little affairs discreetly in those rough times. Later on, they contrived better. A Mr. Nesbitt was once the principal landowner in the borough just mentioned, and upon one occasion—when opposed by a nominee of the Earl

of Egremont, in the Tory interest—the town-clerk, who was the Treasury agent, pawned the charters and all the records of the corporation to raise funds to carry on the campaign (in plain English, to bribe the freeholders), and afterwards the Treasury redeemed the pledge. They could not do such a thing now-a-days," added our companion, with a sigh, "not even to turn out a ——; Mr. Williams would be down upon them, for the sum was too large to be stuck into the miscellaneous expenses. Well, Mr. Nesbitt's son afterwards sold the borough, for 15,000*l.*, to the Earl of Darlington and Mr. Barwell, the nabob and millionnaire, who, by the way, lived to want half-a-crown, and whose four daughters received 80,000*l.* a-piece after his death, when his claim against Government was paid. Every freeman of Winchilsea was paid 100*l.* for his vote."

"That was something like 'bribery,'" replied Charlie. "Why, 5*l.*, in these degenerate days, is almost as much as a man can get. Now, what is the largest sum you ever heard of, as having been given for a single vote, Mr. Minkinshaw?"

"Well!" replied he, solemnly; "this I *know*—an elector of Scarborough received 1000*l.* for his vote. There were only forty-four electors in all; forty-two of them had polled—the numbers were equal, and the forty-third man was at sea, but the voter I speak of did not know it. He'd have asked 5000*l.* if he had, and, by Jove, sir!" exclaimed the old gentleman, this time venting his superfluous energies upon his own thigh, "he'd have got it!"

"The elections that were contested must have cost something, if people were bribed at that rate," said Charlie, who had taken upon himself the office of ring-master to Mr. Minkinshaw and his hobby.

The Performer shook his head severely, and then winked. He next took a long breath, and spoke as follows:

"The election for the county of York, in 1807, lasted fifteen days, and cost the three candidates *half a million of money!* The expenses of Mr. Wilberforce, the philanthropist, who stood at the head of the poll, were defrayed by public subscription, and those of Lord Milton (afterwards Earl Fitzwilliam), created an annual charge of 17,000*l.* on his estate. The unsuccessful candidate, the Hon. H. Lascelles, a son of the Earl of Harewood, and a Tory, spent even more than that. Never was there so vigorously contested an election, either before or since. The roads in all directions were crowded each day with every description of machine that could go on wheels, from my lady's barouche down to the tanner's tax-cart,—some with eight horses to them, taking voters up to the poll. You may judge how hard the work must have been, when I tell you, that upwards of 23,000 votes were recorded, and that a hundred and twenty horses were found dead upon the roads during the polling! Two thousand electors a-day came into York City, and provisions, that would have lasted its inhabitants for twelve months, were consumed in a fortnight! Another famous election was that of Shrewsbury, in the year 1797. It was contested between the late Lord Berwick, and Sir Richard Hill, of Hawkestone,—their brothers being the candidates. It cost them more than *one hundred thousand pounds*—all spent in bribery and corruption of one kind or another.

"You think, I dare say," continued Mr. Minkinshaw, addressing Charlie, "that the proceedings of the fellows your friend there (contemptuously indicating me) was reading about just now, are new election dodges. Lord bless your innocence! they are as old as the hills. We've had 'Pedlars,' and 'Punches,' and 'Men in the Moon,' dropping down into a county or borough, with their pack filled with bank notes for circulation amongst the electors, at any general election since the year 1724, when the first Parliament of King George the Second was elected. 'Punch' was old in 1774, when an alderman of Shaftesbury, dressed up in a mask and hump, and hidden in a dark room, bribed the electors with twenty guineas a man, paying the money through a hole in the door. Some blundering of outsiders led to an election petition, and in consequence of the disclosures that were made, Mr. Mortimer, the unsuccessful candidate, brought actions against a Mr. Sykes—a supporter of his opponent—for twenty-six distinct acts of bribery, committed previously to the election. The causes were tried at the assizes at Dorchester, on the 27th of July, 1776, before Sir James Eyre, when the plaintiff obtained a verdict for twenty-two penalties, amounting altogether to *eleven thousand pounds!*"

"That was paying for his whistle," said Charlie.

"Served him right, for acting so clumsily," replied Minkinshaw. "Millions of money have been spent in bribery and corruption, and who can say—except those whose interest it is to keep the secret—how it went, or to whom? I tell you, men were bought and sold, like sheep, in the pocket-boroughs, and sold themselves to the highest bidder in the counties and boroughs that were open to the contests. A drunken tinker might have ridden to the poll in the carriage of a Duchess, if the time were short and the numbers equal. During the polling for some northern county,—I forget exactly which now,—one of the candidates found out that two of the freeholders were living away in Cornwall. He sent for them, and they were brought in two post-chaises (each would have his own), a distance of two hundred and ninety miles, at an expense of above a hundred pounds, for they lived like fighting-cocks on the road. They were paid a hundred and fifty each besides, for coming; but the best of the joke was, that when they arrived they were so drunk that they both voted against the very man who had brought them!"

"That *was* a sell!" exclaimed Charlie. "You told us just now, that the Government of the day redeemed the archives of Winchilsea. Was public money often expended in bribery for the Ministerial candidate?"

"Not often in the present century, but previous—"

The train began to stop.

"*Bletchley! Change here for the Bedford Line,*" shouted the porters. Our "podgy" friend started to his feet, caught up his coats and hat-box, and

dived down to the platform, knocking over a policeman, and nearly annihilating a fat lap-dog led by a very tall lady, who poked the Minkinshaw with her parasol, angrily called him a wretch, and demanded to know if he intended to be her death. From the crest-fallen manner in which my tormentor permitted himself to be captured and led away by that gaunt un-crinolined lady, I concluded that she was his wife, and I feel certain that I am avenged.

"An amusing old party," said Charlie, lighting his cigar. "One may give a guess now why he interdicted smoking. Had his coat borne presumptive evidence of his having indulged in the noxious weed when he encountered the strong-minded lady—that would have been a state of things—eh? Poor old Minkinshaw! No 'bribery' would have mollified her."

"Talking of 'bribery,'" said I, musingly, "I should not wonder if, when we are old fogies, we shall be able to tell of things that will count just as outrageous to the rising generation as Old Minkinshaw's tales of bye-gone 'Bribery and Corruption, do to us now."

"I wonder if we shall ever meet him again?" replied Charlie.

Time will show.

Albany Fonblanque, Jun.

THE SWAN.

"Dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia Cygni."
Virg. *Æneid.*

Among the pleasing and amusing objects which are to be seen on the river Thames, the swans have always attracted my attention. The Thames is one of their favourite haunts. They rarely descend as low as the metropolis, and never, I believe, beyond it. Their chief delight is in more sequestered scenes. But wherever this bird appears, he is a great ornament to the river. Though his form is clumsy, especially on land, his lines are beautiful, and when he spreads his wings he is full of contrasts. His colour, too, is pleasing, or rather, the lights are in the softest manner blended with the shades. In fact, he is a very picturesque bird.

He appears to most advantage on the water, but not equally so. When he is bent on expedition, with his breast sunk deep into the water, his wings close to his body, and his neck erect, then his motion, as he drives the water before him, is pleasing. His form is the reverse, his neck and body being at right angles. As a *loiterer*, he makes the best appearance, when, with an arched neck, and wings raised from his sides, he rests upon his oars motionless on the surface, or moves slowly on with the stream,

Prono immobile corpus
Dat fluvio—

then indeed his form is very picturesque. Milton's portrait of him in this advantageous attitude is touched in a very masterly manner:—

The swan, with arched neck
Between his white wings mantling, proudly rows
His state with oary feet.

When the breeding season comes on in the spring, the colony of swans is particularly amusing, as they are now full of employment and care. The females, dispersed on the little aits or islands of the river, are laying or hatching their eggs, while the male of each family is employed

in keeping guard, which he does with great assiduity,

> And, arching his proud neck, with oary feet
> Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
> Protective of his young.

With such courage is he actuated at these seasons, that if a boat should approach too near the nest he guards, it would probably be attacked. A swan on duty is a brave and careful sentinel.

The swan fights with his wing, and gives so violent a stroke with the pinion of it, that it has been known to break a man's leg. By what power of nature a small engine, formed only of the muscles of a bird's wing, can exert a force, which one should only expect from a steel spring, cannot easily, perhaps, be explained. We see the same powerful elasticity in other parts of nature, particularly in the thigh and heel of a game-cock. In the jaws of several animals, apparently of little force—in the beaks of several birds—or in the claw of a lobster—there is amazing strength; but it is a strength deliberately applied, and exerted always in a continued pressure. The stroke of a swan's pinion, or of a cock's heel, is something very different. It is exerted by a sort of mechanical trick, or operation, if I may so express myself. The animal exerts it with a spring, and only in the action of offence. Some power indeed one might expect from a swan's wing, but the force of a cock's heel is astonishing. These, however, and a variety of other things in Nature, we can admire only, but cannot explain.

Swans' nests are made sometimes with short stakes and straw inserted by the fishermen in the river, who know their haunts. He whose nest a swan takes possession of, is entitled to receive of the City, whose property the swans are, the sum of five shillings. It is a curious fact, that if there is a sudden rise of the river after much rain, when the female swan is sitting on her eggs, the birds, as I have seen them do, raise their nest by means of flags, straw, and other materials, above the influence of the water, so that their eggs are preserved from being chilled.

The cygnet is grey the first year, and does not assume its beauty till the second, when it begins to breed. The swan lays three, four, five, and sometimes six eggs.

In the winter season they live in little flocks, though they are not generally gregarious—much less so than geese or ducks. At the same time they have their own particular districts or localities on the river, and any intruder is immediately chased from it.

In winter, should the Thames be covered with ice, the swan suffers greatly. He is deprived both of food and exercise. In these deplorable circumstances, some of the inhabitants on the river collect what number of swans they can, in different places, and feed them with corn in hovels, for which the City amply repays them. In these hovels, so different from their own bright element, they are far from being at their ease. Filth of every kind is disagreeable to them. The frost, however, does not continue long. The pens are opened, and they are again dismissed to their beloved haunts, where they soon clean themselves, and dress their feathers into their proper beauty.

Through the winter we may see swans often in company together: as the spring advances they are always in pairs. Should there be three or four together, you may be sure they are either cygnets or old swans become effete.

The swan is probably faithful to his mate, though perhaps only for a season. Most fowls, in a state of nature, are endowed with this constancy. In eagles, it has been particularly remarked. In the farm-yard we see nothing like it. Indeed, where few males are kept, and a number of females, constancy, if it existed in nature, could not be shown. All ties of constancy are broken of course. But it is probable that if domestic fowls were turned loose in woods, a particular attachment would take place. In doves of all kinds it is observed, even in those which are in a state of domestication. Among quadrupeds it may be doubted whether such fidelity ever takes place; at least I have never met with any instance of it, either among wild or domestic animals. Violence and strength generally settle all disputes of this kind.

In concluding this account of the swan, I may mention that in passing over the Windsor and Eton Bridge, a shaft of some length may be seen, which divides the river into two parts,—the stream to the right turns the wheel of a mill which forces up water to Windsor Castle, and that to the left flows over a tumbling bay near the Eton playing fields, and both streams unite again a little below them. Now the shaft in question has, from time immemorial, been called the *Cobler*. I took some pains in order to ascertain the reason of the shaft being so called, but without any satisfactory reason being given. Passing over the bridge one moonlight night, I observed a number of swans roosting on it, and was afterwards told that it had always been a favourite place for the repose of those birds. It then struck me that I could give a reason why the shaft was called the *Cobler*. *Cobb* is an ancient name for the swan, and *lair* a roosting or resting place. Thus we have *Cobb-lair*, readily transferred into *Cobler*.

I should not omit to state that when swans fly just over the surface of the river against the wind, as they may sometimes be seen doing, the old fishermen prognosticate a change of weather. It is a pretty sight when the birds do this, and when they alight again on the water, shaking their wings and feathers. Milton must have alluded to the *wild* swans when he said,

> They quit
> The dank, and rising on stiff pinions, tower
> The mid-aërial sky.

A flock of wild swans was lately seen in Ireland, pursued by two eagles. It must have been a noble and interesting sight. EDWARD JESSE.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, MA'AM!

THEY say the men are faithless all,
And never will prove thrue, dear,
But of all in all, both great and small,
I'll never forget *you*, dear.
For 'tis you that took the *hoighth* o' care
To keep my memory thrue, dear;

My memory's not very good—but I'll never forget
you, dear.
O, Kitty, dear, you need not fear
That I will e'er forget you,
I remember all your tindherness
From the hour that first I met you.

'Twas at the fair your coaxin' air
First made me be your suithor,
Where I spent my wealth to dhrink your health,
And toss'd the costly pewther;
A lock o' your hair you promised me—

With joy my heart was big, ma'am!
But in the bottom o' the quart
I found the fiddler's wig, ma'am!
O, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am:
My memory's not very good—
But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

When you bid me step up to the house,
To spake to your mother and father,
And said, of all the boys you knew
'Twas myself that you would rather;

"Won't you take a sate," says you, "my dear?"
With a most seducin' air, ma'am:
But, oh! what a thunderin' lump of a pin
You stuck in the sate of the chair, ma'am!
Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am,
My memory's not very good—
But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

When I said 'twas you could raise the flame,
My love, you did but mock it,
For didn't you put a coal o' fire
Into my new coat pocket?
And when I blazed, 'twas you did shout
With laughter, to be sure, ma'am,
"O," says you, "my dear, I'll *put you out*,"
But, faix, 'twas *out o' the door*, ma'am.

Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am.
My memory's not very good—
But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

Then didn't I see black Darby Keogh
To the little back window pass, ma'am?
His ugly face he there did squeeze
Till he flatten'd his nose on the glass, ma'am.
Then the sash was riz—I heer'd it squeel—
There was nothing then between you:
'Faith, *I know how he flatten'd his nose after that!*
Tho' you thought there was nobody seen you.
O, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am:
My memory's not very good,—but I'll never forget
that, ma'am!

SAMUEL LOVER.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER V.
THE FAMILY AND THE FUNERAL.

[See p. 178.]

It was the evening of the second day since the arrival of the black letter in London from Lymport, and the wife of the brewer and the wife of the Major sat dropping tears into one another's laps, in expectation of their sister the Countess. Mr. Andrew Coggleshy had not yet returned from his office. The gallant Major had gone forth to dine with General Sir George Freebooter, the head of the Marines of his time. It would have been difficult for the Major, he informed his wife, to send in an excuse to the General for non-attendance, without entering into particulars; and that he should tell the General he could not dine with him, because of the sudden decease of a tailor, was, as he let his wife understand, and requested her to perceive, quite out of the question. So he dressed himself carefully, and though peremptory with his wife concerning his linen, and requiring natural services from her in the button department, and a casual expression of contentment as to his ultimate make-up, he left her that day without any final injunctions to occupy her mind, and she was at liberty to weep if she pleased, a privilege she did not enjoy undisturbed when he was present; for the warrior hated that weakness, and did not care to hide his contempt for it.

Of the three sisters, the wife of the Major was, oddly enough, the one who was least inveterately solicitous of concealing the fact of her parentage. Reticence, of course, she had to study with the rest: the Major was a walking book of reticence and the observances: he professed, also, in company with herself alone, to have had much trouble in drilling her to mark and properly preserve them. She had no desire to speak of her birthplace. But, for some reason or other, she did not share her hero's rather petulant anxiety to keep the curtain nailed down on that part of her life which preceded her entry into the ranks of the Royal Marines. Some might have thought that those fair large blue eyes of hers wandered now and then in pleasant unambitious walks behind the curtain, and toyed with little flowers of palest memory. Utterly tasteless, totally wanting in discernment, not to say gratitude, the Major could not presume her to be; and yet his wits perceived that her answers and the conduct she shaped in accordance with his repeated protests and long-reaching apprehensions of what he called danger, betrayed acquiescent obedience more than the connubial sympathy due to him. Danger on the field the Major knew not of: he did not scruple to name the word in relation to his wife. For, as he told her, should he, some day, as in the chapter of accidents might occur, sally into the street a Knight Companion of the Bath, and become known to men as Sir Maxwell Strike, it would be decidedly disagreeable for him to be blown upon by a wind from Lymport. Moreover, she was the mother of a son. The Major pointed out to her the duty she owed her offspring. Certainly the protecting ægis of his rank and title would be over the lad, but she might depend upon it any indiscretion of hers would damage him in his future career, the Major assured her. Young Maxwell must be considered.

For all this, the mother and wife, when the black letter found them in the morning at breakfast, had burst into a fit of grief, and faltered that

she wept for a father. Mrs. Andrew, to whom the letter was addressed, had simply held the letter to her in a trembling hand. The Major compared their behaviour, with marked encomiums of Mrs. Andrew. Now this lady and her husband were in obverse relative positions. The brewer had no will but his Harriet's. His esteem for her combined the constitutional feelings of an insignificantly-built little man for a majestic woman, and those of a worthy soul for the wife of his bosom. Possessing, or possessed by her, the good brewer was perfectly happy. She, it might be thought, under these circumstances, would not have minded much his hearing what he might hear. It happened, however, that she was as jealous of the winds of Lymport as the Major himself; as vigilant in debarring them from access to the brewery as the Countess could have been. We are not now dissecting poor dear human nature: suffice it, therefore, from a mere glance at the surface, to say that, just as moneyed men are careful of their coin, women who have all the advantages in a conjunction, are miserly in keeping them, and shudder to think that one thing remains hidden, which the world they move in might put down pityingly in favour of their spouse, even though to the little man 'twere naught. She assumed that a revelation would diminish her moral stature; and certainly it would not increase that of her husband. So no good could come of it. Besides, Andrew knew, his whole conduct was a tacit admission, that she had condescended in giving him her hand. The features of their union might not be changed altogether by a revelation, but it would be a shock to her. These ladies had from childhood conceived and nursed a horror of the shop.

Consequently, Harriet tenderly rebuked Caroline for her outcry at the breakfast-table; and Caroline, the elder sister, who had not since marriage grown in so free an air, excused herself humbly, and the two were weeping when the Countess joined them and related what she had just undergone.

Hearing of Caroline's misdemeanour, however, Louisa's eyes rolled aloft in a paroxysm of tribulation. It was nothing to Caroline; it was comparatively nothing to Harriet; but the Count knew not Louisa had a father: believed that her parents had long ago been wiped out. And the Count was by nature inquisitive: and if he once cherished a suspicion he was restless; he was pointed in his inquiries: he was pertinacious in following out a clue: there never would be peace with him! And then Louisa cried aloud for her father, her beloved father! Harriet wept silently. Caroline alone expressed regret that she had not set her eyes on him from the day she became a wife.

"How could we, dear?" the Countess pathetically asked, under drowning lids.

"Papa did not wish it," sobbed Mrs. Andrew.

"I never shall forgive myself!" said the wife of the Major, drying her cheeks. Perhaps it was not herself whom she felt she never could forgive.

Ah! the man their father was! Incomparable Melchisedec! he might well be called. So generous! so lordly! When the rain of tears would subside for a moment, one would relate an anecdote, or childish reminiscence of him, and provoke a more violent outburst.

"Never, among the nobles of any land, never have I seen one like him!" exclaimed the Countess, and immediately requested Harriet to tell her how it would be possible to stop Andrew's tongue in Silva's presence.

"At present, you know, my dear, they may talk as much as they like—they can't understand one another a bit."

Mrs. Cogglesby comforted her by the assurance that Andrew had received an intimation of her wish for silence everywhere and towards everybody; and that he might be reckoned upon to respect it, without demanding a reason for the restriction. In other days Caroline and Louisa had a little looked down on Harriet's alliance with a dumpy man—a brewer—and had always sweet Christian compassion for him if his name were mentioned. They seemed now, by their silence, to have a happier estimate of Andrew's qualities.

While the three sisters sat mingling their sorrows and alarms, their young brother was making his way to the house. As he knocked at the door, he heard his name pronounced behind him, and had no difficulty in recognising the worthy brewer.

"What, Van, my boy! how are you? Quite a foreigner! By jingo, what a hat!"

Mr. Andrew bounced back two or three steps to regard the dusky sombrero.

"How do you do, sir?" said Evan.

"Sir to you! Mr. Andrew briskly replied. "Don't they teach you to give your fist in Portugal, eh? I'll 'sir' you. Wait till I'm Sir Andrew, and then 'sir' away. 'Gad! the women'll be going it then. Sir Malt and Hops, and no mistake! I say, Van, how did you get on with the boys in that hat? Aha! it's a plucky thing to wear that hat in London! And here's a cloak! You do speak English still, Van, eh? Quite jolly, eh, my boy?"

Mr. Andrew rubbed his hands to express that state in himself. Suddenly he stopped, blinked queerly at Evan, grew pensive, and said, "Bless my soul! I forgot."

The door opened, Mr. Andrew took Evan's arm, murmured a "hush!" and trod gently along the passage to his library.

"We're safe here," he said. "There—there's something the matter up-stairs. The women are upset about something. Harriet—" Mr. Andrew hesitated, and branched off: "You've heard we've got a new baby?"

Evan congratulated him; but another inquiry was in Mr. Andrew's aspect, and Evan's calm, sad manner answered it.

"Yes,"—Mr. Andrew shook his head dolefully—"a splendid little chap! a rare little chap! a—we can't help these things, Van! They will happen. Sit down, my boy."

Mr. Andrew again interrogated Evan with his eyes.

"My father is dead," said Evan.

"Yes!" Mr. Andrew nodded, and glanced quickly at the ceiling, as if to make sure that none listened overhead. "My parliamentary

duties will soon be over for the season," he added, aloud; pursuing, in an under breath: "Going down to-night, Van?"

"He is to be buried to-morrow," said Evan.

"Then, of course, you go. Yes: quite right. Love your father and mother! always love your father and mother! Old Tom and I never knew ours. Tom's quite well—same as ever. I'll," he rang the bell, "have my chop in here with you. You must try and eat a bit, Van. Here we are, and there we go. Old Tom's wandering for one of his weeks. You'll see him some day, Van. He ain't like me. No dinner to-day, I suppose, Charles?"

This was addressed to the footman. He announced: "Dinner to-day at half-past six, as usual, sir," bowed, and retired.

Mr. Andrew pored on the floor, and rubbed his hair back on his head. "An odd world!" was his remark.

Evan lifted up his face to sigh: "I'm almost sick of it!"

"Damn appearances!" cried Mr. Andrew, jumping on his legs.

The action cooled him.

"I'm sorry I swore," he said. "Bad habit! The Major's here—you know that?" and he assumed the Major's voice, and strutted in imitation of the stalwart marine. "Major—a—Strike! of the Royal Marines! returned from China! covered with glory!—a hero, Van! We can't expect him to be much of a mourner, Van. And we shan't have him to dine with us to-day—that's something." He sunk his voice: "I hope the widow'll bear it."

"I hope to God my mother is well!" Evan groaned.

"That'll do," said Mr. Andrew. "Don't say any more."

As he spoke, he clapped Evan kindly on the back.

A message was brought from the ladies, requiring Evan to wait on them. He returned after some minutes.

"How do you think Harriet's looking?" asked Mr. Andrew. And, not waiting for an answer, whispered, "Are they going down to the funeral, my boy?"

Evan's brow was dark, as he replied: "They are not decided."

"Won't Harriet go?"

"She is not going—she thinks not."

"And the Countess—Louisa's up-stairs, eh?—will she go?"

"She cannot leave the Count—she thinks not."

"Won't Caroline go? Caroline can go. She—he—I mean—Caroline can go?"

"The Major objects. She wishes to."

Mr. Andrew struck out his arm, and uttered, "the Major!"—a compromise for a loud anathema. But the compromise was vain, for he sinned again in an explosion against appearances.

"I'm a brewer, Van. Do you think I'm ashamed of it? Not while I brew good beer, my boy!—not while I brew good beer! They don't think worse of me in the House for it. It isn't ungentlemanly to brew good beer, Van. But what's the use of talking?"

Mr. Andrew sat down, and murmured, "Poor girl! poor girl!"

The allusion was to his wife; for presently he said: "I can't see why Harriet can't go. What's to prevent her?"

Evan gazed at him steadily. Death's levelling influence was in Evan's mind. He was ready to say why, and fully.

Mr. Andrew arrested him with a sharp "Never mind! Harriet does as she likes. I'm accustomed to—hem!—what she does is best, after all. She doesn't interfere with my business, nor I with hers. Man and wife."

Pausing a moment or so, Mr. Andrew intimated that they had better be dressing for dinner. With his hand on the door, which he kept closed, he said, in a business-like way, "You know, Van, as for me, I should be very willing—only too happy—to go down and pay all the respect I could." He became confused, and shot his head from side to side, looking anywhere but at Evan. "Happy now and to-morrow, to do anything in *my* power, if Harriet—follow the funeral—one of the family—anything *I* could do: but—a—we'd better be dressing for dinner." And out the enigmatic little man went.

Evan partly divined him then. But at dinner his behaviour was perplexing. He was too cheerful. He pledged the Count. He would have the Portuguese for this and that, and make Anglican efforts to repeat it, and laugh at his failures. He would not see that there was a father dead. At a table of actors, Mr. Andrew overdid his part, and was the worst. His wife could not help thinking him a heartless little man.

The poor show had its term. The ladies fled to the boudoir sacred to grief. Evan was whispered that he was to join them when he might, without seeming mysterious to the Count. Before he reached them, they had talked tearfully over the clothes he should wear at Lymport, agreeing that his present foreign apparel, being black, would be suitable, and would serve almost as disguise, to the inhabitants at large; and as Evan had no English wear, and there was no time to procure any for him, that was well. They arranged exactly how long he should stay at Lymport, whom he should visit, the manner he should adopt towards the different inhabitants. By all means he was to avoid the approach of the gentry. For hours Evan, in a trance, half stupefied, had to listen to the Countess's directions how he was to comport himself in Lymport.

"Show that you have descended among them, dear Van, but are not of them. You have come to pay the last mortal duties, which they will respect, if they are not brutes, and attempt no familiarities. Allow none: gently, but firmly. Imitate Silva. You remember, at Doña Risbonda's ball? When he met the Comte de Dartigues, and knew he was to be in disgrace with his Court on the morrow? Oh! the exquisite shade of difference in Silva's behaviour towards the Comte. So finely, delicately perceptible to the Comte, and not a soul saw it but that wretched Frenchman! He came to me: 'Madame,' he said, 'is a question permitted?' I replied, 'As many as you please, M. le Comte, but no answers promised.' He said:

'May I ask if the Courier has yet come in?' 'Nay, M. le Comte,' I replied, 'this is diplomacy. Inquire of me, or better, give me an opinion on the new glacé silk from Paris.' 'Madame,' said he, bowing, 'I hope Paris may send me aught so good, or that I shall grace half so well.' I smiled, 'You shall not be single in your hopes, M. le Comte. The gift would be base that you did not embellish.' He lifted his hands, French-fashion: 'Madame, it is that I have received the gift.' 'Indeed! M. le Comte.' 'Even now from the Count de Saldar, your husband.' I looked most innocently, 'From my husband, M. le Comte?' 'From him, Madame. A portrait. An Ambassador without his coat! The portrait was a finished performance.' I said: 'And may one beg the permission to inspect it?' 'Mais,' said he, laughing; 'were it you alone, it would be a privilege to me.' I had to check him. 'Believe me, M. le Comte, that when *I* look upon it, my praise of the artist will be extinguished by my pity for the subject.' He should have stopped there; but you cannot have the last word with a Frenchman—not even a woman. Fortunately the Queen just then made her entry into the saloon, and his mot on the charity of our sex was lost. We bowed mutually, and were separated." (The Countess employed her handkerchief.) "Yes, dear Van! that is how you should behave. Imply things. With dearest mamma, of course, you are the dutiful son. Alas! you must stand for son and daughters. Mamma has so much sense! She will understand how sadly we are placed. But in a week I will come to her for a day, and bring you back."

So much his sister Louisa. His sister Harriet offered him her house for a home in London, thence to project his new career. His sister Caroline sought a word with him in private, but only to weep bitterly in his arms, and utter a faint moan of regret at marriages in general. He loved this beautiful creature the best of his three sisters (partly, it may be, because he despised her superior officer), and tried with a few smothered words to induce her to accompany him: but she only shook her fair locks and moaned afresh. Mr. Andrew, in the farewell squeeze of the hand at the street-door, asked him if he wanted anything. Evan knew his brother-in-law meant money. He negatived the requirement of anything whatever, with an air of careless decision, though he was aware that his purse barely contained more than would take him the distance, but the instincts of this amateur gentleman were very fine and sensitive on questions of money. His family had never known him beg for a farthing, or admit his necessity for a shilling: nor could he be made to accept money unless it was thrust into his pocket. Somehow, his sisters had forgotten this peculiarity of his. Harriet only remembered it when too late.

"But I dare say Andrew has supplied him," she said.

Andrew being interrogated, informed her what had passed between them.

"And you think a Harrington would confess he wanted money!" was her scornful exclamation. "Evan would walk—he would die rather. It was treating him like a mendicant."

Andrew had to shrink in his brewer's skin.

By some fatality all who were doomed to sit and listen to the Countess de Saldar, were sure to be behindhand in an appointment.

When the young man arrived at the coach-office, he was politely informed that the vehicle, in which a seat had been secured for him, was in close alliance with time and tide, and being under the same rigid laws, could not possibly have waited for him, albeit it had stretched a point to the extent of a pair of minutes, at the urgent solicitation of a passenger.

"A gentleman who speaks so, sir," said a volunteer mimic of the office, crowing and questioning from his throat in Goren's manner. "Yok! yok! That was how he spoke, sir."

Evan reddened, for it brought the scene on board the Iocasta vividly to his mind. The heavier business obliterated it. He took counsel with the clerks of the office, and eventually the volunteer mimic conducted him to certain livery stables, where Evan, like one accustomed to command, ordered a chariot to pursue the coach, received a touch of the hat for a lordly fee, and was soon rolling out of London.

CHAPTER VI.
MY GENTLEMAN ON THE ROAD.

The postillion had every reason to believe that he carried a real gentleman behind him; in other words, a purse long and liberal. He judged by all the points he knew of: a firm voice, a brief commanding style, an apparent indifference to expense, and the inexplicable minor characteristics, such as polished boots, and a striking wristband, and so forth, which show a creature accustomed to step over the heads of men. He has, therefore, no particular anxiety to part company, and jogged easily on the white highway, beneath a moon that walked high and small over marble cloud.

Evan reclined in the chariot, revolving his sensations. In another mood he would have called them thoughts, perhaps, and marvelled at their immensity. The theme was Love and Death. One might have supposed, from his occasional mutterings at the pace regulated by the postillion, that he was burning with anxiety to catch the flying coach. He had forgotten it: forgotten that he was giving chase to anything. A pair of wondering feminine eyes pursued him, and made him fret for the miles to throw a thicker veil between him and them. The serious level brows of Rose haunted the poor youth; and reflecting whither he was tending, and to what sight, he had shadowy touches of the holiness there is in death; from which came a conflict between the imaged phantoms of his father and of Rose, and he sided against his love with some bitterness. His sisters, weeping for their father and holding aloof from his ashes, Evan swept from his mind. He called up the man his father was: the kindliness, the readiness, the gallant gaiety of the great Mel. Youths are fascinated by the barbarian virtues; and to Evan, under present influences, his father was a pattern of manhood. He asked himself: Was it infamous to earn one's bread? and answered it very strongly in his father's favour. The

great Mel's creditors were not by to show him another feature of the case.

Hitherto, in passive obedience to the indoctrination of the Countess, Evan had looked on tailors as the proscribed race of modern society. He had pitied his father as a man superior to his fate; but, despite the fitfully honest promptings with Rose (tempting to him because of the wondrous chivalry they argued, and at bottom false probably as the hypocrisy they affected to combat), he had been by no means sorry that the world saw not the spot on himself. Other sensations beset him now. Since such a man was banned by the world, which was to be despised?

The clear result of Evan's solitary musing was to cast a sort of halo over Tailordom. Death stood over the pale dead man, his father, and dared the world to sneer at him. By a singular caprice of fancy, Evan had no sooner grasped this image, than it was suggested that he might as well inspect his purse, and see how much money he was master of.

Are you impatient with this young man? He has little character for the moment. Most youths are like Pope's women; they have no character at all. And indeed a character that does not wait for circumstances to shape it, is of small worth in the race that must be run. To be set too early, is to take the work out of the hands of the Sculptor who fashions men. Happily a youth is always at school, and if he was shut up and without mark two or three hours ago, he will have something to show you now: as I have seen blooming scaflowers and other graduated organisms, when left undisturbed to their own action. Where the Fates have designed that he shall present his figure in a story, this is sure to happen.

To the postillion Evan was indebted for one of his first lessons.

About an hour after midnight, pastoral stillness and the moon begat in the postillion desire for a pipe. Daylight prohibits the dream of it to mounted postillions. At night the question is more human, and allows appeal. The moon smiles assentingly, and smokers know that she really lends herself to the enjoyment of tobacco. The postillion could remember gentlemen who did not object: who had even given him cigars. Turning round to see if haply the present inmate of the chariot might be smoking, he observed a head extended from the window.

"How far are we?" was inquired.

The postillion numbered the milestones passed.

"Do you see anything of the coach?"

"Can't say as I do, sir."

He was commanded to stop. Evan jumped out.

"I don't think I'll take you any farther," he said.

The postillion laughed to scorn the notion of his caring how far he went. With a pipe in his mouth, he insinuatingly remarked, he could jog on all night, and throw sleep to the dogs. Fresh horses at Hillford; fresh at Fallowfield; and the gentleman himself would reach Lymport fresh in the morning.

"No, no; I won't take you any farther," Evan repeated.

"But what do it matter, sir?" urged the postillion.

"I'd rather go on as I am. I—a—made no arrangement to take you the whole way."

"Oh!" cried the postillion, "don't you go troublin' yourself about that, sir. Master knows it's touch-and-go about catchin' the coach. I'm all right."

So infatuated was the fellow in the belief that he was dealing with a perfect gentleman,—an easy pocket.

Now you would not suppose that one who presumes he has sufficient, would find a difficulty in asking how much he has to pay. With an effort, indifferently masked, Evan blurted: "By the way, tell me—how much—what is the charge for the distance we've come?"

There are gentlemen-screws: there are conscientious gentlemen. They calculate, and remonstrating or not, they pay. The postillion would rather have had to do with the gentleman royal, who is above base computation; but he knew the humanity in the class he served, and with his conception of Evan, only partially dimmed, he remarked:

"Oh-h-h! that won't hurt you, sir. Jump along in,—settle that by-and-by."

But when my gentleman stood fast, and renewed the demand to know the exact charge for the distance already traversed, the postillion dismounted, glanced him over, and speculated with his fingers tipping up his hat. Meantime Evan drew out his purse—a long one, certainly, but limp. Out of this drowned-looking wretch the last spark of life was taken by the sum the postillion ventured to name; and if paying your utmost farthing without examination of the charge, and cheerfully stepping out to walk fifty miles, penniless, constituted a postillion's gentleman, Evan would have passed the test. The sight of poverty, however, provokes familiar feelings in poor men, if you have not had occasion to show them you possess particular qualities. The postillion's eye was more on the purse than on the sum it surrendered.

"There," said Evan, "I shall walk. Good night." And he flung his cloak to step forward.

"Stop a bit, sir!" arrested him.

The postillion rallied up sideways, with an assumption of genial respect. "I didn't calc'late myself in that there amount."

Were these words, think you, of a character to strike a young man hard on the breast, send the blood to his head, and set up in his heart a derisive chorus? My gentleman could pay his money, and keep his footing gallantly; but to be asked for a penny beyond what he possessed; to be seen beggared, and to be claimed a debtor—alack! Pride was the one developed faculty of Evan's nature. The Fates who mould us, always work from the main-spring. I will not say that the postillion stripped off the mask for him at that instant completely; but he gave him the first true glimpse of his condition. From the vague sense of being an impostor, Evan awoke to the clear fact that he was likewise a fool.

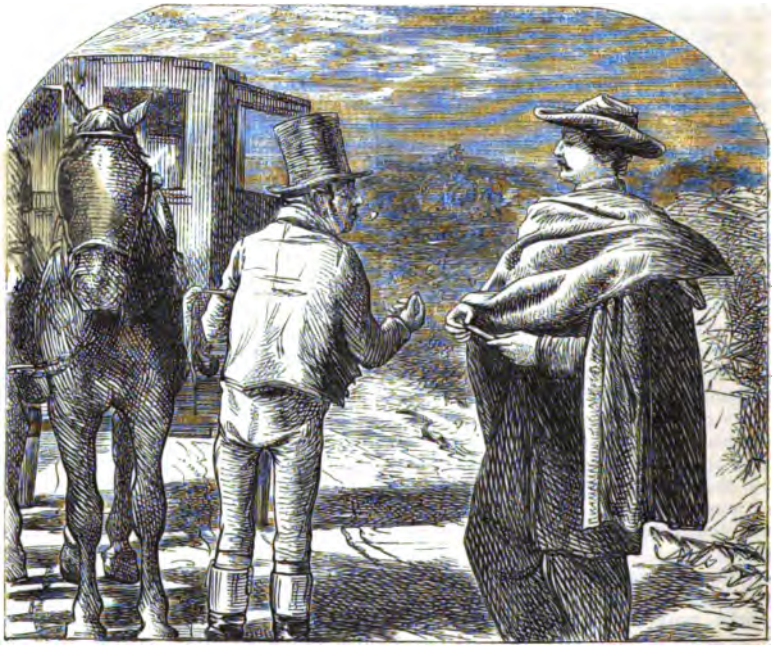
It was impossible for him to deny the man's claim, and he would not have done it, if he could. Acceding tacitly, he squeezed the ends of his purse in his pocket, and with a

"Let me see," tried his waistcoat. Not too impetuously; for he was careful of betraying the horrid emptiness till he was certain that the Powers who wait on gentlemen had utterly forsaken him. They had not. He discovered a small coin, under ordinary circumstances not contemptible; but he did not stay to reflect, and was guilty of the error of offering it to the postillion.

The latter peered at it in the centre of his palm; gazed queerly in the gentleman's face, and then lifting the spit of silver for the disdain of his mistress, the moon, he drew a long breath of regret at the original mistake he had committed, and said:

"That's what you're goin' to give me for my night's work?"

The Powers who wait on gentlemen had only helped the pretending youth to try him. A rejection of the demand would have been infinitely wiser and better than this paltry compromise. The postillion would have fought it: he would not have despised his fare.



How much it cost the poor pretender to reply, "It's the last farthing I have, my man," the postillion could not know.

"A scabby sixpence?" The postillion continued his question.

"You heard what I said," Evan remarked.

The postillion drew another deep breath, and holding out the coin at arm's length:

"Well, sir!" he observed, as one whom mental conflict had brought to the philosophy of the case, "now was we to change places, I couldn't 'a done it! I couldn't 'a done it!" he reiterated, pausing emphatically.

"Take it, sir!" he magnanimously resumed; "take it! You rides when you can, and you walks when you must. Lord forbid I should rob such a gentleman as you!"

One who feels a death, is for the hour lifted above the satire of postillions. A good genius prompted Evan to avoid the silly squabble that might have ensued and made him ridiculous. He took the money, quietly saying, "Thank you."

Not to lose his vantage, the postillion, though a little staggered by the move, rejoined: "Don't mention it."

Evan then said: "Good night, my man. I won't wish, for your sake, that we changed places. You would have to walk fifty miles to be in time for your father's funeral. Good night."

"You are it—to look at!" was the postillion's comment, seeing my gentleman depart with great strides. He did not speak offensively; rather, it seemed, to appease his conscience for the original mistake he had committed, for subsequently came, "My oath on it, I don't get took in again by a squash hat in a hurry!"

Unaware of the ban he had, by a sixpenny stamp, put upon an unoffending class, Evan went a-head, hearing the wheels of the chariot still dragging the road in his rear. The postillion was in a dissatisfied state of mind. He had asked and received more than his due. But in the matter of his sweet self, he had been choused, as he termed it. And my gentleman had baffled him, he could not quite tell how; but he had been got the better of; his sarcasms had not stuck, and returned to rankle in the bosom of their author. As a Jew, therefore, may eye an erewhile bondsman who has paid the bill, but stands out against excess of interest on legal grounds, the postillion

regarded Evan, of whom he was now abreast, eager for a controversy.

"Fine night," said the postillion, to begin, and was answered by a short assent. "Lateish for a poor man to be out—don't you think, sir, eh?"

"*I* ought to think so," said Evan, mastering the shrewd unpleasantness he felt in the colloquy forced on him.

"Oh, you! you're a gentleman!" the postillion ejaculates.

"You see I have no money."

"Feel it, too, sir."

"I am sorry you should be the victim."

"Victim!" the postillion seized on an objectionable word. "I ain't no victim, unless you was up to a joke with me, sir, just now. Was that the game?"

Evan informed him that he never played jokes with money, or on men.

"'Cause it looks like it, sir, to go to offer a poor chap sixpence." The postillion laughed hollow from the end of his lungs. "Sixpence for a night's work! It *is* a joke, if you don't mean it for one. Why, do you know, sir, I could go—there, I don't care where it is!—I could go before any magistrate livin', and he'd make ye pay. It's a charge, as custom is, and he'd make ye pay. Or p'rhaps you're a goin' on my generosity, and 'll say, he gev' back that sixpence! Well! I shouldn't 'a thought a gentleman 'd make that his defence before a magistrate. But there, my man! if it makes ye happy, keep it. But you take my advice, sir. When you hires a chariot, see you've got the shiners. And don't you go never again offerin' a sixpence to a poor man for a night's work. They don't like it. It hurts their feelin's. Don't you forget that, sir. Lay that up in your mind."

Now the postillion having thus relieved himself, jeeringly asked permission to smoke a pipe. To which Evan said, "Pray smoke, if it pleases you." And the postillion, hardly mollified, added, "The baccy 's paid for," and smoked.

As will sometimes happen, the feelings of the man who had spoken out and behaved doubtfully, grew gentle and Christian, whereas those of the man whose bearing under the trial had been irreproachable were much the reverse. The postillion smoked—he was a lord on his horse; he beheld my gentleman trudging in the dust. Awhile he enjoyed the contrast, dividing his attention between the footfarer and the moon. To have had the last word is always a great thing; and to have given my gentleman a lecture, because he shunned a dispute, also counts. And then there was the poor young fellow trudging to his father's funeral! The postillion chose to remember that now. In reality, he allowed, he had not very much to complain of, and my gentleman's courteous avoidance of provocation (the apparent fact that he, the postillion, had humbled him and got the better of him, equally, it may be), acted on his fine English spirit. I should not like to leave out the tobacco in this good change that was wrought in him. However, he presently astonished Evan by pulling up his horses, and crying that he was on his way to Hillford to bait, and saw no reason why he should not take a lift that part of the road, at all events. Evan thanked him briefly, but declined, and paced on with his head bent.

"It won't cost you nothing—not a sixpence!" the postillion sang out, pursuing him. "Come, sir! be a man! I ain't a hintin' at anything—jump in."

Evan again declined, and looked out for a side path to escape the fellow, whose bounty was worse to him than his abuse, and whose mention of the sixpence was unlucky.

"Dash it!" cried the postillion, "you're going down to a funeral—I think you said your father's, sir—you may as well try and get there respectable—as far as *I* go. It's one to me whether you're in or out; the horses won't feel it, and I do wish you'd take a lift, and welcome. It's because you're too much of a gentleman to be beholden to a poor man, I suppose!"

Evan's young pride may have had a little of that base mixture in it, and certainly he would have preferred that the invitation had not been made to him; but he was capable of appreciating what the rejection of a piece of friendliness involved, and as he saw that the man was sincere, he did violence to himself, and said: "Very well; then I'll jump in."

The postillion was off his horse in a twinkling, and trotted his bandy legs to undo the door, as to a gentleman who paid. This act of service Evan valued.

"Suppose I were to ask you to take that sixpence now?" he said, turning round, with one foot on the step.

"Well, sir," the postillion sent his hat aside to answer. "I don't want it—I'd rather not have it; but there! I'd take it—dash the sixpence! and we'll cry quits."

Evan, surprised and pleased with him, dropped the bit of money in his hand, saying: "It will fill a pipe for you. While you're smoking it, think of me as in your debt. You're the only man I ever owed a penny to."

The postillion put it in a side pocket apart, and observed: "A sixpence kindly meant is worth any crown-piece that's grudged—that it is! In you jump, sir. It's a jolly night!"

Thus may one, not a conscious sage, play the right tune on this human nature of ours: by forbearance, put it in the wrong; and then, by not refusing the burden of an obligation, confer something better. The instrument is simpler than we are taught to fancy. But it was doubtless owing to a strong emotion in his soul, as well as to the stuff he was made of, that the youth behaved as he did. We are now and then above our own actions: seldom on a level with them. Evan, I dare say, was long in learning to draw any gratification from the fact that he had achieved without money the unparalleled conquest of a man. Perhaps he never knew what immediate influence on his fortune this episode effected.

At Hillford they went their different ways. The postillion wished him good speed, and Evan shook his hand. He did so rather abruptly, for the postillion was fumbling at his pocket, and evidently rounding about a proposal in his mind.

My gentleman has now the road to himself.

Money is the clothing of a gentleman: he may wear it well or ill. Some, you will mark, carry great quantities of it gracefully: some, with a stinted supply, present a decent appearance: very few, I imagine, will bear inspection, who are absolutely stripped of it. All, save the shameless, are toiling to escape that trial. My gentleman, treading the white highway across the solitary heaths, that swell far and wide to the moon, is, by the postillion, who has seen him, pronounced no sham. Nor do I think the opinion of any man worthless, who has had the postillion's authority for speaking. But it is, I am told, a finer test to embellish much gentleman-apparel, than to walk with dignity totally unadorned. This simply tries the soundness of our faculties: that tempts them in erratic directions. It is the difference between active and passive excellence.

As there is hardly any situation, however, so interesting to reflect upon as that of a man without a penny in his pocket, and a gizzard full of pride, we will leave Mr. Evan Harrington to what fresh adventures may befall him, walking towards the funeral plumes of the firs, under the soft midsummer flush, westward, where his father lies.

(To be continued.)

DIVORCE A VINCULO; OR, THE TERRORS OF SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

YOUNG gentleman who had spent his early life in those pleasant regions which lie immediately around the Primate's residence in Lambeth, and at the Surrey end of Westminster Bridge, was asked who, in his opinion, was the most powerful man in the world? He replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Mr. Norton, the Lambeth Beak." From his own point of view, the boy was perfectly in the right. The worthy magistrate named was the Nemesis of his little world—omnipresent — omniscient — omnipotent.

I am inclined, however, to think that had this smutty young neophyte of civilisation enjoyed wider opportunities of observation; could he have enlarged the sphere of his mental vision so as to take in the territory and population comprised within the limits of the British empire — Scotland and Ireland excepted — he would have reconsidered his cruder and earlier decision. It may be that he would finally have agreed with me that, powerful and dreadful as Mr. Norton undoubtedly is, if we wish to arrive at a notion of incarnate omnipotence — always within the limits named—SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL is the man.

What can QUEEN VICTORIA—God bless her!—do to me, or for me, either of good or harm? I am not a courtier, nor in the way of preferment. What do I care for Lord Chancellor Campbell? I feel humbly, but deeply and unfeignedly, grateful to the All-wise Disposer of events that I have not, nor am I likely to have, one shilling in the world over which the gentlemen of the Chancery Bar can wrangle, and charge me eighteenpence for talking about it. The fifteen judges of the land—with the exception of those two sly Puisnes who, from time to time, clutch hold of awful Sir Cresswell's mantle, and shine for an hour or two by borrowed light—are to me but as fifteen cabbages—or, let me rather say, regard being had to their head-dress—fifteen goodly cauliflowers. I am not a murderer, nor a burglar, nor a joint-stock-bank director, nor a family solicitor. As they pass me by in full assize majesty with their attendant javelin-men, I can put my hands in my pockets and hum, under their very parchment noses—

> "Shepherds, tell me, have you seen
> My Flora pass this way?"

But, even as I say the word, my mind misgives me: not, as I before stated, that I care one button about their Nisi Prius trumpery—but, Flora dear! even as I pronounce thy beloved name, and my mind goes pleasantly lounging amongst pink bonnets of the sweetest kind—

Twickenham eyots—shadow dances contemplated from easy stalls with abundant leg-room—snug little suppers in perspective—jaunts in Helvetia, where I propose to myself to show you (I mean *thee*.) snowy mountains for the first time—I mark two little clouds rising in the far west, each no bigger than a man's hand, but, gracious powers! they assume the form of two capital letters—

C C

Oh! Flora, Flora! will you ever tell Sir Cresswell about my unguarded observations when that last pair of boots "wouldn't go" into the carpet-bag, despite of my best and continuous exertions? And that other time at Crewe, when the railway porter put our "things"—be just, it was not I who gave the order!—into the train for Liverpool, and when we arrived at Windermere, I admit, I said something beginning with a big D? Surely you would never have the heart, Flo, under any circumstances, to mention that to Sir Cresswell? Besides, you little witch! (the term "witch" is not abusive: "witch" means "fairy," and "fairy" means—can't you guess?) you know you condoned—yes; condoned—the offence, if offence there were, the same evening under the mountain ash in front of the Lowood Hotel, when the sun was going down over Coniston Old Man, and the bright golden lake lay at thy tiny feet like Beauty's mirror—and all that sort of thing. If ever you tell about the big D, Flo, it will become my friend Dr. Pink's painful duty to cross-examine you upon the results which grew out of the incident, and we'll see with whom Sir Cresswell will side when he knows the truth—and he always knows the truth about young ladies—that's the awful part of the business. Did you ever hear what happened the other day when he caught Mrs. Mulock—you know Henrietta Prim that was—out in a fib about the crochet? She has not been heard of since: but there was a painful rumour about the clubs, last week, that the body of a young female had been washed ashore at Erith, in a sack, with the device upon it—

C ⌃ C

There may be nothing in the report, but it is as well to be careful.

Well, then, as I said above, the magnates of this world and their huge proceedings, with one terrible exception, are nothing to me. I can't even say that I seriously care about the eloquent Chancellor of the Exchequer and his last addition to the Income Tax. As far as I am concerned personally, one afternoon's work will set that to rights; and I can take the value out in after-dinner prose at any time. LOUIS NAPOLEON is not likely to get to Brompton in my day; and if the British Parliament will only take a little more care about the purity of the Serpentine, as a citizen I am satisfied. The exception is Sir Cresswell Cresswell. I confess I stand in awe of that man—if, indeed, he is a man—upon which point I entertain some doubts. Is it not written, "Those who have been joined in a very solemn way, let no man put asunder!" But Sir Cresswell Cresswell does put them asunder, as easily as he would two pats of butter. Therefore—— the inference is clear.

Talk of the House of Commons as a powerful body, what do they represent but a parcel of miserable county voters and 10*l.* freeholders? but Sir Cresswell Cresswell represents 5,000,000 of English wives. Five millions of Mrs. Caudles, all in one, are sitting there in that dreadful Divorce Court. Lieutenant-General Sir Cresswell Cresswell commands an army, I say, of five millions of able-bodied matrons. He is in military possession of the country: he has billeted his followers in two out of every three houses in the land. He knows—or can know any time he chooses—what we say, what we do, nay, what we think about. No human being, that is if he be indeed a man, has ever wielded such authority since the First Valentine first changed hands. Nay, by Cupid's shafts, a mature bachelor, with a taste for Gothic architecture, is not safe in his very seclusion in the Albany, although St. Senanus might be a man about town in comparison with him. The bachelors can't laugh at us married men. There are such beings as CO-RESPONDENTS. Shade of O. Smith! indulge us with one genial Ha! ha!

The Co-Respondents, however, must take care of themselves. An English husband has enough to do in these hard times so to order his own ways that he may avoid an official interview with awful Sir Cresswell.

I am an English husband. I write for husbands—and in the husband interest. Brother husbands! we are betrayed!

As far as I can yet see my way, our only chance of safety lies in combination, but we must combine secretly indeed; for the avengers are ever beside us, and the Fouquier-Tinville of matrimony is ready there at Westminster to slice off our heads for an unguarded word. Perhaps something may be done through the Masonic Lodges, if we can trust each other; but we must be speedy, for it will soon be held that to be a Mason is to be a brute, and to be a brute is cruelty, and cruelty entitles a wife to summary remedies indeed.

This awful truth has been recently forced upon my apprehension. In an idle moment, but a few weeks back, I resolved to make my way into the Divorce Court, to see how that dreadful class of business in which the Court deals is conducted. I had expected little more than a certain amount of amusement at the exhibition, with perhaps a little melo-dramatic thrill of horror if "The Dead Heart" in real life might happen to be on for trial. Little did I anticipate the result.

It is not so easy to get into these connubial shambles as you might suppose. Enter Westminster Hall by the great door, and the first indication that you are near the Grand Stand will be the presence of a group of firm-featured women at the right and upper hand of the hall by the steps leading into the old Chancellor's Court. There they are—they know their power—they look at you just as a group of tall brawny Horse Guards might look at a feeble civilian. Yes! there they stand, upon their own ground, and any one of them could give you a back-fall at a moment's notice; and, what is more—I repeat it—they all know it. They are not showily dressed, but like the Ironsides of the old Puritan days—fit for

service. Time was, as I have been given to understand, when the Court was first opened for business, that ladies of a different kind used to come down to Westminster to obtain a glimpse of the judge who was henceforward to be the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the female world. I have also been told by the gentlemen who frequented the Court in those days, that as far as they could judge from the exclamations they overheard, the result was very favourable to the presiding judge.

"Oh! what a dear man! I'm sure he wouldn't do anything unkind! Well, I'm not afraid of *him!*"

Such were the flowers with which the earlier steps of this Rhadamanthus of hearts were greeted by his devotees. Since these times, however, matters have been much changed. The nature of many of the trials, since the Court has settled down to serious work, of course excludes all notion of the presence of women, save of those who may unfortunately be mixed up with the case under discussion. For the most part the group of which I have made mention consists of witnesses, most of whom are there two or three days before they are wanted, with vengeance clearly written on their features. I should not like to have that rigid looking woman with the pinched lips engaged in the capacity of my own wife's confidential maid. I should fear that she might be disposed to take a somewhat one-sided view—not in my favour—should it ever happen that one of the rose-leaves in my matrimonial bower became at all crumpled through somebody's fault; nor do I think her presence generally calculated to inspire harmony and good-will in a household. She will swear hard.

The first effort is to make your way from this group in the outer hall to a narrow passage inside. A policeman at the door keeps on repeating "The Court is full," and repelling the applicants for admission even into the passage; although the gain is small even when you have secured a position there. You tap quietly at the door of the Court; but instead of admitting you the policeman inside quietly opens a little trap, and if you are not a barrister or attorney, or otherwise professionally engaged with the business in hand, you are again informed that "The Court is full!" At this moment your heart is in your mouth, for although you cannot even see through the trap into the body of the Court—a horrid red curtain is in the way—and the first surge of matrimonial agony here rolls upon your ear.

"Did you, or did you not come home in a beastly state of intoxication at four o'clock in the morning, although your poor wife—"

Bang goes the little trap, and you are cut off from hearing the answer of the miserable husband. What will happen next? Will Sir Cresswell with smiling lips intimate to the accused, that "he is free;" and will he be turned out into the body of the Hall rejoicing in his liberty, but to fall under the blows of those hard women outside? One has read of the Septembrists in Revolutionary France, and of the sly way in which the victims were consigned to the untender charge of the "*travailleurs*" outside. I did not, indeed, notice any marks of gore upon the pavement of the Hall; but with a little saw-dust, and a few buckets of water all traces of each incident might soon be washed away. The bodies, no doubt, would be removed into the Common Pleas. Besides, the case of Tubbs *v.* Tubbs is the first one taken this morning, so nothing can have yet occurred—of consequence.

I am standing in that awful passage still. There is a young and pretty woman leaning with her back against the door. I dare scarcely raise my eyes to note the fact. She gives me an awful idea of power—like a lithe hunting leopard in the Zoological Gardens. There is a stout, rather shabbily dressed man, of middle age, who has come down in a great hurry—for his first act is to take off his hat and swab his poor moist head; his second, to fix a pair of spectacles on his nose; and his third, to produce from his pocket a slip of paper, a subpœna, or sub-agony, or something of that sort, which he hands triumphantly to the policeman on guard in the passage, as entitling him to instant admission to the body of the court. Admission there, indeed! The policeman in the passage taps at the trap. The policeman in the court opens the trap, and you catch a glimpse of, I think, a somewhat well-disposed face—(but by this time you are in a frame of mind in which you would be ready to thank Jack Ketch for his obliging attentions)—with two red whiskers. There it is—Portrait of Policeman, 23 Z, in a frame. Whilst he inspects the slip of paper, which is held up by his brother officer, a thin, maundering voice reaches me from inside,—it is clearly that of some official personage, reading what I suppose is called a document here. The words I catch are these :—

"If ever, dearest Louisa, you could mark the palpitations of my feverish heart, you would know that every moment is an endless age of torment whilst I am separated from thy dear side. Could I but gaze for one instant on thy deep-blue eyes——"

Here there is a sharp dogmatic interruption—like that of a cracker during a cathedral-service.

"My Lud—*clear grey* in my copy."

"Deep blue, my Lud—deep blue, in mine."

Then follow some courteous tones.—Yes.—This must be Sir Cresswell at last!

"It is not of much consequence, Doctor Dobbs." (Gracious Powers, what do these stony-hearted men then reckon of consequence?) "As we have the 'original' before us, we need not dispute about copies. Go on."

"Deep blue eyes," the reader was proceeding, when it became necessary for him,—I must tell the truth,—to blow his nose, which he did in a very sonorous way, and then, "the rapture of that glance—"

Bang goes the trap again! It appeared that the policeman inside had taken counsel with the usher, and the result of their deliberations was, that the middle-aged man in the perspiration was informed through the trap that the case of Moppet *v.* Moppet and Boiling was not likely to occupy the attention of the court until next week, and that he could not be admitted, as "he was neither a professional man, nor a witness in

the case." The poor fellow drew back:—as his eye fell for a moment upon the young lady with her back to the door, I thought I marked in it a vindictive gleam. Could this be Moppet? and

was that glance an expression of his feeling to the sex in general, since Boiling had glided like a serpent into his paradise. However, my reflections soon took another turn. How about a man's love-letters?

Is it possible, dear Flora, that those remarkable

compositions, in which I endeavoured to disclose the nature of my sufferings to—as I then believed—thy not wholly unsympathising heart, shall ever be copied out at the rate of seventy words to the folio, and for the charge of three half-pence per folio, and delivered into the hands of those objectionable, heartless men in wigs and gowns, that they may serve as nets of my own knitting to entrap and bind me in my struggles? Shall I, like a foolish, thoughtless—but at the same time well-meaning—bee, be smothered in honey of my own collection? I know that thou hast preserved them—not without a few rose-leaves, and, I believe, some sprigs of lavender, in allusion to a playful passage which occurs in one of the later documents. It runs thus:—

Roses are red,
Diddle—diddle:
Lavender's blue—
Flora, by George!
Diddle—diddle—
How I love you!

Although it expresses the emotions of an honest heart, I should not like to have that passage read out in full court by the gentleman with the cold in his head—not only on account of the poetical liberty which I have taken with the metre (I mean with reference to the patent discrepancy in sound between the words "red" and "George")—but because, even as far as the floral illustrations of my passion are concerned, I think I could do better with a view to publication. As I stand pondering over these things, another letter rises to my recollection, which I had addressed: "To my Flora, then in her Rose-Bower at Twickenham." You were then stopping, dear Flo, with Mrs. Madrigal—Bessie Hincks was of the party. I remember that I had been torn away from thy beloved side (as I presume the writer in the case of Tubbs *v.* Tubbs, now *sub judice*) by some inconsiderate friends, and compelled by them, sorely against my own will, to dine with them at the Crown and Sceptre. When I returned home it was 1·45 A.M., or thereabouts. The passion pent up within my breast throughout that tedious banquet would have its way, and poured on in impetuous current through seven sheets of note-paper. This time I expressed myself in prose—but such prose!—a Niagara from a furnace—seething, burning, boiling, bubbling—red-hot from my manly heart. I cannot but fear that if this document were submitted to Sir Cresswell's inspection on a cold morning in February, at 11 A.M., that learned judge might find the imagery overwrought, and of a somewhat Eastern and voluptuous character. Indeed, there was one contrast between a supposed Alhambra and a foul pot-house, and another between my Flora and the friends who had torn me from her beloved presence, of which I should never hear the last if my friend Molyneux—Molyneux the Black, we used to call him—were to get hold of it. He has a courteous but distant way of making allusions to any disagreeable little incident of this kind—the result of which would, in the long run, be my own disappearance from London life, and emigration to British Columbia. Then there was another letter in which I had confided to my Flora the aspirations of my youthful ambition. I looked forward then to driving my Triumphal Car through the British Forum at a slapping pace indeed, although, for reasons not worth entering upon just now, I have not followed up the profession. But, as I remember, in the letter in question I had ventured to speak of the fifteen judges as of fifteen mature matrons, and perhaps Sir C. C. might not take this well, as he was upon the judicial bench at the time, and I have not had the opportunity I anticipated of setting him right upon points of law. There is but one thing to do. I will invite my Flora to accompany me this very afternoon upon a long walk, and fairly weary out her tender limbs. When sleep has sealed up her gentle eyelids, I will steal softly forth, and glide with that desk of my beloved one into my dressing-room, and abstract the documents. One never knows what may happen.

Whilst these thoughts are passing through my mind, and my cheeks are uncomfortably red—two young men have strolled into the passage, and tapped at the door with little ceremony. They have come down to enjoy the fun—they are obvious Clubbists—and it needs not any long experience to inform me that they must have chucked away the ends of their cigars at the entrance of Westminster Hall. The trap is summarily shut in their faces. Sir Cresswell does not keep open Court for them. Their turn will come—but not yet. Nature has set the indelible mark of "Co-Respondent" upon the brow of each of them. There will surely be a day when the policeman at the trap will give them admission to the Court without any difficulty, if they care to claim it. They try a little quiet joking—but it won't do—you might as well offer a slice of nicely toasted bacon to a French gentleman, when half-way between Calais and Dover, as try joking here—that is, what they would call joking. One of the youths—the one with the mandarin hat—unless my eyes deceive me—has distinctly made ocular overtures to the young female leopard before alluded to. The young lady simply glares at him in reply: he might as well have winked at Medusa. I am sorry for him—so awful and stony is the gaze of that young Sphinx, in the leghorn, trimmed with black, at the foolish boy. Away, young Co-Respondents—back to your pool and your muddled betting-books—your time will come!

Then an elderly clergyman-looking man drops in, and tries the door, with a bland smile, just as though he were about to claim admission to his own vestry. The trap opens, and the usual few words of dialogue are exchanged, the result of which is that the reverend gentleman is left smiling in the passage just like one of us ordinary people. What can he be doing here? I should as soon have expected to meet such a man at Cremorne or the Cyder Cellars. His respectable consort cannot, I am very confident, have the smallest idea of the way in which he intended to occupy his morning. When that reverend gentleman left home after breakfast—he looks like a person who would have lodgings in Suffolk Street—he spread false reports of his intention to assist at a meeting of the society for the S.P.G., or

the S.P.C.K. His wife is gone with the children to the Soho Bazaar, or is spending her day with the friend of her childhood—now married to the Reverend Josiah Chasuble, and resident in the Polygon, Camberwell—with an abundant nursery. He is balked, and I am glad of it; but whom can one trust? When the trap opened this last time, there were no contentious voices—only dead silence broken by a low female moaning, and stifled sobs. Can Sir Cresswell have caused Mrs. Dobbs to be placed on the rack, and is the policeman with the red whiskers giving a last turn to the screw? I can't stand this—as a man—as a husband—as an Englishman—in the name of Flora, and womanhood—here goes! Down with Haynau and Sir Cresswell! Just as, in defiance of all constituted authority, I was about to make a violent assault on the door, in order to relieve Mrs. Dobbs from her agony, it suddenly opened, and, to my surprise, a gentleman stepped out who was evidently making strong efforts to suppress his laughter. With difficulty I repressed my indignation to the articulating point, and was about to give him a bit of my mind; when, on glancing at him a second time, I fancied I recognised the face—could it be? No. Yes it was my old friend—Horatio Lamb. We exchanged the friendly grasp—he passed his arm under mine, and led me out into the Hall.

My friend Lamb had, I believe, in early life, been upon the provincial boards, but he was not fond of alluding to this period of his career. He had subsequently been articled to an attorney, but, though admitted, I never heard that he had practised his profession on his own account. He had subsequently been secretary to a steam-packet company with enormous pretensions, but owing to a series of untoward circumstances they never succeeded—as far as I am aware—in getting a vessel afloat, and the affairs of the company were subsequently wound up. Lamb next turned up in the wine-trade, in connection with a speculation for bringing South African sherry home to every Englishman's door; and during the epoch of his eventful career, he was much engaged with a project for amending the currency. I do not pretend to understand the question myself, but as he often explained to me in those days, when I invited him to dinner—poor fellow! I was sometimes afraid that he did not dine every day in the week—the result of his system, if adopted, would have been to add 800,000,000*l.* immediately to the national wealth, with unlimited powers of expansion—and it was based upon credit. Certainly no man knew more about that part of the subject than Lamb; but somehow or other there seemed to be some hitch about the adoption of his ideas. The successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, as he used to tell me, were "stupid dogs—stupid dogs, sir; slaves of routine." I fear he was sadly out at elbows when we last parted; it was some years since we had met; and now he presented every appearance of a smiling, prosperous gentleman. "Come along," said he, "come along; my brougham is waiting, and it will take us round to Great George Street,—my offices, you know."

I knew nothing about the matter, and I confess I was thunderstruck, but not even in the midst of my surprise could I lose sight of Sir Cresswell's horrid cruelties, and the agonies which Mrs. Dobbs must at that moment be undergoing. I stopped my friend in the middle of the Hall, and seizing him solemnly by the coat, said:—

"Lamb—friend of my youth—I rejoice to see you well, and to all appearance a prosperous man, and at any other time I would cheerfully go with you, and a proud man I should be to sit by your side in your own brougham, with your own horse in shafts before you—"

"My own horse," broke in Lamb, "pooh! pooh! pair of horses—as neat a pair of greys as ever stepped. I gave a cheque for 240*l.* for them the other day to our friend Hinchinbroke."

Now Hinchinbroke was Sir Jasper Hinchinbroke, Bart., of Sloply Mead, Lincolnshire, and I had myself endeavoured, but in vain, to procure for Lamb, some years ago, the situation of clerk in the office of his bailiff; but this was neither here nor there just then. I couldn't get that poor creature's agony out of my mind.

"Lamb," I continued. "I won't stir from this Hall, till I know what is taking place within that horrid den of iniquity."

"What den? The Divorce Court? Sweetest spot in town!"

"But those sobs—that moaning—those groans—it was a woman's woe. I tell you, Lamb, Sir Cresswell is torturing a female in there!"

The unfeeling man actually burst into a long fit of laughter.

"Groans—agony—woe—stuff and nonsense. That's only my client, Mrs. Dobbs, repeating her lesson; and devilish well she does it, too. I gave her the first principles myself; but, egad! she has so far outstripped her teacher, that I was fairly obliged to leave the Court lest the jury should catch me laughing—and that would have done for our case in no time. We had to prove cruelty in order to entitle us to dissolution, and so I called Mrs. Dobbs, and left her to make out her own case. Women have a surprising genius for these things. But, come along, and we'll talk as we go. By the way, what brought you down to the Divorce Court? Nothing wrong at home, eh?"

I was enabled to give my friend Lamb the honest assurance, dearest Flora, that despite of the few occasions on which our peculiarities of character slightly clash, there was no disposition on the side of either of the partners, trading under the name of the matrimonial firm of "Mr. and Mrs. Jones," to dissolve their connection, and wind up the concerns of that well-known establishment. It may be that we have both discovered that there are other flowers of the field besides roses, and other birds in the air besides the nightingale and the lark—that Romeo will lose his figure, and Juliet suffer from occasional nervous attacks. Still, and on the whole, Flora is quite prepared to scratch out the eyes of any lady who should venture upon any disparaging remarks with regard to her beloved Frederick; and Frederick stands equally ready and willing to punch any gentleman's head who may insinuate that improvements in his Flora are possible. Petrarchs and Lauras of XL can you hope for more?

In return for my explanations, my friend H.

Lamb related to me, that after having made many attempts to improve his condition in the world, and as often failed, the opening of the Divorce Court had given him the opportunity of which he had been so long in search. He had now established himself as lady's solicitor in Great George Street, Westminster—a genteel address, and handy to the Court. He added, that as the business in which he had engaged required the most opposite qualifications, he had taken to himself a partner, the Antipodes to himself in all respects. This gentleman's name was Rackem. The door-plate in Great George Street bore the inscription of

LAMB
AND
RACKEM,
Solicitors.

Mr. Lamb took the lady department; Mr. Rackem looked after the gentlemen. Mr. Lamb avenged the wives; Mr. Rackem the husbands. Mr. Lamb used as a seal a stricken dove; Mr. Rackem,

Waller's eagle, with the device, "That eagle's fate and mine are one." Mr. Lamb gave little dinners in a charming little house in Chapel Street, Park Lane; Mr. Rackem lived at Camberwell, in a stern stucco villa, protected by two stucco dogs sitting upon their own hard tails, and never entertained anybody. Mr. Lamb was the Corinthian, Mr. Rackem the Doric, pillar of the establishment in Great George Street.

"But, my dear fellow," he said, "I'll tell you all about it another time—here we are in Maddox Street. A thought of my own. I have established business relations with a French lady who has undertaken to dress my clients for the Court. Madame Leocadie Lareine is a most remarkable woman; she can enter into the spirit of a case. She has, as you may say, a feeling for an allegation, and can dress a lady up to the mark. You can't conceive what a mess the ladies would make of it for themselves. They overdo or underdo the thing. No woman her own client—no client her own mantua-maker. Madame Lareine is a decided genius. I have known her dress a lady, who couldn't be brought up to town until the last moment, from the affidavits."

We entered the ingenious French lady's establishment by a private door, and were shown up-stairs to a drawing-room, with a table in the centre with a few bonnets and caps upon it. Two or three dresses were spread out upon the sofas, and as we came in Madame Lareine was gesticulating away in a very energetic manner, to a pretty, but somewhat overdressed lady, about eight-and-twenty years of age, as I should judge.

"Madame, if you present yourself so before the court *vous êtes perdue*. That bonnet would even turn what you call de common jury. See here, Monsieur Lamb, here is Madame Barbar, who is to go to de court to-morrow, and all depends upon *cruauté*, and her idea is a green shot gros, with de

pink bonnet. Oh, *mais*, madame, your husband—*le barbare*—would give that in *justification*."

Lamb whispered to me: "A client of my own. Barber *v.* Barber,—on to-morrow at eleven:" and then aloud,—

"Mrs. Barber, I have the responsibility of your case, and you must allow Madame Lareine to decide what is for the best. Have you read the evidence, Madame—and what is it to be?"

"Oh, yes, sare, I have sat up three night, and here is de result. Robe of black gros, wid tree flounces—de usual *robe à la divorcée;* crinoline not *prononcée—chapeau à la Cresswell;* and here was de thought. After reading de letters of Madame's from Florence, I put in that small bunch of *pensées*—violets. Indian shawl, leetel collar *aux trois larmes*, leetle muff also wid *mouchoir* not too fine. What you say to that?" And then turning round to Mrs. Barber:—

"Madame, you are half away across between de British matron and *la femme abandonnée:* not too stern, not too mild: you have a right to your Opera box, for you have de *dot*, and to your small shild."

After some discussion, Mrs. Barber accepted her fate, having only compromised for permission to wear a pair of gold ear-rings.

"Madame—it must be—but *vous vous compromettez*—de Scotch lawyer against you will say you are fond of admiration. Ah! *quel horreur!* but it must be so. Have you seen my special jury sleeves, Monsieur Lamb, and *le petit bonnet à l'évanouie?* Dat is very good."

It was finally settled, Mrs. Barber making no objection, that I was to be the next morning at his offices, and attend the great trial of Barber *v.* Barber. GAMMA.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG LADY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

HER HEALTH.

VISITORS from many foreign countries speak with hearty admiration, when they return home, of the young ladies of England; and especially of their bloom and gaiety, as the results of a healthy organisation. These admirers, whose impressions reach us by books, or in conversation when we in turn visit them, describe our young maidens as they see them—riding about the country,—possibly viewing the hunt from afar; or walking for hours in the lanes and under the hedgerows, while father or brothers are among the stubbles or the turnips in autumn: or gardening in spring, or attending scenes of rural sport,—perhaps even taking a share in the archery-meeting, as well as the flower-show. When the foreigner meets in town his fair rural acquaintance, he sees them with the glow of country air and exercise still upon them; and he adds his testimony to the many which declare that the young daughters of England are the fairest in the world.

This is probably true of a portion of the girlhood of our nation. The young ladies who are met in that London society which is seen by travelled foreigners who write books, and send forth their impressions in conversation, are, for the most part, daughters of country gentlemen, or of the aristocracy. They are young ladies who live in a park in the autumn, and in Belgravia in the spring, and who have horses, and whatever else promotes health and pleasure. They are few in number, however, in comparison with the daughters of our graduated middle-class: and it may be a question whether foreign observers would give an equally favourable report of the health, spirit, and beauty of the daughters of our merchants and tradesmen, our physicians and surgeons, our lawyers, accountants, and manufacturers. Medical men, anxious parents, and observant moralists might indeed say, that, from one cause or another, one seldom sees a family of thoroughly healthy and cheerful young women of the middle-class, unless they are early married, or have to earn their living in some way, not in itself unhealthy. I am compelled to say, after a long life of observation of middle-class life in England, that I believe this allegation to be only too true.

How does it happen? What is the mode of life of girls of the middle-class?

Where girls have not full occupation and interest after the close of their school-life (which is crowded with interests of its own), they grow languid, indolent, irritable, or depressed; dissatisfied with themselves and everybody about them; morbid, in short, in mind and morals, as well as in physical condition. When, again, girls are seen in this morbid condition, the first thing that should occur to parents and physician is, that they may not have enough occupation and interest. Girls have the same need that other people have of a general exercise of the brain, in its physical, intellectual, and moral regions: yet it would seem, by our practice, that we think girls ought to thrive on a very small range of interests, and under the lowest degree of vital exercise.

Let us see how they live in their own homes in London. Let us take for observation the daughters of a silk manufacturer, or a sugar refiner, or a solicitor, or a surgeon. Let them be members of a household where there is neither wealth nor poverty. Let it be a genuine middle-class London household. What has the eldest daughter to do when her school-days are over?

If her mother and she are sensible women, she will vary her occupations, in the first place. The Ladies' Colleges in Harley Street and Bedford Square now afford an inestimable resource to women who desire to carry on their intellectual improvement beyond the ordinary school range. Every girl who comes home to her father's house intends to go on studying. The mother fits up some little room, or some corner of the dear child's bed-room, or says she shall have the dining-room to herself at certain hours, "for her own pursuits." But it seldom or never comes to anything. No man, woman, or child can go on long studying (as it is miscalled) without need, or special aim, and without companionship. There is less and less decision about the daily study: there are more and more interruptions; and, after some months, daughter and mother agree that, after all, "the duties of society" are more imperative than the obligation to study. Then begins the slipping away of the knowledge obtained at

school, and the lowering of the mind to the petty interests of the hour: and it is not long before the neglect of brain exercise and the absence of intellectual stimulus begin to tell upon the health. It is in cases like this, that the Ladies' Colleges are as great a blessing as they can be in training young women to be educators. The stimulus of companionship, the excellent teaching, the atmosphere of activity, the breadth of view laid open by the diversity of subjects, and the broad treatment of them by the professors, render study truly captivating to clever and thoughtful girls, and full of interest to any one who is in any degree worthy of the privilege. The study at home goes on vigorously when it is subsidiary to college-work. A kind-hearted parent will be well-pleased to afford his daughter such a pursuit. If he should be disposed to grudge the small expense, it might be well to remind him of the prudence of an expenditure which obviates doctors' fees, and those journeys for health which are rarely wanted by well-occupied young people.

Another profitable result from this college study will be the discovery of the bent of the girl's ability. If she has sufficient ability to do or learn some one thing better than others, she will find it out, and test the degree of the talent, under the searching influence of this second education: and whether she has to work for an independence, sooner or later, or to fill up her life by her own mental resources, it is of vast importance to have, thus early, the means of self-knowledge.

Very soon after the opening of these colleges, it was observed that they were doing good in rendering girls independent and courageous, and their parents rational, about the walking habits of the pupils. In six months' time, many who never before would leave home unattended, or cross a square alone, were daily walking considerable distances alone, to and from the college. The steady walk of women bound on some business, is usually a sufficient safeguard in London streets; and women of business seldom or never have anything to tell of adventures in London, any more than in a village street; while the timid young lady, apprehensive of she knows not what, if out in the broad noon of London, may naturally excite observation, and be insecure, because she supposes herself so. It is pleasant to think how many hundreds of girls have walked miles daily in all weathers, with great benefit to health, nerve, and independence, since these colleges were opened.

Among home-studies, that of music has assumed a foremost place, in London, within a few years. Early in the century, one might hear more or less strumming on the piano in most middle-class houses; but not often what was worthy the name of music. Now, it is said that in the evenings, after shop-closing, all along Whitechapel, Cheapside, and the like, the back-parlours are little concert-rooms, where brothers and sisters play various instruments, or practise part-singing, as pupils of the great popular masters of the day, or members of the Sacred Harmonic, or other societies of a high order. Thus is a new and delightful interest introduced into citizen homes, to the great benefit of the daughters. The singing is good for the chest: but the ideas and emotions created and exercised by the study of good music are more important still.

A different kind of occupation from any of these is, in my opinion, no less essential to health of body and mind. Domestic employments of the commonest kind have their own charms to most, and their special value to all women who are properly trained to them. The worst thing about girls' schools is, that they put out of sight for the time all housekeeping matters, and break the salutary habit of domestic employment. When a girl comes home to her father's house, she should begin at once upon this chapter of feminine study. When a child, she had probably been allowed and encouraged to help her mother in the store-room and kitchen, as well as with the household needlework. She had probably gone with her mother to the fishmonger's and the green-grocer's. If so, she has now only to brush up her old associations, and set to work at a more advanced point. If not, it is high time she was beginning to learn.

I wish the people of a higher and a lower class, and Americans and other foreigners, could be made to understand how much domestic business is actually transacted by middle-class women in England. I do not like the discredit of the popular notion, that our English girls are too genteel to understand how to cook, and to do shopping, and manage the house. Whether the business is properly done or not, women should insist on its being regarded as a duty, that there may be the better chance for its being done. If the daughter we are now contemplating is a rational girl, she will presently be in possession of the keybasket, and getting into training under her mother. She will be up early (thereby ensuring the early rising of the servants), and off to the fishmonger's, or the vegetable market,—having the benefit of an early choice of good things. She will have planned with her mother the dinners of the week (with a margin for unexpected occurrences); and therefore, when she has made breakfast, she is ready for her conference with the cook. She chooses to know how to do everything that she requires to be done; and, as far as may be, by experience. She experiments upon cakes and puddings; and the syllabubs, tarts, and preserves are of her making, till she is satisfied of her proficiency. The linen in the housemaid's department is under her care, and it will be her fault if a table-cloth has a jagged corner, or the sheets a slit in the middle. These matters, so far, occupy very little time, while they afford more or less of exercise and amusement to a healthy mind.

The sewing is another affair. It is still the curse of girlhood in too large a portion of the middle class. There can hardly be another woman in that class more thoroughly fond of the needle than myself: and few, probably, have done more needlework of all kinds in the course of their lives: yet it is my belief that thousands of parents are actually cruel to their daughters in requiring from them the amount of needlework customary in this and a few other countries.

Fathers and brothers suppose that the women of the household are to sit down to make linen for the house and its inhabitants, every day after breakfast, and to stick to the work all day,

as the men do to their business. If they knew the strain upon the nerves, and the general unhealthiness of the occupation, when a certain limit of hours is past, they would forbid it as peremptorily as intemperance in stimulating novels. I fear it is still too often the case, that all the girls of a family are seated at the work-table all day long, except when at meals, or when taking a walk; and that no one of them can attempt to steal half-an-hour's solitude in her own room without being sent for to join the sewing-party. There may be reading aloud; and this is a great improvement upon perpetual talk: but the need of solitude, and of freedom of occupation, is too often forgotten in households where needlework is assumed to be the whole employment, if not the whole duty of women. I could say much more under this head; but the advent of the sewing-machine supersedes much remonstrance and preaching. It will not happily take the needle out of women's hands, because there is much delicate and critical work which it cannot do: but it will soon put an end to the slavery to the needle under which so many English girls grow crooked, and sallow, and nervous, and miserable.

A few instances may go a long way in giving strangers an impression that our middle-class ladies do not condescend to domestic employments. I would fain hope that a few scattered cases have passed for more than they were worth, or I must think less well than I wish to do, of the cultivation of whole classes of my countrywomen. I once felt, and probably appeared, somewhat indignant, when a foreign clergyman crossed the room to ask me whether I could sew; and he was much surprised at a subsequent time, when we were better acquainted, to find that it would be considered insulting in this country to doubt any educated woman's being able to sew.

I wondered less when I saw, during a Nile voyage, the spectacle presented by a young English lady,—a daughter and sister of a clergyman,—to a considerable number of observers. She was accompanying her brother in his travels in search of health: and she was in intention a kind nurse and devoted companion; but she had had little or no training in feminine offices. She was aware of the deficiency; but she did not appear to regret it. She explained that her mother had vigilantly guarded her against every sort of communication with servants, and had prohibited all approach to the precincts of their department. (There was no doubt cause and effect in this method, as no mistress could have good servants who established such respect of persons in the household.) As there are no laundresses on the Nile boats, and the clothes of travellers are washed by the crew, in their primitive style, travellers must wear their linen rough-dried, unless female hands will iron them. My companions were a lady and two gentlemen. My lady friend and I took flat-irons with us; and during the ten weeks we were on the Nile, the gentlemen had collars and shirt-fronts, and we ladies had gowns and collars, as well starched and smoothed as they would have been at home, while all stockings were duly mended, and all damages repaired, with a very small sacrifice of time. The invalid clergyman and his sister, meanwhile, looked as wofully out of order as any ducal family, bereft of servants, could appear: and servants are a mere nuisance on the Nile. *His* collars were rough and limp; *her* muslin dresses looked as if they had been wrung out of a washing-tub;—which was indeed the real state of the case. They tried to induce their dragoman to undertake the ironing,—a process which the Arabs conclude to be a sort of devilry,—or a charm against vermin. The obliging dragoman yielded to entreaty, and tried the experiment upon a pair of duck trousers, which looked particularly ill in a rough condition. At the very first touch, the operator took off a leg with his over-heated implement. He fled in a scared state, and could never be prevailed upon to try again. As the sister was acquainted with many of the parties on the river, and as she evidently did not envy us our power of "making things pleasant," the effect of the incident would probably be, to lead strangers to suppose the young lady an example of English middle-class education, and the more housewifely ladies eccentric or low-bred.

The two main difficulties for young women in London seem to be, to get enough of bodily exercise, and to pass beyond a too narrow circle of sympathies. Some kind-hearted people, it is true, are for ever on their feet, going about doing good, as they think: but, in the first place, they are not usually young ladies who do this; and next, it is never prudent to recommend philanthropic pursuits as express business or resource. Philanthropy is apt to be mischievous unless it comes of itself;—that is, unless it arises out of natural circumstances; and it loses all its virtue when it is cultivated for the advantage of the dispenser of the good. While deprecating, on this account, the sending girls among the poor for exercise of body or mind,—as a sort of prescription for quickening the circulation, and stimulating the emotions,—we may yet bear in mind that all exercise is more salutary when it is means to an end than when it is taken as exercise. Daily governesses, if not overworked, derive more benefit from their walks than ladies who go out for constitutional exercise: and the excellent women who find it occur in their course of life to visit and aid the sick and unhappy, in prisons, workhouses, hospitals, reformatories, and in their wretched homes, certainly have fewer ailments, and more disposable daily strength, than women whose heads, hearts, and limbs are insufficiently employed. There is great difficulty in passing out of the small environment of personal acquaintance, and penetrating the life of any who live outside of it; and I would not deal out censure upon London families whose interests have been restricted within their own class, and even their own coterie; but, at the same time, we cannot but see in this, as in other cases, that "where there's a will there's a way." Young ladies in London, who have no carriage to set them down at any point they wish to reach, and no footman at their heels, do get face to face with sufferers whom they can aid, and sinners whom they can retrieve. The truth seems to be, that it does not answer to go wandering forth, to find excitement for philanthropic, any more than other feelings:

but that persons of kind hearts, and the open sense which belongs to benevolence, are always meeting with opportunities of doing something for somebody,—even in London, where it often happens that one knows nothing whatever of one's neighbour on either hand.

One goodnatured and serious-minded girl will be deeply interested in a Sunday School, and be thence led to know several families who may be the better for her acquaintance; while another girl, amiable in her way, may be heard to say (as one actually did say, to the horror of a foreign philanthropist), "I am thinking whether I ever in my life spoke to a poor person." After all her thinking, she could not get beyond the washerwoman and the baker's boy. This is certainly not the sort of life which agrees with our conceptions of social duty and personal disinterestedness. It is not the sort of life which can ever fully exercise the moral faculties of any intelligent person: and if living in London really involved the necessity of young women growing up in this narrowness and hardness, it would be the greatest of misfortunes to live in London. We all know it to be otherwise, however: and where we meet with the most active and self-forgetting kindliness we generally see the gleam of happiness in the eye, the glow of health on the cheek, and the cheerfulness and bloom of genuine vigour and enjoyment pervading the whole mind and countenance.

There remain the higher intellectual resources,—the study and practice of Art, for which London affords unequalled facilities; and the cultivation of literature, which is practicable everywhere. Intellectual privileges are at the command of all qualified to lay hold of them.

It appears, on the whole, that the main point in regard to health,—for persons who are well fed, clothed, and housed,—is having plenty to do:—in other words, having the brain well and equably exercised. Where we see a permanent condition of vigorous health, this must be the case. Where we see the too common spectacle of sickly girlhood, and of families of sisters growing sallow, feeble, depressed, and indolent, we may be very sure that, whatever else may be amiss, they are leading a self-corroding life, and need, above everything, imperative duties and interests which would call them out of themselves. If parents would but see what it is for any human being to have to invent something to do and care about, they would allow the utmost practicable liberty to their daughters to follow their own pursuits and adopt their own objects. It is not every father who can build a schoolroom for one daughter, and glaze a painting-room for another, and fit up a music-room for a third, and a conservatory for a fourth—like an old friend of mine: but every parent can so far respect the claims of his children as to consider their tastes, aid them in their objects, and abstain from confining them to petty interests and monotonous employments. It is the smallest consideration in the case, that the comfort and pleasure of his own home depend on the alternative he adopts.

In the country, it ought to be an unnatural circumstance, that young ladies are ever out of health. Besides the fresh air, and liberty and sociability of rural life, there is such various, and abundant and charming employment for young people! Early hours, plentiful exercise, sunlight without stint, and an ocean of fresh air; food perpetually fresh from the kitchen garden, the farmyard, and the river—here are conditions of health of very high value. The higher still seem to be no less plentifully afforded. In a country neighbourhood everybody knows everybody; and the calls for kindly action are incessant and perfectly natural. There are out-door pursuits for the whole year round, for girls of any spirit—the garden and green-house, the poultry-yard, the bees, and various branches of natural history, in which there is at present a demand for ability of every kind. Literature, again, and art are treasures within reach; and nowhere do they flourish more than in the bright atmosphere of rural life. Evenings of books are singularly charming after mornings of activity among the realities of the farm, the breezy common, the blossoming lanes, and the village school. Yet what do we actually see? Two contrasting cases rise up before my mind's eye, which so illustrate the whole matter, that I may simply relate them, and then stop.

I once saw how a family may lead a prison life, by choice, in a breezy, open, pleasant country. It was so long ago that, considering their state of health and their determination not to get better, they must all be dead long since. If not, it is no matter. As they never read anything, nor heard of anything readable, they would never encounter any report of themselves: and if they did, they would stick to their own scheme of life, and sneer at every other.

The head of the family was an opulent man, the heir of a large and lucrative rural business which kept him constantly in the open air, on land or water. He rode many miles every day except Sundays. I saw him only once; but I well remember his healthy, brown complexion, his active gait; and especially the wistful, tender, anxious gaze with which he looked on his three young daughters. The wife was fat and foolish, but with life enough in her to give her orders, and make tea, and hope her guests were comfortable. Further conversation she had none. The daughters were a lamentable group. They appeared to be between eighteen and four-and-twenty. All had the same complexion, which was lemon colour: and the substance was more like dough than muscle and skin. Their eyes were half dead; the lids drooping and the brows contracted, as by a perpetual headache. One had a crooked shoulder; another a lame knee; and the third an obstinate liver complaint. They seemed never to speak, except to their mother. It was impossible to get from them an answer to even a direct question. They looked too languid to move; yet when a stranger drew near to any one of them, she fled to the others—the three squeezing upon two chairs rather than separate to fetch another. Winking in the blaze of fire and candles, shivering unless they were in the direct heat of an enormous fire, eating rich cake with the care required by aching teeth—looking as if they had never enjoyed an unmixed pleasure in their lives—there and thus lived the daughters of that stalwart father. They

were in a spacious house, surrounded by a broad sunny garden: green-houses extended on the one hand and a paddock on the other. Across the road—a pretty winding road, checkered with hedgerow timber—spread a noble park; and outside the park was a gravelly, hillocky, thymy, furze-sprinkled common, where you might smell the sea-air when the wind was east. What were all these charms to the poor girls? Unhappily, there was nothing that they liked; so they did nothing but sit still and sew. All the week days of the year they sat in the same places, doing fancy work, when their plain work was done. The fires were hot; the table was rich; they came down to a late breakfast, and went up to bed after an early supper. If a neighbour came to call, they were rather disconcerted; for they felt uncomfortable at going on with their work, and yet could not prevail on themselves to put it down. They were driven to church on Sundays; and, of course, they caught cold there nearly every week. The most pitiable thing was their tone of mind, when it could be more or less ascertained. Its stupid exclusiveness, mixed with an ignorant shyness, was really like something new under the sun: but I suppose one may meet with it in some convents where the nuns are kept idle. "We never go out." "We don't like walking." "We don't know what is in the garden." "We never look into the green-house." "We know nothing about politics." "Papa reads the newspaper, but we never look at it." "We are not fond of books," and so on. Even about fancy work there was no getting on, so evident was their belief that nobody had patterns so good as theirs, and that nobody could work their patterns but themselves. Enough of them! for what could their lives be? They would certainly never marry. They were too far gone to change their habits. I doubt not they were carried to the churchyard, one after another, after a short and miserable life of disobedience to all the laws of health of body and mind.

In short and sharp contrast to this miserable group, let me disclose a much larger and happier one. No matter that it is on the other side of the Atlantic. It may be all the more instructive for that.

Some of my readers may remember hearing, above twenty years ago, of Angelina and Sarah Grimké, young Quaker ladies of South Carolina, and sisters of the learned Professor Grimké. The family were opulent; but the young sisters, troubled in conscience about slavery, freed their negroes and sacrificed at once their fortune and their native State; for they could not live in South Carolina without having or hiring slaves. They went northwards; and Angelina, after a time, married the well-known abolitionist, Theodore Weld. They have, for many years, dispensed an education of a very high quality indeed, to a long succession of girls; and, as it is a work of love, they go on with ever-growing skill and ease. Last summer a visitor spent a day in that country household, and what he saw was singularly impressive to him.

We hear much of the beauty of young American girls, and it is very true; but the beauty is sadly short-lived, because it is not based on physical vigour. It is otherwise with the full-grown young women in the Welds' house, where the girls beg to stay as long as can possibly be allowed. As the ordinary mode of dress is neither healthy nor convenient, the girls wear a model dress, which is said to be graceful, and agreeable in colour, as well as commendable in other respects. It is made of a grey fabric, of the alpaca kind, trimmed with a suitable shade of red. It is a good deal like the Bloomer dress, with some improvements. When the guest saw the singular prevalence of ruddy health in the household, he was not surprised to find that the gardening was done mainly by the pupils. The ease and animation of the conversation struck him next, the topics being very solid and the spirit serious.

In the afternoon an excursion on the river was proposed. The girls were the rowers. They got out and prepared the boat, and pulled good strokes with ungloved hands. They managed the expedition as well as any boatmen could have done. While resting in a pretty spot, under the shade of the wooded bank, music was asked for. The girls sang glees and duets very charmingly,—with real excellence, the guest declares, both as to quality of voice and style. Now, this is like what many English parents want to see;—a country life at school, where the health may be established without the sacrifice of intellectual cultivation during the period of intellectual activity and tenacity.

If English parents wish this enough to demand it, they will obtain it. There is no natural reason why girls should not be trained to that robust womanhood which manifests itself by fitness for all occasions. In our age and country marriage is uncertain in the middle classes, and becoming rather less than more frequent. Every girl should be rendered "equal to either fortune" by the completeness of the development of her faculties. The world abounds in occupations and interests for all; and if we see a young woman declining in health and energy, and growing fretful or morose, or loquacious and trifling in her father's house, we may be sure that her parents have not duly provided for her health of body and mind. If she is yet recoverable, it will be by some stroke of what the world calls misfortune, by which her own capacities will be proved to herself, and she will find, perhaps in the middle term of life, what it is to live.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

LIFE IN A FRENCH KITCHEN. By C.

(Continued from p. 152.)

CHAPTER V. A STANDING CONTROVERSY.

We had many controversies in the kitchen, some of which were not argued with much coolness on either side, particularly those in which the comparative merits of the armies and navies of the two nations were concerned. Nations are apt to forget their reverses; but the French totally ignore the history of all campaigns in which they have had the worst of it, and their history, as written by themselves, progresses by stepping from one success to the next. When it is brought home to them that, since Fontenoy, they have never gained a great victory, or had

the best of a campaign against us, except in the little wars of the colonies, they are ever fertile in such excuses as the fortune of war, or a bad general, who was, or ought to have been, shot for cowardice, incapacity, or treachery, or something else that robbed their army of its glory. In discussing these points, I generally had the worst of the argument, because Velay and Duchêne are pretty well crammed on the subject, both being required to take up for their examinations as to the details and plans of the great European wars and battles, of which I only know the results. The French excel in everything that admits of being reduced to a system, and, as an army admits of any amount of organisation, the French army cannot be surpassed for system, discipline, and equipment. The half million of all ranks are not on paper only. They exist and are available, and they possess unbounded spirit and emulation. They are a warlike people, and their system of promotion (by which a soldier may, like Pélissier, become a field-marshal, by study and by good and distinguished conduct in face of an enemy,) gives a stimulus to ambition which is unknown in armies that live under the cold shade of an aristocracy. All Frenchmen, soldiers as well as civilians, have a good address, and, like other monkeys, can imitate the manners of their betters when they rise in the scale of humanity. When a soldier becomes an officer, he is removed to another regiment at once. He drops his former associates, and his new friends cannot say he has not the ideas or manners of a gentleman, for the same reason that Hamlet's madness was not observed in England, where all were as mad as he. When an officer cannot pass an examination —which, even for the infantry, is rather severe— he remains where he is. As there is nothing that the vanity of a Frenchman will not tell him to attempt—from conic sections to the command of the Channel fleet—most of the officers have tried to pass examinations, and they are, or were, immediately after undergoing *cram*, pretty well informed on the general subjects of military education, such as history (French editions), including the details of great French victories, and the articles of the principal treaties of Europe, particularly those in which they have kept faith and "perfidious" Albion has broken it. They are fluent in the use of technical terms; not only of what we call "pipeclay," but of military science, including fortification, tactics, and even strategy. Our Lieutenant Alfred cannot pass his examination, but he would be called a well-informed man in any society.

The men seem to be dressed and equipped for service. The knapsack is cleverly strapped, and appears to sit light, and the wearer is not constantly obliged to lean forward to jerk it into a higher and more comfortable place. Whether there is much inside, I cannot say. The French are not celebrated for carrying more linen than they want.

I met one of our great clothing contractors in Paris, and had a long conversation with him. He said that the cloth used in France for the troops is of the same quality as that used in England; but it looked better, and it is possible that he may have been rather prejudiced on the subject. Government professes to manufacture everything the army wears, and there is certainly no contract-look in the French soldier.

They break down now and then, like other armies, in the commissariat and the other civil departments. At the beginning of the siege of Sebastopol, for instance, their available resources were no more equal to the occasion than ours. My friend, the contractor, told me that the French Government spent nearly a million sterling in contracts in England during the Crimean war. He was, when I saw him, in Paris with an eye to business, ready to tender for the supply of anything in case of war between France and Austria. However, the French are naturally proud of an army that, within the present century, has been to every capital in Europe—except London. And here French vanity—a passion of which we proud islanders have no conception—supplies them with the soothing conviction that the Emperor has nothing to do but to land an army on the English coast and march straight to London.

The Channel rather bothers them. Louis Velay told me quite calmly, that in case the Emperor ever made the attempt, and failed, we would have to thank the twenty miles of sea, and not ourselves, for our good fortune. "What," said this wretched youth who cannot pass his examination, "was to have prevented the Great Emperor from going straight to London, if he had won the battle of Waterloo, but your twenty miles of sea?" I asked him, if he had ever read a very amusing book, called "The History of Events that have Never Occurred." But he had never heard of it: the book had not been translated into French.

The occupations of Paris in 1814 and 1815 are delicate subjects. The thoughts of them make French blood to boil, French teeth to grind, and French hearts to beat with hopes of retaliation some day. They do not care the least about the other Allies having been twice to Paris, because the old Emperor sent armies, or went himself, to their capitals whenever he pleased. But a French army has not been to London yet. It is therefore the day-dream of the army and of all ranks of society, and its feasibility is never doubted for a moment. A war with England would be the most popular of all wars; it would place every man and every sous at the disposal of the Emperor, for it would give the nation an opportunity of rubbing off old scores. We may rest assured that if he ever finds his popularity on the wane, and his throne slipping from under him, he will play the last and greatest card in his hand, and declare war against England. If he fails, he is *in statu quo ante bellum*, but a great success by sea and then by land makes him in glory second only to his uncle.

There is a general impression among alarmists, military as well as civil, that the Emperor of the French has only to succeed in landing an army on our coast, and then to march in one column straight to London. But there are certain rules of war, which, though they may be modified by circumstances, have been the same in all ages; and no general, let alone a French general, who always thinks as much of his own fame as of the glory of France, dare act contrary to these rules.

We will suppose that as the French are not buccaneers, their object is not to make a raid on the coast, but to pay us off for the occupations of Paris by an occupation of London.

To attain this object, they must, first of all, be permanent masters of the sea,—our Channel fleet, the fleet at Spithead, and the reserves being either taken, or dispersed, or blockaded in their harbours. For the French to succeed in anything but a raid, or the empty glory of hoisting their flag in some town on the coast, such as Brighton or Hastings, there must be no English fleet upon the sea.

One great rule of war is, that all operations are made upon a base-line between two points, which must be forts or fortified harbours containing supplies, and upon which points an army can retire in case of reverse. A second rule is, that the distance between these base-points increases in a fixed ratio to the distance to be advanced. That is, the further an army has to march, the broader must be the base of operations. A third rule is, that all operations must be on lines perpendicular to the base-line. And a fourth rule is, that there must be a complete communication between the two points of the base-line, and also between all the points of operation upon it. From this last rule may be deduced the corollary, that an army should have all its enemies in its front. There is such a thing as a "flying column," or a *colonne en air*, as the French call it, which is a body of troops equipped, not for speed, as is generally supposed, but with supplies and the munitions of war, to enable it to operate without a base and in all directions. A flying column is seldom used in regular warfare among civilised nations, but to a great extent by us in India, and by the French in Algeria. An army can act contrary to these rules when it has on either flank an arm of the sea, or a river, or a chain of mountains, or any other obstacle to prevent the operations of an enemy.

Let me exemplify the above rules by the operations of the Allies in the Crimea—ground with which we ought all to be so familiar. The base was short, from Kamiesh Bay to Balaclava. If the operations had been extended farther into the peninsula, it would have been necessary to extend the base to the east. The base could not have been from Eupatoria to any point to the south, because the operations against Sebastopol would have been outside the base, and perpendicular to no point of it. Although our troops could see strings of waggons bringing supplies daily from the north into the besieged city, yet we could not attempt to cut them off, because an advance by us would have placed Sebastopol in our rear.

To enable the French to march to London, they must have a base, and a broad one too. Sheerness on the right flank, and Dover on the left, with possession of Deal and all the harbours on the coast between those two places, is the best base our coast offers. On the right of the operations there would be the Medway and the Thames; and the distance from the French coast to one point of the base would be the shortest sea-passage that exists—a great advantage. But it would be impossible for an army to advance without getting possession of Sheerness and Dover, both of which, it would be hoped, could stand a siege of two months at least. Chatham is on the road between Sheerness and London, and, though a weak place, it could not be left without being taken, for it would be a standing threat on the right flank of the enemy's operations.

The coast between Dover and Newhaven offers only a poor base. The harbour of the latter place is tidal and small, and is besides commanded by the rising land to the west.

Between Newhaven and Bournemouth the harbours are not adapted for the disembarking of large bodies of troops and of the *matériel* of war —such as guns, shot, and shell, horses, and commissariat stores. The troop-ships would have to anchor in the open roadsteads, and the process of landing troops, even if it was ever so well organised, would be tedious; and a gale of wind would put a stop to it altogether, and would jeopardise the safety of those already landed. If a reverse happens to troops where they cannot defend themselves, or receive succour from their ships, or re-embark, they must lay down their arms. This shows the necessity of having forts or fortified harbours at the extremities of the base of operations.

There is a good base to be found on the coast between Bournemouth and Lymington, for the Solent affords one continued anchorage, and the means of landing troops in smooth water. It is generally supposed that every French general has in his pocket a detailed plan of a march to London; and if they could all be induced to lay the produce of their brains on a table, I have no doubt it would be found that the majority of them would suggest that the Solent should contain one point, if not both, in the base of operations. The locality presents one little difficulty in the fortifications round Portsmouth harbour. The Duke used to say, that Portsmouth was not defensible; but when the new line of forts from the head of the harbour to the Solent is finished, a French general might hesitate before he commenced the siege as part of his programme of a march to London,—that is, if the Emperor will only wait till the forts are finished, which he will probably not do. Though there are some fine harbours west of the Solent, particularly Portland Bay, yet the further we go west, the greater become the distances from the French coast, and from our coast to London; and when we once get round Land's End, this difficulty increases.

On examining the coast to the north from the mouth of the Thames, it will be found that there are no defensible harbours affording points for a base of operations. The Wash is a mud-flat at low water, and Yarmouth is an open roadstead. Supposing that the operations are undertaken with a view to the occupation of London, on a large scale and according to the rules of war, it will be seen that there are only two parts of the coast which could be selected on bases of operations with any hopes of success — namely, from Sheerness to Dover, and from Bournemouth to Lymington. As for the number of troops required to defend London, we ought to give our Minister of War credit for being the best judge of the situation. What he and other wise heads think is required is being done; and when the tug of war com-

mences, as it assuredly will within a few years, I have no doubt, but that we shall be ready to make a respectable stand-up fight.

At the same time, I hope the battle will be fought at sea.

(To be continued.)

GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA.

God help our men at sea!
In firelit, pictured rooms, 'mid wine and flowers,
And gleesome company,
The wild winds awe us, in our blithest hours,
To sigh this prayer;
And, lonely, with clenched hands, at night 'tis ours,
"Lord of the waves, O spare!"

God help our men at sea!
I had a brother once. Our love ne'er fail'd
In its intensity.
Smiling on our sweet mother, as he sail'd,
I saw him last.
Ah me! how that sweet mother droop'd and paled
Ere one brief year had pass'd!

God help our men at sea!
They saw him, who outlived that deathful night,
In his extremity,—
Kneeling, and looking, in the stormfire's light,
To Heaven for grace.
And angels' glory was upon him, bright
As upon Stephen's face.

God help our men at sea!
Those pilgrim fathers, who leave all to teach
Their Saviour's charity.
May their prayers, like St. Paul's, in tempest reach
His ears, who said,
With an exceeding tenderness of speech,—
"'Tis I. Be not afraid!"

God help our men at sea!
The workers, who at home can find no spheres
For work; whom poverty [tears,
Drives from their birthland, strong, despite those
To toil, and win;
And then, please God, return for peaceful years
To their own land and kin.

God help our men at sea!
If lust of power or of revenge assail
England's tranquillity,
Using His gracious gifts, we shall prevail,
As oft before.
And Israel see the proud Egyptians pale
And "dead on the sea-shore."

S. Reynolds Hole.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER VII. MOTHER AND SON.

RARE as epic song is the man who is thorough in what he does. And happily so; for in life he subjugates us, and makes us bondsmen to his ashes. It was in the order of things that the great Mel should be borne to his final resting-place by a troop of creditors. You have seen (since the occasion demands a pompous simile) clouds that all day cling about the sun, and, in seeking to obscure him, are compelled to blaze in his livery: at fall of night they break from him, illumined, hang mournfully above him, and wear his natural glories long after he is gone. Thus, then, these worthy fellows, faithful to him to the dust, fulfilled Mel's triumphant passage amongst them, and closed his career.

To regale them when they returned, Mrs. Mel, whose mind was not intent on greatness, was occupied in spreading meat and wine. Mrs. Fiske assisted her, as well as she could, seeing that one hand was entirely engaged by her handkerchief. She had already stumbled, and dropped a glass, which had brought on her sharp condemnation from her aunt, who bade her sit down, or go up-stairs to have her cry out, and then return to be serviceable.

"Oh! I can't help it!" sobbed Mrs. Fiske. "That he should be carried away, and none of his children to see him the last time! I can understand Louisa—and Harriet, too, perhaps! But why could not Caroline? And that they should be too fine ladies to let their brother come and bury his father. Oh! it does seem——"

Mrs. Fiske fell into a chair, and surrendered to grief.

"Where is the cold tongue?" said Mrs. Mel to Sally, the maid, in a brief under-voice.

"Please, mum, Jacko —— !"

"He must be whipped. You are a careless slut."

"Please, I can't think of everybody and everything, and poor master——"

Sally plumped on a seat, and took sanctuary under her apron. Mrs. Mel glanced at the pair, continuing her labour.

"Oh, aunt, aunt!" cried Mrs. Fiske, "why *didn't* you put it off for another day, to give Evan a chance?"

"Master 'd have kept another *two* days, he would!" whimpered Sally.

"Oh, aunt! to think!" cried Mrs. Fiske.

"And his coffin not bearin' of his spurs!" whimpered Sally.

Mrs. Mel interrupted them by commanding Sally to go to the drawing-room, and ask a lady there, of the name of Mrs. Wishaw, whether she would like to have some lunch sent up to her. Mrs. Fiske was requested to put towels in Evan's bedroom.

"Yes, aunt, if you're not infatuated!" said Mrs. Fiske, as she prepared to obey, while Sally, seeing that her public exhibition of sorrow and sympathy could be indulged but an instant longer, unwound herself for a violent paroxysm, blurting between stops:

"If he 'd ony 've gone to his last bed comfortable! . . . If he 'd ony 've been that decent as not for to go to his last bed with his clothes on! . . . If he 'd ony 've had a comfortable sheet! . . . It makes a woman feel cold to think of him full dressed there, as if he was goin' to be a soldier on the Day o' Judgment!"

To let people speak was a maxim of Mrs. Mel's, and a wise one for any form of society when emotions are very much on the surface. She continued her arrangements quietly, and, having counted the number of plates and glasses, and told off the guests on her fingers, she sat down to await them.

The first who entered the room was her son.

"You have come," said Mrs. Mel, flushing slightly, but otherwise outwardly calm.

"You didn't suppose I should stay away from you, mother?"

Evan kissed her cheek.

"I knew you would not."

Mrs. Mel examined him with those eyes of hers that compassed objects in a single glance. She drew her finger on each side of her upper lip, and half smiled, saying:

"That won't do here."

"What?" asked Evan, and proceeded immediately to make inquiries about her health, which she satisfied with a nod.

"You saw him lowered, Van?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then go and wash yourself, for you are dirty, and then come and take your place at the head of the table."

"Must I sit here, mother?"

"Without a doubt you must, Van. You know your room. Quick!"

In this manner their first interview passed.

Mrs. Fiske rushed in to exclaim:

"So, you were right, aunt—he has come. I met him on the stairs. Oh! how like dear uncle Mel he looks, in the militia, with that moustache. I just remember him as a child; and, oh, *what* a gentleman he is!"

At the end of the sentence Mrs. Mel's face suddenly darkened: she said in a deep voice:

"Don't dare to talk that nonsense before him, Ann."

Mrs. Fiske looked astonished.

"What have I done, aunt?"

"*He* shan't be ruined by a parcel of fools," said Mrs. Mel. "There, go! Women have no place here."

"How the wretches can force themselves to touch a morsel, after this morning!" Mrs. Fiske exclaimed, glancing at the table.

"Men must eat," said Mrs. Mel.

The mourners were heard gathering outside the door. Mrs. Fiske escaped into the kitchen. Mrs. Mel admitted them into the parlour, bowing much above the level of many of the heads that passed her.

Assembled were Messrs. Barnes, Kilne, and Grossby, whom we know; Mr. Doubleday, the ironmonger; Mr. Joyce, the grocer; Mr. Perkins, commonly called Lawyer Perkins; Mr. Welbeck, the pier-master of Lymport; Bartholomew Fiske; Mr. Coxwell, a Fallowfield maltster, brewer, and farmer; creditors of various dimensions all of them. Mr. Goren coming last, behind his spectacles.

"My son will be with you directly, to preside," said Mrs. Mel. "Accept my thanks for the respect you have shown my husband. I wish you good morning."

"Morning, ma'am," answered several voices, and Mrs. Mel retired.

The mourners then set to work to relieve their hats of the appendages of crape. An undertaker's man took possession of the long black cloaks. The gloves were generally pocketed.

"That's my second black pair this year," said Joyce. "They'll last a time to come. I don't need to buy gloves while neighbours pop off."

"Undertakers' gloves seem to me as if they're made for mutton fists," remarked Welbeck; upon which Kilne nudged Barnes, the butcher, with a sharp "Aha!" and Barnes observed:

"Oh! I never wear 'em—they does for my boys on Sundays. I smoke a pipe at home."

The Fallowfield farmer held his length of crape aloft, and inquired: "What shall do with this?"

"Oh, you keep it," said one or two.

Coxwell rubbed his chin. "Don't like to rob the wider."

"What's left goes to the undertaker?" asked Grossby.

"To be sure," said Barnes; and Kilne added: "It's a job:" Lawyer Perkins ejaculating confidently, "Perquisites of office, gentlemen; perquisites of office!" which settled the dispute and appeased every conscience.

A survey of the table ensued. The mourners felt hunger, or else thirst; but had not, it appeared, amalgamated the two appetites as yet. Thirst was the predominant declaration; and Grossby, after an examination of the decanters, unctuously deduced the fact, which he announced, that port and sherry were present.

"Try the port," said Kilne.

"Good?" Barnes inquired.

A very intelligent "I ought to know," with a reserve of regret at the extension of his intimacy with the particular vintage under that roof, was winked by Kilne.

Lawyer Perkins touched the arm of a mourner about to be experimental on Kilne's Port:

"I think we had better wait till young Mr. Harrington takes the table, don't you see?"

"Yes,—ah!" croaked Goren. "The head of the family, as the saying goes!"

"I suppose we shan't go into business to-day?" Joyce carelessly observed.

Lawyer Perkins answered:

"No. You can't expect it. Mr. Harrington has led me to anticipate that he will appoint a day. Don't you see?"

"Oh! I see," returned Joyce. "I ain't in such a hurry. What's he doing?"

Doubleday, whose propensities were waggish, suggested "shaving," but half ashamed of it, since the joke missed, fell to as if he were soaping his face, and had some trouble to contract his jaw.

The delay in Evan's attendance on the guests of the house was caused by the fact that Mrs. Mel had lain in wait for him descending, to warn him that he must treat them with no supercilious civility, and to tell him partly the reason why. On hearing the potential relations in which they stood towards the estate of his father, Evan hastily, and with the assurance of a son of fortune, said they should be paid.

"That's what they would like to hear," said Mrs. Mel. "You may just mention it when they're going to leave. Say you will fix a day to meet them."

"Every farthing!" pursued Evan, on whom the tidings were beginning to operate. "What! debts? my poor father!"

"And a thumping sum, Van. You will open your eyes wider."

"But it shall be paid, mother,—it shall be paid. Debts? I hate them. I'd slave night and day to pay them."

Mrs. Mel spoke in a more positive tense: "And so will I, Van. Now, go."

It mattered little to her what sort of effect on his demeanour her revelation produced, so long as the resolve she sought to bring him to was nailed in his mind; and she was a woman to knock and knock again, till it was firmly fixed there. With a strong purpose, and no plans, there were few who could resist what, in her circle, she willed; not even a youth who would gaily have marched to the scaffold rather than stand behind a counter. A purpose wedded to plans may easily suffer shipwreck; but an unfettered purpose that moulds circumstances as they arise, masters us, and is terrible. Character melts to it, like metal in the steady furnace. The projector of plots is but a miserable gambler and votary of chances. Of a far higher quality is the will that can subdue itself to wait, and lay no petty traps for opportunity. Poets may fable of such a will, that it makes the very heavens conform to it; or, I may add, what is almost equal thereto, one who would be a gentleman, to consent to be a tailor. The only person who ever held in his course against Mrs. Mel, was Mel,—her husband; but, with him, she was under the physical fascination of her youth, and it never left her. In her heart she barely blamed him. What *he* did, she took among other inevitable matters.

The door closed upon Evan, and waiting at the foot of the stairs a minute to hear how he was received, Mrs. Mel went to the kitchen and called the name of Dandy, which brought out an ill-built, low-browed, small man, in a baggy suit of black, who hopped up to her with a surly salute. Dandy was a bird Mrs. Mel had herself brought down, and she had for him something of a sportsman's regard for his victim. Dandy was the cleaner of boots and runner of errands in the household of Melchisedec, having originally entered it on a dark night by the cellar. Mrs. Mel, on that occasion, was sleeping in her dressing-gown, to be ready to give the gallant night-hawk, her husband, the service he might require on his return to the nest. Hearing a suspicious noise below, she rose, and deliberately loaded a pair of horse-pistols, weapons Mel had worn in his holsters in the heroic days gone; and with these she stepped downstairs straight to the cellar, carrying a lantern at her girdle. She could not only load, but present and fire. Dandy was foremost in stating that she called him forth steadily, three times, before the pistol was discharged. He admitted that he was frightened, and incapable of speech, at the apparition of the tall, terrific woman. After the third time of asking he had the ball lodged in his leg, and fell. Mrs. Mel was in the habit of bearing heavier weights than Dandy. She made no ado about lugging him to a chamber, where, with her own hands (for this woman had some slight knowledge of surgery, and was great in herbs and drugs) she dressed his wound, and put him to bed; crying contempt (ever present in Dandy's memory) at such a poor creature undertaking the work of housebreaker. Taught that he really was a poor creature for the work, Dandy, his nursing over, begged to be allowed to stop and wait on Mrs. Mel; and she who had, like many strong natures, a share of pity for the objects she despised, did not cast him out. A jerk in his gait, owing to the bit of lead Mrs. Mel had dropped into him, and a little, perhaps, to her self-satisfied essay in surgical science on his person, earned him the name he went by.

When her neighbours remonstrated with her for housing a reprobate, Mrs. Mel would say: "Dandy is well-fed and well-physicked: there's no harm in Dandy;" by which she may have meant that the food won his gratitude, and the physic reduced his humours. She had observed human nature. At any rate, Dandy was her creature; and the great Mel himself rallied her about her squire.

"When were you drunk last?" was Mrs. Mel's address to Dandy, as he stood waiting for orders.

He replied to it in an altogether injured way: "There, now; you've been and called me away from my dinner to ask me that. Why, when I had the last chance, to be sure."

"And you were at dinner in your new black suit?"

"Well," growled Dandy, "I borrowed Sally's apron. Seems I can't please ye."

Mrs. Mel neither enjoined nor cared for outward forms of respect, where she was sure of complete subserviency. If Dandy went beyond the limits, she gave him an extra dose. Up to the limits he might talk as he pleased, in accordance with Mrs. Mel's maxim, that it was a necessary relief to all talking creatures.

"Now, take off your apron," she said, "and wash your hands, dirty pig, and go and wait at table in there;" she pointed to the parlour-door. "Come straight to me when everybody has left."

"Well, there I am with the bottles again," returned Dandy. "It's your fault this time, mind! I'll come as straight as I can."

Dandy turned away to perform her bidding, and Mrs. Mel ascended to the drawing-room to sit with Mrs. Wishaw, who was, as she told all who chose to hear, an old flame of Mel's, and was besides, what Mrs. Mel thought more of, the wife of Mel's principal creditor, a wholesale dealer in cloth, resident in London.

The conviviality of the mourners did not disturb the house. Still, men who are not accustomed to see the colour of wine every day, will sit and enjoy it, even upon solemn occasions, and the longer they sit the more they forget the matter that has brought them together. Pleading their wives and shops, however, they released Evan from his miserable office late in the afternoon. His mother came down to him, and saying, "I see how you did the journey—you walked it," told him to follow her.

"Yes, mother," Evan yawned, "I walked part of the way. I met a fellow in a gig about ten miles out of Fallowfield, and he gave me a lift to Flatsham. I just reached Lymport in time, thank Heaven! I wouldn't have missed that! By the way, I've satisfied these men."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Mel.

"They wanted—one or two of them—what a penance it is to have to sit among those people an hour!—they wanted to ask me about the business, but I silenced them. I told them to meet me here this day week."

Mrs. Mel again went "Oh!" and, pushing into one of the upper rooms, said, "Here's your bedroom, Van, just as you left it."

"Ah, so it is," murmured Evan, eyeing a print. "The Douglas and the Percy: 'he took the dead man by the hand.' What an age it seems since I last saw that. There's Sir Hugh Montgomery on horseback—he hasn't moved. Don't you remember my father calling it the Battle of Tit-for-Tat? Gallant Percy! I know he wished he had lived in those days of knights and battles."

"It does not much signify whom one has to make clothes for," observed Mrs. Mel. Her son happily did not mark her.

"I think we neither of us were made for the days of pence and pounds," he continued. "Now, mother, sit down, and talk to me about him. Did he mention me? Did he give me his blessing? I hope he did not suffer. I'd have given anything to press his hand," and looking wistfully at the Percy lifting the hand of Douglas dead, Evan's eyes filled with big tears.

"He suffered very little," returned Mrs. Mel, "and his last words were about you."

"What were they?" Evan burst out.

"I will tell you another time. Now undress, and go to bed. When I talk to you, Van, I want a cool head to listen. You do nothing but yawn yard-measures."

The mouth of the weary youth instinctively snapped short the abhorred emblem.

"Here, I will help you, Van."

In spite of his remonstrances and petitions for talk, she took off his coat and waistcoat, contemptuously criticising the cloth of foreign tailors and their absurd cut.

"Have you heard from Louisa?" asked Evan.

"Yes, yes—about your sisters by-and-by. Now, be good, and go to bed."

She still treated him like a boy, whom she was going to force to the resolution of a man.

Dandy's sleeping-room was on the same floor as Evan's. Thither, when she had quitted her son, she directed her steps. She had heard Dandy tumble up-stairs the moment his duties were over, and knew what to expect when the bottles had been in his way; for drink made Dandy savage, and a terror to himself. It was her command to him that, when he happened to come across liquor he should immediately seek his bedroom and bolt the door, and Dandy had got the habit of obeying her. On this occasion he was vindictive against her, seeing that she had delivered him over to his enemy with malice prepense. A good deal of knocking, and summoning of Dandy by name, was required before she was admitted, and the sight of her did not delight him, as he testified.

"I'm drunk!" he bawled. "Will that do for ye?"

Mrs. Mel stood with her two hands crossed above the apron-string, noting his sullen lurking eye with the calm of a tamer of beasts.

"You go out of the room; I'm drunk!" Dandy repeated, and pitched forward on the bed-post, in the middle of an oath.

She understood that it was pure kindness on Dandy's part to bid her go and be out of his reach; and therefore, on his becoming so abusive as to be menacing, she, without a shade of anger, and in the most unruffled manner, administered to him the remedy she had reserved, in the shape of a smart box on the ears, which sent him flat to the floor. He rose, after two or three efforts, quite subdued.

"Now, Dandy, sit on the edge of the bed."

Dandy sat on the extreme edge, and Mrs. Mel pursued: "Now, Dandy, tell me what your master said at the table."

"Talked at 'em like a lord, he did," said Dandy, stupidly consoling the boxed ear.

"What were his words?"

Dandy's peculiarity was, that he never remembered anything save when drunk, and Mrs. Mel's dose had rather sobered him. By degrees, scratching at his head haltingly, he gave the context.

"'Gentlemen, I hear for the first time, you've claims against my poor father. Nobody shall ever say he died, and any man was the worse for it. I'll meet you next week, and I'll bind myself by *law*. Here's Lawyer Perkins. No; Mr. Perkins. I'll pay off every penny. Gentlemen, look upon me as your debtor, and not my father.'"

Delivering this with tolerable steadiness, Dandy asked, "Will that do?"

"That will do," said Mrs. Mel. "I'll send you up some tea presently. Lie down, Dandy."

The house was dark and silent when Evan, refreshed by his rest, descended to seek his mother. She was sitting alone in the parlour. With a tenderness which Mrs. Mel permitted rather than encouraged, Evan put his arm round her neck, and kissed her many times. One of the symptoms of heavy sorrow, a longing for the signs of love, made Evan fondle his mother, and bend over her yearningly. Mrs. Mel said once: "Dear Van; good boy!" and quietly sat through his caresses.

"Sitting up for me, mother?" he whispered.

"Yes, Van; we may as well have our talk out."

"Ah!" he took a chair close by her side, "tell me my father's last words."

"He said he hoped you would never be a tailor."

Evan's forehead wrinkled up. "There's not much fear of that, then!"

His mother turned her face on him, and examined him with a rigorous placidity; all her features seeming to bear down on him. Evan did not like the look.

"You object to trade, Van?"

"Yes, decidedly, mother—hate it; but that's not what I want to talk to you about. Didn't my father speak of me much?"

"He desired that you should wear his Militia sword, if you got a commission."

"I have rather given up the army," said Evan.

Mrs. Mel requested him to tell her what a colonel's full pay amounted to; and again, the number of years it required, on a rough calculation, to attain that grade. In reply to his statement, she observed: "A tailor might realise twice the sum in a quarter of the time."

"What if he does—double, or treble?" cried Evan, impetuously; and to avoid the theme, and cast off the bad impression it produced on him, he rubbed his hands, and said: "I want to talk to you about my prospects, mother."

"What are they?" Mrs. Mel inquired.

The severity of her mien and sceptical coldness of her speech, caused him to inspect them suddenly, as if she had lent him her eyes. He put them by, till the gold should recover its natural shine, saying: "By the way, mother, I've written the half of a History of Portugal."

"Have you?" said Mrs. Mel. "For Louisa?"

"No, mother, of course not: to sell it. Albuquerque! what a splendid fellow he was!"

Informing him that he knew she abominated foreign names, she said: "And your prospects are, writing Histories of Portugal?"

"No, mother. I was going to tell you, I expect a Government appointment. Mr. Jocelyn likes my work—I think he likes me. You know, I was his private secretary for ten months."

"You write a good hand," his mother interposed.

"And I'm certain I was born for diplomacy."

"For an easy chair, and an ink-dish before you, and lacqueys behind. What's to be your income, Van?"

Evan carelessly remarked that he must wait and see.

"A very proper thing to do," said Mrs. Mel; for now that she had fixed him to some explanation of his prospects, she could condescend, in her stiff way, to banter.

Slightly touched by it, Evan pursued, half-laughing, as men do who wish to propitiate common sense on behalf of what seems tolerably absurd: "It's not the immediate income, you know, mother: one thinks of one's future. In the diplomatic service, as Louisa says, you come to be known to Ministers—gradually, I mean. That is, they hear of you; and if you show you have some capacity——Louisa wants me to throw it up in time, and stand for Parliament. Andrew, she thinks, would be glad to help me to his seat. Once in Parliament, and known to Ministers, you—your career is open to you."

In justice to Mr. Evan Harrington, it must be said, he built up this extraordinary card-castle to dazzle his mother's mind: he had lost his right grasp of her character for the moment, because of an undefined suspicion of something she intended, and which sent him himself to take refuge in those flimsy structures; while the very altitude he reached beguiled his imagination, and made him hope to impress hers.

Mrs. Mel dealt it one fillip. "And in the meantime how are you to live, and pay the creditors?"

Though Evan answered cheerfully, "Oh, they will wait, and I can live on anything," he was nevertheless floundering on the ground amid the ruins of the superb edifice; and his mother, upright and rigid, continuing, "You can live on anything, and they will wait, and call your father a rogue," he started, grievously bitten by one of the serpents of earth.

"Good Heaven, mother! what are you saying?"

"That they will call your father a rogue, and will have a right to," said the relentless woman.

"Not while I live!" Evan exclaimed.

"You may stop one mouth with your fist, but you won't stop a dozen, Van."

Evan jumped up and walked the room.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "I will pay everything. I will bind myself to pay every farthing. What more can I possibly do?"

"Make the money," said Mrs. Mel's deep voice.

Evan faced her: "My dear mother, you are very unjust and inconsiderate. I have been working, and doing my best. I promise——what do the debts amount to?"

"Something like 5000*l.* in all, Van."

"Very well." Youth is not alarmed by the sound of big sums. "Very well—I will pay it."

Evan looked as proud as if he had just clapped down the full amount on the table.

"Out of the History of Portugal, half written, and the prospect of a Government appointment?"

Mrs. Mel raised her eyelids to him.

"In time—in time, mother!"

"Mention your proposal to the creditors when you meet them this day week," she said.

Neither of them spoke for several minutes. Then Evan came close to her, saying:

"What *is* it you want of me, mother?"

"*I* want nothing, Van—I can support myself."

"But what would you have me do, mother?"

"Be honest; do your duty, and don't be a fool about it."

"I will try," he rejoined. "You tell me to make the money. Where and how can I make it? I am perfectly willing to work."

"In this house," said Mrs. Mel; and, as this was pretty clear speaking, she stood up to lend her figure to it.

"Here?" faltered Evan. "What! be a ——"

"Tailor!" The word did not sting her tongue.

"I? Oh, that's quite impossible!" said Evan. And visions of leprosy, and Rose shrinking her skirts from contact with him, shadowed out and away in his mind.

"Understand your choice!" Mrs. Mel imperiously spoke. "What are brains given you for? To be played the fool with by idiots and women? You have 5000*l.* to pay to save your father from being called a rogue. You can only make the money in one way, which is open to you. This business might produce a thousand pounds a-year and more. In seven or eight years you may clear your father's name, and live better all the time than many of your bankrupt gentlemen. You have told the creditors you will pay them. Do you think they're gaping fools, to be satisfied by a History of Portugal? If you refuse to take the business at once, they will sell me up, and quite right too. Understand your choice. There's Mr. Goren has promised to have you in London a couple of months, and teach you what he can. He is a kind friend. Would any of your gentlemen acquaintance do the like for you? Understand your choice. You will be a beggar—the son of a rogue—or an honest man who has cleared his father's name!"

During this strenuously-uttered allocution, Mrs. Mel, though her chest heaved but faintly against her crossed hands, showed by the dilation of her eyes, and the light in them, that she felt her words. There is that in the aspect of a fine frame breathing hard facts, which, to a youth who has been tumbled headlong from his card-castles and airy fabrics, is masterful, and like the pressure of a Fate. Evan drooped his head.

"Now," said Mrs. Mel, "you shall have some supper."

Evan told her he could not eat.

"I insist upon your eating," said Mrs. Mel; "empty stomachs are foul counsellors."

"Mother! do you want to drive me mad?" cried Evan.

She looked at him to see whether the string she held him by would bear this slight additional strain: decided not to press a small point.

"Then go to bed and sleep on it," she said—sure of him—and gave her cheek for his kiss, for she never performed the operation, but kept her mouth, as she remarked, for food and speech, and not for slobbering mummeries.

Evan returned to his solitary room. He sat on the bed and tried to think, oppressed by horrible sensations of self-contempt, that caused whatever he touched to sicken him.

There were the Douglas and the Percy on the wall. It was a happy and a glorious time, was it not, when men lent each other blows that killed outright; when to be brave and cherish noble feelings brought honour; when strength of arm and steadiness of heart won fortune; when the fair stars of earth—sweet women—wakened and warmed the love of squires of low degree. This legacy of the dead man's hand! Evan would have paid it with his blood; but to be in bondage all his days to it; through it to lose all that was dear to him; to wear the length of a loathed existence!—we should pardon a young man's wretchedness at the prospect, for it was in a time before our joyful era of universal equality. Yet he never cast a shade of blame upon his father.

The hours moved on, and he found himself staring at his small candle, which struggled more and more faintly with the morning light, like his own flickering ambition against the facts of life.

(To be continued.)

AN EVENING VOICE.

O'ER mellow wood and mournful stream
The shades of evening poise and fall,
The distant echoes dimly call,
Like voices in a dream.

The spirit of the dying day
Stirs with soft wave the gleamy grass;
Each flow'ret hears the spirit pass,
And what its whispers say:

"Take, darlings, take my farewell kiss;
Another happy day will shine,
With morning smile as bright as mine,—
With evening hush'd as this.

"But will it make you fade more fast,
Or pale your bloom, or dim your glow,
To feel that one who loved you so
Is buried in the past?"

The sun sinks down beneath the hill.
From peak to peak, from bole to bole,
Dies out the golden aurëole,
And night comes grey and chill—

Beckoning the gentle spirit on,
The plaintive spirit, doom'd to die:
Heedless the drowsy flow'rets lie
Of the sweet presence gone.

O, fond hearts lost with passing pain!
O, slighted smiles that once were ours!
O, loved, that in our happiest hours
May never share again!

RALPH A. BENSON.

DIVORCE A VINCULO; OR, THE TERRORS OF SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

(Continued from p. 191.)

ow would Flora take it? There was a good deal to be said for this new theory of keeping two human beings chained up together only so long as they themselves chose to wear the fetters; but it was clear enough, even to me, that the female mind wouldn't give up the notion of the eternity of the marriage bond without a severe struggle. Look at the wedding ring, and its circular form

O

How smooth, and round, and never-ending it is; made, too, of metal—of enduring, uncorroding gold!

Now the British feminine theory is, that women are angels. This, however, must be a loose way of talking; for, as far as I am aware, it is difficult to bring an angel into Court and institute a comparison. Certainly, as far as we know anything about the matter, women have much the advantage. Speaking as an individual, I have no opinion of that combination of heads and wings which painters and sculptors have imagined as typical of the angelic nature. It is an unsatisfactory sort of mixture at the best; and at the worst it would be an awful idea to have the partner of your toils, and the sharer of your joys, buzzing about you in true Caudle mood, and humming her sweet reproaches into your overwrought ear. I should always be afraid by day lest Mrs. Jones should settle on my nose, and at night she might perhaps singe her dove-like pinions in the candle. One might put her in a cage, indeed; but what a sad thought if she was to hurt her sweet nose against the bars; besides, what would Sir Cresswell say?

This, I think, is fairly put; but, at the same time, I feel very sure that any suggestion for curtailing the eternity of the marriage-bond will not meet with the approval of the British female, especially in the middle rank of English life: on the whole, women have got on pretty well under the old system, and like things to proceed in the regular way, and without disturbance of the old ideas. If the Irish bricklayer in the lane round the corner is in the habit of knocking his Norah Creina down every Sunday morning, and executing a *pas*—which certainly cannot be called a shadow-dance—upon her prostrate form, my dear little friend Mrs. Cozyville still continues to decorate her own humming-bird's nest with Spartan firmness. The Irish girl must take her chance, and bear her own cross, as she, Sophy Cozyville, must bear hers. Poor Norah has drawn a bad number in the man-lottery—worse luck! She, Sophy, has her own trials: didn't she take that big husband of hers to Madame Elise's but the other day, and point out to him the sweetest little bonnet after which her soul lusted, but of which she was resolved to deny herself the acquisition upon economical grounds; and did that hulking fellow take the hint? Not he; although she had not faintly indicated several sources, connected with C.'s personal expenses, on which such a saving might have been effected that the transaction with Madame E. might have been completed without imprudence. To be sure, she had declared that "she wouldn't hear of such a thing for the world!" but C. might have been magnanimous for once, and taken a spring into the sacrificial gulf without craning. The stupid fellow simply drew her to his heart behind the door of the back drawing-room in Madame's establishment. Sophy came out of the contest, kissed, praised, and angry, and immediately bought a "straw" in the Arcade for 7*s.* 6*d.*, and made C. carry it home in the paper. All women have their trials. It is not, however, necessary to summon Nemesis in the presence of Sir Cresswell, nor to invoke from his lips the dreadful *fiat*, "As you were!"

I think I have noticed since "The Divorce Court" has become a fact, a great falling-off in

the popularity of doctrines connected with the Rights of Women. I remember well the time when the sweet sufferers would sit for hours at the feet of any grim Gamaliel, who would explain to them the nature of their wrongs, and descant upon her own spasmodic struggles to escape from the intolerable agonies of the married state. He must have been a bold man, indeed, who would have tried any nonsense with any of them. It was only necessary to be in their company for five minutes, and you would at once come to the conclusion, that had they been men, in place of gaunt angels, they would have spent their lives in one perennial stream of hot water. They would have been actively engaged in Chancery suits and actions for libel: they would have had their heads punched: they would have been perpetual principals in the preliminaries of duels which never came off: and you would have constantly seen their names paraded in the newspapers in connection with "correspondence which we have been requested to publish."

In the midst of disputes of this nature I feel perfectly convinced most of these avenging angels would have spent their lives had they been denuded of their angelic character, and converted into gross men. Nay! I cannot think, even as it is, that their husbands make what sailors call "fair weather" of it. I can only judge of other men by myself, and I am sure I would as soon think of flinging my shoe at the head of Tom Sayers, the Champion, as of commencing hostilities against any member of that heroic band. I should feel that my penultimate resource was my boot-room and a short clay—my last, the razor. Even at the last moment I should, however, be pained with the uncomfortable thought, that the "rash act" would be pointed out to my Lucretia's friends as conclusive evidence of my disturbed intellect, and of the cruel sufferings she so long endured without a complaint—without a murmur! "Ah! if the world had known!" Doves and Lambs! But this is hard upon a poor fellow down amongst his boots, and waiting patiently for an interview with the coroner!

The denunciations of this class of angel against the Marriage Bond have, as I have observed, been lately at a severe discount. The real sufferers, moreover, have never swerved in their allegiance—the flesh and blood Marys, and Ellens, and Elizas, who have taken their lot patiently, and done their best to hide from the knowledge of their friends the frenzy and brutality of the Georges, and Philips, and Thomases. The very women—true angels, these ones—who ought to make the complaint, and to rejoice at the rupture of the Gordian knot—hate you if you make it for them, and hug the chain which has worn into their tender arms. I have known a woman married for years to a fellow whom all we men knew to be a drunken beast: her life was, practically, spent in a tap-room, yet was she a person of refined and cultivated tastes: his fortune and well-nigh her own were spent in follies of the grossest kind; but, at last, drunkenness fairly got the best of it amongst the sister-band of vices. Cursing and filth became her daily portion—yet she never wavered in her care and tendance of the drunkard until, at last, his soul staggered away one morning into the next world—between an oath and a dram. The widow cried her eyes out over his vinous remains, and caused them to be interred in great state with an eulogy engraved in marble of the public and private virtues of this most intolerable brute. After his death poor Lizzy Heath—I speak of her by her maiden name—went into mourning, and wore widow's weeds until her own poor heart was at rest. She might have married a second time if she had pleased—but she would never listen to wooer's voice again;—not upon the very legitimate grounds that she had made trial of man's love, and found it a brandy bottle, but because she would never be unfaithful to her drunken spouse of seraphic memory. I verily believe she treasured up the brandy bottle with which he had killed himself as a sacred relic of the dear deceased. Sir Cresswell won't see many petitioners of this class in his Court.

Thoughts such as these passed through my head as I was walking down Regent Street and preparing my mind for an interview with Flora, in the course of which it was my intention to introduce mention of the Divorce Court in a jaunty way—just as a man might speak of a pleasant evening with Robert-Houdin, or the last Pantomime. It was all stuff, of course—this institution could never affect my own relations with the angel-world, but I confess that what I had seen, and especially the tenor of my communications with my friend Lamb, had somewhat shaken my confidence in the eternity of existing relations between N and M. Hitherto we had only known of Death, but now it was Death and Sir Cresswell. What, if I should become a disreputable man upon town once more? Why should I be better than my neighbour—or dear Flora more constant than my neighbour's wife? We might shake hands and part to-morrow. Lamb and Rackem would get up a case which would restore liberty to either party to the contract. What an odd sensation to be in Regent Street at 4 P.M. with a cigar in my mouth, and my hands in my pockets—to go out and come in when I liked—nobody to trouble me with comments—or to interfere, by so much as a look, with my proceedings. "I will be free as air. I will be lord of my own presence—just like that foreign gentleman in the light grey paletôt with the velvet facings. I am sure no loving eye ventures to pry too curiously into his proceedings." Nay, I might in my turn become a wooer again—we middle-aged men know all about women and their ways—we have such advantages over the boys, that it is almost dastardly to enter the lists against them. After all, why should the forty-year men dash from their lips the enchanted cup which Houris will force upon them? The boys in their turn will succeed to our present attractions—and have their day. *Vive la joie!* Shall it be Annie, or Lucy, or little Thérèse who may be positively said to be expanding into ripe and delicious womanhood at Arles—by the banks of the rapid Rhone—on my behalf? Surely, when she said last summer, "*Oui! Monsieur J., je vous aime, et même beaucoup!*" that little Gallic fairy could not be laughing at me! No, that was out of the

question. But then there is Annie Lorie, down in Perthshire—she too is waiting for me like the Spirit of the Waterfall—pale as a moonbeam, but warm and soft, and full of tricks as a kitten. I will not break her young heart. Annie shall be blest. And Therèse! what will become of her? She will be dragged to the Mairie by some beast of a French captain with red hands—or by a pale mesmeric humbug who calls himself a physician. Could I cut myself into pieces, they should all be happy: but it is clear that the British Legislature has only proceeded one step—one faltering insufficient step—in the right direction. There is a good deal in the theory of Polygamy, so it be rightly applied. But, hey-day, what is this? Six o'clock. I must hurry home, or Flora will be kept waiting for dinner, and I shall get into a scrape.

It will be unnecessary to give the dialogue between the soother of my existence, and myself, at any great length; but it will, I think, be sufficient to set out the sum of the arguments I employed. I confess that at the hearing my own propositions did not tell as well as they appear to do when arranged fairly in order as below. The contest was an unequal one. When Serjeants Boozey and Spigot are engaged in hot argument at the bar—Boozey's firm soul is never diverted from its set purpose by the personal charms of Spigot. Should Spigot even allow a diamond drop to trickle down his learned cheek—Boozey would not care a button about it. The emotions with which his rival's soul was distracted, would be nothing to him, or he might even suppose that here was an attempt to tamper with the jury. If Spigot should interrupt the flow of his eloquence, in an irregular way, he would fix his hands the more firmly on his dogmatic hips and solicit the intervention of the Bench in restraint of his antagonist. Now, it is not so easy to maintain the rivulet of logic within its proper banks when you are arguing with an exceedingly pretty woman.

And Flora is a pretty woman, although she has pleaded guilty to xxviii. for the last x years; but I have frequently noticed that it is the case with our fair countrywomen, that when they have been twenty-eight years of age for about twelve years, their ripe autumn is even more attractive than the primrose-time of sweet seventeen. When they have stood at twenty-eight for about four years, they fall off, and then pick up again by some wonderful process of Nature's animal chemistry. We do not, indeed, so immediately connect them with the notion of Fawns, Fairies, Flowers, and other such trivial conceits, but something far better has taken the place of these mere moonbeams of the mind. Does not the enraptured poet speak of the Widow Malone as—

—— an armful of joy?

By Paphos and Cnidus I swear that those rounded, but still symmetric forms—those bright intelligent eyes, rich with the rogueries of x years—are better worth than the puling sentimentalities of the boarding-schools for young ladies. Who would spend his days with an Italian greyhound, or as gentleman of the bed-chamber to a Canary bird? I missed some of my very best points by allowing my eye to revel over the polished smoothness of Flora's arm. She has a way of resting her elbow—it is white and dimpled—on the chair; she then permits the hand to drop forward, so that her cheek rests upon the back of it—just where my masculine knuckles would be—and the taper-fingers hanging down complete the work of fascination. Even the late Sir William Follett would, I think, have been puzzled to show cause against Flora, when she has taken up this—her favourite—position, and has brought the artillery of her eyes fairly into action.

As nearly as I can remember, I spoke as follows:

"Marriage, my dearest Flora, was an institution ordained for the happiness—not the misery—of the human race. If it be asserted that reciprocal affection constitutes the best reason for contracting such an union as the one indicated—and I am sure my Flora would never defend the meretricious mockery of money marriages—surely it follows as the natural correlative of this argument, that reciprocal aversion is a sound reason for dissolving the bond. The priest and the magistrate can give the person—they can give no more. Our affections are our own. It is not every one who has been so blest—so doubly and trebly blest—in a wife as I have been; but put the case that I had blundered into a marriage with Margaret Dobbs. That Daisy, that Pearl, would soon to me have been but Hateful Peg. Should I have been compelled to Peg on to the end of the chapter? (Flora intimated that such would have been my duty.) What! to feel one's home a Lazaret—never to hear words other than those of whining and reproach, to be kept working all one's life like a horse in a mill, for an object one loathed and despised. What if Peg took to physicking herself, or to acrid theology, or to jealousy, or to dram-drinking, or even to simple 'nagging'" (Flora suggested that I should pray for strength), "but," I continued, "the result would be, that I should be miserable and Peg not happy. (I may here be permitted to remark parenthetically, that I was well aware that Flora entertained a most deeply-rooted aversion to Miss Dobbs, hence I had selected that lady for illustration.) But carry the matter one step further. Suppose, Flora, that during the period when Peg had me on the rack, and was screwing me up with all the tenderness of a sincere Dominican, I had met you either in the first blushing unconsciousness of your youthful beauty, or still worse, now, when the rosebud has kept its early promise, and the mature and lovely woman stands confessed before me in all her glowing charms; should I have been bound down to my Hobson's choice?" (Flora intimated that, under such circumstances, she should have regarded a glance of admiration as an insult); "but, Flora, put the case, only put the case—that your bright glance had rested on me, not wholly as an object to excite disgust—suppose, just suppose, my own dearest girl, that you had pitied me, and surely so gentle a being (I have always observed that ladies like to be called 'beings') as my Flora would have pitied the sufferings which her own beauty had pro-

voked; we all know to what feeling pity is akin! Here, then, are three creatures—forgive me, Flora—one creature, Peg Dobbs: a mere man, that is myself: and a bright angel, I need not say who that is—all wretched. At this moment, Sir Cresswell glides down, to his Court in his brougham, like a beneficent genius on a sunbeam, and sets us all free. Do you suppose that such an union as that between Hateful Peg and myself could be hallowed to all eternity? No; she was inflicted upon me, like an ulcer of which I was to get rid as best I could—but not with her—no! not with her was I to lead the bitter life for ever and for aye." (By Heavens, at this moment a tear stole out from the silken fringe of Flora's eye, and I felt myself an unmitigated rascal.) "But let us take the other side of the question; let us suppose you, my Flora, bound by a few inconsiderate words to some wretched brute; such an animal as we men know other men can be!" (At this point I resolved to pitch into my own side without stint or mercy.) "Is there to be no remedy? Are all

The Case according to the Petitioner's statement.

the sweet emotions of your soul to be the daily food for the mockery of some drunken Caliban, who might even—I tremble to think of it—raise his hand against your gentle head? The thought distracts me. Ay, and a woman may be made miserable enough, even though her husband does not, like a madman, actually forget his manhood, and strike her whom he was bound to protect from all harm at the cost of his own miserable life. Imagine yourself, Flora, married to a pompous fool; or to a man of cold, unsympathising nature, one who would not appreciate your high intellectual gifts, or bask in the radiance of your playful smile. Imagine yourself a cog in a Baker Street machine—the wife of an eminent solicitor—the mother of eight children—all as measly as young pigs, and treated as though you were not fit to direct him; not he, you." (Flora told me not to be 'nasty,' when I spoke of the young pigs—but the latter part of the sentence was not without weight.) "Surely here a judicial separation would be mercy to both parties; and a dissolution a foretaste of Paradise. Yes! I could bear the thought of my own sufferings in connection with Miss Dobbs; but the idea of my Flora wrongly mated is more than I can endure."

I need not insist further upon the arguments I employed. I had resolved to go so far as to maintain that incompatibility of temper—that is, the mere fact that two human beings were miserable together, was enough to justify them in seeking for a rupture of the chain which galled without restraining them; but there should be perfect parity on both sides, and in all respects. Flora, sweet soul! seemed to me to be an average representative of British feminine feeling on such matters. The woman, happy in her marriage, esteems it as blasphemy to hint at any termi-

nation of so happy a union; her poor sister who is kicked, thumped, scorned, derided, and generally kept down, is not so firm in her views. The happy ones will keep their toiling sisters on the gridiron, at all events; the unhappy ones sometimes wriggle about a little, and think that a woman's lot is so hard under existing arrangements that if might be no great sin if the curb-chain was loosed off a link or two.

It was very odd, and quite contrary to my expectation; but when I mentioned to Flora that I had casually met with Lamb, she took it so well that I was emboldened to proceed one step further, and mention what I had seen at Madame Léocadie Lareine's. She was most curious about the dresses; and when I described to her the *robe à-la-divorcée* with its three flounces, my Flora almost sprang from her chair with excitement, and informed me, that three flounces had not been worn for at least two years. She was evidently drawing inferences unfavourable to Madame Lareine's skill as an *artiste*, but I could not help

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thinking that the French lady might have her reasons for not sending a mourning wife into court attired in the very newest fashion. Flora also wanted to know all about Mrs. Barber,—was she pretty?—how was her hair done?—how old was she?—had she good teeth?—did she seem pained at her position?—was she a bold thing? I managed matters with such dexterity that my beloved girl actually pressed me to attend the meeting the next day at the offices of LAMB AND RACKEM, and to be present at the great trial itself.

Flora was full of the Divorce Court all night—not but what she considered it a very shocking thing—but I placed the matter before her in so many ways that curiosity maintained its hold of her sweet imagination, and I was aroused from a most delightful dream at 6.50 A.M., the next morning by her own taper fingers, and informed that if I wanted to be in time for that odious place, I must display energy of character. Now I had been dreaming of fat oysters, and by one of those strange vagaries in which the human soul, when half-slumbering, appears to delight, had supposed myself to be gifted with submarine faculties, and to be spending an hour or two down amongst the oyster-beds off the Essex coast. From the very lips of one of these delicate crustaceæ—who indeed had fired up at the bare suggestion—I was receiving the most positive assurances that there was nothing in the stories about the oyster-disease which had been lately palmed on the world. A little scarlet fever there might be among the young ones—nothing more. He was about to treat the charge as libellous, and take the propagators of this scandal into court. Did I think that Mr. Edwin James was the best hand in such cases, or would it be better at once

to secure the services of the Attorney-General? It was at this point that my Flora broke in on my half-life, and drove me to my shower-bath in a February morning, and the stern realities of human existence. I felt that it was better to yield implicit obedience to the still small voice of my admirable consort, or it might be that Sir Cresswell would have a word to say to me, and be indisposed to admit as a plea of confession and avoidance my story about the oysters,—which was, however, I protest, true to the letter.

At a few minutes before nine o'clock I reached the offices in Great George Street, and even at this early hour found the Divorce World wide awake. A number of clerks were copying out letters and filling up forms in a lower room—what forms! and what letters!—and I was informed by one of these young gentlemen that the two partners were at breakfast in Mr. Lamb's private room, but L. had left word that on my arrival I was to be shown up-stairs.

Mr. Lamb introduced me at once to the sterner member of the firm. Mr. Rackem was a tall man with high cheek bones, and a double eye-glass. His trousers were made of some gray mixture, and short for him. He wore high-lows, and had a cast in his eye. He was just the sort of man you would expect to find presiding over the Kentish Fire at an Orange meeting in the famous county of Derry. There was a look of "No Surrender" about him, which suggested very forcibly the idea that you would rather have that gentleman for you than against you, if any little ruffle had occurred in the placid lake of your domestic existence. My friend Lamb was the very opposite of all this. He had, I think, gathered flesh since we had last met; and I was not quite satisfied at first with a look about the corner of his eye, which seemed to me to be somewhat indicative of cunning; but then, of course, a man's features do take a colour from his usual pursuits; and when I considered the class of clients with which poor Lamb had to deal, I could not but admit that he had great need of caution and circumspection. Mr. Lamb was making a light breakfast off chocolate and Lady's Fingers: Mr. Rackem was devouring slices of cold boiled beef with an appetite worthy of a coalheaver.

"I shall be happy, sir," he said, in a deep hollow voice, after he had satisfied the cravings of nature, "to give you all the information in my power on the delicate subject which you are now investigating. The spread of frivolity and immorality amongst Englishwomen of the present day is awful."

"Amongst the men, you mean," broke in Lamb. "Never have I known such a crop of broken hearts—such a series of outrages upon the delicate susceptibilities of female nature as at present."

"No, sir,—amongst the women. Oh! for the good old days when the robust acorn-fed helpmates—then help-mates indeed—of our Saxon forefathers, after days of severe toil, laid down their robust limbs by the sides of their loving masters, and were worthy of their confidence, and true to their own lofty calling. When I see a modern English lady of fashion mincing into her brougham—when I reflect upon those diminutive bonnets, and those exaggerated crinolines, I give you my assurance, sir, as an honest man, knowing what I do know"—here Mr. Rackem brought down his clenched fist with a tremendous thwack upon the table—"I tremble—yes, sir, I tremble."

"Pooh, pooh, Rackem, it is the business of women to look pretty; that's their first duty in life, and what do you say to the clubs and the Derby days?"

"There is a Satire of Juvenal, sir,—" said Rackem.

Lamb answered in song with the rich mellow voice which I remembered so well:—

"Your Polly has never been false she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs."

At this moment the door was thrown open, and a clerk announced:—

"Mrs. Barber."

The lady was good enough to recognise me as having been present on the previous day at Madame Lareine's. As she entered the room in the costume of the Divorcée, she turned her candid blue eyes in a playful, girlish way upon Mr. Lamb, and said:—

"Will this do, Mr. Lamb?"

"No, madam, it will not do. I am very confident that Madame Lareine never sent you that veil; and I tell you frankly, the crinoline must be smaller; but we need not dwell upon this point just now, for Jobson v. Jobson and Boyce will occupy the whole day, and your most interesting case cannot possibly come on for hearing until to-morrow. We have plenty of business before us, however. You may not be aware of the fact, Mrs. Barber, but the most important part of these inquiries takes place in the office of the solicitor. It is not always right to tell Sir Cresswell everything. My friend, Dr. Dodge, has been good enough, for once, to sink the question of professional etiquette, and will be here presently; but meanwhile we can handle one of the chief points of the case—the incident of the hair at Brussels. I want Mr. Rackem's opinion as to the probable line of defence which will be taken on the other side."

Mrs. Barber settled her drapery in such a way as to display a very elegant little hand, perfectly gloved, and looking at us all, in a bashful manner, said:—

"It was when we were stopping at Brussels, you mean, Mr. Lamb. Oh! I am sure I shall never be able to tell the Court about that. Oh! no—never—never—but it was so cruel—so very, very cruel of Mr. Barber, for I had just been attending to him that morning;—he was rather poorly, and I had quite drenched my pocket-handkerchief with eau-de-Cologne, for his poor head was aching so."

"Headache, eh?" said Lamb. "What was amiss?"

"Oh! dear Mr. Lamb, you must not be hard upon poor Augustus—but he had been dining out the night before—if I must tell the truth—and hadn't come home till three in the morning;—he was rather poorly, and I had quite drenched my pocket-handkerchief with eau-de-Cologne, for his poor head was aching so."

"Headache, eh?" said Lamb. "What was amiss?"

"Oh! dear Mr. Lamb, you must not be hard upon poor Augustus—but he had been dining out the night before—if I must tell the truth—and hadn't come home till three in the morning. I had sat up waiting for him all night by dear baby's little cradle, thinking of other days: but of course, Mr. Lamb, you won't let anything be said about

that—when he started up and swore at me, and said, oh! such frightful, frightful words, and then he seized me by the hair, and dragged me about the room—and, let me see, what happened next?—I was so overcome."

Mrs. Barber, I thought, looked towards my friend Lamb for a suggestion; but that gentleman maintained a rigid silence.

"Oh, yes, I remember: he took a pair of shears, or it might have been a large carving-knife, from the table—for I know there had been a dreadful piece of beef for breakfast—"

Rackem groaned.

—"and he brandished them over my head, and I thought he was going to kill me, and I implored him to let me say my prayers, and kiss baby once more before he did it; but he tore me about the room, and at last he said he knew I was proud of my hair, which was such a story—I only took pains about it, because there had been a time when he used to say he thought it pretty, and I wanted to please him, and now he would cut it off—so he dragged me back, and cut off all my hair."

"What do you say to this, Rackem?" said Lamb: "awful cruelty!—they can't have anything to say to that."

"I could say a good deal to it," replied Rackem. "I have been accustomed to deal with these incidents from the other point of view. Was any one in the room, Mrs. Barber, when this occurred?"

Mrs. Barber looked towards Lamb, but couldn't remember. She didn't like to speak about the maid who was carrying in the breakfast things.

"Did you scream, or call for help? because the alleged cruelty took place in a room in a public hotel, so that you could easily have summoned assistance."

Mrs. Barber replied eagerly, but was checked by Mr. Lamb, with a "Not so hasty, Ma'am. Every answer is a chess-move."

"I couldn't have cried for help; for when Augustus was dragging me about the room my head struck against a console, and I fainted away."

The two solicitors looked at each other.

"Mrs. Barber must not faint, Rackem; I seldom recommend fainting."

"No—o—o! not safe, Lamb! it may be necessary to speak to other points of detail."

"Oh! I don't mean that I fainted dead away: I turned very sick; but I knew what Augustus was about—of course I did—else how should I know that he called me a horrid minx?"

Lamb smiled at her blandly.

"Your hair seems to have grown again very luxuriantly, madam," said Rackem.

Mrs. Barber, in a playful way, stroked her remarkably glossy waves of hair, and smiled.

"Perhaps we had better shave the lady," said Rackem; "it would produce an effect, I think, upon the jury, if at the critical moment Mrs. Barber was to tear off her wig in their faces, and burst into an agony of tears."

"I'm sure I shan't," said Mrs. Barber, "cut off my hair to obtain all the divorces in the world: besides, it would be so naughty—so deceitful!"

Rackem raised his brows, and looked at Lamb. After a moment's reflection he turned to Mrs. Barber, and said:—

"How do you think, madam, that incident will tell when described thus? You must not be offended with me for putting the matter plainly to you, for it is better you should hear it from me, than for the first time from the counsel cross-examining you. What will the jury think when they are told that your picture of alleged cruelty is a total misrepresentation?—that your husband had taken you to Brussels for your own pleasure, because he always endeavoured to gratify your smallest whim?—that upon one occasion you were sitting in the most luxurious room of the most luxurious hotel of that famous city, he surrounding you, as usual, with every comfort you could desire;—that in a playful mood he stole behind you, having taken your own scissors from your own work-box, and cut off just the end of your hair, enough to garnish a little locket? I will tell you what, Lamb," concluded Mr. Rackem, emphatically, "were I handling the point for the other side, I would produce the locket in Court with Mr. and Mrs. Barber's initials interlaced, and with an inscription upon it, of

Thine—
Ever thine!
Brussels, such a date.

and I would give the locket to a clerk to wear for a few days under his flannel waistcoat, so as to take off the brightness of the gold. Observe, there is no corroboration on either side. Good morning, Mrs. Barber."

As Mr. Rackem retired, the door was again opened, and the clerk announced—

"Dr. Dodge!" GAMMA.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

The Obsolete Statesman.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

Now is the time to take a last observation, from the life, of an order of men which seems to have passed away—that of individual statesmen who have each a strong leading conviction of the proper way to govern mankind, together with power to work out that conviction in act. There will always be men of that character of mind; and such men will always exert more or less influence in society from the strength of their self-confidence and will: but it seems as if they would not again be found supreme in the sphere of statesmanship—in Europe, at least. Under representative institutions, such men could hardly obtain power in the first place, or retain it in the next: and in empires despotically governed, the ruling princes themselves seem to feel a necessity to do their own statesmanship, as far as the choice of a principle or system of government is concerned. A Walewski in our day cannot hold his ground against the resolute policy of his Emperor: and in Russia, the Czar thinks and acts for himself. When Prince Metternich died, last June, his order of ministers probably disappeared from the eyes of men for ever. As some half-dozen of personages

of that class have for centuries past affected the welfare of civilised society more than perhaps any other order of men, it may be profitable, and it must be interesting, to look a little into the life of Prince Metternich, and see how the world regarded him, and what he did in the world, during his long life of eighty-six years.

The child's first impressions of life were derived from the political point of view. If his father had been a country gentleman, living in the forests or mountain regions of Germany, or if the little Clement had been born in a university, his strong will, his natural audacity and caution, singularly combined in him, might have made him a great social improver, or a distinguished philosopher. As it was, he was the son of a politician; and he was brought up to be proud of forefathers who had helped to save the Austrian monarchy when it was in the extremity of danger from the Turks. His father, Count Metternich, was intimate with the statesman Kaunitz; and Kaunitz was godfather to the little Clement, and two-and-twenty years later gave him his daughter to wife.

One would be glad to know what the boy's talk was like at school and college, where (at Strasbourg University) we find him at the age of fifteen. He was removed to Mainz two years after; and when we meet him there, it is not as the recluse student among his books, nor as the political orator in the debating-club. At seventeen, Clement was actually qualified to act quite another part, and one requiring a special training and study. He was Master of the Ceremonies at the coronation of Leopold II.

All courtiers, everywhere, were at that time anxiously bent on despotic government as the only method of rendering social life endurable. The *canaille* was then the great object of horror, because "the people"—all below the aristocracy—were supposed to be like the leaders and mob of the French Revolution, which was then in full career. The selfish and the benevolent at every Court in Europe then held the same view of good government—that the people must be strictly ruled, and have all their affairs settled for them, in order to keep the bad out of mischief, and the good out of risks and misfortunes. The boy-courtier probably never heard of any sane persons holding any other opinion; and we may imagine, therefore, the impression that England made upon him when he came over, in 1794, on his travels, before settling down to business. It was the year after the execution of Louis XVI.; and we all know how English views of that revolution differed, and how English society was divided by those differences. The young Austrian found the aristocracy panic-struck; and he heard from them awful things about the popular politics of the day; and thus his opinions could hardly be much liberalised by his visit to England. When he left it, he settled down to business in the line of diplomacy. At one-and-twenty he was a member of the Austrian Legation at the Hague. During the next twelve years he was resident at the Courts of Prussia, Saxony, and Russia—first in a subordinate rank, and then as Minister; and, wherever he went, the conviction grew within him, that a perfect government was that which should control every circumstance of every man's existence. He early applied himself to the great work of his life—that of obtaining an ascendency over the rulers of men, in order to set them operating on all other men, according to his views. He pursued this object, with every conceivable advantage from his own genius and the events of his time: he never relaxed in his course for sixty years: he appeared to himself to succeed, early and late; and when he met with a check he wonderfully recovered himself.

If ever a political career was consistent, pertinacious, and conspicuously powerful, it was that of Prince Metternich: and yet we have seen him die in depression and dread—perceiving the impending ruin of the empire which he intended to have made the mistress of Europe: and aware that every bit of political work he had done throughout the continent was being undone by princes on the one hand and people on the other.

It was a hard lot; but it was deserved, inasmuch as he had refused to learn anything from the noble efforts he had seen made by one nation after another to obtain good government, and establish popular liberties. The hearts of the most timid Conservatives had at times beat high when the noble principles of 1789 were upheld in France, and when all Prussia uprose in defence of the national liberties in 1812; and when the peoples of Germany rebuked their princes in 1822 for their breaches of faith in withholding promised constitutions; and when the Swedes, and the Swiss, and the Sicilians all nobly upheld, in their several ways, the claims of national and personal liberty: but Metternich regarded himself as superior to such vulgar sympathies. They only increased his sense of the necessity of his taking care of Europe, as the natural guardians of authority could be carried away by dangerous emotions.

We understand him well, now that his system is crumbling down about his grave, like a monument built without foundations or cement: and we can, in looking back, trace him from court to court, and from council to council, his heart growing colder, his tongue smoother, his will stiffer, his manners more pliable, his self-esteem more monstrous, his egotism more engrossing, with every piece of experience, till he believed himself the actual ruler of continental Europe, and considered himself in charge of the nominal sovereigns, whom it was his business to guide in the right path. At different stages of this career we find him in strange positions, occasionally, and with a curious team of circumstances in hand. After a hundred successes in making them go, in preventing their running away with him, and in turning them at sharp corners, and getting them through sloughs and bogs, he was doomed to see and feel the state-coach falling to pieces, while he and his skill lay sprawling.

In 1810 we discover him oddly employed at Paris. The great German physiologist, Gall, found a patron in him, when none else, except poor philosophers, saw the importance of his work on the brain. The work was issued at Prince Met-

ternich's expense: and it may be observed, in explanation, that not only are cynical rulers pleased to see able men employed in study and the arts, which may divert them from politics, but Gall's discoveries might be particularly acceptable to the great apostle of centralised government, from showing how men's minds may be commanded at pleasure, when coercing their acts might not suffice. Such would naturally be a politician's notion of the bearings of a new theory which he could only understand in his own way. The same explanation may be given of the welcome he accorded to Robert Owen at a later time. When Owen related (as he was fond of

PRINCE METTERNICH.

doing) how pleasant it was to talk for hours together with Prince Metternich, who felt his system to be the *summum bonum* for humankind, bystanders looked at each other, and remarked afterwards that Owen must be in his dotage, to include Metternich among his disciples. Owen had sufficient ground, however, for what he said. The great minister did incite him to open his mind freely,—did consider his plans with interest,—did employ his secretaries in copying Owen's manuscripts for further study. And the wonder is small to those who are aware of the central principle of Metternich's particular method of despotism. If he desired, as he did, to order and control all the circumstances of the lives of the people of Austria, what instrument could be more apt to his hand than the social system of a philosopher who professed to know how to make any man exactly what was desired, within the limits of his natural faculty? Here was an instructor who would show how to turn out ten millions of Austrians to pattern; and such a pretension was not to be snubbed without inquiry. It might be worth while to try what could be made of plastic Germans, and fiery Hungarians, and troublesome Italians, by "an arrangement of external circumstances" from the cradle upwards. So Metternich seems to have thought: for he was certainly more than courteous to Robert Owen.

At another time, when he was Foreign Minister, we discover him inserting a secret article in the treaty of Vienna, to be suddenly rendered visible to the eyes of the Bonapartes, whenever it should suit the French Emperor's purpose to put away his wife Josephine, and take another. At the family meeting, held to receive the news of the intended divorce, the discovery of the secret article was made; Prince Metternich having

already prepared for the wedding journey with the new bride, whom he himself conveyed to France within four months of the first pang of suspicion smiting the heart of Josephine. The first rule of morals, to statesmen like Metternich, is that nothing is too humble for wisdom to stoop to in pursuit of an aim; and that no work can dirty the hands of pure patriots who live for an idea. Prince Metternich therefore turned match-maker and gentleman-usher without humiliation, in order to marry the great Bonaparte to an Austrian princess.

But how he could possibly be the humble servant in appearance (though the political rival in reality) of the Russian and the French Emperors at the same moment may be a puzzle now, as it would have been at the time if the fact had been generally known. Certainly, the government of the Czar would seem to be after Metternich's own heart,—with its centralisation, its influence in deterring men from thought, and encouraging them in levity, and other convenient qualities; whereas Bonaparte was the representative of revolution in Europe. How could the resolute Austrian get on with both? Why, he did not, on the whole, get on so well with the French Emperor as with the Russian, though he paid his homage to the former as the antagonist of the revolutionary tendencies of France. It was in relation to Bonaparte that we discover the weaknesses of Metternich, and his liability to vacillation, like other men. The uncertain and perfidious policy of Austria during the great European struggle was owing to the doubts and baffled forecast of Metternich, after he had made the Emperors of Austria and France father and son, without being able to make the latter duly filial in his behaviour. The whole connection furnishes some more odd situations for the managing statesman who was always in self-imposed charge of everybody's affairs.

Most of us would have found it dreadfully mortifying to be thrust into such corners of subterfuge, and driven into such labyrinths of intrigue, as Metternich encountered in some stages of his career: but he seems to have rather enjoyed the exercise of his faculties in extricating himself. He had also exquisite moments of triumph,—as when he saw the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon embracing on the raft, in the middle of the river at Tilsit: and seven years of glory were in store for him, after the humbling of his sovereign's son-in-law.

Meanwhile, he deceived that remarkable relative of his master as no one else ever deceived him.

In 1813, when Napoleon could not sustain the course of conquest with which he began his campaign, Metternich proposed an armistice,—welcome to the French. This act of apparent consideration was a mask, behind which Austria planned and promised a junction with the allies, who had sworn never to relax in the war till Napoleon was subdued. At the same moment Metternich was occupied with two affairs. He was offering to Napoleon his services as a negotiator of peace with the allies, and preparing the declaration of war which Austria would launch when the armistice could no longer be protracted. Napoleon was, perhaps, never in so fearful a rage as when the declaration was proclaimed, and he found he had been kept in play by Metternich while his enemies were assisted by the self-same Metternich to prepare his doom.

Yet did Napoleon once more appeal to the minister who had rid him of his first wife, and given him another. In the next October, after the first day of the battle of Leipsic, Napoleon sent a secret messenger in the night to Metternich, with an offer to retire behind the Rhine, if Austria would procure him terms. The minister returned no sort of answer; and his sovereign rewarded this audacious prudence by making him a prince of the Austrian empire.

Some months remained before Metternich entirely extricated himself from the embarrassments of his relations with Napoleon: and probably those were the least complacent months of his career, so far. When the allies were struggling through France upon Paris, in 1814, Prince Metternich exhausted their patience by the obscurity and vacillation of his conduct. On the one hand, he could not forget the chance of the French throne for the grandson of Austria; and, on the other, he would not leave the shelter of the allied armies while Napoleon might yet become dangerous.

Wellington pushed the Prussians forward, while the Austrians were slowly retiring; and, as soon as all was evidently over with Bonaparte, Metternich induced the wife to disappoint her fallen husband of her presence, and to repair to the Austrian court in complete abandonment of him. Thus he separated those whom he had brought together; and they never saw each other again.

We were next favoured with a visit from the Austrian minister, who was about to become the dictator of Europe. We made him an Oxford Doctor of Civil Law. His game, at that time, was to baffle the Russian and Prussian allies, whom he suspected of intending to break the peace of Paris. He plotted against them with the Bourbons and Wellington; but, in the midst of the game, his old difficulty revived.

He received a very private despatch on the 7th of March, 1815, which made him the fountain of news to the two pairs of his allies,—the two with whom he had sworn an "indissoluble alliance," and the other two with whom he was plotting against his "indissoluble allies." Napoleon was back from Elba; and the event put an end to all considerations but that of disposing of him.

Next followed Metternich's seven years of glory —from 1815 to 1822. The treaties of 1815 were his. He gave away countries and peoples at his pleasure, and found willing instruments in all the princes and ministers of Europe. He let romantic sovereigns propound a Holy Alliance, and preach a high-flown political gospel. He put on an air of deference towards everybody who had a hobby or a scruple. He made no boasts in his own name; but he decreed and arranged the policy of Europe —uniting Belgium and Holland, which flew

asunder after a time, from mutual repugnance. He cut and carved, and fixed unions and divisions and boundaries—as he believed, for all future time.

Among other incidents, those Italian provinces were assigned to Austria, which she is now losing; and Genoa was given to Piedmont.

For seven years the complacent statesman boasted of the peace of Europe, and the grandeur of Austria. In 1822 his work already began to totter to its fall. The Italian states broke out into revolution; and, on the other hand, the Czar was undermining Austria. The mouth of the Danube was already gone.

For thirty years the system of Prince Metternich was crumbling and shaking; and his career can hardly be considered a happy one, though he persisted, to the last, in his faith in his method of restriction and meddling, and balancing power, as he called it, while always giving preponderance to the despots of Europe, and especially to the Austrian. That the policy of England should have been virtually guided by such a man for a course of years will be a drawback on the history of the century for all future time: but the reputation of the Balance of Power is so good and true—it is so clearly the result and expression of political civilisation, by which the weak are sustained against aggression, and the smaller bodies hold their place in the system, and move in their courses as freely as the larger ones, that it is no great wonder if the system has been credited with more than it could effect.

Metternich's mistake was in overlooking one of the strongest forces implicated in the case,—that of the will of the nations themselves; and the real disgrace of English statesmanship lay in the oversight not being at once exposed and denounced. It was left for the peoples themselves to do this, and they have done it, from time to time, till Prince Metternich's system may be regarded as shattered beyond repair. His characteristic obstinacy prevented his ever owning himself beaten: and his virtual government of Austria to the last has sentenced that wretched empire to ruin: but when we look back to his seven years of supremacy in Europe, and follow the handsome, agreeable, self-confident and flattered statesman through his daily life of power and success, we can hardly wonder that he was estimated at far more than his real worth by men who should have known better, or that he could never learn to distrust himself, after a series of rude lessons, extending over thirty years.

To show how his system was foiled and broken up would be to quit a portraiture of Metternich for that of George Canning. Our business here is only with Metternich's reception of his mortifications.

After the outbreaks of restiveness, in 1822, the Prince-Minister manifested the narrowness of his mind and the insolence of his temper more unmistakeably than ever. All Europe knew how he and the Emperor Francis—"the Father of his people"—occupied themselves (as if they had not otherwise enough to do!) in settling the minutest details of the life of the political prisoners in the state dungeons. They appointed which man (scholar, philosopher, poet, statesman, as it might be) should be shut in under the leads at Venice, and broiled there to the last degree of fever; and which should be buried in a subterranean hole, without fire, through a German winter. The Prince-Minister and the Emperor it was who themselves ordered the periodical stripping to the skin of dignified gentlemen in the presence of jail-officers, under pretence of a search for implements which the prisoners had no means of obtaining. The food, the dress, the exercise of the prisoners were all arranged for torture by Metternich and his imperial crony, with a petty malignity which almost became a grand cruelty by its vigilance and perseverance. The pitch of self-confidence which Metternich had attained is shown by the fact of the Austrian censorship having permitted the publication of Pellico's memoir of his imprisonment. Simple folk asked how the book got issued at all, and the answer was, that it was policy on Prince Metternich's part. He trusted that such a picture of suffering would frighten dissatisfied subjects from moving; and, as to the exposure of his government he was quite callous. He called his—good government; and if other peopled questioned it, they did not know what good government was.

Thus he went on for a few years, when, one fine summer day, news came of a fearful shock to the system—so fearful that the Emperor Francis cried out "All is lost!"

There was another revolution in France. Metternich himself was dismayed; but not for long. He found in the Citizen King qualities which would make him a useful tool. The growing centralisation of the French administration, and the contraction of electoral rights suited Metternich's notions so well that he hardly regretted the Bourbons, after all. Even when the system once more exploded under the Orleans management, and in one place after another within the area of Metternich's influence, his views underwent no change. His was good government: and those who threw it off were ungrateful, perverse, rebellious people, who must be put down. So he said in 1848, as confidently as in 1822; and when his sovereign abdicated, he had no idea of not ruling the young Emperor as he had ruled the old one. Giving place to new methods and new men was to him past conceiving. When Vienna was insurgent on the 13th of March, 1848, and the princes were in consultation, while a deputation of citizens brought a demand for a new system of rule, Metternich asserted himself and his claims against friends and foes. The Archduke John, who received the deputation, assured them that their wish as to the resignation of the minister should be complied with. Prince Metternich, however, opening the door between the two rooms, declared aloud—"I will not resign." The Archduke repeated his pledge in a louder voice, and the Wolsey of our age exclaimed, in bitter wrath: "Is this the reward of my fifty years' services?" An equally bitter laugh from the princes was the response. It was he who had brought their house to this pass; and his fifty years of service had ruined the empire.

The old man had then eleven years more to live: and he managed to do a good deal more mischief yet. At first, there was nothing for it but flight. The next morning he was escorted by a troop of soldiers to the railway, and then for a time the world lost sight of Prince Metternich. He wandered about for a few weeks, and came to England for the third time, under the name of Meyer, a travelling merchant. He lived here and in Belgium for two or three years, and then ventured home. He was the proprietor of the Johannisberg vineyards on the Rhine, and his country-house there was a favourite residence. There he now settled, sending abroad accounts of his helplessness from age and infirmity. The world let him alone; but it was perfectly aware that he and the Archduchess Sophia, the young Emperor's mother, were still working away at their system, as pertinaciously as ever. While blaming the Pope for his early reforms, and making out that everybody was wrong but themselves, they seem never to have asked themselves why the Austrian empire was not better fused, organised, and tranquillized. Italy was breaking away in one direction, and Hungary in another; and Vienna itself had, for once, defied even the police, and taken its own way.

Happen what might, there sat Metternich to the last,—apparently sunning himself among his vineyards, and seeing heaven and earth reflected in the Rhine before his windows; but, in reality, pulling the strings of his puppets as devotedly as before the miserable day when he had found them immoveable.

All this time matters were growing worse and worse. Of course he pitied himself for having fallen on evil days when the pride of mankind prevented their appreciating a great statesman, who governed them for their good: but mankind grew no better, in spite of the Concordat, and the tight rein held over Hungary, and the military occupation of Lombardy, and the sarcasms and rebukes and insults administered to Piedmont. At this time last year it was becoming plain that Austria must incur the inconvenient expense of sweeping her enemies from before her face. Her great military system must now be put in action to punish the troublers of order, who had only themselves to thank for their destruction. As the spring came on, the earth shook with the tread of Austrian armies. The system was to assert itself finally, to humble Piedmont, and rebuke all revolution in the person of France.

On the 4th of June was fought the Battle of Magenta, and on the 11th of the same month died Prince Metternich.

It is impossible to help compassionating such a close of such a career; but it is right also to rejoice in such a collapse of such a function. The age for Prince-Ministers is over with Metternich in Europe, as the age of Cardinal-Ministers was over with Wolsey in England. No scheme of rule can henceforth be instituted, or long upheld, which does not carry with it the respect and acquiescence of the best minds which live under it. It is no longer a question what Metternich declares to be the best system, if society is not of the same opinion; and ministers who desire power to do their duty must obtain it from the only source which is not fast running dry,—the consent of the governed. So evident is this, that the rankest despotisms now affect to rest on popular support as the only reprieve from destruction. It is against the laws of nature that, in an age of intelligence, one man's will should overbear that of nations, be he minister or sovereign. To be a minister is to be a servant: and ministers will henceforth be kept to their function. They may never again have the chance of immortalising themselves—for honour or for infamy—by devising out of their own heads a national or European policy; but they will always be secure of respect, confidence, gratitude, and a cordial understanding with the national mind and heart, if they govern well enough to govern long. The follies and the fate of Prince Metternich mark the close of a period in political history; and the clearness of the warning, shown in the overthrow of a continental policy, and the crumbling of an ancient empire, is the only thing that can reconcile us to the calamity of the life and rule of Clement Wenceslas Nepomuk Lothaire, Prince Metternich of Austria.

Ingleby Scott.

COMMERCIAL GRIEF.

When business orders are received
From parties painfully bereaved,
Five minutes' time is all we ask
To execute the mournful task.—Moses & Son.

When a man has more than his usual number of letters of a morning, and leisure to play with them, it is observable what flirtations he indulges himself in, ere he finally makes them unbosom themselves. Now he toys with them, scrutinises one after another, and guesses whom they can be from. Sometimes a handwriting that he dreamily remembers calls to him, as it were, from the envelope. Such a letter, deeply bordered with black, at once attracted my attention among the heap that lay upon my table. Whom could it be from? It was evidently a messenger of affliction; but how could that affect an old bachelor with neither chick nor child? I tore the white weeping willow upon a black background, that formed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. Nothing more than an intimation from a relative (perhaps once more intimate than now), of the sudden death of her brother-in-law, and a request that, under the circumstances of the sudden bereavement of the widow, I would undertake certain sad commissions relative to the mourning and monument which she entrusted to my care.

It is noteworthy that even in the deepest affliction, especially among women, in the matter of dress how the very abandonment of grief is shot, as it were, with the more cheerful love of the becoming; and in this instance I found no departure from the general rule, as I was particularly enjoined, in the most decent terms that the writer could command under the circumstances, to do my sad spiriting at a certain *maison de deuil* mentioned. Of course the term was not absolutely new to me, but I had never realised its exact meaning, or imagined with what exquisite delicacy and refinement those establishments had

gone in partnership, as it were, with the emotions, and with what sympathy, beautifully adjusted to the occasion, trade had met the afflictions of humanity.

After breakfast, I set out upon my sad errand, and had no difficulty in finding the *maison de deuil* in question. It met me in the sad habiliments of mourning. No vulgar colours glared from the shop-windows, no gilt annoyed with its festive glare. The name of the firm scarcely presumed to make itself seen in letters of the saddest grey, on a black ground. Here and there beads of white set off the general gloom of the house-front, like the crape pipings of a widow's cap. The very metal window frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—zinc taking the place of—what we feel, under the circumstances, would be quite indecent—brass. Our neighbours across the Channel, who know how to dress up affliction as appropriately as their *bonbonnière*, have long since seen the necessity of classifying the trappings of grief, and of withdrawing them from the vulgar atmosphere of gayer costumes. In any of our smaller country towns, the ordinary mercer who has just been handling a flaunting silk, thinks it no shame to measure off, with his last smirk still upon his features, a dress of paramatta. The rude Anglo-Saxon provincial element feels no shock at the incongruity. They manage these things better in France, and we are following their example in the great metropolis.

On my pushing the plate-glass door, it gave way with a hushed and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, inquired the nature of my want: and, on my reply, directed me to the INCONSOLABLE GRIEF DEPARTMENT. The inside of the establishment I found to answer exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I traversed was panelled in white with black borderings, like so many mourning cards placed on end; and I was becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neat little figure rolling up some ribbon, and on inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, she replied in a gentle voice, slightly shaded with gaiety, that that was the half-mourning counter, and that I must proceed until I had passed the repository for widows' silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination, a large room draped with black, with a hushed atmosphere about it, as though a body was invisibly lying there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments picked out with the inevitable white tie, and with an undertakerish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I accordingly produced my list. Scanning it critically, he said:

"Permit me to inquire, sir, if *it* is a deceased partner?"

I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he replied, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of this establishment by matching at once the exact shade of affliction. Our paramattas and crapes in this department give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture, which we term the *Inconsolable*." With that he placed a pasteboard box before me, full of mourning fabrics.

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh no!" he replied: "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's afflictions, and was termed 'the stunning blow shade;' it makes up well, however, with our *sudden bereavement* silk—a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

"I am afraid," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "are possibly not aware of the perfection to which the art of mourning genteelly is now brought. But I will see that your commission is attended to, to the letter." Giving another glance over my list. "Oh! a widow's cap is mentioned, I see. I must trouble you, sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding as I was directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widows' caps. I perceived, at a glance, that they exhausted the whole gamut of grief, from its deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with all the severity of crapen folds, in the midst of which my mind's eye could see the set features of many a Mrs. Clennam, whilst those behind gradually faded off into the most jaunty tarlatan; and one or two of the outsiders even breaking out into worldly feathers, and the most flaunty weepers.

Forgetting the proprieties for the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant, if one of the latter would be suitable?

"Oh no, sir," she replied, with a slight shade of severity in her voice; "you may gradually work up to it in a year or two; but any of these," pointing to the front row of weeds, "are indispensable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding-scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find; and having completed my commission, I inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves?

"Oh, sir, for those things," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking of Comedy, "you must turn to your right, and you will come to the Complimentary Mourning counter."

Turning to the right, accordingly, I was surprised and a little shocked to find myself once more among worldly colours; tender lavender I had expected, but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. I was about retiring, thinking I had made a mistake, when a young lady, with a charming tinge of cheerfulness in her voice, inquired if I wanted anything in her department?

"I was looking for the Complimentary Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves, but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, sir," she said; "this is it."

She saw my eye glance at the cheerful silks, and, with the instinctive tact of woman, guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"*Mauve*, sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red," I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that colour,—

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departure of a distant relative; but may I show you some gloves?" and suiting the action to the word, she lifted the cover from the glove box, and displayed a perfect picture of delicate half-tones, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in the shade of grey," she said, indenting slightly each outer knuckle with the elastic kid, as she measured my hand.

"Can you find a lavender?"

"O yes; the sorrow-tint is very slight in that, and it wears admirably."

Thus, by degrees, growing beautifully less, the grief of the establishment died out in the tenderest lavender, and I left, profoundly impressed with the charming improvements which Parisian taste has made on the old aboriginal style of mourning.

But my task was not yet accomplished. A part of my commission was to select a neat and appropriate monument, the selection of which was left entirely to my own discretion. Accordingly I wended my way towards the New Road, the emporium of "monumental marble." Here every house has its marketable cemetery, and you see grief in the rough, and ascending to the most delicately chiselled smoothness. Your marble mason is a very different stamp of man from the *maison de deuil* assistant, and my entrance into the establishment I sought, was greeted with a certain rough respect by the man in attendance, who was chiselling an angel's classic nose.

"Will you kindly allow me to see some designs for a monument?" I inquired.

"Certainly, sir. Is it for a brother or sister, father or mother, sir?"

"A gentleman," I replied, rather shortly.

"I hope no offence, sir—but the father of a *family?*" I nodded assent. "Then will you please to step this way," he replied; and leading the way through the house, he opened a door, and we entered a back yard filled with broken, but erect, marble columns, that would not have disgraced Palmyra.

"That," said he, "will be a very suitable article."

"But," said I, "do you really break these pillars purposely?"

"Why, that all depends, you see, sir. When the father of a family is called away on a sudden, we break the column off short with a rough fracture: if it has been a lingering case, we chisel it down a little dumpy. That, for instance," said he, pointing to a very thick pillar, fractured as sharp and ragged as a piece of granite, "is for an awful sudden affliction—a case of apoplexy—a wife and seven small children."

"But," I observe, "there are some tall and some short columns."

"Well, you see," said he, "that's all according to age. We break 'em off short for old 'uns, and it stands to reason, when it's a youngish one, we give him more shaft."

"The candle of life is blown out early in some cases; in others, it is burnt to the socket," I suggested.

"Exactly, sir," he said, "now you have hit it."

"Nevertheless," I replied, "I have not exactly made up my mind about the column. Can you show me any other designs?"

"Yes, certainly, sir," with that he led the way again to the office, and placed before me a large book of "patterns." "We do a great deal in that way," he said, displaying a design with which my reader is probably familiar. It was an urn, after the old tea-urn pattern, half enveloped in a tablecloth overshadowed by a weeping-willow and an exceedingly limp-looking lady, who leaned her forehead against the urn, evidently suffering from a sick head-ache.

"No," I said, "I think I have seen that design before."

"Perhaps so," he replied; "but really there are so many persons die that we can't have something new every time."

"What is this?" I inquired. It was an hour-glass and a skull overgrown by a bramble.

"Oh, that is for the country-trade," he said, hastily turning over the leaf; "we don't do anything in that way among genteel people. This is the snapped lily-pattern, but that won't do for the father of a family, and here is the dove-design, a pretty thing enough. We do a good many of them among the evangelicals of Clapham."

A rather plump-looking bird, making a book-marker of his beak, was directing attention to a passage in an open volume.

"But," said I, "have you no ornamental crosses?"

"No," said he, "you must go to Paddington for them sort of things. Lord bless your soul, we should ruin our trade if we was to deal with such Puseyite things."

"I never knew before," said I, "that sectarianism thus pursued us even to our tombstones."

The art of design, it is quite clear, had not yet penetrated to the workshop of the marble-mason, so I was content to select some simple little design, and leave my friend to a resumption of the elaboration of the angel's nose, in which occupation I had disturbed him. A. W.

A TRUE TALE OF A CAT.

Instinct—what is it? and in what and where does it differ from reason? It is the fashion to speak of it as a faculty distinct from the reasoning power of man, upon the assumption that reflection and consideration are qualities of the mind only appertaining to the cooking animals of our globe, and that reason cannot exist without them. Is it not possible that the curious and beautiful links which connect the animal and vegetable kingdoms may have a corresponding continuity in the subtle essence connected with life, and that the distinction, where the line is drawn, is but the introduc-

tion of speech and the responsibilities of a life beyond the grave, and thus the highest order of instinct would be but speechless reason—"anent thereto?"

My story is the story of a cat—poor Spotty. Forty years since she was my playfellow and companion, and, in truth, whenever she had the chance, my bed-fellow. She had one spot upon her throat radiating from a centre, about the size of a fourpenny-piece, to something within the circumference of a florin; that, and the toes of her front-feet, were white,—the rest of her body jet-black; her toilet was perpetual, and the gloss upon her coat would have successfully competed with the best efforts of Day and Martin. It had been a custom (one which cost me many tears) whenever her anti-malthusian exertions were fully developed, to select all the progeny but one, and to consign them to the housemaid's care, when a bucket of water and the mop speedily terminated their blind and brief existence. I was no party to the murderous act, and for some time was equally at a loss with the bereaved mother to account for their mysterious disappearance; but, upon one sad occasion, she discovered their bodies, brought them to her bed, and did all that maternal feeling could suggest for their resuscitation—I need not say, without effect—but the mystery was thus cleared up, and we knew the hideous fact. She anticipated its recurrence, for, upon the next occasion, when five were introduced to the notice of the authorities, it was scarcely patent before it was discovered that four kittens were, with the tea-things, upon the tray in the kitchen. We had not been in the habit of having kittens for breakfast—they could not have placed themselves there, and the question was who had given them a lifting hand?—that ubiquitous personage "Nobody" was charged; but it was not a satisfactory conclusion—it was odd; could Pussy have done it? They were replaced in their bed, when, lo and behold! she was seen to bring them, one by one, and leave them on the tray. Number five disappeared for several days, but subsequently, confidence being restored, he became one of the family, and conducted himself with the usual propriety of a kitten.

I have mentioned that Spotty was fond of my company and my bed; the latter was, however, interdicted whenever she had maternal duties to perform. Upon one occasion I awoke and found her in great glee—purring and rejoicing in her way—with her kitten by my side. (I must explain that the kitchen was at the top of the house, and that my bed-room was on the same floor, being back and front rooms.) I carried them back into the kitchen, and placed them in the same bed in one of the compartments under the dresser, then returned to my own and fell asleep. I awoke and found them again in the same place; the door was shut, and I began to ruminate upon the association of witches, broom-sticks, and black cats; but as my faith in these things was not well established, I assumed she must (favoured by the dim light) have managed to return with me unperceived. However—daylight was coming fast—I put them back again, and watched, with some misgivings, as to whether they would come down the chimney or through the key-hole; it was not long, however, before Spotty, with the kitten in her mouth, stood outside my window, opened it, and, for the third time, proceeded to make herself comfortable by my side, and there I allowed her to remain. The windows opened upon hinges, sideways, and a large stone-parapet was outside, so, they not being fastened, she was able—by pushing at the front and clawing at the back—to let herself out and in. These are facts. Did instinct teach that all her kittens would be destroyed but one, and that she should select the one she preferred, and intimate her wishes by placing the others upon the tray? Were not memory, design, fore-thought, and consideration displayed, and were they not equally shown by her walk over the tiles, three times in one night? if not, what faculty of the brain was exercised to work out such results?

The kitten grew up a fine handsome fellow, shared with his mother the attentions of the household, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell" until he was missed. Spotty, anxious and restless, went mewing her grief from room to room, from window to window; day after day, he came not; a week elapsed, and Spotty herself then disappeared, and was never more heard of. The "tie which bound her to existence was broken," and she fled to some retired nook to mourn her loss in secret and to die. T. P.

ANA.

Macaulayana.—Notwithstanding Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*, to have made few conversational *points* which are repeated and remembered. One of the very few good stories current of him is the following. It is said that he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he.—"Desdemona," said the lady.—"Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

Lord Macaulay's Memory.—The late Lord Macaulay's memory was perfectly astounding. At a friend's house, not very many months ago, he was quoting in rapid succession long passages from the ballads of the northern counties of England. On being asked by one of the party where he had obtained such stores of poetic lore, he replied that he had spent a great part of one of his long vacations whilst at Cambridge in the North of England, and had taken that opportunity of traversing Cumberland and Northumberland on foot, entering the cottages of the poor people, and sitting down in their chimney-corners to chat; and that he made it a point not to leave a cottage without extracting from each good woman some story or legend, in prose or in poetry, which he carefully recorded day by day. He added, that he did not know where this store of folk-lore now was, but added that it would probably turn up amongst his papers some day or other. We trust that his executors will now remember the hint, and do their best to exhume the buried treasure.

FLORINDA.

I.

When of old and young the cheer
Ushers in the new-born year;
When the summer flowers decorate its prime,
When the old years sadly go
In their winding-sheets of snow,
To their sepulchres within the halls of Time;

II.

In the daylight, in the dark,
From the rising of the lark,
Till the stars begin to drop into light;
When the sun is on the wall,
When the heavy raindrops fall,
In the weary, weary watches of the night;

III.

Come the vain regrets and tears
For my pride-encanker'd years,
The bitter fruit my bitter fate has borne;
Come the thoughts destroying rest,
Peace and prayer within my breast,
Making life-long occupation thus to mourn.

IV.

O, love! thou gift divine,
Once so nobly, humbly mine:
Once so swift my coldest bidding to obey;
O, base, ignoble pride,
That cast the gift aside,
Like a flower idly pluck'd and thrown away.

V.

He loved her not at first,
In security accurst
I thought my power never could depart.
But, O, with patient care
She has won my jewel rare,
And now I'm lost for ever to his heart.

VI.

I could tear her limb from limb,
If I thought his love a whim,
If I hoped to win a thought of his again.
But, no! the time has past,
He has look'd and loved his last,
And I'd die to save her one earthly moment's pain.

VII.

And his child,—*her* little child!—
With those eyes so brave and mild,
O, would that there were poison in his kiss!
O, strange entangled fate,
How I love her, how I hate:
How I curse her, how I bless her for his bliss!

VIII.

There are voices in the roar
Of the breakers on the shore,—
There are whispers in the wash of the sea.
There are echoes in the breeze,
As it murmurs 'neath the trees,
There are faces in the stars for me.

IX.

Those solemn voices roll
Through the desert of my soul,—
They chill my bleeding heart to its core.
When I pray that peace and rest
Once more may fill my breast,
Comes the never-failing echo—Never more!

A.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER VIII. INTRODUCES AN ECCENTRIC.

AT the Aurora—one of those rare antiquated taverns, smelling of comfortable time and solid English fare, that had sprung up in the great coffee days, when taverns were clubs, and had since subsisted on the attachment of steady bachelor Templars—there had been dismay, and even sorrow, for a month. The most constant patron of the establishment—an old gentleman who had dined there for seven-and-twenty years, four days in the week, off dishes dedicated to the particular days, and had grown grey with the landlady, the cook, and the head-waiter—this old gentleman had abruptly withheld his presence. Though his name, his residence, his occupation, were things only to be speculated on at the Aurora, he was very well known there, and as men are best to be known: that is to say, by their habits. Some affection for him also was felt. The landlady looked on him as a part of the house. The cook and the waiter were accustomed to receive acceptable compliments from him monthly. His precise words, his regular ancient jokes, his pint of Madeira and after-pint of Port, his antique bow to the landlady, passing out and in, his method of spreading his table-napkin on his lap and looking up at the ceiling ere he fell to, and how he talked to himself during the repast, and indulged in short chuckles, and the one look of perfect felicity that played over his features when he had taken his first sip of Port—these were matters it pained them at the Aurora to have to remember. And his wig, too! his blue coat and brass buttons, and his dear old brown wig! It made the landlady very unhappy to think of that wig. Was it faithless? or was it laid low? For three weeks the resolution not to regard him as of the past was general. The Aurora was the old gentleman's home. Men do not play truant from home at sixty years of age. He must, therefore, be seriously indisposed. The kind heart of the landlady fretted to think he might have no soul to nurse and care for him; but, as when he returned, if he ever returned, it would please him to see that he had been daily expected, she did what was in her power by keeping his corner near the fireplace vacant, and taking care that his pint of Madeira was there to welcome him. Should he have gone to his final account, poor dear, the landlady said, his ghost might like to see it. The belief was gaining ground that he had gone, and that nothing but his ghost would ever sit there again. Still the melancholy ceremony continued: for the landlady was not without a secret hope that, in spite of his reserve and the mystery surrounding him, he would have sent her a last word. To her

mind it was a breach of faith for him not to send and say that he regretted an appointment with Azrael prevented his habitual fleshly appearance at the Aurora. The cook and head-waiter, interrogated as to their dealings with the old gentleman, testified solemnly to the fact of their having performed their duty by him. They would not go against their interests so much as to forget one of his ways, they said—taking oath, as it were, by their lower nature, in order to be credited: an instinct men have of one another. The landlady could not contradict them, for the old gentleman had made no complaint; but then she called to memory that fifteen years back, in such and such a year, Wednesday's dish had been, by shameful oversight, furnished him for Tuesday's, and he had eaten it quietly, but refused his Port; which pathetic event had caused alarm and inquiry, when the error was discovered, and apologised for, the old gentleman merely saying, "Don't let it happen again." Next day he drank his Port, as usual, and the wheels of the Aurora went smoothly. The landlady was thus justified in averring that something had been done by somebody, albeit unable to point to anything specific. Women, who are almost as deeply bound to habit as old gentlemen, possess more of its spiritual element, and are warned by dreams, omens, creepings of the flesh, unwonted chills, suicide of china, and other shadowing signs, when a break is to be anticipated, or has occurred. The landlady of the Aurora tavern was visited by none of these, and with that sweet and beautiful trust which habit gives, and which boastful love or vainer earthly qualities would fail in affecting, she ordered that the pint of Madeira stood from six o'clock in the evening till seven—a small monument of confidence in him who was at one instant the "poor old dear;" at another, the "naughty old gad-about;" further, the "faithless old good-for-nothing;" and again, the "blessed pet" of the landlady's parlour, alternately and indiscriminately apostrophised by herself, her sister, and daughter.

On the last day of the month a step was heard coming up the long alley which led from the riotous, scrambling street to the plentiful, cheerful heart of the Aurora. The landlady knew the step. She checked the natural flutterings of her ribbons, toned down the strong simper that was on her lips, rose, pushed aside her daughter, and, as the step approached, curtsied composedly. Old Habit lifted his hat, and passed. With the same touching confidence in the Aurora that the Aurora had in him, he went straight to his corner, expressed no surprise at his welcome by the Madeira, and thereby apparently indicated that his appearance should enjoy a similar immunity.

As of old, he called "Jonathan!" and was not to be disturbed till he did so. Seeing that Jonathan smirked and twiddled his napkin, the old gentleman added, "Tuesday!"

But Jonathan, a man, had not his mistress's keen intuition of the deportment necessitated by the case, or was incapable of putting the screw upon weak excited nature, for he continued to smirk, and was remarking how glad he was, he was sure, and something he had dared to think and almost to fear, when the old gentleman called to him, as if he were at the farther end of the room, "Will you order Tuesday, or not, sir?" Whereat Jonathan flew, and two or three cosy diners glanced up from their plates, or the paper, smiled, and pursued their capital occupation.

"Glad to see me!" the old gentleman muttered, querulously. "Of course, glad to see a customer! Why do you tell me that? Talk! tattle! might as well have a woman to wait—just!"

He wiped his forehead largely with his handkerchief, as one whom Calamity hunted a little too hard in summer weather.

"No tumbling-room for the wine, too!"

That was his next grievance. He changed the pint of Madeira from his left side to his right, and went under his handkerchief again, feverishly. The world was severe with this old gentleman.

"Ah! clock wrong now!"

He leaned back like a man who can no longer carry his burdens, informing Jonathan, on his coming up to place the roll of bread and firm butter, that he was forty seconds too fast, as if it were a capital offence, and he deserved to step into Eternity for outstripping Time.

"But, I daresay, you don't understand the importance of a minute," said the old gentleman, bitterly. "Not you, or any of you. Better if we had run a little ahead of *your* minute, perhaps—and the rest of you! Do you think you can cancel the mischief that's done in the world in that minute, sir, by hurrying ahead like that? Tell me!"

Rather at a loss, Jonathan scanned the clock seriously, and observed that it was not quite a minute too fast.

The old gentleman pulled out his watch.

"Forty seconds! That's enough. Men are hung for what's done in forty seconds. Mark the hour, sir! mark the hour, and read the newspaper attentively for a year!"

With which stern direction the old gentleman interlaced his fingers on the table, and sounded three emphatic knocks, while his chin, his lips, nose, and eyebrows were pushed up to a regiment of wrinkles.

"We'll put it right, sir, presently," murmured Jonathan, in soothing tones; "I'll attend to it myself."

The old gentleman seemed not to object to making the injury personal, though he complained on broad grounds, for he grunted that a lying clock was hateful to him; subsequently sinking into contemplation of his thumbs,—a sign known to Jonathan as indicative of the old gentleman's system having resolved, in spite of external outrages, to be fortified with calm to meet the repast.

It is not fair to go behind an eccentric; but the fact was, this old gentleman was slightly ashamed of his month's vagrancy and cruel conduct, and cloaked his behaviour towards the Aurora, in all the charges he could muster against it. You see, he was very human, albeit an odd form of the race.

Happily for his digestion of Thursday, the cook, warned by Jonathan, kept the old gentleman's time, not the Aurora's: and the dinner was correct; the dinner was eaten in peace; the

old gentleman began to address his plate vigorously, poured out his Madeira, and chuckled, as the familiar ideas engendered by good wine were revived in him. Jonathan reported at the bar that the old gentleman was all right again.

One would like here to pause, while our worthy ancient feeds, and indulge in a short essay on Habit, to show what a sacred and admirable thing it is that makes flimsy Time substantial, and consolidates his triple life. It is proof that we have come to the end of dreams, and Time's delusions, and are determined to sit down at Life's feast and carve for ourselves. Its day is the child of yesterday, and has a claim on to-morrow. Whereas those who have no such plan of existence and sum of their wisdom to show, the winds blow them as they list. Sacred, I say; for is it not a sort of aping in brittle clay of the everlasting Round we look to? We sneer at the slaves of Habit, we youth; but may it not be the result of a strong soul, after shooting vainly thither and yon, and finding not the path it seeketh, lying down wearied and imprinting its great instinct on the prison-house where it must serve its term? So that a boiled pullet and a pint of Madeira on Thursdays, for certain, becomes a solace and a symbol of perpetuity; and a pint of Port every day, is a noble piece of Habit, and a distinguishing stamp on the body of Time, fore and aft; one that I, for my part, wish every man in these islands might daily affix. Consider, then, mercifully, the wrath of him on whom carelessness or forgetfulness has brought a snap in the links of Habit. You incline to scorn him because, his slippers misplaced, or asparagus not on his table the first day of a particular spring month, he gazes blankly and sighs as one who saw the End. To you it may appear small. You call to him to be a man. He is: but he is also an immortal, and his confidence in unceasing orderly progression is rudely dashed. Believe me, the philosopher, whose optics are symbols, weeps for him!

But the old gentleman has finished his dinner and his Madeira, and says: "Now, Jonathan, 'thock' the Port!"—his joke when matters have gone well: meant to express the sound of the uncorking, probably. The habit of making good jokes is rare, as you know: old gentlemen have not yet attained to it: nevertheless Jonathan enjoys this one, which has seen a generation in and out, for he knows its purport to be, "My heart is open."

And now is a great time with the old gentleman. He sips, and in his eyes the world grows rosy, and he exchanges mute or monosyllable salutes here and there. His habit is to avoid converse; but he will let a light remark season meditation.

He says to Jonathan: "The bill for the month."

"Yes, sir," Jonathan replies. "Would you not prefer, sir, to have the items added on to the month ensuing?"

"I asked you for the bill of the month," said the old gentleman, with an irritated voice and a twinkle in his eye.

Jonathan bowed; but his aspect betrayed perplexity, and that perplexity was soon shared by the landlady: for Jonathan said, he was convinced the old gentleman intended to pay for sixteen days, and the landlady could not bring her hand to charge him for more than two. Here was the dilemma foreseen by the old gentleman, and it added vastly to the flavour of the Port.

Pleasantly tickled, he sat gazing at his glass, and let the minutes fly. He knew the part he would act in his little farce. If charged for the whole month, he would peruse the bill deliberately, and perhaps cry out "Hulloa?" and then snap at Jonathan for the interposition of a remark. But if charged for two days, he would wish to be told whether they were demented, those people outside, and scornfully return the bill to Jonathan.

A slap on the shoulder, and a voice: "Found you at last, Tom!" violently shattered the excellent plot, and made the old gentleman start. He beheld Mr. Andrew Cogglesby.

"Drinking Port, Tom?" said Mr. Andrew. "I'll join you:" and he sat down opposite to him, rubbing his hands and pushing back his hair.

Jonathan, entering briskly with the bill, fell back a step, in alarm. The old gentleman, whose inviolacy was thus rudely assailed, sat staring at the intruder, his mouth compressed, and three fingers round his glass, which it was doubtful whether he was not going to hurl at him.

"Waiter!" Mr. Andrew carelessly hailed, "a pint of this Port, if you please."

Jonathan sought the countenance of the old gentleman.

"Do you hear, sir?" cried the latter, turning his wrath on him. "Another pint!" He added: "Take back the bill;" and away went Jonathan to relate fresh marvels to his mistress.

Mr. Andrew then addressed the old gentleman in the most audacious manner.

"Astonished to see me here, Tom? Dare say you are. I knew you came somewhere in this neighbourhood, and, as I wanted to speak to you very particularly, and you wouldn't be visible till Monday, why, I spied into two or three places, and here I am."

You might see they were brothers. They had the same bushy eyebrows, the same healthy colour in their cheeks, the same thick shoulders, and brisk way of speaking, and clear, sharp, though kindly, eyes; only Tom was cast in larger proportions than Andrew, and had gotten the grey furniture of Time for his natural wear. Perhaps, too, a cross in early life had a little twisted him, and set his mouth in a rueful bunch, out of which occasionally came biting things. Mr. Andrew carried his head up, and eyed every man living with the benevolence of a patriarch, dashed with the impudence of a London sparrow. Tom had a nagging air, and a trifle of acridity on his broad features. Still, any one at a glance could have sworn they were brothers, and Jonathan unhesitatingly proclaimed it at the Aurora bar.

Mr. Andrew's hands were working together, and at them, and at his face, the old gentleman continued to look with a firmly interrogating air.

"Want to know what brings me, Tom? I'll tell you presently. Hot,—isn't it?"

"What the deuce are you taking exercise for?" the old gentleman burst out, and having unlocked his mouth, he began to puff and alter his posture.

"There you are, thawed in a minute!" said Mr. Andrew. "What's an eccentric? a child grown grey. It isn't mine. I read it somewhere. Ah, here's the Port!—good, I'll warrant."

Jonathan deferentially uncorked, excessive composure on his visage. He arranged the table-cloth to a nicety, fixed the bottle with exactness, and was only sent scudding by the old gentleman's muttering of: "Eavesdropping pie!" followed by a short, "Go!" and even then he must delay to sweep off a particular crumb.

"Good it is!" said Mr. Andrew, rolling the flavour on his lips, as he put down his glass. "I follow you in Port, Tom. Elder brother!"

The old gentleman also drank, and was mollified enough to reply: "Shan't follow you in parliament."

"Haven't forgiven that yet, Tom?"

"No great harm done, when you're silent."

"Ha! ha! Well, I don't do much mischief, then."

"No. Thank your want of capacity!"

Mr. Andrew laughed good-humouredly. "Capital place to let off gas in, Tom."

"Thought so. I shouldn't be safe there."

"Eh? Why not?"

Mr. Andrew expected the grim joke, and encouraged it.

"I do carry some light about," the old gentleman emphasised, and Mr. Andrew called him too bad; and the old gentleman almost consented to smile.

"'Gad, you blow us up out of the House. What would you do in? Smithereens, I think!"

The old gentleman looked mild promise of Smithereens, in that contingency, adding: "No danger."

"Capital Port!" said Mr. Andrew, replenishing the glasses. "I ought to have inquired where they kept the best Port. I might have known you'd stick by it. By the way, talking of Parliament, there's talk of a new election for Fallowfield. You have a vote there. Will you give it to Jocelyn? There's talk of his standing."

"If he'll wear petticoats, I'll give him my vote."

"There you go, Tom!"

"I hate masquerades. You're penny trumpets of the women. That tattle comes from the bed-curtains. When a petticoat steps forward I give it my vote, or else I button it up in my pocket."

This was probably the longest speech he had ever delivered at the Aurora. There was extra Port in it. Jonathan, who from his place of observation noted the length of time it occupied, though he was unable to gather the context, glanced at Mr. Andrew with a mixture of awe and sly satisfaction. Mr. Andrew, laughing, signalled for another pint.

"So you've come here for my vote, have you?" said the old gentleman.

"Why, no; not exactly that, Tom," Mr. Andrew answered, blinking and passing it by.

Jonathan brought the fresh pint, and the old gentleman filled for himself, drank, and said emphatically, and with a confounding voice:

"Your women have been setting you on me, sir!"

Mr. Andrew protested that he was entirely mistaken.

"You're the puppet of your women!"

"Well, Tom, not in this instance. Here's to the bachelors, and brother Tom at their head!"

It seemed to be Mr. Andrew's object to help his companion to carry a certain quantity of Port, as if he knew a virtue it had to subdue him, and to have fixed on a particular measure that he should hold before he addressed him specially. Arrived at this, he said:

"Look here, Tom. I know your ways. I shouldn't have bothered you here; I never have before; but we couldn't very well talk it over in business hours; and, besides, you're never at the brewery till Monday, and the matter's rather urgent."

"Why don't you speak like that in Parliament?" the old gentleman interposed.

"Because Parliament isn't my brother," replied Mr Andrew. "You know, Tom, you never quite took to my wife's family."

"I'm not a match for fine ladies, Nan."

"Well, Harriet would have taken to you, Tom, and will now, if you'll let her. Of course, it's a pity if she's ashamed of—— hem! You found it out about the Lymport people, Tom, and you've kept the secret and respected her feelings, and I thank you for it. Women are odd in those things, you know. She musn't imagine I've heard a whisper. I believe it would kill her."

The old gentleman shook silently.

"Do you want me to travel over the kingdom, hawking her for the daughter of a marquis?"

"Now, don't joke, Tom. I'm serious. Are you not a Radical at heart? Why do you make such a set against the poor women? What do we spring from?"

"I take off my hat, Nan, when I see a cobbler's stall."

"And I, Tom, don't care a rush who knows it. Homo—something; but we never had much schooling. We've thriven, and should help those as can. We've got on in the world . . ."

"Wife come back from Lymport?" sneered the old gentleman.

Mr. Andrew hurriedly, and with some confusion, explained that she had not been able to go, on account of the child.

"Account of the child!" his brother repeated, working his chin contemptuously. "Sisters gone?"

"They're stopping with us," said Mr. Andrew, reddening.

"So the tailor was left to the kites and the crows. Ah! hum," and Tom chuckled.

"You're angry with me, Tom, for coming here," said Mr. Andrew. "I see what it is. Thought how it would be! You're offended, old Tom."

"Come where you like," returned Tom, "the place is open. It's a fool that hopes for peace anywhere. They sent a woman here to wait on me, this day month."

"That's a shame!" said Mr. Andrew, propitiatingly. "Well, never mind, Tom: the women are sometimes in the way.—Evan went down to bury his father. He's there now. You wouldn't see him when he was at the brewery,

Tom. He's—upon my honour! he's a good young fellow."

"A fine young gentleman, I've no doubt, Nan."

"A really good lad, Tom. No nonsense. I've come here to speak to you about him."

Mr. Andrew drew a letter from his pocket, pursuing: "Just throw aside your prejudices, and read this. It's a letter I had from him this morning. But first I must tell you how the case stands."

"Know more than you can tell me, Nan," said Tom, turning over the flavour of a gulp of Port.

"Well, then, just let me repeat it. He has been capitally educated; he has always been used to good society: well, we musn't sneer at it: good society's better than bad, you'll allow. He has refined tastes: well, you wouldn't like to live among crossing-sweepers, Tom. He's clever and accomplished, can speak and write in three languages: I wish I had his abilities. He has good manners: well, Tom, you know you like them as well as anybody. And now—but read for yourself."

"Yah!" went old Tom. "The women have been playing the fool with him since he was a baby. *I* read his rigmarole? No."

Mr. Andrew shrugged his shoulders, and opened the letter, saying: "Well, listen;" and then he coughed, and rapidly skimmed the introductory part. "Excuses himself for addressing me formally—poor boy! Circumstances have altered his position towards the world: found his father's affairs in bad state: only chance of paying off father's debts to undertake management of business, and bind himself to so much a year. But there, Tom, if you won't read it, you miss the poor young fellow's character. He says that he has forgotten his station: fancied he was superior to trade, but hates debt; and will not allow anybody to throw dirt at his father's name, while he can work to clear it; and will sacrifice his pride. Come, Tom, that's manly, isn't it? I call it touching, poor lad!"

Manly it may have been, but the touching part of it was a feature missed in Mr. Andrew's hands. At any rate, it did not appear favourably to impress Tom, whose chin had gathered its ominous puckers, as he inquired:

"What's the trade? he don't say."

Andrew added, with a wave of the hand: "Out of a sort of feeling for his sisters—I like him for it. Now what I want to ask you, Tom, is, whether we can't assist him in some way! Why couldn't we take him into our office, and fix him there, eh? If he works well—we're both getting old, and my brats are chicks—we might, by-and-by, give him a share."

"Make a brewer of him? Ha! there'd be another mighty sacrifice for his pride!"

"Come, come, Tom," said Andrew, "he's my wife's brother, and I'm yours; and—there, you know what women are. They like to preserve appearances: we ought to consider them."

"Preserve appearances!" echoed Tom: "ha! who'll do that for them better than a tailor?"

Mr. Andrew was an impatient little man, fitter for a kind action than to plead a cause. Jeering jarred on him; and from the moment his brother began it, he was of small service to Evan. He flung back against the partition of the compound, rattling it to the disturbance of many a quiet digestion.

"Tom," he cried, "I believe you're a screw!"

"Never said I wasn't," rejoined Tom, as he finished his Port. "I'm a bachelor, and a person—you're married, and an object. I won't have the tailor's family at *my* coat-tails."

"Do you mean to say, Tom, you don't like the young fellow? The Countess says he's half engaged to an heiress; and he has a chance of appointments—of course, nothing may come of them. But do you mean to say, you don't like him for what he has done?"

Tom made his jaw disagreeably prominent. "'Fraid I'm guilty of that crime."

"And you that swear at people pretending to be above their station!" exclaimed Andrew. "I shall get in a passion. I can't stand this. Here, waiter! what have I to pay?"

"Go," cried the time-honoured guest of the Aurora to Jonathan, advancing.

Andrew pressed the very roots of his hair back from his red forehead, and sat upright, and resolute, glancing at Tom. And now ensued a curious scene of family blood. For no sooner did elderly Tom observe this bantam-like demeanour of his brother, than he ruffled his feathers likewise, and looked down on him, agitating his wig over a prodigious frown. Whereof came the following sharp colloquy; Andrew beginning:

"I'll pay off the debts out of my own pocket."

"You *can* make a greater fool of yourself, then?"

"He shan't be a tailor!"

"He shan't be a brewer!"

"I say he shall live like a gentleman!"

"I say he shall squat like a Turk!"

Bang went Andrew's hand on the table: "I've pledged my word, mind!"

Tom made a counter demonstration: "And I'll have my way!"

"Hang it! I can be as eccentric as you," said Andrew.

"And I as much a donkey as you, if I try hard," said Tom.

Something of the cobbler's stall followed this; till waxing furious, Tom sung out to Jonathan, hovering around them in watchful timidity, "More Port!" and the words immediately fell oily on the wrath of the brothers: both commenced wiping their heads with their handkerchiefs: the faces of both emerged and met, with a half-laugh: and, severally determined to keep to what they had spoken, there was a tacit accord between them to drop the subject.

Like sunshine after smart rain, the Port shone on these brothers. Like a voice from the pastures after the bellowing of the thunder, Andrew's voice asked: "Got rid of that twinge of the gout, Tom? Did you rub in that ointment?" while Tom's replied: "Ay; How about that rheumatism of yours? Have you tried that Indy oil?" receiving a like assurance.

The remainder of the Port ebbed in meditation and chance remarks. The bit of storm had done them both good; and Tom especially—the cynical,

carping, grim old gentleman—was much improved by the nearer resemblance of his manner to Andrew's.

Behind this unaffected fraternal concord, however, the fact that they were pledged to a race in eccentricity, was present. They had been rivals before; and anterior to the date of his marriage, Andrew had done odd eclipsing things. But Andrew required prompting to it; he required to be put upon his mettle. Whereas, it was more nature with Tom: nature and the absence of a wife, gave him advantages over Andrew. Besides, he had his character to maintain. He had said the word: and the first vanity of your born eccentric is, that he shall be taken for infallible.

Presently Andrew ducked his head to mark the evening clouds flushing over the court-yard of the Aurora.

"Time to be off, Tom," he said: "wife at home."

"Ah!" Tom answered. "Well, I haven't got to go to bed so early."

"What an old rogue you are, Tom!" Andrew pushed his elbows forward on the table amiably. "'Gad, we haven't drunk wine together since—by Jingo! we'll have another pint."

"Many as you like," said Tom.

Over the succeeding pint, Andrew, in whose veins the Port was merry, favoured his brother with an imitation of Major Strike, and indicated his dislike of that officer. Tom informed him that Major Strike was speculating.

"The ass eats at my table, and treats me with contempt."

"Just tell him that you're putting by the bones for him. He'll want 'em."

Then Andrew, with another glance at the clouds, now violet on a grey sky, said he must really be off. Upon which Tom observed: "Don't come here again."

"You old rascal, Tom!" cried Andrew, swinging over the table: "it's quite jolly for us to be hob-a-nobbing together once more. 'Gad!—no, we won't though! I promised Harriet. Eh? What say, Tom?"

"'Nother pint, Nan?"

Tom shook his head in a roguishly-cosy, irresistible way. Andrew, from a shake of denial and resolve, fell into the same; and there sat the two brothers—a jolly picture!

The hour was ten, when Andrew Cogglesby, comforted by Tom's remark, that he, Tom, had a wig, and that he, Andrew, would have a wigging, left the Aurora; and he left it singing a song. That he would remember his match that night, few might like to wager. Tom Cogglesby had a better-seasoned bachelor head. He still sat at his table, holding before him Evan's letter, of which he had got possession; and knocking it round and round with a stroke of the forefinger, to the tune of, "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, 'pothecary, ploughboy, thief;" each profession being sounded as a corner presented itself to the point of his nail. After indulging in this species of incantation for some length of time, Tom Cogglesby read the letter from beginning to end, and called peremptorily for pen, ink, and paper.

(To be continued.)

A PROBLEM.

ALGEBRA AND THE BEES.

"So work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule of Nature, teach
The art of order to a perfect kingdom"

SHAKESPEARE.

Insect architecture has always appeared to me to be infinitely more curious than the structure of birds' nests, most interesting as some of these latter most certainly are. For instance, we have the Tailor-bird's nest, suspended at the end of a slender branch, out of the reach of monkeys, snakes, &c., and then the delicately-formed nests of various humming-birds, composed of cobwebs, thistledown, &c.; but all these and many others must give way to the architecture of bees. These insects, in the construction of their cells, have solved a problem, at whose solution the human mind could arrive only by the application of a high branch of analytical science.

It is well known that bees have chosen the hexagonal form for their cells, as being, mathematically, the most convenient and economical one. Any other form would indeed have either involved inconveniently-shaped corners, or have entailed an absolute waste of the material employed in their construction. The hexagonal form alone evades these disadvantages, and it, at the same time, includes the indispensable requirement that each wall shall serve as a common partition to the adjacent cells. Up to this point, then, we observe great judgment exercised in the choice of the form best adapted for convenience and economy. In selecting the particular kind of roof, however, a still greater difficulty had to be overcome, and in mastering this, something more than judgment would appear to have been exercised. As in the case of the sides, owing to the bees having only a limited supply of material for building, it is necessary that the roof of each cell shall serve also for the flooring of the cells in the upper story, the plan of building the cells in tiers over each other having been originally adopted to avoid extending the building over too much superficial space. The scheme accordingly devised for the roofage is the following. Each hexagonal case is covered by a roof, composed of three perfect rhombi, inclined to each other at a certain angle, and terminating in a common vertex G, as in the annexed figure.

Thus the complete roof of one cell contributes to the flooring of three upper ones. The three angles at G are equal, and of the same magnitude in every hive, and by careful measurement have been ascertained to be invariably equal to $109\frac{7}{15}$ degrees. Now it is in the selection of the particular size of this angle that the masterpiece of calculation, or whatever it may be called, is exhibited. Had this angle been chosen larger or smaller, the amount of wax required to enclose the same must, in either case, have been greater. By means of the differential calculus—an algebraical process of a high order—it has been ascertained, in the course of a long and elaborate investigation, that in order to enclose a maximum of space with given material within a hexagonal

cell thus roofed, the larger angle in each rhombus of the triple ceiling must exactly equal $109\frac{7}{15}$ degrees.

In the choice of this angle great latitude might have been allowed to these little architects, had the questions of arrangement and convenience been the only ones to be considered. But their supply of material being limited, it was absolutely necessary to ascertain even the fractional parts of a degree in the required angle, in order that the largest possible space might be enclosed with a given amount of wax.

I am not aware that this wonderful and minute accuracy in the construction of the cells of bees has been noticed by others. At all events, it solves a curious and interesting problem, and as such is submitted to the consideration of the mathematician.

A. A. M. & E. J.

DIVORCE A VINCULO; OR, THE TERRORS OF SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

(Continued from p. 211.)

R. DODGE was introduced to all the party with formal courtesy by our mutual friend Lamb. I couldn't help thinking that Mrs. Barber soared a little too high into the empyrean—flapped her dove's pinions a little too hard—put on, in fact, a trifle too much of the angel for the occasion. She avoided and yet courted the learned civilian's glance—she made place for him by her side, and yet produced an effect as though Lamb had put a chair there, and forced the Doctor into it. There was such sweet confusion in her downward glance—so melting an appeal for protection in her candid blue eyes—that Dodge must have been a brute indeed to have resisted it. Mrs. Barber had evidently thrown Lamb overboard for the moment, and appointed Dodge "Guardian Angel in Ordinary."

My friend Lamb did not appear in the least put out by this sudden revolution in the feelings of his client—nay, he seemed rather to regard her with increased admiration. For myself I confess that although the suspicion suggested above did cross my mind for a moment when Mrs. Barber was placing Dr. Dodge in solution—one playful glance which she cast my way when the professional gentlemen turned round to look for some papers on the table brought me down like a struck pheasant, and quite reassured me as to her perfect sincerity.

After all—poor thing—what could she do? It must be heart-breaking indeed for an injured lady to be compelled to bare her tender breast to the gaze of two unfeeling professional men; to be examined as to the innocent endearments which she had lavished upon a wretch unworthy of the possession of such a treasure; nay—far worse, to have to tell how she was repelled with scorn by the brute when she had glided down to his side with healing on her wings. Oh! to be obliged, for her dear child's sake, to claim the protection of the law against the father of that blessed child—her own, too—fondly adored—idolised husband—the lover whose vows had sounded so honey-sweet in her virgin ears. But now! she who would have given her own life for his a thousand times—must tell the world what manner of man he really was! Oh! oh! oh!

I confess that, at this moment, the thought occurred to me that it would be well if I broke through the indolence in which I had been wasting too many years of my life. What if I should blaze into practice before Sir C. C., and carry balm and consolation to many a bleeding heart? Flora would, I am sure, approve of the idea, and I felt convinced that I could do the work better than—by Jove! Mrs. Barber is fluttering round him again—that beast, Dodge. How can Lamb employ such a fellow!

"We were speaking, Doctor Dodge, when you came in," said Lamb, "of a particular incident in this distressing case? I mean the conduct of Mr. Barber, at Brussels."

"Yes, you allude, Mr. Lamb, I presume, to the severance or abscission, or curtailment, of Mrs. Barber's hair. When I was drawing the allega-

want to fix the limits, and then to show that the *sævitia*, or cruelty, was continuous."

"The last time, sir," said Mrs. Barber, "I shall never forget it. We were stopping at the Pavilion, at Folkstone: we had just come back from Paris, and I was very tired with the journey, for Augustus had insisted on my crossing that night —the stormiest night in the whole year—and I had gone to bed, and fallen asleep, when I was awoken with a stifling sensation, and found my nose in flames."

"Your nose in flames, Mrs. Barber?" said Dr. Dodge. "Allow me to say that that is a very singular circumstance!"

"Ah! but it's true for all that. Augustus had rubbed my nose over with cold cream, and then

he had torn off a bit of my handkerchief, and cold-creamed that too, and then he put that on my nose, and set fire to it. I hope that's cruel enough; but he was so very, very unkind."

"I protest, madam, in the course of my professional experience I never heard of such a fact," said Dodge. "I can't get nearer it than Mapleson and Mapleson, in which case the husband had slit the lady's nose up with a pen-knife. This, if done with felonious intent, was obviously well enough, and would have brought Mr. Mapleson within the cutting and maiming statutes; but it was proved on his side, *aliunde*, that he was fanatically convinced of the advantages of the Taliacotian operation, and did seriously intend the conversion of the wife's nose from a snub to a Grecian. He was examined according to the forms then in use amongst us at the Commons, and deposed that the snub-like character of the lady's nose had weighed upon his spirits for years —that he had brought her over to his own views —that she actually requested him to proceed with the operation, and that in pursuance of such request the alleged injury was inflicted. The Court decided that whatever might be said to such a transaction before another tribunal, it could not be pronounced to be *sævitia* in an Ecclesiastical Court. Here was the husband intending the

lady's benefit—the lady consenting—the pretext colourable; at the same time, the presiding Judge let fall a strong expression of opinion that a husband should never venture to perform a surgical operation upon his wife, more especially when he was not *inops consilii*, but *magnas inter opes inops*. Had it indeed been the amputation of a limb under circumstances of great pressure it might have been otherwise; but nobody could contend that the change in Mrs. Mapleson's nose, from a snub to a Grecian, could not have been postponed until such time as regular professional assistance could have been secured. But I am far indeed from saying, my dear Mrs. Barber, that Mapleson and Mapleson goes the length of your nose. It can scarcely be argued, on the other side, that Mr. Barber intended an improvement in your appearance by burning it."

"Mrs. Barber's nose is quite a feature in the case," said Lamb, with a disgusting chuckle; but the lady soon brought him to his senses by the simple process of applying her handkerchief to her eyes. How could any one with a man's heart and feelings venture to joke at the sufferings of a distressed lady?

Lamb attempted to repair the mischief he had done by various expressions of a soothing character; and that which was, to me, a decisive proof of the vulgarity of the man's mind was, that he caught hold of her little hand, forced it open, and began tapping on the palm with all the ardour of a monthly nurse. Mrs. Barber was, at that moment, at least five degrees removed from the point at which such a method of treatment is available—though, indeed, it is doubtful if a man's rude hand can ever administer it with advantage. That blundering, though perhaps well-meaning, solicitor had better look to himself. It would not greatly surprise me if his ears were well boxed within the next thirty seconds, or Mrs. Barber may possibly become perfectly rigid, or else dissolve in a Niagara of tears. Of the three alternatives I should much prefer that her grief took the form of an assault upon Lamb—he is a stout fellow, and blows inflicted by that fairy hand could not hurt very much. Besides, he would have brought it on himself.

Tears won the day. Dr. Dodge and I exchanged glances which meant as plainly as glances could utter it, "Is the time come for thrashing Lamb?" But the injured angel stood between him and his fate. She took his hand quite affectionately.

"Oh! dear Mr. Lamb! I am very, very sure, you didn't mean anything; but I have undergone so much, and words and little fancies which are nothing to a stranger's eye put me so in mind of other days. I am sure I am so troublesome to you—why should you give yourself any more pains about me? I am sure it must be very tiresome to you—a perfect stranger—to listen to the story of my sorrows. If I have done anything wrong, or anything to offend you, I will ask your pardon on my bended knees. I won't go on with this business. I know—Oh, yes! I know too—too well that all Augustus wants is my fortune. Let him have it. I have a little money left, and I can go down to Poldadek by this evening's train—and I will creep into the house at night, and steal away with my child—and I can live in perfect obscurity somewhere in London. Yes; I can take a house near Dorset Square, or some other low neighbourhood, and take in needle-work till I have earned enough to send my child to Eton, or buy him a commission in the Guards. Perhaps, Dr. Dodge, you will be good enough to patronise me, and let me make your shirts. Indeed I can do fine-sewing very nicely. Yes—yes! that will be best—let me begone."

"Mr. Lamb, you are much to blame," said Dr. Dodge, severely.

"Oh! don't say anything against my good, kind adviser. There, Mr. Lamb, give me your hand, and let us be friends. We'll say no more about it. I am sure you always mean well."

So Mr. Lamb was pardoned, and we went on with the business in hand. Mrs. Barber then gave us, as a third instance of her husband's cruelty, another scene that had occurred at Folkstone upon a different occasion, when Mr. Barber, with many opprobrious words, had accused her of showing her ankles as she got in and out of the railroad-train, and up the ladder from the steamer. The accusation, as Mrs. Barber observed, was perfectly ridiculous, because she knew perfectly well that her foot and ankle were not as well made as they might be. "Indeed," she continued, "it is very odd, but I was the only one of the Montresors who had ugly feet. Oh! if you had seen Eliza's foot and ankle. Gentlemen used to go and take their stand near crossings on dirty days just upon the chance of getting a glimpse of them. Mamma, too, has the Montresor foot to this day; but I always knew that I was not a Montresor in this respect. Now, if you'll promise not to tell," she added, smilingly, "I'll show you my foot, and you shall judge for yourselves what a story Augustus was when he said I could wish to show it. There, see how clumsy!" Mrs. Barber, as she said this, was good enough to indulge us with the sight of a foot which, if it did not prove her case, at least proved how humble-minded she was, and how poor an estimate she had formed of her own attractions. For the first time I understood the story of Cinderella. The thought occurred to me that I would request her to allow me to have a model taken of it, that I might use it as a paper-weight. However, Flora perhaps wouldn't like the idea;—so, on the whole, it was safest to say nothing about it. For the first time I comprehended the frenzy of which a friend of my own had been guilty. He saw one day a lady's boot in a dressing-room. The tender passion filled his soul—he caught it up—kissed it repeatedly—put it in his pocket—found out the lovely owner—proposed in three days, and was accepted. They have now been married seventeen years, and have two thumping boys at school, one of whom has just been put into the Georgics. I don't believe there was ever a happier marriage. My friend treasures up the marvellous boot, and swears it shall go into his coffin.

To proceed—another instance of her husband's ungovernable passions mentioned by Mrs. Barber, was, that on one occasion, when a bill of 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* was sent in for a hat and feathers for the child, Mr. B. had declared that she was ruining him,

and threatened to send her home. Not satisfied with this, he had seized up the cat, which was asleep on the hearth-rug, by the tail, and, twisting the animal several times round his head, had finally flung the infuriated creature at his poor wife. Lamb suggested that perhaps it might tell upon the jury, if they were to produce a cat in court as the unwilling actor in this disgraceful scene, and he offered the services of the Office Cat—a remarkably fine tabby—for the purpose. "Mrs. Barber's maid, a remarkably intelligent woman, who had lived with her through all the struggles of her married life, would readily identify the cat—she was a most intelligent woman." Dr. Dodge, however, over-ruled the suggestion, on the ground that Sir Cresswell would never for one moment admit the cat as a competent witness, as it would be impossible to show that PUSS was aware of the sanctity of an oath. This was not the first time I had remarked that the remembrance of his dramatic career still exercised too much influence over Lamb's mind. He was always for striking off an effect, and producing a series of tableaux to the jury. The principle no doubt is a sound one, but it may be worked to death. So, despite of some faint mutterings on Lamb's part with reference to the Dog of Montargis, his valuable suggestion was put aside.

It next appeared, that very soon after her intermarriage with Mr. Barber, his amiable wife had been taken by him down to Poldadek to stay with his two elderly maiden sisters. It is only surprising that she could have retained her senses after the sufferings inflicted on her by these ladies. They may possibly have done it with the best intentions, but was it just—was it right to send her to bed at seven o'clock in the evening—to prevent her from wearing any of the clothes she had brought with her from London? It was so natural and excusable at her age to take pleasure in attire which, however elegantly conceived, was befitting her condition. Besides, why did they put her hair into curl-papers—though the pain of the disgusting operation caused her to shed tears, and she implored of them to desist—and the odious screws of paper kept her awake all night by scrubbing between her tender cheek and the pillow? Besides, they were always sneering at the Montresors, who were of an excellent family, and connected, on the father's side, with an Irish Viscount. Miss Harriet and Miss Jane Barber, however, held such trifles in small account, and were always sneering at dignities which Mrs. B. believed they envied in their very hearts.

Mr. Lamb ventured to call her attention to what he was pleased to term a very troublesome feature in the case—namely, a series of letters, or notes containing declarations of the most passionate affection, which had been found by Mr. Barber in his wife's writing-desk, and appropriated by that unmanly ruffian.

Mrs. Barber explained.

When she and her husband were staying at Brussels, Augustus had gone into society which had caused her great uneasiness. In point of fact she was convinced that he had fallen into the hands of a pack of gamblers. For a long time the poor wife had resisted his earnest solicitations to receive these men; but, at length, overcome by his importuity, she had consented. The most noticeable man amongst them was a Comte ALEXIS DE CUBILLARD. "His appearance was well enough," Mrs. B. observed, "in fact, rather good-looking than otherwise, but those foreign good looks she detested." He was a notorious gambler, and the most noted pistol-shot in Brussels. He soon began to persecute her with his odious attentions; but as she would not listen to him—he wrote to her;—wrote repeatedly. If she showed these letters to her husband—there might be a duel, and Augustus might be consigned to a bloody grave on her account. If she destroyed them, and it ever came to light afterwards that such letters had been in her possession, it might be supposed that they contained matter which they had not contained. What was she to do? If Mr. Barber could have shown letters of hers to Count Alexis, it would have been another thing.

"Excellently reasoned, Mrs. Barber," said Dr. Dodge, full of admiration; "one would really suppose you had been brought up in the Commons. The Count's letters are only evidence against himself. You are quite sure there are no letters of yours which the other side might spring upon us?"

"Quite!" said the lady, with a smile of seraphic innocence.

"Very well. I don't think there's anything more to say," said Lamb. "With your permission, Mrs. Barber, Dr. Dodge and I will go carefully through the evidence in a professional way when I have had the honour of conducting you to your carriage. Mind, to-morrow, at half-past ten punctually—punctually, Mrs. Barber!"

"Will Mr. Barber be there?" said the lady.

"Oh, certainly!" replied Lamb.

"*I will take care and be punctual!*" said the injured angel, as she glided out of the room, with a sweeping smile at Dr. Dodge and myself, and left us standing there full of sorrow and sympathy for her and abhorrence for each other. GAMMA.

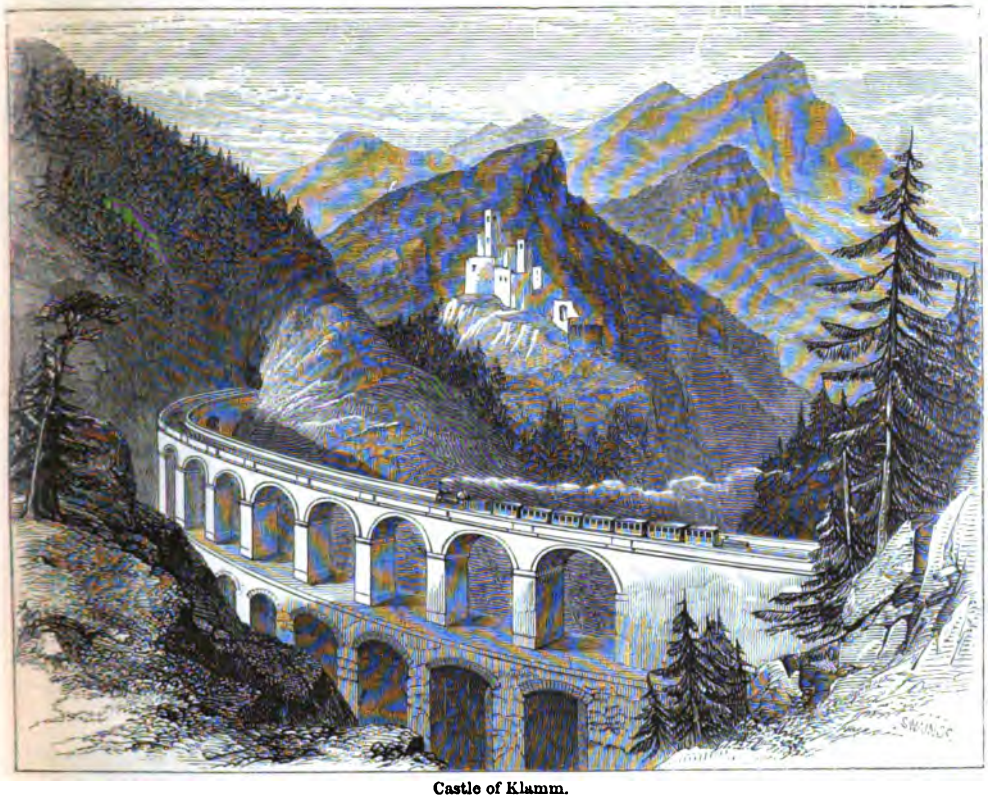
(To be continued.)

SKETCHES IN STYRIA. By C. E.

BEFORE describing the Château of Ehrenhausen, we shall give an outline of the beautiful scenery through which we passed, *en route* from Vienna, The nucleus of it is the range of mountains called, "the Semmering," a branch of the Norische Alpen, running out from the main chain, at nearly right angles to the east, while the former stretches from the great Glockner, to the east of the Ratische Alpen, and runs nearly north-east to Vienna. The Semmering divides the plain which extends from Vienna towards the south, from that of Gratz, in the centre of which is situated the town of the same name, the capital of Upper Styria. The railway which traverses this chain of mountains, is of a magnitude worthy of old Rome in its best days; the hills which it ascends are more than 5000 feet above the level of the sea; and the greatest elevation of the line, which is the centre of the principal tunnel of the Semmering, is not less than 2788.

From Glognitz, a "bourgade" at the foot of the

Semmering, and 1308 feet above the level of the sea, the railway ascends the mountain by a succession of windings, which disclose a continual change of the most beautiful and romantic scenery, until in something more than twenty-four miles it has gained an elevation of 1480 feet. From this



Castle of Klamm.

altitude it begins to descend towards the south, and often when it enters a valley terminating in a *cul-de-sac*, after turning the head of the glen it runs back for more than a mile parallel with the line it pursued on the other side of the valley, and continues till it finds an opening to the south; where again it is perhaps compelled to make a similar retrograde movement in search of an outlet; passing in its course through no less than fifteen tunnels, besides some most extraordinary galleries cut in the face of the precipices, and long corridors with rows of arches looking out from the rock upon the deep valleys below. In these valleys, rich in cultivation and pasture, and sheltered by forests which clothe the mountains to their summits, are seen here and there villages, scattered houses, convents, and châteaux; while on the towering crags above, perched like eagles' nests on the rocks, whose natural sides cannot be distinguished from the grey masonry by which they are surmounted, rises many a noble ruin frowning in the silent grandeur of ages gone!

Such, especially, is the castle of Klamm, which is situated in the centre of this mountain-pass, on the summit of the rocky Henbachkogels, where it has stood since the eleventh century, through all the wars, and revolutions, and tempests of seven-hundred years undilapidated, until, in 1801, it was struck by lightning, and reduced to a ruin. Its position is wonderful: hanging over the precipices on which it is built, so that from its projecting turrets a pebble may be dropped into the green valley below, where the cattle and their herdsmen appear like emmets on the grass. Wild, beautiful abode! and wild and daring must have been the man who first stood upon its aërial bastion, and resolved to build his eagle dwelling on that rock. A tide of overwhelming feeling rushes through the mind, as we gaze from those narrow loopholes, or wide-arched windows, and feel that this place was once inhabited by the noble and the beautiful; that its hall once resounded with all the mirth, and happiness and splendour of social life and princely banquets but in a pile hanging like an eagle's nest upon the pinnacle of an isolated rock in the centre of a mountain range, some of whose peaks rise five six, and nearly 7000 feet above the plane of the Mediterranean.* Even the point of view from which the above sketch was taken, is far above the ordinary haunts of man, at nearly 3000 feet above the level of the sea, upon an eminence

* The highest are — Grünsehacher, 5490 feet; the Hochkuppe, 6340; and the Schneeberg, 6570.

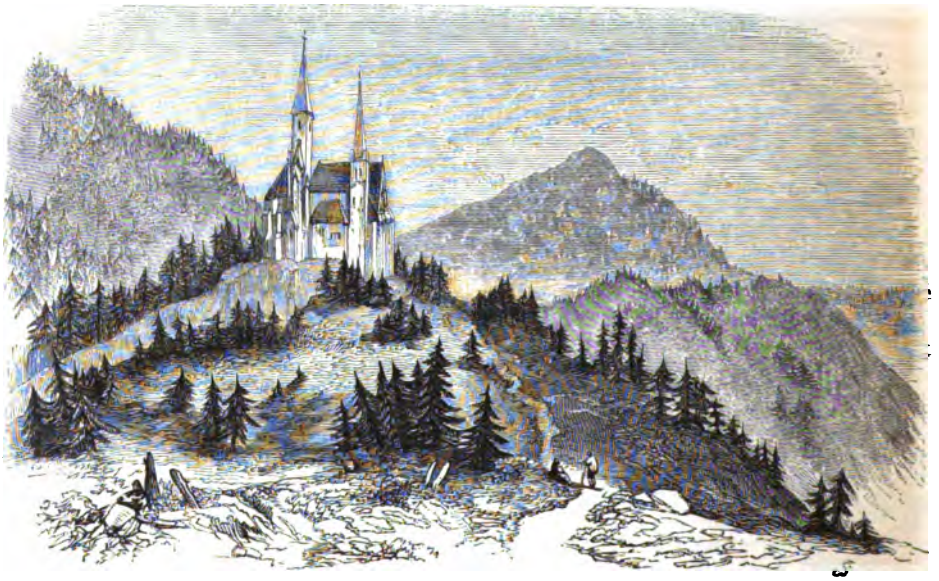
from which the deep valleys lie hid, far beneath the prospect of the eye, and are only caught here and there, when a turn in the railway opens the bright green line of their narrow gorges.

Wonderful and magical change! from the days of the feudal baron who looked out from his proud fortress teeming with life, upon the solitary horse-litter, or jolting wain, toiling up the mountain-path, like the snail which climbed the rock, and ours who gaze from the now grey and silent battlements upon the rushing stream of carriages propelled by fire and water, flying from mountain to mountain; disappearing into the bowels of the earth with its long black train, like some mighty dragon! through apertures which seem, from a distance, not large enough to receive a mole, while the flying train, diminishing with every beat of the spectator's heart, seems to contract itself to the dimensions of the rocky chasm which swallows it up. Then, issuing from beyond the hill in a cloud of white vapour, it seems to run along the face of the crags, now seen, now lost, as it shoots like lightning through the corridors of the rock, and disappears, sending its low thunder reverberating among the distant hills.

Such is the aspect which presents itself for the first time to the eye of the traveller, as he stands on the ruins of this ancient fortress, or looks down from some shattered mountain-peak. Nor is it less interesting to the occupant of a railway carriage; rock after rock seems to rise, and fall, and disappear around him; peaks, precipices, and valleys fly before the eye, like the deceptions of a phantasmagoria, and the old ruins of castles and monasteries, and villages, and groups of mountain cottages, all come and go before he has time to catch their names.

In descending this range of mountains, towards the south, the beautiful valley which stretches before us leads to the town of Bruck, where the river Mur turns at right angles towards the south, and receives the combined waters of the Schwarzau and Mütz, which have already met below the Semmering, and formed the stream which we had been hitherto following. We now accompany the river Mur down the rich and beautiful valley which leads to the plain of Gratz; crossing and recrossing it, in its winding course, as it turns from side to side, washing alternately the feet of the steep wooded hills by which the valley is bounded, while here and there the train disappears amidst the broken rocks and tufts of trees, where the glen has contracted itself, and where the line cuts into the face of the solid rock—the cliffs above and the stream below—running through wide arched galleries like the arcades of a bazaar, open on one side to the river, showing between the pillars the most romantic scenery that it is possible for the mind to conceive.

We now find ourselves running down the beautiful vale which expands itself into the plain of Gratz, and after passing innumerable villages, sheltered by hills clothed in forests, out of whose rich foliage still continue to rise, here and there, on either side, the remains of many a noble pile, or still inhabited châteaux of the nobles of Stürmark. Among the most remarkable of the

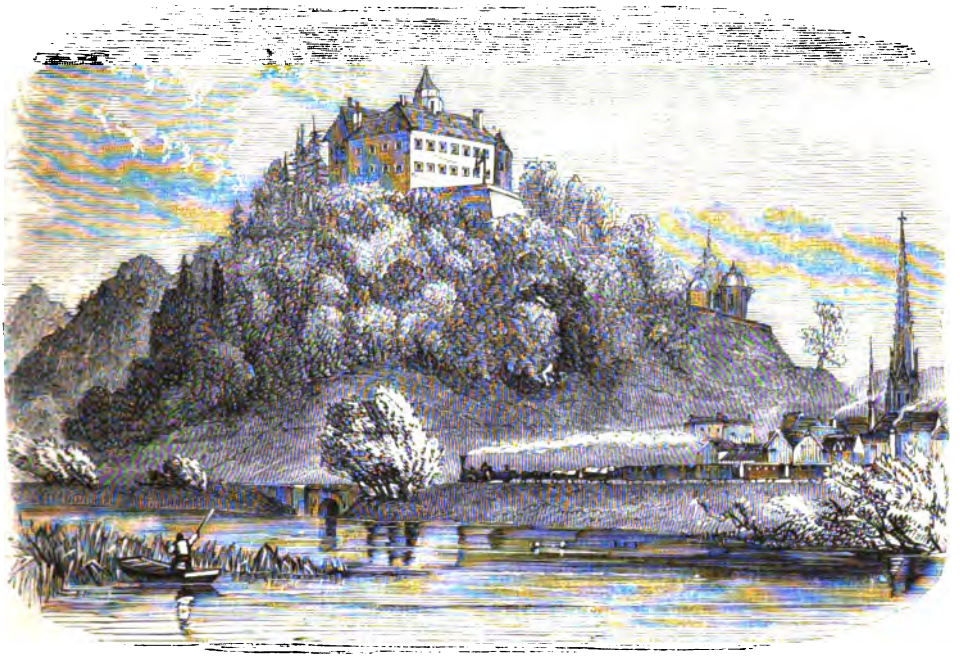


The Church of Marie Strassengel.

former are the ruins of the Castle of Göstinge, belonging to the Counts of Attems, but uninhabited since the year 1711. From this elevated point, as also from the votive chapel built in 1832, on the south side of the hill on which the castle stands, there is an exquisite view down the valley of the Mur, the chain of "Alps," and the plain of Gratz. Still more interesting, however, is the little gothic church of "Marie Strassengel," which stands on a wooded eminence to the right. This

building was erected in the fourteenth century, and is attributed to Hauser, the principal architect engaged in the construction of the cathedral of St. Stephen's in Vienna. The Church of Marie Strassengel was finished in 1355.

After having passed these interesting objects, we issue from the valley, and cross the plain of Gratz, in the centre of which, on the left of the line, rises the town of that name, with its fortress built on a rocky eminence, surrounded by trees



The Château of Ehrenhausen, Upper Styria.

and walks, while the town encircles the whole with all its gardens and orchards, and these are again encompassed by the most luxuriant cultivation, which stretches over the plain to the feet of the encircling hills, whose sides are studded with châteaux, and villas, and châlets. Having passed this beautiful town, the hills approach again from either side, leaving a narrow vale, through which run both the river and the railway; and the flying train, surpassing the stream in speed, soon brings us to the more extensive plain which stretches between the western mountains of Upper Styria and those of Gleichenberg Kugelberg, and Stradner-Kogel, the latter 1900 feet high, and in an hour's run we arrive at Ehrenhausen, with its noble château rising in majestic grandeur above.

The hill upon which the castle stands rises from the right bank of the Mur, which river has its sources in two lakes not far from St. Michael's, in the west extremity of the Norische Alpen, at the foot of the Rathhausberg, where also commence the Ratische Alpen in their course south-west; after passing Bruck, Gratz, Ehrenhausen, Marburg, it falls into the Drau, some miles below the Netter, and, in its turn, the Drau is swallowed up by the Danube below the town and fortress of Esseg. The castle-hill of Ehrenhausen is covered with fine trees—oak, beech, pine, and elm, and a variety of other kinds, over which the castle commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country, especially across the beautiful and richly-cultivated plain which stretches towards the east, towards the hills of Gleichenberg, where the buildings of the celebrated baths of that name shine like a mass of snow. To the west, north and south, rise in every form, mountains which have all the characteristics of an alpine range. Among these hills the views are of unrivalled beauty; valleys of luxuriant verdure and cultivation, the eminences clothed at their feet, and often half-way up their sides with vineyards and gardens, and studded everywhere with châlets of the most picturesque forms surrounded by forest and fruit-trees, and trellised with vines.

(To be continued.)

AËRATED BREAD.

It certainly is not pleasant, in biting a thick hunch of bread, to find that you have made a section of a cockroach; nevertheless, however unpleasant, the discovery is instructive. The geologist, from a much meaner fragment of pre-Adamite life, bisected in a railway cutting, will tell you the exact condition under which the globe existed in some very early stage of its formation, and that much-abused cockroach is equally capable of telling a tale respecting one condition under which the bread which formed its matrix was produced. Everybody knows, or should know, at

least, in these days of physical science, what the globe is like at that particular slice which is filled with saurians like the plums in a cake. But how few know anything of that substratum of urban life, the whereabouts of which is discovered to us in frosty weather only by a patch of thaw upon the pavement. That the staff of life somehow or other emerges from these underground caverns we may possibly be cognisant of, but how many of us have ever troubled ourselves to have ocular demonstration of what daily and nightly goes on in these sunless dungeons? The evidence of the cockroach in the bread, like the presence of the saurians in the blue lias, indicates, it is true, the presence of a very high temperature in those regions, but we feel satisfied that there is a charming ignorance abroad respecting a manufacture which comes home directly to our breakfast-tables. The arrangement of a metropolitan bakehouse, then, literally described, is pretty much as follows. The oven is in the cellar, under the roadway, the mixing-troughs and kneading-boards are in the basement. The heat ranges from 80 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. There is generally a privy under the stairs in some corner of the den, all the impure gases from which are sucked, as a matter of course, towards the furnace-mouth, ventilating the dough in the course of its progress over it. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that a temperature of the nature we have indicated cannot be without effect upon the skin of the workman; nevertheless, the machinery of these establishments consists simply of the baker's hands and arms, and, in some cases, of their feet! With these they knead the dough much as they did at the earliest times of which we have any knowledge. The result, with respect to the bread, we leave to our reader's imagination, but we wish particularly to draw attention to the condition of the workers. According to the Report of Dr. Guy, the journeyman baker habitually works in the polluted atmosphere we have described from eighteen to twenty hours a-day, and, towards the end of the week, nearly two entire days in succession! Is it to be wondered at that, under these circumstances, the trade of the baker is one of the most unhealthy in the metropolis? Compositors who work in a heated atmosphere, we are told by Dr. Guy, are peculiarly subject to chest diseases of a severe character; they spit blood (a very grave symptom) in the proportion of twelve and a-half in a hundred; but journeymen bakers, we are informed by the same authority, spit blood in the proportion of thirty-one in the hundred. Amongst the journeymen of the under-priced bakers, we are further told, that no less than every other man spits blood! We do not wish to pursue this unpleasant subject further than is necessary to insure public attention to the sufferings of a class of workers who have hitherto borne their cross with almost culpable patience. We have said enough, however, to show that society is the ogre we read of in the nursery tale, and like him may cry—

"We grind their bones to make our bread!"

The Operative Bakers' Society endeavoured, some time since, to obtain a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into their grievances, but they failed, and nothing seemed left to them but to interest public opinion in their favour. It is probable, however, that their grievances will gradually be redressed in a manner quite unexpected. The iron limbs of machinery are coming to the rescue of the over-tasked human muscle; another powerful drudge once thoroughly engaged in our service, not only will the evils complained of by the operative bakers disappear, but other advantages will flow to the public we have yet to mention.

Some little time since we witnessed the working of bread-making by machinery, at the steam bakery of Messrs. Peek, Frean, & Co., of Dockhead. It has long been well known in the medical profession, that the ordinary fermented bread is very apt to disagree with dyspeptic persons,—a fermentation still going on in the stomach after it is eaten. Impressed with this difficulty as regards ordinary bread, Dr. Dauglish has succeeded in making by machinery a very pure unfermented bread, the constituents of which are simply flour and salt, with the addition of what we shall term soda water. In the production of this article, which is perhaps familiar to the reader under the term of aërated bread, the hand of the workman never touches the material during the whole process of manufacture. The mixing is performed in a hollow air-tight iron receptacle, by the rapid revolution of iron arms fixed upon a central spindle, very much in the same manner in which mortar is mixed in a pugmill.

In ordinary bread, the vesicular texture is given by the addition of yeast, which causes a fermentation in the dough mass, resulting in the production of carbonic acid gas, which fills the tenacious substance with air-bubbles, and thus lightens it. In the new process, however, the carbonic acid gas is supplied direct to the flour in conjunction with the water, and the lightening process is thus performed without any decomposition whatever. The aërated water is pumped into the mixing receptacle at a very high pressure, and when the kneading is finished—a process which is completed in as many minutes as it formerly took hours,—a valve is opened in the bottom of the mixer, and the dough is forced out by the elasticity of its contained carbonic acid gas. A boy in attendance receives it as it flows, and cuts off, with marvellous exactness, just enough to fill a small 2 lb. 4 oz. tin. It is as much as he can do to keep time with the stream of dough as it issues from the machine, and cut off sufficient portions to fill up the little army of tins that are supplied to his hand. The loaves, now ready for baking, are placed upon what is termed a traversing oven, the platform of which is composed of an endless chain working upon two rollers. By this contrivance the dough is taken in at one end, and after travelling, and baking meanwhile, for the space of one hour, is ejected at the other extremity as bread.

The lightness and purity of the aërated bread will, without doubt, command for it, ere long, universal demand. The rejection of the process of fermentation, whilst it does away with a certain cause of indigestion, is also valuable, inasmuch as it renders a certain kind of adulteration, to which all town-made bread is obnoxious, unnecessary.

Londoners are particularly partial to very white bread. Now this quality can only be obtained by the admixture of alum with the flour, in order to overcome the partial discoloration which takes place during the fermenting process even in pure flour; damaged flour, which bakers use in the poorer districts, in consequence of its dark appearance even before fermentation, requires a much more liberal allowance of the bleaching alum. Dr. Hassall, in his work on the Adulteration of Food, devotes a special chapter to the falsification of bread in the metropolis. Out of twenty-four loaves, purchased indiscriminately from bakers residing in different parts of London, he found every one adulterated with alum, the degree of adulteration corresponding with the poverty of the neighbourhood in which it had been bought. Thus it is clear that the ordinary bread is contaminated with a pernicious drug. The quantity thus taken at one time is small, it is true, but its repetition from day to day cannot fail to exercise a considerable influence upon the digestive organs, especially in young children. The aërated machine-made bread does not require the addition of alum to whiten it, the energy of the kneading apparatus transferring even the darkest spurred flour into perfectly white loaves. The poor journeyman baker, no less than the public, will be the gainer by the application of machinery to the operation of mixing, inasmuch as it will at once lift a very clumsy handicraft, carried on by small masters, with insufficient means, into a manufacture of the first class, necessitating the employment of large capital. The steam-bakery of Messrs. Peek, Frean, & Co., for instance, where we saw Dr. Dauglish's bread machinery at work, contained workshops as spacious as those of a cotton mill, contrasting most favourably with the miserable, fetid dens in which our metropolitan bread is at present made. The air is pure, the temperature moderate, and the time occupied in the manufacture of the loaf so short (an hour and a half), that the operatives are entirely exempt from the fearful amount of illness and mortality which exists among those employed by low-priced bakers. The introduction of steam machinery into the trade is, in fact, as great a boon to the poor mechanic, as the invention of the sewing machine is to the tailor and sempstress. Iron limbs worked by steam muscles, it is clear, will ere long lift the working man above the mere drudgery of his task in most handicrafts, and prepare the way, more than any other circumstance, for their ultimate elevation in our social system. M. D.

LIFE IN A FRENCH KITCHEN. By C.

(Concluded from p. 198.)

Louis Vélay is very enthusiastic about the march to London. Like all his countrymen he ignores our army altogether, with the exception of a few regiments for our colonies, and the Guards which protect the Queen and the Bank of England.

"You have no army," he says, "you cannot bring ten thousand men into the field without leaving London undefended. So how can you gain battles on land?"

That is a settler, and I am fairly mobbed in the kitchen between Vélay and the lieutenant.

One day I ventured to suggest that we stood our ground at Waterloo, upon which the whole party in the kitchen (except Marguérite, who, dear girl, always takes the part of the oppressed, right or wrong, and who on this subject has some German tendencies), stood up, and for five minutes shouted at the top of their voices, gesticulating as if receiving words from their mouths into their hands and throwing them into my face. This was unanswerable. I shrugged my shoulders as they did when words failed them; but, next morning, when Vélay was calm, I asked him what they had said, and he informed me that it was a matter of history (French) that Wellington had actually commenced a retreat upon Brussels when Blucher came up and saved the day.

Although I would not allow my friends to ignore our army altogether, yet I could not but confess to myself that they were right to a great extent. The French army of a half a million is available to-morrow, and a conscription would give the pick of as many men as might be required to recruit it. When the Emperor declares war, he will not give us time to organise new regiments or to call out the remainder of the militia. There is no doubt but that the twenty miles of sea is as good as an army of two hundred thousand men at least; but suppose the Channel once crossed by an enemy, what have we to oppose to him?

It is asserted that we can bring into the field, on a point between London and the south coast, an army of twenty thousand men, part of which must be composed of militia. That is all.

The first thing that strikes an English officer is the slovenly manner in which French troops march and carry the firelock. Even in the streets of Paris they do not pay the music or drums the compliment of marching in step. Nothing appears to be required of them, but to keep the correct wheeling distance of the formation, and to carry the firelock on the named shoulder. An English militia regiment, after a month's training, marches more regularly, and has a better parade use of the firelock than the French Infantry. There is an apparent want of precision in their evolutions. In the wheel of companies the men do not circle round, but make a half face outwards and shuffle up until they arrive in succession in the new direction; and in deploying into line points are not placed for each company, but it is done on a distant point. But perhaps it is better thus to practise on parade what men will have to do in action. A captain with us has to dress his men from the front of another company, which in action may have already commenced firing. Among old soldiers, as well as young, firing is rather infectious, and when once begun, with or without an order, it is very difficult to stop, and they care very little what is in front of them.

French troops are generally described as being quick in reforming when thrown into disorder—a great quality—and as seldom being more irregular in their formations in face of an enemy than on parade; whereas we exact a precision at drill, which is thrown to the winds the moment we go into action. I have heard several old officers

remark that our army has not recovered its discipline since the war in the Crimea (discipline is lost in a campaign—virtue seems to go out of men); and also, that we have lost a great deal of precision in our movements, perhaps in imitation of our allies in the Crimea; but whether we make it up by adopting some of their good qualities remains to be proved.

They really are good soldiers, and what is more, they are great campaigners; that is, whilst our troops are on the bare ground waiting for the commissariat, a French soldier is under cover of some sort, and with a few sticks trying to cook his own dinner.

The Duke, in his despatches, makes frequent allusion to this quality in the French soldier, and also to the power of a French army to maintain itself on the ground where it stands.

Winter is not the season for drill. Though I frequently walked to the *Champ de Mars* for the purpose of seeing troops at exercise, I was seldom more lucky than to meet a regiment on its "promenade" or weekly march into the country, or to see a few companies of recruits at drill, or the bugles of a regiment marching and playing at the double, which they do for twenty minutes at a time.

The only occasion on which I saw a large body of troops was at the funeral of the Duc de Plaisance, but they only marched from the Madeleine to the cemetery of Père la Chaise in an open column of companies. However, I could see that the principles of their drill and ours are nearly the same. We are more precise than they are, and they attempt a greater speed than we consider compatible with steadiness.

They have three degrees of march—*ordinaire*, *accéléré*, and *double*. The first is the usual pace in columns of march and manœuvre in heavy marching order, and also at funerals, for they have no slow step. The cadence is quicker, but the pace is shorter than our quick step.

The *pas accéléré* is a quick walk used on the march and in action when speed is required. The *double* is nearly the same as ours, but used for greater distances, and the men are practised at it, as horses are trained for a race. The two latter steps may be useful on occasions and for short distances, but I do not believe in their extended use during a campaign.

The great object in equipping a soldier is to enable him to maintain himself on his ground. For this purpose, besides his arms, ammunition, and accoutrements, he carries food for two or more days according to the occasion, a great coat or blanket, or both, according to the season, and his knapsack, which with us constitute "heavy marching order." Thus equipped, he is independent of the commissariat, and though he cannot run fast or far with the weight, he can hold a position, and maintain himself on his ground as long as food and ammunition last. Whereas a soldier in "light marching order," that is with only his arms and accoutrements, cannot maintain himself for a night, for he is driven back by his wants.

It is a rule in marching, that to enable troops to arrive at the end of a long march without stragglers and in an efficient state, ready to go into action at once, they must all march with the slowest. As soon as the slow men are over-paced, they fall out, and the longer the march the more the regiment becomes inefficient. Spirit may carry on an out-paced soldier for a few days, but his heart soon fails, as does the heart of a horse, when put into harness with a quicker and an easier stepper than himself.

We can pick regiments, but we cannot pick men. Officers do not like to lose their best men, and men cannot bear the sense of inferiority implied by not being selected.

A regiment of the hardiest and most active men are but men. They cannot all be of one age and of one constitution. The strongest fall sick, and when they return from hospital and are out-paced in the first march under a hot sun, they fall out and become stragglers.

When I see, or am told by a witness who has seen, a French division march fifteen miles in a broiling sun, in heavy marching order, and then march for three miles more into action at the *pas accéléré*, and keep their formation to the end, and have no stragglers, I will believe in it,—"*Mais il faut le voir pour le croire.*" I saw a battalion of Chasseurs de Vincennes, supposed to be the best of the French infantry, marching for some immediate purpose along the Boulevards at the *pas accéléré*. They came from the barracks at the *Château d'Eau*, and were then near the *Rue de la Paix*, a distance of about two miles, and a great many of the men were out-paced, and some of them already in distress.

Luckily for the respectability of the British army (which is all we are allowed by our allies to have gained in the Crimea), there is such a thing as the *pas accéléré*, for, according to French history, we were in a bad position at Inkermann, and as usual had already commenced a retreat, when the day was saved by a French division, which had marched a distance of six miles, from Kamiesh Bay, at this useful pace. But as the French claim the merit of every victory in the Crimea, and lay the blame on us when anything went wrong, their accounts differ not a little from ours, or even general history.

The French army bears another and a great contrast to ours. Their officers are soldiers by profession, and ours too frequently enter the service for amusement and temporary occupation. Many of the former have risen from the ranks, and there are but a few who have any means besides their pay; their hopes in this world are in promotion and glory; when they lose their pay as officers, they become waiters at hotels and cab-drivers. Whereas our officers have generally some private means, and either can or do purchase some, if not all, of their commissions. With their private fortunes, and the value of their commissions to fall back upon, they will not face a disappointment in promotion, or a bad climate, or even a disagreeable quarter. On the breaking out of hostilities, the first impulse of every officer is to rush to the seat of war; the second is to rush back again. After a few weeks of the stern business of real war, and there is nothing so matter-of-fact, and on the spot has so little romance as war,

our amateur officers cannot be kept at their posts. See *the* Duke's despatches, *passim*. When they cannot return home on duty, or on sick leave, or on private urgent affairs, they do not hesitate even to resign their commissions.

Hence the short service and want of experience of our officers, particularly in the cavalry. At the end of the Crimean war, several of the captains and the whole of the subalterns of some of the Crimean regiments had two years' service, and the casualties by death and sickness did not warrant such promotion and so much inexperience.

The French have a fine force of cavalry, there being at Versailles as many as seven thousand horses, which are of a wiry, serviceable description. Great pains have been taken to improve the breed of horses for army purposes. The men look well, and are counted efficient, but for some reason or other, the cavalry is not held in the same estimation as the other branches of the service.

A Frenchman is a poor horseman; he is not made for sitting on a horse; he has no hands, his whole weight is on the curb, and altogether he never seems at home on horseback. They have no school in France for horsemanship, like our hunting-field; and a light hand, and an easy seat are things unknown. As long as a Frenchman does not tumble off, it is a matter of indifference, whether his hands are near his horse's ears or his own. The last thing he thinks of is a ride into the country for the pleasure of the exercise, and he no more would keep a horse for that purpose, than an Englishman would a camel for his dog-cart. When he does keep a horse, it is for the Bois de Boulogne. There he sees the world, and what is more, the world sees him, his rose-coloured gloves, his gold-mounted whip, and his prancing barb; a wretched animal with weak hams, that comes from Algiers, but quite the fashion just now, having a long mane and tail. There he sits in his tight clothes, strapped down to his boots (straps in the second half of the nineteenth century!) and then comes an English gentleman, loosely dressed, and cantering along, at ease with himself and his horse. However we have a deal to learn from each other; and much as we excel as masters of a horse, we cannot compare with them as horse masters. They can give us lessons in general stable management, in their shoeing, in their veterinary art, and in kindness to their horses, and to the rest of the dumb creation. This is proved by the general condition of their horses, and by the fact that though most of their draught horses are entire, a vicious animal is seldom seen. Their coats seldom *stare*, though the climate is as variable, and in winter much more rigorous than that of England; and during the time I was in Paris, I never saw a painfully lame horse, even in a hack carriage, or one with a sore back. A French coachman and his horses are the best of friends—they know him well, and they are never so brutally treated as in countries which have a Martin's act.

But our neighbours are very kind to all the dumb creation. Even the little birds, such as sparrows and linnets, are protected by law under the plea of their being supposed to destroy the caterpillars, grubs, and insects in the fields. The sparrows in the Tuileries gardens are quite tame; and so are the wood-pigeons, which with us are as wild as hawks. A man may be seen feeding them with bread. The sparrows light on his hand, and he throws them into the air with a piece of bread, which they catch in their beaks as it falls.

But I am running away from the French army. Not that I am afraid of it. Our men can do their duty as of old; and our officers, being better educated and drinking less, are probably not much inferior to, or less clear in the head than Wellington and his lieutenants. But if we are allowed to do so, we ought to rest contented under the stock of our old laurels. The fortune of war is a curious element in the chances of a campaign, and as we have everything to lose by a war, I would rather have any other nation for an enemy than the French.

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The eyes of Madame Blot are red; she eats less dinner than ever. When Blot goes out at nine o'clock, she tells me that Alfred has passed his examination at last, and has been promoted to a regiment stationed at Lyons. While she is yet speaking Marguérite enters. Her heart also is full, and I go out to let them unbosom. After waiting twenty minutes at the corner, I meet Marguérite going home. It is a beautiful night, and we walk along the Boulevards, which are full of people. Something has happened. The shop has never been a good business, there is a difficulty about the rent, and she and her mother are going back to Strasbourg. I could have assisted them with a little, but only a little, and I am therefore greatly relieved by her saying the difficulty is eleven hundred francs—a sum far beyond me—and that it falls upon a rich old uncle at Strasbourg, who is *caution*, or security, for them.

She is sorry to go, and I believe her: I am sorry to lose her, and of course she believes me. I gave her a small gold compass—not the one you gave me, Oh, Laura! to keep my heart straight, for that shall be found between me and my flannel when the winds have ceased to blow, but one that cost me four francs and a-half then and there. We are at the shop-door. Marguérite and I began by being lovers, but we elevated the sentiment and became the best of friends, and, for six weeks, the most regular of correspondents. I gave her a kiss, and never saw her again.

I could no more have stayed in Paris after the party in the kitchen had broken up, than I could have slept in a church after being at a wedding. So, next morning, I packed up my things, and having, as in duty bound, saluted Madame on both sides of the cheek and paid my bill, I called a voiture, and that night I was in Dieppe.

Sterne tells a story in his Sentimental Journey of a respectable-looking French beggar, who whispered something into the ear of every lady that passed him in the street, and every one turned round and gave him something. Sterne found that he had paid each woman a compliment.

I never believed this story. At Dieppe I had in French money the sum of seventy-five francs

and three sous. Not wishing to take francs to England, I entered an exchange shop on the quay. There was an old woman at the counter—a hard-looking, money-scraping woman. The exchange, she said, was twenty-five francs and four sous for each sovereign—nothing less—not a centime less. At this rate I could only purchase two sovereigns, and still be saddled with twenty-four francs. I explained the exact state of the funds—she was obdurate; I expended my best French in arguments—she was inflexible. The packet bell was ringing—I was leaving the shop. There were some violets in the window, white and blue. I thought of Sterne's story. "Would Madame give me two or three of those lovely violets as a souvenir of the most beautiful country in the world?" It was magic. She handed me the whole bunch and three sovereigns, and I now believe the story of Sterne's respectable beggar.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

After some days' good sport in the way of "pig-sticking," i.e., wild-boar hunting, in which I am bound to say that my friend H—— and I maintained our characters as sportsmen of the first water, we moved our camp to a place called Belaspoor, where there was a bungalow built by a sporting Collector of the district, known by the soubriquet of "Tiger Tom," not because his disposition at all resembled that crafty and ferocious animal, but from the number of them he had killed.

One month every year—generally in April—Tiger Tom used to make up a party, and come to this bungalow, that he might pursue his favourite sport without having far to go in search of it. These entertainments were much enjoyed by his friends, for Tiger Tom was a facetious fellow, told capital stories, and always had an unlimited supply of Bass or Allsopp.

For some time back the bungalow had been unoccupied and neglected, Tiger Tom having been carried off, not by one of his opponents, but by an equally dangerous foe—jungle fever. Now and then it was occupied for a few days by sportsmen from the neighbouring stations, but very rarely; and it certainly presented a very desolate appearance as we rode up to it.

Long-neglected houses suffer in any country; but in this climate, with its moist soil, hot sun, and heavy rainy seasons, vegetation spreads with inconceivable speed, and the jungle had grown up to the very walls on the east and south sides. The house seemed to be stuck on the edge of a very dense jungle which stretched in the quarters I have mentioned, as far as the eye could reach; and one could not look at it without thinking of tigers and serpents, and all manner of wild beasts.

A number of huts—or rather remains of them—that had been erected for the numerous retinue of the collector and his friends, added to the sombre aspect of the place, for they were roofless and doorless, the villagers in the neighbourhood (there were none, however, nearer than a *koss*, or two miles), having doubtless carried off all available parts of them. They did not dare, however, to touch the house itself, having probably, a wholesome dread of the Collector's myrmidons, a police-station not being far off.

Riding to our tent, which was pitched under a tree at some distance from the bungalow, we bathed, dressed, and had our breakfast, and then strolled over to take a closer look at the place. To our surprise we found it occupied, for, on our approach, a mongrel cur, half-pariah and half-bulldog, set up a furious barking, and brought out a European sergeant, his half-caste wife, and a couple of children.

He told us in an unmistakeably Irish accent that his name was Murphy,—that he was in charge of a salt-station some dozen or so of miles away; that he had come there that very morning for a little shooting, and had brought his family for a change and "divarsion," not knowing that the bungalow was so dangerously near the jungle.

We dismounted and examined the place, and then the following colloquy was held:

"But how did you travel, Sergeant Murphy; and where are your servants and traps?"

"Och! yer honors, the natives (bad luck to the dirty spalpeens!) who druve the cart and attinded my powney, were frightened for wild bastes, and wouldn't stay at no price; so I sent them to a village two miles off, where they're to wait till I sind for them. Only that chap," pointing to a servant in the verandah, "agreed to stay till evening to cook for us."

"Well, my good fellow," I said, "it *does* look like a place for wild beasts, and I feel pretty sure your bullocks and pony, and perhaps the natives, would have been devoured by tigers if you had attempted to keep them here. I would recommend you leaving the place, too, without delay, as your wife and children are not safe even in the day-time,—there may be lots of snakes about these ruins."

"Oh, we'll take care of ourselves, yer honour; and I've a nate gun here, that'll astonish the wake minds of the craturs if they come nigh us. I'll sind yer honours a haunch of vinison that I'm expecting to git, if ye'll condishind to accept it."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, Murphy," said H——, laughing, "deer are not so easily shot in this thick jungle; and I would advise you to take care, for you may come upon a tiger quite as readily."

Sergeant Murphy declared he was not afraid, but we would not leave him without a promise—his wife joining her entreaties to ours—that he would keep very near the house and on the skirts of the jungle.

At dinner-time we sent over some things to help out the commissariat of the sergeant and his family, which we suspected would not be superabundant.

On looking out just before going to bed, I saw a light glimmering in the bungalow, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, but there was no sound to disturb the still night.

After paying a visit to our horses, and warning the saises and grass-cutters to watch by turns, and keep up a good fire (the materials for which had been collected in the afternoon), in case of nocturnal visits, we turned in.

It must have been some two or three hours after that I was awoke by the call of "Sahib! Sahib!" just outside the canvas near which I lay, and on my rousing myself sufficiently to remember where I was, for I was far away in my dreams, I recognised the voice of Kurreem Bux, Selim's sais, "There must be something wrong at the bungalow, sir,' for I hear shouting as if for assistance."

H—— was by this time sitting up in his bed, listening, and we simultaneously jumped up and hurriedly dressed, ordering the lantern to be got ready. Snatching up our double-barrelled guns, which were always kept ready loaded with ball, we hurried towards the bungalow, followed by some of our people, one of whom led the way with the lantern, for there was no moon, and the light of the stars rather confused than aided us.

We were at no loss for the direction to go in, for the shouting of our friend Murphy guided us, and we were soon near enough to hear him say in his broadest brogue, but with some agitation in his tongue:

"Halloa, gintlemen, will ye come and kill the teeger that's got into the house; we'll all be murthered and aten enthirely."

Alarmed as we really were at this, we could scarcely refrain from laughing at the odd accents and speech of Murphy, but calling out that we were coming, we ran on, not without some dread, however, lest we should come suddenly upon the animal, which we supposed, of course, to be outside the house (and not in) as stated by the sergeant.

On the side that we approached there was no jungle, nor was there any verandah to the house. The light of the lantern enabled us to see that there was a venetian door closed, and on one side of it a small round hole such as is common in bath-rooms to admit air and light. It was from this aperture the voice of Murphy came, and we could just distinguish his hairy visage half through it.

On our inquiring where he had seen or heard the tiger, he said:

"Sure, and ain't the big baste at this blessed minute in our bid-room a cracking and scrunching the bones of poor Kerry, and only a thin door betwane us, and the wife and the childer like to die from fright."

"How did he get in?"

"Oh, I'll till ye all about it in good time if ye'll only shoot the baste; but if ye don't make haste, he'll be ating us, and thin I can't till ye at all, at all."

"But how are we to do that? Is there another door like this on the opposite side?"

"Yis; but it's my belaif the big divil has shutto the door with his tail, whilst whisking about after poor Kerry—pace be to his manes!—or else his manners, may be, will have taught him to close the door politely after him: anywise, it's my imprission he can't git out agin."

Wondering at the Irish love of joking even in such extremity, H—— and I consulted what we should do. Listening at the closed door, we could distinctly hear a large animal moving about in the room, and as we could not see the faintest glimmer of light through the chinks of the not very sound jilmils (venetians), Murphy's surmise, that the opposite door was closed, appeared quite correct. We knew it was worse than useless to fire into the room before we could see to take aim, as we not only might miss the brute altogether, but should infuriate him, so that in his boundings he might burst open the bathing-room door, when the consequences would be fearful. So the only plan, evidently, was to wait as patiently as we could for daylight, when, if the animal remained in the room, we could soon settle him.

We had to wait an hour before the faintest streak of grey appeared in the eastern sky. I have watched anxiously at a sick friend's bedside—I have been myself sleepless, feverish, and tossing, longing for the morning light, with its hopeful, cheering influence—I have lain awake under the excitement of anticipated pleasure on the first hunting morning—but I never remember to have been so impatient as on this occasion.

In tropical countries the light comes and goes very rapidly, and there was soon enough for our operations after the dawn had once began. We opened one of the jilmils, and when our eyes were accustomed to the dim light discovered a huge tiger lying on the floor, very much in the attitude of an uneasy cat who has made her way into the dairy, and waits for the door to be opened to spring out. The noise we made, slight as it was, made the brute jump up and turn to glare fiercely at us: it was just the attitude we wanted. Hastily arranging which should aim at the head and which at the chest, we levelled and fired all four barrels. When the smoke had cleared away, we saw the grim monarch of the jungle stretched dead, and we shouted a triumphant pæan, which soon brought Murphy and his family out, though the children screamed at the sight of the dead animal.

Murphy opened the door through which we had fired, and we entered and soon discovered the mystery of the animal's entrance and detention. The opposite door (which Murphy assured us he had fastened) had a bolt only at the bottom, the top one having fallen out, but there was no socket, or whatever it is called, to receive it. The bolt had thus dropped down *unfastened*, and Murphy thought it was all right, not perceiving the real state of the case. The dog—some small remnants of which were still unconsumed—must have gone out at hearing the noise made by the tiger in the verandah, and rushed back in alarm, followed by the hungry beast. The table which lay against the door, and kept it closed, must have been thrown down (shutting the door at the same time) either in the struggle between the tiger and its victim, or by the sergeant and his wife as they rushed, each with a child, into the bathing-room. Fortunately for the helpless creatures, the unwelcome visitor was too intent upon seizing the dog to notice them, so that they had time to escape into the only place of shelter at hand, Murphy in his haste and fright forgetting all about his gun, which rested against the wall in a corner of the room.

The sun was now up, and there was no fear of any more unpleasant occurrences for some hours at least; so, making our people drag the carcase out of the room, and obliterate the marks of the

struggle as much as possible, we left the Murphys, promising to send for their servant and conveyances, so that they might leave the place at once, even Sergeant Murphy acknowledging that he had had enough of it.

"All the gould of Injia," said he, "wouldn't timpt me to keep the wife and childer in this drairy house another night: no, not if I'd be made guvernor of ould Ireland for it. And poor Kerry, if he could spake, which he can't, being aten up enthirely—letting alone his being but a dumb baste—would say the same." G. P. S.

PRACTISING.

"PRACTISING, practising." Well, if you're doing it,
Why do you snub me with answer so tart?
Since to a friend superficially viewing it
Practice appears, Jane, a wonderful art.

"Nonsense!" Most likely, you petulant cousin,
Yet you've a mystery under your eyes;
Gloves on it, Jenny-bird? Bet you a dozen.
Five and three-quarters, I know, is the size.

"Tease." No I'm not, Jane. I'm humbly requesting
Small explanations I think you might deign:
Surely, the one-sided bet I'm suggesting
Means that I'll pay for my lesson, Miss Jane.

"Well, what's the wonder? The music before us
Is plain enough, certainly. Out of *Lurline.*
The exquisite air that leads up to the chorus [mean!"
Where Rudolph — Grimaces, sir! What do they

Don't say grimaces, but hasten to solace
Fear I begin to have, Jane, for my sight:
I really can't see, in the scoring of Wallace,
Half that you'll do when you sing this to-night.

Where does he tell you, the moment you're seated,
Give a half-smiling, half-terrified glance:
Where is it written, Jane—Here be repeated
I'm sure they'd be much more delighted to dance?

Where does he say that though knowing how well you'd
Accomplish the song, you must daintily moan
I have really no voice; and then, skimming the prelude,
Fling out a rich note that Alboni might own?

Where is the least kind of mark or direction
Give, yet don't give, a sweet look—you know where:
Is it done at "devoted," or done at "affection,"
Or here, where Lurline's in a trance of despair?

When that same Party, restoring your flowers,
Mumbles and mutters the compliment due,
Jane, I don't read in this music of ours,
I always sing well when I'm singing to you.

Practising, practising! Tears—overquick, child,
Sure one may tease when one—cousinly—loves!
I think Charley Churchill no end of a brick, child,
And—kiss me for bringing them—here are the gloves.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER IX.
THE COUNTESS IN LOW SOCIETY.

By dint of stratagems worthy of a Court intrigue, the Countess de Saldar contrived to traverse the streets of Lymport, and enter the house where she was born, unsuspected and unseen, under cover of a profusion of lace and veil and mantilla, which only her heroic resolve to keep her beauties hidden from the profane townspeople, could have rendered endurable beneath the fervid summer sun. Dress in a foreign style she must, as without it she lost that sense of superiority, which was the only comfort to her in her tribulations. The period of her arrival was ten days subsequent to the burial of her father. She had come in the coach, like any common mortal, and the coachman, upon her request, had put her down at the Governor's house, and the guard had knocked at the door, and the servant had informed her that General Hucklebridge was not the governor of Lymport, nor did Admiral Combleman then reside in the town, which tidings, the coach being then out of sight, it did not disconcert the Countess to hear; and she reached her mother, having, at least, cut off communication with the object of conveyance —cast salt on her many traces, as it were.

The Countess kissed her mother, kissed Mrs. Fiske, and asked sharply for Evan. Mrs. Fiske let her know that Evan was in the house.

"Where?" inquired the Countess. "I have news of the utmost importance for him. I must see him."

"Where is he, aunt?" said Mrs. Fiske. "In the shop, I think; I wonder he did not see you passing, Louisa."

The Countess went bolt down into a chair.

"Go to him, Jane," said Mrs. Mel. "Tell him Louisa is here, and don't return."

Mrs. Fiske departed, and the Countess smiled.

"Thank you, Mamma! you know I never could bear that odious, vulgar little woman. Oh, the heat! You talk of Portugal! And, oh! poor dear Papa! what I have suffered!"

Flapping her laces for air, and wiping her eyes for sorrow, the Countess poured a flood of sympathy into her mother's ears, and then said:

"But you have made a great mistake, Mamma, in allowing Evan to put his foot into that place. He —beloved of an heiress! Why, if an enemy should hear of it, it would ruin him —positively blast him—for ever. And that she loves him I have proof positive. Yes; with all her frankness, the little thing cannot conceal that from me now. She loves him! And I desire you to guess, Mamma, whether rivals will not abound? And what enemy so much to be dreaded as a rival? And what revelation so awful as that he has stood in a—in a—boutique?"

Mrs. Mel maintained her usual attitude for listening. It had occurred to her that it might do no good to tell the grand lady, her daughter, of Evan's resolution, so she simply said, "It is discipline for him," and left her to speak a private word with the youth.

Timidly the Countess inspected the furniture of the apartment, taking chills at the dingy articles she saw, in the midst of her heat. That she should have sprung from this! The thought was painful; still she could forgive Providence so much. But should it ever be known she had

sprung from this! Alas! she felt she never could pardon such a dire betrayal. She had come in good spirits, but the mention of Evan's backsliding had troubled her extremely, and though she did not say to herself, What was the benefit resulting from her father's dying, if Evan would be so base-minded? she thought the thing indefinitely, and was forming the words on her mouth, One Harrington in a shop is equal to all! when Evan appeared, alone.

"Why, goodness gracious! where's your moustache?" cried the Countess.

"Gone the way of hair!" said Evan, coldly stooping to her forehead.

"Such a distinction!" the Countess continued, reproachfully. "Why, mon Dieu! one could hardly tell you, as you look now, from the very commonest tradesman—if you were not rather handsome and something of a figure. It's a disguise, Evan—do you know that?"

"And I've parted with it—that's all," said Evan. "No more disguises for me!"

The Countess immediately took his arm, and walked with him to a window. His face was certainly changed. Murmuring that the air of Lymport was bad for him, and that he must leave it instantly, she bade him sit and attend to what she was about to say.

"While you have been here, degenerating, Evan, day by day—as you always do out of my sight—degenerating! no less a word!—I have been slaving in your interests. Yes; I have forced the Jocelyns socially to acknowledge us. I have not slept; I have eaten bare morsels. Do abstinence and vigils clear the wits? I know not; but indeed they have enabled me to do more in a week than would suffice for a lifetime. Hark to me. I have discovered Rose's secret. Si! It is so! Rose loves you. You blush; you blush like a girl. She *loves* you, and you have let yourself be seen in a shop! Contrast me the two things. Oh! in verity, dreadful as it is, one could almost laugh. But the moment I lose sight of you, my instructions vanish as quickly as that hair on your superior lip, which took such time to perfect. Alas! you must grow it again immediately. Use any perfumer's contrivance. Rowland! I have great faith in Rowland. Without him, I believe, there would have been many bald women committing suicide! You remember the bottle I gave to the Count de Villa Flor? 'Countess,' he said to me, 'you have saved this egg-shell from a crack, by helping to cover it'—for so he called his head—the top, you know, was beginning to shine like an egg. And I do fear me he would have done it. Ah! you do not conceive what the dread of baldness is! To a woman, death—death is preferable to baldness! Baldness *is* death! And a wig—a wig! Oh, horror! total extinction is better than to rise again in a wig! But you are young, and play with hair. But I was saying, I went to see the Jocelyns. I was introduced to Sir Franks and his lady and the wealthy grandmother. And I have an invitation for you, Evan! —you unmannered boy, that do not bow! A gentle incline forward of the shoulders, and the eyes fixed softly, your upper lids drooping triflingly, as if you thanked with gentle sincerity, but were indifferent. Well, well, if you will not! An invitation for you to spend part of the autumn at Beckley Court, the ancestral domain, where there will be company—the nobles of the land! Consider that. You say it was bold in me to face them after that horrible man committed us on board the vessel? A Harrington is anything but a coward. I did go—and because I am devoted to your interests. That very morning, I saw announced in the paper, just beneath poor Andrew's hand, as he held it up at the breakfast-table, reading it, I saw among the deaths, Sir Abraham Harrington, of Torquay, Baronet, of quinsy! Twice that good man has come to my rescue! Oh! I welcomed him as a piece of Providence! I turned and said to Harriet, 'I see they have put poor Papa in the paper.' Harriet was staggered. I took the paper from Andrew, and pointed it to her. She has no readiness. She has had no foreign training. She could not comprehend, and Andrew stood on tiptoe, and peeped. He has a bad cough, and coughed himself black in the face. *I* attribute it to excessive bad manners and his cold feelings. He left the room. I reproached Harriet. But, oh! the singularity of the excellent fortune of such an event at such a time! It showed that our Harrington-luck had not forsaken us. I hurried to the Jocelyns instantly. Of course, it cleared away any suspicions aroused in them by that horrible man on board the vessel. And the tears I wept for Sir Abraham, Evan, in verity they were tears of deep and sincere gratitude! What is your mouth knitting the corners at? Are you laughing?"

Evan hastily composed his visage to the melancholy that was no counterfeit in him just then.

"Yes," continued the Countess, easily reassured, "I shall ever feel a debt to Sir Abraham Harrington, of Torquay. I dare say we *are* related to him. At least, he has done us more service than many a rich and titled relative. No one supposes he would acknowledge poor Papa. I can forgive him that! Evan!" the Countess pointed out her finger with mournful and impressive majesty, "as we look down on that monkey, people of rank and consideration in society look on what poor dear Papa was."

This was partly true, for Jacko sat on a chair, in his favourite attitude, copied accurately from the workmen of the establishment at their labour with needle and thread. Growing cognisant of the infamy of his posture, the Countess begged Evan to drive him out of her sight, and took a sniff at her smelling-bottle.

She went on: "Now, dear Van, you would hear of your sweet Rose?"

"Not a word!" Evan hastily answered.

"Why, what does this indicate? Whims! Then, you *do* love?"

"I tell you, Louisa, I don't want to hear a word of any of them," said Evan, with an angry gleam in his eyes. "They are nothing to me, nor I to them. I—my walk in life is not theirs."

"Faint heart! faint heart!" the Countess lifted a proverbial forefinger.

"Thank Heaven, I shall have the consolation of not going about, and bowing and smirking like an impostor!" Evan exclaimed.

There was a wider intelligence in the Countess's arrested gaze than she chose to fashion into speech.

"I knew," she said, "I knew how the air of this horrible Lymport would act on you. But while I live, Evan, you shall not sink in the sludge. You, with all the pains I have lavished on you! and with your presence!—for you have a presence—so rare among young men in this England! You, who have been to a Court, and interchanged bows with duchesses, and I know not what besides—nay, I do not accuse you; but if you had not been a mere boy, and an English boy—poor Eugenia herself confessed to me that you had a look—a tender cleaving of the underlids—that made her catch her hand to her heart sometimes: it reminded her so acutely of false Belmaraña. Could you have had a greater compliment than that? You shall not stop here another day!"

"True," said Evan, "for I'm going to London to-night."

"Not to London," the Countess returned, with a conquering glance, "but to Beckley Court—and with me."

"To London, Louisa, with Mr. Goren."

Again the Countess eyed him largely; but took, as it were, a side-path from her broad thought, saying: "Yes, fortunes are made in London, if you would they should be rapid."

She meditated. At that moment Dandy knocked at the door, and called outside: "Please, master, Mr. Goren says there's a gentleman in the shop—wants to see you."

"Very well," replied Evan, moving. He was swung violently round.

The Countess had clutched him by the arm. A fearful expression was on her face.

"Whither do you go?" she said.

"To the shop, Louisa."

Too late to arrest the villanous word, she pulled at him. "Are you quite insane? Consent to be seen by a gentleman *there?* What has come to you? You must be lunatic! Are we all to be utterly ruined—disgraced?"

"Is my mother to starve?" said Evan.

"Absurd rejoinder! No! You should have sold everything here before this. She can live with Harriet—she—once out of this horrible element—she would not show it. But, Evan, you are getting away from me: you are not going?—speak!"

"I am going," said Evan.

The Countess clung to him, exclaiming: "Never, while I have the power to detain you!" but as he was firm and strong, she had recourse to her woman's aids, and burst into a storm of sobs on his shoulder—a scene of which Mrs. Mel was, for some seconds, a composed spectator.

"What's the matter now?" said Mrs. Mel.

Evan impatiently explained the case. Mrs. Mel desired her daughter to avoid being ridiculous, and making two fools in her family; and at the same time that she told Evan there was no occasion for him to go, contrived, with a look, to make the advice a command. He, in that state of mind when one takes bitter delight in doing an abhorred duty, was hardly willing to be submissive; but the despair of the Countess reduced him, and for her sake he consented to forego the sacrifice of his pride which was now his sad, sole pleasure. Feeling him linger, the Countess relaxed her grasp. Hers were tears that dried as soon as they had served their end; and, to give him the full benefit of his conduct, she said: "I knew Evan would be persuaded by me."

Evan pitifully pressed her hand, and sighed.

"Tea is on the table down-stairs," said Mrs. Mel. "I have cooked something for you, Louisa. Do you sleep here to-night!"

"Can I tell you, Mamma!" murmured the Countess. "I am dependent on our Evan."

"Oh! well, we will eat first," said Mrs. Mel, and they went to the table below, the Countess begging her mother to drop titles in designating her to the servants, which caused Mrs. Mel to say:

"There is but one. I do the cooking," and the Countess, ever disposed to flatter, and be suave, even when stung by a fact or a phrase, added:

"And a beautiful cook you used to be, dear Mamma!"

At the table, awaiting them, sat Mrs. Wishaw, Mrs. Fiske, and Mr. Goren, who soon found themselves enveloped in the Countess's graciousness. Mr. Goren would talk of trade, and compare Lymport business with London, and the Countess, loftily interested in his remarks, drew him out to disgust her brother. Mrs. Wishaw, in whom the Countess at once discovered a frivolous pretentious woman of the moneyed trading class, she treated as one who was alive to society, and surveyed matters from a station in the world, leading her think that she tolerated Mr. Goren, as a lady-Christian of the highest rank should tolerate the insects that toil for us. Mrs. Fiske was not so tractable, for Mrs. Fiske was hostile and armed. Mrs. Fiske adored the great Mel, and she had never loved Louisa. Hence, she scorned Louisa on account of her late behaviour towards her dead parent. The Countess saw through her, and laboured to be friendly with her, while she rendered her disagreeable in the eyes of Mrs. Wishaw, and let Mrs. Wishaw perceive that sympathy was possible between them;—manœuvring a trifle too delicate, perhaps, for the people present, but sufficient to blind its keen-witted author to the something that was being concealed from herself, of which something, nevertheless, her senses apprehensively warned her; and they might have spoken to her wits, but that mortals cannot, unaided, guess, or will not, unless struck in the face by the fact, credit, what is to their minds the last horror.

"I came down in the coach, quite accidental, with this gentleman," said Mrs. Wishaw, fanning a cheek and nodding at Mr. Goren. "I'm an old flame of dear Mel's. I knew him when he was an apprentice in London. Now, wasn't it odd? Your mother—I suppose I must call you 'my lady?'"

The Countess breathed a tender "spare me," with a smile that added, "among friends!"

Mrs. Wishaw resumed: "Your mother was an old flame of this gentleman's, I found out. So there were two old flames, and I couldn't help

thinking! But I was so glad to have seen dear Mel once more."

"Ah!" sighed the Countess.

"He was always a martial-looking man, and laid out, he was quite imposing. I declare, I cried so, as it reminded me of when I couldn't have him, for he had nothing but his legs and arms —and I married Wishaw. But it's a comfort to think I have been of some service to dear, dear Mel! for Wishaw's a man of accounts and payments, and I knew Mel had cloth from him, and," the lady suggested bills delayed, with two or three nods, "you know! and I'll do *my* best for his son."

"You are kind," said the Countess, smiling internally at the vulgar creature's misconception of Evan's requirements.

"Did he ever talk much about Mary Fence?" asked Mrs. Wishaw. "Polly Fence, he used to say, 'Sweet Polly Fence!'"

"Oh! I think so. Frequently," observed the Countess.

Mrs. Fiske primmed her mouth. *She* had never heard the great Mel allude to the name of Fence.

The Goren-croak was heard:

"Painters have painted out 'Melchisedec' this afternoon. Yes,—ah! In and out—as the saying goes."

Here was an opportunity to mortify the Countess.

Mrs. Fiske placidly remarked: "Have we the other put up in its stead? It's shorter."

A twinge of weakness had made Evan request that the name of Evan Harrington should not decorate the shop-front till he had turned his back on it, for a time. Mrs. Mel crushed her venomous niece.

"What have you to do with such things? Shine in your own affairs first, Ann, before you meddle with others."

Relieved at hearing that 'Melchisedec' was painted out, and unsuspicious of the announcement that should replace it, the Countess asked Mrs. Wishaw if she thought Evan like her dear Papa.

"So like," returned the lady, "that I would not be alone with him yet, for worlds. I should expect him to be making love to me: for, you know, my dear—I *must* be familiar—Mel never could be alone with you, without!—It was his nature. *I* speak of him before marriage. But, if I can trust myself with him, I shall take charge of Mr. Evan, and show him some London society."

"That is indeed kind," said the Countess, glad of a thick veil for the utterance of her contempt. "Evan, though—I fear—will be rather engaged. His friends, the Jocelyns of Beckley Court, will —I fear—hardly dispense with him: and Lady Splenders—you know her? the Marchioness of Splenders? No?—by repute, at least: a most beautiful and most fascinating woman; report of him alone has induced her to say that Evan must and shall form a part of her autumnal gathering at Splenders Castle. And how he is to get out of it, I cannot tell. But I am sure his multitudinous engagements will not prevent his paying due court to Mistress Wishaw."

As the Countess intended, Mistress Wishaw's vanity was reproved, and her ambition excited: a pretty double-stroke, only possible to dexterous players.

The lady rejoined that she hoped so, she was sure; and forthwith (because she suddenly seemed to possess him more than his son), launched upon Mel's incomparable personal attractions. This caused the Countess to enlarge upon Evan's vast personal prospects. They talked across each other a little, till the Countess remembered her breeding, allowed Mrs. Wishaw to run to an end in hollow exclamations, and put a finish to the undeclared controversy, by a traverse of speech, as if she were taking up the most important subject of their late colloquy. "But Evan is not in his own hands —he is in the hands of a lovely young woman, I must tell you. He belongs to her, and not to us. You have heard of Rose Jocelyn, the celebrated heiress?"

"Engaged?" Mrs. Wishaw whispered aloud.

The Countess, an adept in the lie implied—practised by her, that she might not subject herself to future punishment (in which she was so devout a believer, that she condemned whole hosts to it), deeply smiled.

"Really!" said Mrs. Wishaw, and was about to inquired why Evan, with these brilliant expectations, could think of trade and tailoring, when the young man, whose forehead had been growing black, jumped up, and quitted them; thus breaking the harmony of the table; and as the Countess had said enough, she turned the conversation to the always welcome theme of low society. She broached death and corpses; and became extremely interesting, and very sympathetic: the only difference between the ghostly anecdotes she related, and those of the other ladies, being that her ghosts were all of them titled, and walked mostly under the burden of a coronet. For instance, there was the Portuguese Marquis de Col. He had married a Spanish wife, whose end was mysterious. Undressing, on the night of the anniversary of her death, and on the point of getting into bed, he beheld the dead woman lying on her back before him. All night long he had to sleep with this freezing phantom! Regularly, every fresh anniversary, he had to endure the same penance, no matter where he might be, or in what strange bed. On one occasion, when he took the live for the dead, a curious thing occurred, which the Countess scrupled less to relate than would men to hint at. Ghosts were the one childish enjoyment Mrs. Mel allowed herself, and she listened to her daughter intently, ready to cap any narrative; but Mrs. Fiske stopped the flood.

"You have improved on Peter Smithers, Louisa," she said.

The Countess turned to her mildly.

"You are certainly thinking of Peter Smithers," Mrs. Fiske continued, bracing her shoulders. "Surely, you remember poor Peter, Louisa? An old flame of your own! He was going to kill himself, but married a Devonshire woman, and they had disagreeables, and *she* died, and *he* was undressing, and saw her there in the bed, and wouldn't get into it, and had the mattrass, and

the curtains, and the counterpanes, and everything burnt. He told us it himself. You must remember it, Louisa?"

The Countess remembered nothing of the sort. No doubt could exist of its having been the Portuguese Marquis de Col, because he had confided to her the whole affair, and indeed come to her, as his habit was, to ask her what he could possibly do, under the circumstances. If Mrs. Fiske's friend, who married the Devonshire person, had seen the same thing, the coincidence was yet more extraordinary than the case. Mrs. Fiske said, it assuredly was, and glanced at her aunt, who, as the Countess now rose, declaring she must speak to Evan, chid Mrs. Fiske and wished her and Peter Smithers at the bottom of the sea.

"No, no, Mama," said the Countess, laughing, "that would hardly be proper," and before Mrs. Fiske could reply, escaped to complain to Evan of the vulgarity of those women.

She was not prepared for the burst of wrath with which Evan met her.

"Louisa," said he, taking her wrist sternly, "you have done a thing I can't forgive. I find it hard to bear disgrace myself: I will not consent to bring it upon others. Why did you dare to couple Miss Jocelyn's name with mine?"

The Countess gave him out her arm's length. "Speak on, Van," she said, admiring him with a bright gaze.

"Answer me, Louisa; and don't take me for a fool any more," he pursued. "You have coupled Miss Jocelyn's name with mine, in company, and I insist now upon your giving me your promise to abstain from doing it anywhere, before anybody."

"If she saw you at this instant, Van," returned the incorrigible Countess, "would she desire it, think you? Oh! I must make you angry before her, I see that! You have your father's frown. You surpass him, for your delivery is more correct, and equally fluent. And if a woman is momentarily melted by softness in a man, she is for ever subdued by boldness and bravery of mien."

Evan dropped her hand. "Miss Jocelyn has done me the honour to call me her friend. That was in other days." His lip quivered. "I shall not see Miss Jocelyn again. Yes; I would lay down my life for her; but that's idle talk. No such chance will ever come to me. But I can save her from being spoken of in alliance with me, and what I am, and I tell you, Louisa, I will not have it." Saying which, and while he looked harshly at her, wounded pride bled through his eyes.

She was touched. "Sit down, dear; I must explain to you, and make you happy against your will," she said, in another voice, and an English accent. "The mischief is done, Van. If you do not want Rose Jocelyn to love you, you must undo it in your own way. I am not easily deceived. On the morning I went to her house in town, she took me aside, and spoke to me. Not a confession in words. The blood in her cheeks, when I mentioned you, did that for her. Everything about you she must know—how you bore your grief, and all. And not in her usual free manner, but timidly, as if she feared a surprise, or feared to be wakened to the secret in her bosom she half suspects. 'Tell him!' she said, 'I hope he will not forget me.'"

The Countess was interrupted by a great sob; for the picture of frank Rose Jocelyn changed, and soft, and, as it were, shadowed under a veil of bashful regard for him, so filled the young man with sorrowful tenderness, that he trembled, and was as a child.

Marking the impression she had produced on him, and having worn off that which he had produced on her, the Countess resumed the art in her style of speech, easier to her than nature.

"So the sweetest of Roses may be yours, dear Van; and you have her in a gold setting, to wear on your heart. Are you not enviable? I will not—no, I will not tell you she is perfect. I must fashion the sweet young creature. Though I am very ready to admit that she is much improved by this—shall I call it, desired consummation?"

Evan could listen no more. Such a struggle was rising in his breast: the effort to quench what the Countess had so fiercely kindled: passionate desire to look on Rose but for one lightning flash: desire to look on her, and muffled sense of shame twin-born with it: wild love and leaden misery mixed: dead hopelessness and vivid hope. Up to the neck in Purgatory, but his soul saturated with visions of Bliss! The fair orb of Love was all that was wanted to complete his planetary state, and aloft it sprang, showing many faint, fair tracts to him, and piling huge darknesses.

As if in search of something, he suddenly went from the room.

"I have intoxicated the poor boy," said the Countess, and consulted an attitude by the evening light in a mirror. Approving the result, she rang for her mother, and sat with her till dark; telling her she could not and would not leave her dear Mama that night. At the supper-table Evan did not appear, and Mr. Goren, after taking counsel of Mrs. Mel, dispersed the news that Evan was off to London. On the road again, with a purse just as ill furnished, and in his breast the light that sometimes leads gentlemen, as well as ladies, astray.

(To be continued.)

DIVORCE A VINCULO; OR, THE TERRORS OF SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

(Continued from p. 232.)

The day had at length arrived when the cause of outraged womanhood, in the person of Mrs. Barber, was to be avenged. I had lain awake half the night, meditating on that amiable lady's wrongs; and when sleep visited my feverish eyelids, even in my dreams, I continued to persecute her monster of a husband. I imagined myself to be addressing the Court in the lady's behalf, in the character of *amicus curiæ*, and so withering were my sarcasms—so full of tenderness and pathos my description of the agonised wife and mother—that Sir Cresswell, raising his hand, implored me to desist for a moment, and directed that the jury should be supplied with fresh pocket-handkerchiefs

—two, for the foreman—and immediately fell off himself into strong hysterics. The morning came at last—ten minutes to nine—I suppose over-tasked nature had been exacting an instalment of over-due sleep. Flora was doing her back hair at the glass, with a succession of fascinating little tosses of the head as the brush accomplished each sweep. I must have remained for a few minutes in contemplation of this—not unpleasing—performance, when memory vaulted once more into the saddle, and I recollected that there was work to be done before that day's sun had set. Barber, look to yourself!

The dressing-process was executed with wonderful despatch. In a general way I love to linger over this period of my existence; to trifle now with a book—now with a letter; and to add a storey or two to that castle in the air which has already attained the proportions of a magnificent pile indeed. Not so upon this eventful day. I felt I was assisting to form square in order to repel Mr. Barber and his unprincipled advisers. When it came to the turn of the shower-bath—although upon ordinary occasions throughout the winter months there is a certain exhibition of coquetry on my part, before I can make up my mind to give the fatal jerk to the string which hangs in readiness to pull down the Arctic regions on my warm, comfortable shoulders—upon this day I was so fully possessed with my subject, that I imagined I had thrust Mr. Barber into that ungenial hermitage, and without a moment's hesitation gave him the cold drench with savage glee.

"That will teach you — wretched man!—to shear off your poor wife's hair! Do it again, sir, and I will keep you there all day!"

I must in fairness add, that before the refreshing operation was over, I became quite aware that this was but the fancy of an over-wrought and heated imagination.

By a quarter past ten I was in Great George Street; and wished to hurry off with Lamb at once to the Court, although the lady had not yet arrived, lest we should be too late. Lamb laughed at my precipitancy, and informed me, that there was no such hurry, because it had been arranged that the Court was to take a short case—Thoper *v.* Thoper and Boggs—before the great trial of Barber *v.* Barber was called on. Thoper and Thoper would probably occupy about half an hour. However, Mr. Lamb, in tender consideration of my inexperience, and supposing that it would be agreeable to me to be initiated into the mysteries of the Divorce Court, entrusted me to the care of one of his clerks, and gave me a bundle of papers duly tied up with red tape, and indorsed "Barber *v.* Barber." The deposit was a sacred one in my hands—not even the policeman with the red whiskers should tear that from my possession. The clerk was charged with a message for Mr. Muddle, Q.C., in the robing room, a circumstance which was so far fortunate that we were able by a series of back passages to get into the Court without passing through Westminster Hall; and therefore without being compelled to face that band of outraged Mænads, whom I had seen but two days back waiting for wicked husbands.

This time all was easy. The policeman smiled upon us, and the doors flew open at our approach. It would be a mere waste of time to describe at length the old Chancellor's Court at Westminster; but, for the benefit of the uninitiated, let me say, in a very few words, that it is not large—square in shape—with a gallery cut in a circular form—and a gas chandelier in the middle. There is a canopy and a bench with three desks for the Judges—the Judge Ordinary sits in the middle—on one side. Beneath their position is a long table at which sits a gentleman in barrister's robes; no doubt an official of the Court, and possibly the person whose voice I heard the other day, through the trap, reading out that impassioned appeal to somebody's "Adored Louisa." If so, I am glad to see that he has partially recovered from his cold. He is perpetually opening and shutting a despatch-box, and looks like a man who would be always losing and finding his papers. Beneath him again is a well, where sit the Solicitors, with their backs to the Judges and their faces to the Bar. On the same level with them, but facing the other way, are the Queen's Counsel, and the chief matrimonial gladiators from the Commons. Behind these, but slightly elevated, sit the junior practitioners who have devoted themselves to the honourable undertaking of promoting the domestic happiness of their country. Right at the back of their benches—divided from it by a species of "Fops' Alley"—and against the wall, facing the Judges, is the box for the jurymen in waiting. It would seem as though the desire had been to exclude the public as much as possible, by leaving very little room for their accommodation. Against the wall, to the left of the Judges, and forming one side of the well, is the box for the Jury who are trying the case. The witnesses are made to ascend three or four steps to the raised platform on which the Judges sit. A portion of this, between the seats of the Judges and the Jury-box, has been railed off into a kind of pen. If a gross man is under examination, he is shouted and growled at until he stands well forward in sight of the Jury; if it be a delicate and susceptible lady who is invited to impart her sorrows into the sympathising ears of the Court, she is blandly invited by the Judges to be seated at the end of their own bench, though always within the pen. As the dividing rail is very slight, a stranger who entered the Court for the first time would imagine that, as all four are seated in a row, and as, on the same bench, there are three elderly Judges and an extremely fascinating member of the opposite interest, the lady was sitting there as assessor or adviser of the Court. This is not so. What adds to the illusion is, that when the Judges are seated two heavy red curtains are drawn, which inclose them and the lady in their gorgeous sweep. Mr. Lamb's clerk was obliging enough to point out this fact to me, with the additional information, that no circumstance connected with the arrangements of the Court had given his "Governor" more trouble; indeed, he added, that my poor friend often lay awake for nights thinking how to get over the difficulty, which consisted in the fact that when the curtain was drawn the Jury were debarred from the privilege of scanning the face of the lady-witness under examination.

"You see, sir, Mr. Lamb is obliged," said this enthusiastic student of matrimonial difficulties, "Mr. Lamb is obliged to teach 'em how to take it out in sobbing, and then there's always the chance of their over-doing it when they once begin. More way with the jury—worse luck with the bench."

This appeared to me a very matter-of-fact and disagreeable view of the question; but as the young gentleman had been exceedingly obliging in pointing out to me the wonders of the Court, I thought it better not to insist with him on the propriety of greater earnestness in speaking of these distressing cases. Finally, he showed me the spot where my friend Lamb was in the habit of placing his injured client when the leading counsel was opening the story of her agony to the Jury. As it seemed only fair that the gentlemen who were to decide upon her fate should have the opportunity of observing her demeanour upon so trying an occasion, Mr. Lamb used to place his client in full sight of the jury during the opening address; whilst she herself was under examination she sate upon the Bench; then his usual habit was to place her by the side of the jury-box, out of ken of the jury, but in full sight of the Court, with general directions to stand up during the examinations in chief on her own side, but to sit during the cross-examinations, so that she could not be seen. When the Respondent's case was brought on, the process was reversed. The lady then retired from public view during the opening address and the examinations in chief, but revealed herself during the cross-examinations. There were, of course, many fine distinctions, when exceptions were made to these general rules; as, for example, if a maid had turned against her mistress, or the husband was hinting a suspicion at her perfect propriety of conduct, on which occasions my friend Lamb had often, and with success, practised the tactics of the great Lord Nelson. "Win all, or lose all," he used to say on such occasions, "I make the signal for the lady to rise, and let Nature have her way. Women are surprising creatures, sir. I have seldom known them to fail me at a pinch; and I've seen them many a time fling the oldest hands at the Bar on their backs like so many turtle,—when they had winning cards in their hands, too."

Lamb had evidently made human nature his study.

Whilst I was looking round, the barristers were hurrying into Court; and, situated where I was, I could not help gathering scraps of their conversation. I confess that, on the whole, I was considerably shocked at the levity of their remarks. One young gentleman, who, despite of his robes, appeared to me far too youthful to take part in the discussion of differences so serious, and so pregnant with the misery or happiness of families as these, observed to a friend that BARBER and BARBER was likely to prove unusually "spicy!" Could a look have brought him to a sense of his situation, and of the gravity of the interests concerned—he had it from me. Then the talk began to smack of the stables, for Mr. Barber, as it appeared, was connected with the turf. Then, "what sort of looking woman was Mrs. Barber?" These irreverent boys would soon see, and learn to respect outraged innocence in the person of that injured lady. There was a striking difference between the appearance of the professional gentlemen who—to judge by the papers they spread out before them — had some share in the business in hand. The more dogged-looking and thick-set men were, as Mr. Lamb's clerk informed me, "importations from the Common-Law Courts:" the blander and more feeble ones "the old hands from the Commons, and wasn't it fun to see Sir Cresswell flinging them over." This young gentleman had an odd notion of fun. Who was that Q. C. who had entered and quitted the court half-a-dozen times, as if he was overwhelmed with business, and was trying to be in half-a-dozen places at a time? "That was Mr. Muddle, who was in THOPER and THOPER,—but, Lord! sir," added the clerk, "he hasn't got his foot in here yet. He's just doing the regular business, like the Doctors when they get themselves called out of church during the Lessons." At this moment there was a call for silence. The Bar rose, and the three Judges entered—here was Sir CRESSWELL at last. They took their seats—Sir Cresswell in the middle —and the business began.

After leave had been asked and given to "mention" a few cases, THOPER *v.* THOPER and BOGGS was called on. Sir Cresswell tried the case, and contrived to pour daylight in a very few words upon many points where the learned gentlemen concerned had thrown a thick haze over the proceedings. I always observed that a look of unusual politeness stole over the face of that learned functionary just as he was about to administer a body-blow to a gasping civilian, and he contrived to deliver it in a way that conveyed to your mind the idea that the recipient was quite enjoying the joke. I was told that his fault, as a Judge, was that he was apt to display impatience; but I can only say that I saw him put out but once, and that was when the learned civilian, who was conducting the cross-examination, asked a good many questions as to whether two eggs of which, as it was alleged, Captain BOGGS had partaken upon a particular occasion were poached or fried. The point at issue was as to the identity of Captain Boggs. After this had gone on for a time Sir Cresswell certainly did observe, with something like a growl, "The question, Dr. Dolly, is not as to the identity of the eggs, but the identity of the Co-Respondent." To be sure the point about the eggs did not seem very material. On the whole, I could not help thinking that if I had right on my side I should be well enough content to leave my case in Sir Cresswell's hands.

But as for the particular case of THOPER *v.* THOPER and BOGGS, if it could be at all accepted as a sample of the ordinary business of the court, I am sorry for any gentleman who is, by his duty, compelled to sit and listen to such tissues of filth and abomination. If glasses of brandy-and-water had been served out all round, and the three Judges had lighted up three clays, and in the various intervals the gentleman at the table with the

despatch box had obliged us with a comic song, I can only say that the performances at the Divorce Court would have been nearer to the entertainments provided by Baron NICHOLSON for his friends on Field-Nights than anything else of which I am aware.

There must be an end of all things, and at last there was happily an end of THOPER *v.* THOPER and BOGGS. There was next a call for BARBER *v.* BARBER, and the moment for the struggle had arrived. But where was Lamb?—and where Mrs. Barber? As I whispered my anxiety to the clerk, he told me not to make myself uncomfortable, because the Governor upon such occasions was in the habit of introducing his client to this Court, not without a certain solemnity,—besides, he pointed out to me that Mr. Battledove, Q.C., was in his place, and panting for the combat; and, as the young gentleman informed me behind his hand, "he was a regular good 'un, and never went off at score." There, too, was my friend of the previous day, Dr. Dodge, in the row behind the Q.C.s, ready to support his chief. He was supposed at the Commons to be 'up to trap,'—but he was nothing here, only it "was always good to have a civilian to speak to the old state of the law." Then there was a lively, pleasant young gentleman with curly hair—I could see the ends of it from beneath his wig—who was our third combatant, and I confess I was greatly gratified at his personal appearance,

but my gratification was sadly dashed by a whisper "that he knew the rigs of town better than most men." So young!—he wasn't above two or three and forty,—and so ingenuous!—but so he did good service in unmasking Barber, and displaying him in his true colours, I cared not.

On the other side, the leading champion was not forthcoming,—he was no doubt a monster,—but in the first row of barristers there sate side by side two gentlemen, with a superabundance of whisker—one of whom was Dr. Lobb, from the Commons; the other a Mr. Cobb, from the Welsh Circuit—who had undertaken the thankless task of defending Barber; but of course even the worst criminals have a right to be heard, as it is essential to preserve the forms of justice inviolate. The leading counsel on this wretch's behalf was Mr. Shuttlecock, Q.C., but it was not probable that he would come into Court until such time as it was necessary to open Mr. Barber's case, unless indeed he could make time to look in during Mrs. Barber's cross-examination. He was just then in the Exchequer, busily engaged in proving to the satisfaction of a British jury that a certain Mr. Aaron Levi, of London Wall, was the innocent holder for value of a bill of exchange which had been obtained for discount from the acceptor by a set of bill-sharpers, but of which, or of the money, he had never heard anything until the bill was presented for payment.

Whilst a profound silence reigned in the court, I saw Mr. Lamb coming in with Mrs. Barber on his arm. I am bound to say that the evidence of deep feeling on my friend's face, whilst he was conducting the lady to her seat, was very creditable to him as a man. He was quite overcome with ill-suppressed emotion. Mrs. Barber's veil—it was a very thick one—was down, but it was easy to see by the agitation of her manner that she was deeply impressed with the painful nature of the ordeal to which she was about to be submitted.

When seated, I distinctly saw her take her handkerchief from her muff, as though anxious to escape observation, and hold it under her veil. Poor soul! this attempt at concealment of her grief will not avail her now. She must nerve herself for the trial. Mr. Lamb descended to his place in the well, but almost immediately rose again, and stood for a moment as if in hesitation whether Mrs. Barber's distress might not so completely get the better of her, that his personal assistance might be required. He even so far forgot the situation of the parties as to take a bottle of salts from his pocket and request one of the two barristers—I think it was Dr. Lobb—who were sitting there ready to plunge their poniards into her tender breast—to pass the bottle to his injured client. With a look of apology to the Bench and the Jury, Mr. Lamb then resumed his seat. Mrs. Barber's maid took her place by the side of her unfortunate mistress.

At this moment Mr. Barber was pointed out to me by the clerk: he had placed himself in the back row of barristers, just behind his two hired gladiators—I suppose that he might give them hints how to insult and torture his poor wife with offensive and irrelevant questions. Then there were the two Misses Barber—the two old tigercats from Cornwall, who had so wantonly and cruelly insulted poor Mrs. Barber just after her marriage. They sat side by side, close to Mrs. Barber, and so little was there about them of feminine delicacy that they had thrown their veils back, and were staring the Judges and the Jury in the face as bold as you like. Maiden ladies in such a place as this!—and to hear the wicked, wicked details of their own most scandalous and abominable brother's atrocious biography. A nice family this to have married into! There were some other persons besides who, as I understood, were witnesses; but of them it is unnecessary just now to speak. But what is Sir Cresswell about with that big volume of light legal literature? I hope he is going to pay attention to so important a case. Not a bit of it. He has thrown himself back in his chair with a pile of such volumes before him, and is obviously about to give himself up to an afternoon of intellectual recreation. What can this mean? I soon saw the state of the case. It was the Judge upon his right hand who was to hold the fate of poor Mrs. Barber in the scales of justice. He was a very old man, but seemed very gentle and good-humoured. In a few moments it became clear to me that his hearing was not as good as it need to be. Well—this is a surprise—I can't but say I wish it had been Sir Cresswell who was to try the case. He seemed to me like Dick Burton, who used to whip in for Assheton Smith, and was never known 'to have gone off at hare:' but it is now too late to look back—we must make the best of what we have got.

The formal and preliminary proceedings were then gone through, from which it resulted that Mrs. Cecilia Barber charged her husband, Mr. Augustus Barber, with infidelity to the marriage vow, and with cruelty. Upon the first point, Augustus, overwhelmed with the recollections of his own most guilty and atrocious conduct, offered no defence; upon the second, he maintained that the charge was false; that, the slight peccadilloes involved in the first suggestion apart, he had ever been a patient, an indulgent, and a loving husband. We shall see.

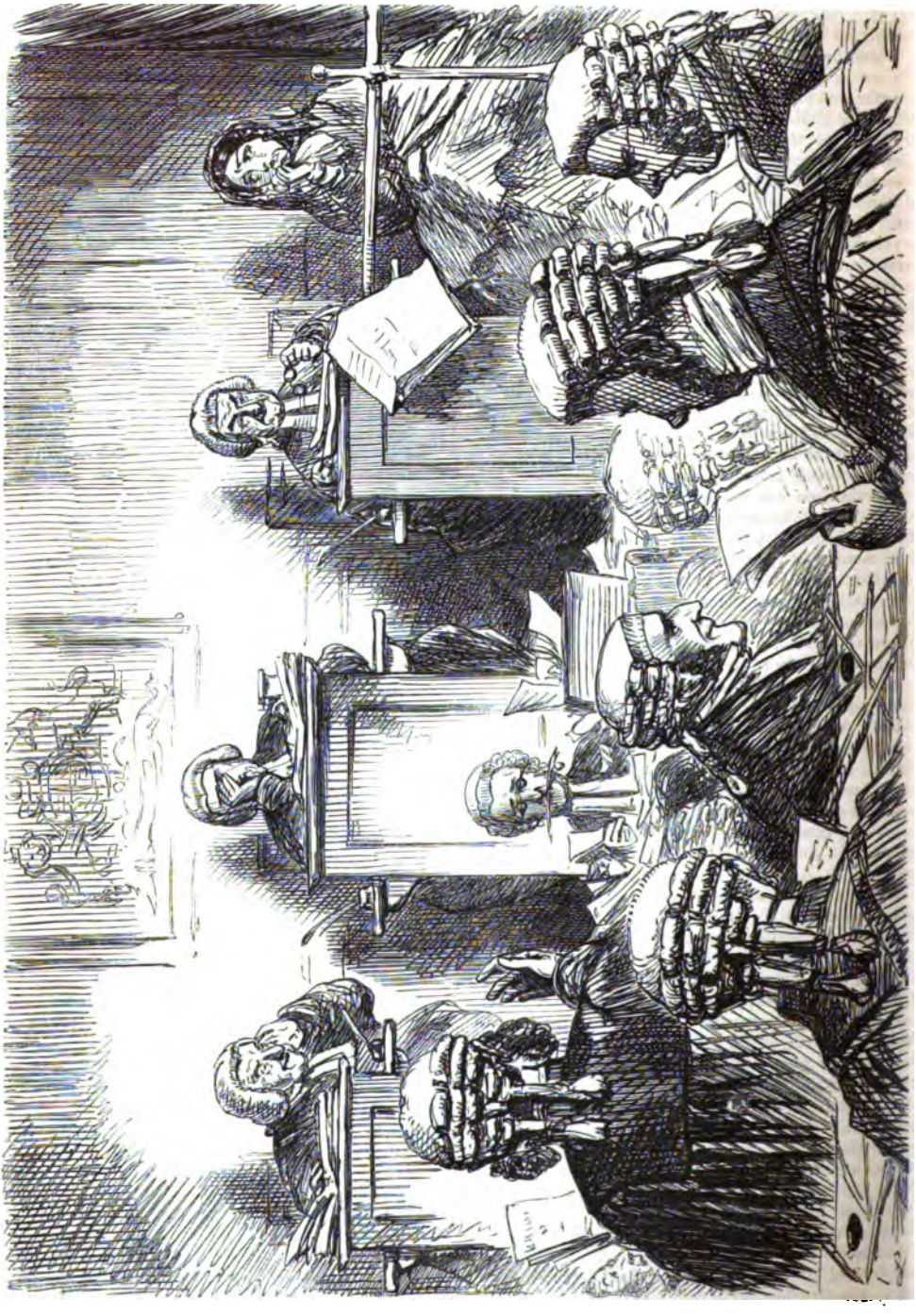
Mr. Battledove rose. You could have heard a pin drop in the Court. I may here as well say once for all that I was somewhat disappointed at the want in this gentleman's address of that burning, volcanic manner to which, in earlier days, I had been accustomed in the Common Law Courts in Breach of Promise cases, and such like. Mr. Battledove's tone throughout was distinctly that of a Paterfamilias addressing twelve Patresfamiliarum in a Jury Box. The silence was only broken by a low sob from Mrs. Barber. He paused but for a moment, and then proceeded with his address.

"May it please you, my Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury: I feel that I must for one moment throw myself upon your indulgence. Do not, I implore you, attribute it either to a want of determination on my part to do the best I can for that most virtuous and unfortunate lady who has done me the honour this day of entrusting her cause to my unworthy hands; still less to the imperfect nature of her own wrongs—to any deficiency in those facts which it will be my most painful duty presently to submit to your notice—that I am thus enforced for a moment to pause at the outset of my address. You, Gentlemen, will not, I am confident, think the worse of me that the painful sight we have just witnessed has for a moment unnerved me, and rendered me—but for a moment, I promise you!—unfit for the discharge of the duty I have undertaken. But it must not be—"

Here Mr. Battledove paused, and beckoned to Mr. Lamb. He whispered a few words to that gentleman, and I inferred from the fact that he jerked his head over in the direction of poor Mrs. Barber, that he was sending my friend to the lady's assistance. Lamb walked over on tiptoe, taking great care not to disturb the proceedings; indeed, had he been about to kneel by the bedside of a dying father, his demeanour could scarcely have been distinguished by greater propriety. He stooped down to soothe the poor suffering angel—but it was all in vain—her grief would take its course.

"—This must not be, Gentlemen of the Jury, we have a duty to perform, and must not be diverted from our purpose even by so sorrowful a spectacle as this—— Do not fix your eyes on my unfortunate client." (The Jury all looked at her.) "Do not attend to her distressing manifestations of grief. She is, I know, doing her utmost to repress them"—(Mrs. Barber here perfectly howled)—"for she has been well trained and tutored in grief. Turn your thoughts rather to the task of listening to a plain unvarnished tale of the wrongs she has endured, and if I can convince your reason and judgment—for that is all I wish to do—let your verdict to-day free her from the barbarity of her inhuman persecutor. Men may take different views as to the reciprocal obligations of husband and wife on many points, but no one, I think, will maintain that it is the

duty of the wife to submit to stripes and blows—to go in hourly danger of her life by night and day, without seeking, not for redress—for who can attempt to redress such wrongs as



these?—but simply for immunity from further violence."

At this point I observed Sir Cresswell was fidgetting with his glasses, and beginning to look

in a peculiarly bland manner at Mr. Battledove whilst he endeavoured to whisper something into the ear of the old Judge who was trying the case; but apparently without effect. Mr. Battledove's manner underwent an instant change.

"But now, gentlemen, for the facts of this case. We seek for an absolute dissolution of the most unfortunate union into which Mrs. Barber—then Miss Cecilia Montresor—was entrapped by the artifices of the unworthy Respondent in this case. Unworthy I may well call him, for that he is, upon his own showing. Whatever you may think of the facts which I am about to submit to you, you can't entertain a moment's doubt as to his character. He courts an adverse verdict from you on the first point, as the greatest favour you could bestow upon him. Rid him of his wife, and give him his wife's money—that's what he wants. The spectacle of her young cheeks sodden with the hot tears which his brutality has caused to flow is too much for his tender heart: like the Antonio of Shylock's sarcasm, 'Money is his prayer.' Give him but money and he will go away infamous and contented. And whose money, gentlemen?—his wife's money. The money that young and innocent girl brought with her as her dower—for, as I am instructed, the little that Mr. Barber ever had he made away with within three months after coming of age in infamous but unfortunate speculations connected with the Turf. It is his wife's money he wants—he is sick of her person—her heart and soul such a man was never in a condition to appreciate. But if you give him his wife's money, what will he do with it? Why he'll spend it with that distinguished French lady, who, for the moment, retains a hold—and he does not deny it—upon what he calls his affections. Oh! yes, take Ruth's portion, and cast it to Jezabel. Take Mrs. Barber's money—and give it to her abandoned husband. It will help him to satisfy his vicious desires—to continue his profligate career—or, as he himself would phrase it, 'to carry on the war.'"

Here Mr. Battledove paused for a moment, turned round, and glanced at Mr. Barber with an expression of paternal severity which was perfectly appalling.

"As I am instructed, Gentlemen, Miss Cecilia Montresor—then but seventeen years of age—was residing with her parents in Cadogan Place, when she saw Mr. Barber for the first time. I am not about, Gentlemen, to excuse, however I may attempt to palliate the conduct of my client, when I tell you that Mr. Barber forced himself upon her notice in the ride at Hyde Park. Her habit was—but with the full permission of her parents—to take her exercise there upon horseback every day attended by a groom. Mr. Barber corrupted the groom. They soon understood each other. They were kindred spirits, and the wretched man was induced to violate his sacred trust. I fully and freely admit that Miss Montresor ought at once to have given him in charge, when he began to persecute her with his attentions, or at least to have informed her parents of the circumstance. She did not so, and bitterly has she since rued her imprudence; but, at any rate, whatever amount of blame may attach to her, I think no one will, for a moment, contend that Mr. Barber—a man of the world—a person whom I may well designate as an adventurer—was not infinitely more to blame. The result of this clandestine and most improper intercourse was, that Mr. Barber, by perjury, procured a licence—although the young lady was four years under age, and they were married in the church of Gobblegate Within. Mr. Barber then accompanied the young lady—now, alas! his wife—back to the residence of her parents—threw himself upon his knees before the afflicted mother, and craved her forgiveness and her blessing. Mr. Montresor had actually raised his foot for the purpose of kicking him out of doors, but was restrained by the tears and agony of his daughter—of that most unfortunate lady who, since that time has been so often the victim of his brutality and barbarous violence, and who sits before you this day a helpless woman indeed, unless you, Gentlemen—and I think I can foretell what the action of twelve Englishmen will be in such a case—interfere to protect her from further contumely and wrong. Mr. Barber, however, was forgiven at length by the afflicted parents, but upon the condition that Mrs. Barber's fortune should be settled on herself."

There was at this moment an interruption from a scuffle at the door, which was under the guardianship of the policeman with the red whiskers. Silence was proclaimed by the usher, but in vain. Matters indeed went so far that Sir Cresswell actually put up his double eye-glasses, and I trembled to think what might come next, when the upshot was that an elderly nurse-looking sort of woman made her way into court, and to Mrs. Barber's side. Mr. Lamb rose up, and from a glance which I intercepted between him and the intruder I could not,—perhaps I was wrong,—help suspecting that he had anticipated this little incident. Be this however as it may, he whispered a few words to Mr. Battledove, who continued:

"I must explain, my Luds, and apologise for this interruption. This is the person who received my client in her arms when she drew her first breath—who tended her—who brought her up—who cherished her—and comforted her in her youth, and has ever been ready to stand by her side in this the hour of her affliction. Mrs. Gollop, gentlemen, has nature's right to be here, but she has a technical right as well, for she is a witness in the cause. To proceed, Mr. and Mrs. Barber were married, and Mr. Barber was forgiven; but within a few days after the marriage he commenced the series of unmanly outrages upon her, of which she is here to-day to complain. These, for the sake of greater convenience, I will divide into two heads—*majora delicta*, grosser outrages—and *minora delicta*, lesser grievances, though grievances hard of endurance by a sensitive and delicately-nurtured lady who, in her childhood, had been the delight—the idol—the sunshine of her own family circle! I will now address myself to the category of *majora delicta*, or grosser outrages. Mr. Barber then took his wife down to the house of his sisters, in Cornwall,

where she received the most cruel treatment at the hands of those ladies. He took all her money, and spent it upon his own dissolute pleasures, threatening to take her life if she ever uttered a complaint to her parents. Well would it have been had he confined himself to threats! I am instructed that upon one occasion he struck her in her dressing-room with some heavy implement—that she fell to the ground, and retained the mark of the injury for many days; that upon another, when they were at Brussels, he seized her by the hair, flung her upon the ground, and dragged her about, concluding this scene of violence by cutting off her hair. Again, when they were at Folkestone, he saturated the lady's handkerchief with grease, and when she was asleep applied it to her face and set fire to it, thereby putting her in extreme danger of her life. I must also refer to another incident, which I am compelled to characterise as disgusting, which occurred at Folkestone. Mr. Barber here actually accused my pure and injured client of an indelicate desire to show her feet and ankles when getting in and out of the railway train. But enough of this! It was, again, his constant habit to lock her up in a dark room, because he had ascertained that my client has almost a childish fear of the terrors of the supernatural world; but surely something, in such cases, can be forgiven to the constitutional timidity of a woman. He has been known to lock up cats shod with walnut-shells, upon an occasion of the kind, and to draw pictures with phosphorus on the walls, in order to increase her apprehensions."

At this moment a clerk slipped a paper into Mr. Battledove's hand, who glanced at it, and continued:

—"And now, Gentlemen, I come to the lesser grievances to which I before alluded. These, taken by themselves, might be held to be nothing—mere trifles—the little cat's-paws of a summer's breeze which will ruffle—though but for a moment—the calm felicity of the best-assorted unions. You will, however, I think, in the discharge of your duty, take all the surrounding circumstances into account, and remember that the acts of which I am about to speak were the acts of a husband whose relations with his wife had been signalised in other more important particulars by tyranny and brutality of the grossest kind. Mrs. Barber—when she entered the married state, remember!—had 800*l.* per annum; Mr. Barber—nothing but his liabilities! Now, it would appear that Miss Cecilia Montresor—when the negotiations for a marriage were pending between herself and Mr. Barber during the gentleman of her most unfortunate exp[illegible] stipulated that, duin Rotten Row—had coverture, Mr. Barber would[illegible]ng the period of her her, nor check her in her habit or[illegible] interfere with wearing silk stockings—and no otherurchasing, and was understood, were to be purchrs. These, it own money. What will you think,[illegible]ed with her when I tell you that very soon after[illegible]entlemen, words were pronounced, which consigned the fatal to his mercy—or, I should rather say, his brute lady—he proposed to her to use as a substitute otality stockings which, as I am instructed, are certain wn amongst ladies and in the trade as—Cotton Tops! I cannot give you any precise information as to the meaning of the term—whether the foot or the leg of these hybrid articles is made of silk I am wholly unable to say—or it may perhaps turn out that the fabric is a mere mixture of cotton and silk after all. Mrs. Barber herself will, however, give you precise information upon this point—but, at any rate, she indignantly refused to comply with his request. Mr. Barber then replied that he would compel her to wear worsted stockings—stockings of the coarsest kind, calculated to injure and otherwise irritate the limbs of a delicate lady. For a time he did so—though he afterwards relented. Upon another occasion, he absolutely burnt some petticoats adorned with open and curious needle-work, upon which Mrs. Barber set great value, and insisted that she should wear petticoats of thick stuff, with work at the bottom not above three inches in depth. Again, he abstracted from her a little dog who was greatly attached to her—and, poor lady! she had much need of the attachment even of the brute creation!—and caused it to be stewed with button mushrooms, and served up for dinner: and it was not until she had partaken freely of the dish that Mrs. Barber was informed of the nature of her repast. But I had forgotten, whilst we were on the head of drapery, to mention to you that Mr. Barber had absolutely refused to allow his wife to make use of those articles known to all of you, Gentlemen, under the name of Crinolines. Now, I am not here, Gentlemen, to defend all the vagaries of fashion; but, at the same time, I think you will agree with me, that it is a little hard upon a lady not to be permitted to use the dress of her class. What was the consequence?—three of the leading modistes' houses in town actually struck Mrs. Barber's name out of their books, and refused further to imperil their credit by working on Mr. Barber's patterns. Whatever you may think of this, you will, I am sure, agree with me in condemning the profound indelicacy of a husband who, upon one occasion, actually put on his wife's crinoline outside his own dress; and, entering a room in which a number of their friends of both sexes were assembled, executed in Mrs. Barber's presence, and in the presence of their guests, a dance—known, I believe, as the Cachucha—whilst the poor lady's cheeks were burning with shame and confusion. But, Gentlemen, I will not weary you with reciting, at any length, details which you will hear more appropriately from the lips of the injured lady herself; and very confident am I that when you have heard her simple and artless tale, you will at once—under his Lordship's direction—conclude that Mrs. Barber shall walk out of this Court free from all further servitude—that she may lay her head upon her pillow at night without any longer apprehension that her uneasy slumbers may be disturbed by a curse and a blow. You will stand between that feeble woman and her savage master. You will remember that you have wives, sisters, daughters of your own: that you are men, and Englishmen, in a word, and will not sit quietly by and see sacred womanhood assaulted and outraged in the person of my unfor-

tunate client—if you can prevent it. Never in the course of my professional experience did I leave a cause so confidently in the hands of a British Jury as this one."

Savage conduct of the Respondent.

So saying, Mr. Battledove sat down, but in a moment rose again, and said:

"Call Mrs. Barber."

With a few confidential words to Dr. Dodge, the learned gentleman then hurried out of Court.

GAMMA.

(To be continued.)

BLOWN TO PIECES.

NOT, as mutineers, from the mouth of avenging guns—a fit reward for treason, murder, and worse—but in the midst of their daily work, without an instant of preparation, without a chance of escape, and without a thought of danger, in the midst of their country and ours—two hundred yards below the surface of the earth—in a coal-mine!

It is a fine afternoon in February, our men are all at their work, and everything is as dry, dusty, and parched as in a colliery district everything always is. I have taken my afternoon round through the acres of six-inch dust and cast-iron pipes, the clouds of smoke, and the clattering hammers and machinery which constitute the "works" at which I am employed; and I am looking forward to the six o'clock bell—yet three hours' distant—which, unless a boiler bursts, or a smash takes place somewhere, will free me for the day; when a rumour, dark, horrible, and indistinct, spreads among the men that an explosion has just taken place at one of the great collieries of the neighbourhood, which we may call the Bungle Colliery, without being very wide of the mark in any sense. Where this rumour originates no one knows; how it spreads, or how much truth it may contain, is alike uncertain; only one thing seems pretty clear, which is, that something has happened even worse than the daily accidents of colliery life; and that "something" is said to be the sudden annihilation of two hundred human beings, whom the pitiless and unconquerable fire-damp has blown to pieces.

The hammering and the din of work ceases in our yard, as little knots of workmen collect to compare information; and when the rumour has gathered substance, and passed from mouth to mouth amongst them, jackets are donned, hundreds of people are soon on their way across the fields to the Bungle Colliery, near Burnslay. And I find I may anticipate six o'clock, and go home, for there is not one man left in the place to work or to be looked after. So I go.

Not much miscellaneous conversation that evening! No asking, as is usually the case, what is the news from London, or what the world

generally is about. Our world for that night is the black, stifling underground hole, where some two hundred men have just been slaughtered, not five miles from where we sit—for the rumour has become an awful certainty.

The next day I am one of some thousands who flock to this great black burial-ground. As I drive up a slope leading to it, I find the road almost impassable from the crowd who throng round me; and I notice how difficult it seems to be to realise the presence of wholesale death: for the crowd, as they press on—parties of colliers from neighbouring mines (and the Burnslay colliers are not a refined set)—laughing, swearing, and jesting, as they shamble along with the bow-legged stride which thin coal-seam men so often have, and which results from their being compelled from their childhood to work in and walk about passages only four or five feet high; young men and their sweethearts, the former with the slangy bright neckerchief common to the Burnslay district; taciturn old agricultural labourers; and shrill women, each with one baby at least;—all are evidently intent upon enjoying their "out," and chaff one another as they go, and chatter, and buy gingerbread and oranges from the hucksters who—knowing rascals!—have set up their stalls and are reaping rich harvests from this unannounced fair. But scarcely one of all this crowd seems to have a thought left for the awful cause of the assembly, or for those that lie in such numbers beneath his very feet!

Yes; there are *some* who *feel*. As I pass to the summit of the hill, where, in the midst of a large circle kept clear by a body of police, are a few buildings, a large smoking hole in the ground, and some rough wooden frameworks, some wheels, and other machinery. I pass a long row of low plain cottages. In most of these the blinds are drawn down, and the doors shut; for in almost all of them is a widowed wife, a childless mother, or a fatherless child; and fortunate is that family which has not lost more than one of its most valuable members: for these are the dwellings of the miners; and those drawn blinds conceal the anguish of wives, mothers, and children, whose dearest relations have within the last twenty-four hours been blown ruthlessly to destruction.

As the noisy, merry, thoughtless crowd rolls me along with it, I catch here and there a glimpse of a face through the crevice of a door or window. God grant I may never see such faces again! Their expression is not that of bitter or noisy grief, or of helpless resignation, but generally of vacant white bewilderment. The shock has been too great for ordinary grief, and they are only now preparing to settle down into an intelligible sorrow which may weep and be consolable: at present they scarcely understand why they mourn, or why this great fair is being held round them. Poor things! they will know when they wake from their dream, and find their bread-earners *dead*.

By favour I make my way into the empty circle, and find how matters now stand. The pit is on fire! It is uncertain whether the men who were in the distant parts of the workings were killed in the great blast of the gas; but it is certain that that blast has destroyed the ventilation, blown down the brattices, or partitions, and set the coal on fire, and that all *must* die soon, for no mortal hand can save them now. Human effort has done what was possible; and all honour be to those brave men who, shortly after the catastrophe, descended the fiery pit by the half-destroyed machinery, and saved the few scared stragglers, collected the wounded or unhurt at the bottom, and who, penetrating further into the mine, would have done more, had not the flames driven them, scorched and breathless, with their own lives in imminent danger, to the pit top again.

No escape now! All that can be done is to try and save the colliery from total destruction, and *pray* that the workers may have been blown to pieces at once, rather than reserved for the lingering fate in store for them, if alive.

To understand how matters now stand, I inquire into the nature of the underground workings of the colliery, and this is what I learn:—

I learn that the pit, at the mouth of which I stand, and by which the great engine raises and lowers the men and the coals, communicates at its bottom with the passages and levels (technically, boardgates) through the coal, and by which it is got. These passages extend, in different ramifications, for many hundreds of yards, some of them sloping *downwards* from the pit bottom into the lower side of the seam of coal, or "on the dip;" but the majority rising into its higher side, or "on the rise." Some forty yards from this pit, on the lower side, is another one, where a powerful pumping engine keeps the colliery free from the water, which would otherwise rapidly accumulate.

A very few yards from the pit where I stand, and on the higher side, is a third, from which a stifling, sulphurous smoke is rising through the interstices of the iron rails with which, placed across and covered with clay, it is temporarily stopped. This is the ventilating shaft, at the bottom of which, when the colliery is in work, a furnace has been kept constantly burning, the heat of which causes a very powerful ascending draft in it, so that the whole of the air for the miners is drawn down the adjoining shaft and up this one by the force of the current.

But though these two shafts, or pits, are so near one another, the volume of air which is drawn from one to the other has to pass through the *whole* of the workings and passages of the colliery in its course. This is effected by building up a stoppage in the immediate and direct passage between the two pits, and directing the current of air through its proper course by means of partitions, or brattices, which are temporarily erected for the purpose where necessary.

Having learnt thus much, I begin to see how poor the chance of rescue became for the unhappy prisoners when the flames made way. For the force of the explosion has knocked down the main partition between the two shafts, and has set fire to the stables which are close to the furnaces. The consequence is, that the flame fed by the straw and woodwork, and by an unlimited supply of air down the main shaft (now in free commu-

nication with the other), roars up as though in a blast furnace, and setting fire to the neighbouring coal, sends up a column of fire sixty yards high, in itself a glorious sight, and which, the night before, had illuminated the country for miles round.

This conflagration had only been stopped by closing, as nearly hermetically as possible, both the shaft mouths; and the question now is, what further can be done. Alas! for the men below, —*nothing*.

The first great object is to extinguish the flame, and to do this we must of necessity extinguish *life*, too. No one dare say that all *must have* perished, and so no one dare take upon himself the responsibility of measures for extinguishing the smouldering flames.

And so we stand over one hundred and eighty-six human beings dead, or now perishing beneath us, and discuss the best means of killing those amongst them—if any—who are not dead outright,—for we *must* extinguish the flame; whilst round us some thousands of holiday-makers walk, and talk, and drink, and fight, each enjoying himself in his favourite way, and making the most of his excursion, while across the corn-field, black with the smoke ashes of the past night's conflagration, hundreds more sight-seers press on, "to see." Such is Burnslay life!

We determine at length—we who specially guard the entrance to Death—to try and stifle the flame below by steam (I need not say what beside we *may* do); but here hesitation and dread of responsibility creep in: and a compromise between a really useful course of proceeding and total inaction is made. Our engineers accordingly turn a jet of steam down the main shaft from the engine boiler, in the manner proposed by Mr. Gurney for the purpose of ventilation; but that ingenious gentleman would have been astonished to see the scale upon which we carry out his ideas; for instead of using as powerful a jet as the boilers can supply, we take one which has an aperture of about one quarter of an inch, and which discharged into the *downcast* shaft, must become utterly useless at a distance of a few feet from the surface of the ground. And so the flame of the furnace—and perhaps of life—smoulders on.

I return to my dust and work, weary and dispirited. For days the great Bungle explosion is talked of to the exclusion of every other subject, and at length we learn that the fire having steadily refused to go out of itself, it had been determined to extinguish it by stopping the pumping engine, and allowing the water to accumulate, and also by turning a small neighbouring stream into the mine, which is accordingly done, and the extinction of the fire at last is effectually accomplished.

The work of re-draining the colliery is one of time. Some weeks elapse before it is sufficiently free from water to enable the workmen—picked men selected from the neighbouring collieries—to descend in search of the bodies of the lost, and for the purpose of clearing out the mine for re-working. What they see and do when they at length begin their work, it is not pleasant to describe.

One of the best and sharpest men from our works is amongst those selected, and I often examine him on his return from work in the evening, as to the progress made. His story is generally horrible enough: the headless and unrecognisable trunks which he has come across, the limbs shattered and decayed, and the trunkless heads kicked against like blocks of coal, and taken up to be buried, all confused together, in the neighbouring village churchyard, and all his other such anecdotes of what he and his fellows have to do, make no pleasant recital; suffice it to say, that at length the mine is cleared out, the machinery repaired, the engines set to work, and the mine, with a new set of workmen, set again going.

And now, I ask, can such accidents be avoided? I do not ask this for the sake of the men themselves, for they are so accustomed to them—at least in this district—that they care little for them; but for the sake of society at large, and of the State, which is supposed to take some care of even the most insignificant of its subjects.

I say that here the colliers (like the historical eels) are too much accustomed to such accidents to care much about them when they happen. Let me mention two facts illustrative of my assertion. First, in a colliery within a very few miles of the scene of the above explosion—not more than three or four—and after its occurrence, a strike either took place, or was upon the point of taking place, among the colliers, because the proprietors insisted upon certain parts of their mine being worked with safety-lamps, which these men always object to using, preferring more light even with more danger; and, secondly, in one of the collieries on which I was myself engaged, into which I took a visitor with me on one occasion, when he happened to inquire of the overlooker who accompanied us, as we watched a miner hewing away in his hole upon the solid mass of coal before him, whether there was any fire-damp there?

"Has't any gas in t'hoil, lad?" said the overlooker.

"Ay, there's a bit," said Blacky.

And our guide, unscrewing his safety-lamp, and making us stand back behind the brattice where the ventilating current of pure air was passing, applied the naked flame to the roof, and—bang! went the gas there with a loud explosion, whilst several jets from the surface of the coal caught fire, and were extinguished by the miner with his jacket, as our conductor screwed on his safety-gauze again. I never asked any questions about gas again, nor looked for any such experiments when under ground; but these incidents—especially the former—serve to show the recklessness of the colliers of the district.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Bungle Colliery there have been, as everybody knows, two nearly as fatal explosions—those at the "Beeches" and the "Early Main" collieries; but what then? Why there is more work for those who are left, and higher wages. The widows of the slain are subscribed for by a sympathising public, and consequently very soon (with their dowries) find new

husbands, and all goes on well again until some new catastrophe horrifies people's minds for a few days, or till something else more exciting takes its place there.

A more rigid system of inspection appears to be wanting. Inspectors ought to visit collieries a little *before* the danger becomes so great, and not, as usually happens, just *after* some awful explosion. No blame to them though, if, as is said, their work is so heavy that they cannot possibly visit each colliery, in their respective districts, more than once in several months, or even years.

There is a very obvious remedy, if the collieries are more numerous than the existing number of inspectors—able men as they are—can possibly visit; and that remedy ought to be applied. It was whispered at the time of the accident that the Bungle Colliery was being worked by the proprietors in a dangerous way, and solely with a view to the extraction of as large a quantity of coal as possible in a short time, and this never could have been the case had proper inspection taken place in time.

I saw enough of coal-mining, and of the almost daily accidents which take place, and are never heard of by the general public, but which collectively amount to a large number, to rejoice that no lives were under my charge in a system so carelessly worked; and I at length left the dust and smoke, and din of a Yorkshire colliery district, glad to be away from a neighbourhood where every minute might bring the intelligence that almost under my very feet two or three hundred fellow-creatures had been shattered, scorched, and "blown to pieces." E. E.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

The Free Nurse.

CATHERINE MOMPESSON: MARY PICKARD: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

By the Free Nurse I mean to indicate the Sister of Charity who devotes herself to the sick for their own sake, and from a natural impulse of benevolence, without being bound by any vow or pledge, or having any regard to her own interests in connexion with her office.

There is no dispute about the beauty and excellence of the nursing institutions of the continent, Catholic and Protestant. There can be no doubt that many lives are utilised by them, which would otherwise be frittered away from want of pursuit and guidance. Every town where they live can tell what the blessing is of such a body of qualified nurses, ready to answer any call to the sick-bed. The gratitude of their patients, and the respect of the whole community, testify to their services and merits: and the frequent proposal of some experiment to naturalise such institutions in England, proves that we English are sensible of the beauty of such an organisation of charity. My present purpose, however, is to speak of a more distinctive kind of woman than those who are under vows. However sincere the compassion, however disinterested the devotedness, in an incorporated Sister of Charity, she lies under the disadvantage of her bonds in the first place, and her promised rewards in the other. She may now and then forget her bonds; and there are occasions when they may be a support and relief to her; but they keep her down to the level of an organisation which can never be of a high character while the duty to be performed is regarded as the purchase-money of future benefits to the doer. Those who desire to establish the highest order of nursing had rather see a spontaneous nurse weeping over the body of a suffering child that has gone to its rest than a vowed Sister wiping away the death-damps and closing the eyes, under the promise of a certain amount of remission of sins in consequence. There is abundance of room in society for both vowed and spontaneous nurses, in almost any number; but, their quality as nurses being equal, the strongest interest and affection will always follow the freer, more natural, and more certainly disinterested service. The weaker sort are perhaps wise to put themselves under the orders of authority, which will settle their duty for them: but such cannot be representative women, except by some force of character which in so far raises them above the region of authority. The Representative Women among Nurses are those who have done the duty under some natural incitement, of their own free will, and in their own way.

It will not be supposed, for a moment, that I am speaking slightingly of such organisation as is necessary for the orderly and complete fulfilment of the nursing function. In every hospital where nurses enter freely, and can leave at pleasure, there must be strict rules, settled methods, and a complete organisation of the body of nurses, or all will go into confusion. The authority I refer to as a lower sanction than personal free disposition, is that of religious superiors, who impose the task of nursing as a part of the exercises by which future rewards are to be purchased. There cannot be a more emphatic pleader for hospital and domestic organisation, as a means to the best care of the sick, than Florence Nightingale: and at the same time, all the world knows that she would expect better things from women who become nurses of their own accord, and remain so, through all pains and penalties, when they might give it up at any hour, than from nuns who enter that path of life because it leads (as they believe) straightest to heaven, and do every act at the bidding of a conscience-keeper who holds the ultimate rewards in his hand.

It would lead me too far now to cite examples of the different institutions, Catholic and Protestant, and show the results of the religious and secular, the vowed and the free systems of organised nursing: but the subject is one of curious and deep interest.

The three women whose honoured names stand at the head of this paper, acted singly and spontaneously in devoting themselves to the sick, though their freedom was not of the same character, and their incitements were not alike. Not the less are they all representatives of the growing order of Free Nurses.

On this day two hundred years, Catherine Mompesson was a beautiful girl of twenty, near her marriage with a clergyman, who was to intro-

duce her to the life of a minister's wife in a wild place, and among wild people. Their home was the village of Eyam, in Derbyshire, then thickly peopled with miners. In the green dell, and on the breezy hills below and above Eyam, they and their children enjoyed country health and pleasures for a little while. Then the news came of the Great Plague in London; and then of its spreading through the country: but the place was so breezy and so retired, that there might be hope of its being spared the visitation. The winter came, and thanksgivings were fervent for the health the people of Eyam had enjoyed. In the spring, however, when nobody was thinking of dreading the plague, it broke out in the village. Tradition says, it was from some clothes that arrived from a distant place. As soon as it appeared that the mischief was past arresting, the young mother thought first of her children,—or at least, pleaded first for them, in imploring her husband to leave the place with his family. He knew his duty too well. He was firm about remaining; and his desire was that she should carry away her children to a place of safety, and remain there. This she refused with equal firmness: so they sent away the children, and set to work to nurse all Eyam. Out of seventy-six families, two hundred and fifty-nine persons died. The pastor and his wife shut themselves up with the people, allowing nobody to come in or go out, in order to confine the calamity to the village. By his faculty of organisation, all were fed; and by her devotedness, all were nursed, as far as seemed possible, till she sank in the midst of them. Her husband in good time engaged the country people of the surrounding districts to leave food and other supplies at stated places on the hills at fixed hours, when he pledged himself that they should encounter nobody from the village; and these supplies were fetched away at intermediate hours, without any one person ever taking advantage of the opportunity to get away. There could be no stronger evidence of the hold their pastor had on their affections. In a number of the Gentleman's Magazine, published about the close of the last century, there is an engraving of a rock, called "Mompesson's Pulpit." It is a natural arch in the rock, near Eyam, where he stood to read prayers and preach during the plague,—the people being ranged on the open hill-side opposite, and within reach of his voice. This was to avoid the risks of collecting together in the church.

Catherine Mompesson nursed her neighbours from early spring till August, when she died. Amidst the appalling sights and sounds, of which her husband's letters convey a dreadful idea, she sustained herself and him, and all about them. His immediate expectation of following her is shown by his letter of the 1st of September to Sir George Saville, about the choice of his successor and the execution of his will: but he lived till his 70th year—still the good clergyman to his life's end.

It was domestic affection, evidently, which threw Catherine Mompesson into the position of a nurse. At first, she would have left the scene of sickness to preserve husband and children. It was for her husband's sake that she remained—remained to be his helper, at any sacrifice to herself. An incident recorded in one of his letters shows the domestic affections strong in death. She had refused the "cordials" he pressed upon her, saying that she could not swallow them; but, on his suggestion of living for their children, she raised herself in bed, and made the effort. She took the medicines; but she was past saving. Her devotedness as a nurse was not impaired, but sanctified, by the influences under which she undertook the work. So the good Howard thought when he went to Eyam, before his last departure from England, to ascertain what details he could of the pestilence, and of the exemplary nurses of the sick. So think those who even yet visit the churchyard among the hills, and find out her grave, with the intimation at the foot of the suddenness of her call hence. "Cave: nescitis horam."

Mary Pickard's good work was of a similar nature; but even more freely undertaken. She was our contemporary, and has been only a few years dead. She was an American, born, I believe, of English parents; and, at any rate, connected with England by many relationships. In her early womanhood she visited England, previous to her marriage with Dr. Henry Ware, afterwards Divinity Professor in Harvard University. Among other relatives, she chose to visit an aunt who had early married below her station, and settled in the village of Osmotherly, on the borders of Yorkshire and Durham. On reaching the place, she found it ravaged by fever, in the way that one reads of in old books, but never dreams of seeing in the present century.

Mary Pickard could nurse. Through life she was a first-rate nurse, ready to undertake any number of patients, and to suffice to them all—having, in addition to her other nursing powers, a singular gift of serenity and cheerfulness. Full primed with these powers, she dismissed her chaise as soon as she saw how matters stood in the village; and there she remained for weeks and months. She shamed the frightened doctor, and sustained the nervous clergyman, and got up an organisation of the few who were well and strong to clean the streets and houses, and bury the dead quickly, and wash the clothes, and fetch the medicines and food. She herself seemed to the dying quite at leisure to wait upon them: yet the whole management, and no little cooking, and the entire attendance upon a large number of households, all down in the fever, rested upon her. Before she came all who were attacked died: from the day of her arrival some began to mend; but the place was nearly depopulated. She is known there by the name of "the Good Lady;" and most of the villagers never inquired about any other name.

Towards the latter end of the visitation, when she had complained of nothing, and was as cheerful as ever, and unsuspected of any capacity of wearing out, she one day sank down on the floor, and could not get up again. "Never mind!" said she. "It is only want of sleep. Just bring me some blankets, and let me lie here, and I shall do very well." And there she lay—when awake

giving directions to others about carrying on her work, but generally asleep, day and night. It was long before she could stand; and when she could she was sent away to recruit. Good nursing and comforts soon restored her; and she went to the village as soon as she was allowed. A joyful cry ran from house to house of those which were still inhabited; and the people crowded round the chaise, throwing in little presents which they had prepared for the chance of the Good Lady returning.

Alone she did it!—the nursing of a fever-stricken population, who were prostrated as by the plague. She did it simply because she was wanted. The people—all entire strangers to her, the aunt and all—were sick and dying; and she could not leave them. It never seemed to herself a remarkable act. The fever-scene was remarkable; and of this she spoke with earnestness on occasion: but her own share in it was, in her view, a fine piece of experience; so that, if the fever was to happen, she was glad to have been there. She went back to America, married, and brought up her family of children in the simplest way, being only remarkable for her nursing skill, and the number of sick babies she had tended, and the children who had died in her arms, while she had a houseful of her own to attend to. She died of a lingering and painful disorder, some years after her husband. Her cheerfulness never failed; and in making arrangements for her orphan children, she spoke of her approaching departure just as she would of a voyage to Europe by the next steamer. If ever there was a perfect example of a spontaneous, unprofessional nurse, it was she.

Florence Nightingale, however, will be, through all time to come, the Representative Nurse *par excellence!* In her case it is a special calling, in virtue of natural capacity, moral and intellectual at once. She did not set out from any chosen starting-point. She did not propose to earn her own salvation by a life of good works. She was not incited by visions of a religious life in a favoured monastic community. She did not aspire to take in hand a department of human misery, in order to extinguish it, and then look about to see what particular misery it should be. She does not appear to have had any plans relating to herself at all. Nor was she overtaken by the plague in a village: nor did she overtake a fever in a village in the course of her travels, like her representative sisters of an earlier time: nor did she do the work of the occasion, and re-enter ordinary life as if nothing had happened. Her case is special and singular in every way.

Her childhood and youth were very much like those of little girls who have wealthy parents, and carefully chosen governesses, and good masters, and much travel—in short, all facilities for intellectual cultivation by study and extended intercourse with society, at home and abroad.

The peculiarity in the case of herself and her nearest relatives seems to be their having been reared in an atmosphere of sincerity and freedom—of reality, in fact,—which is more difficult to obtain than might be thought. There was a certain force and sincerity of character in the elder members on both sides of the house which could not but affect the formation of the children's characters; and in this case there was a governess also whose lofty rectitude and immaculate truthfulness commanded the reverence of all who knew her.

In childhood a domestic incident disclosed to the honest-minded little girl what her liking was, and she followed the lead of her natural taste. She took care of all cuts and bruises, and nursed all illness within her reach; and there is always a good deal of these things within the reach of country gentry who are wealthy and benevolent. For the usual term of young-lady life, Florence Nightingale did as other young ladies. She saw Italy, and looked at its monuments; she once went to Egypt and Greece with the Bracebridges: she visited in society, and went to Court. But her heart was not in the apparent objects of her life—not in travel for amusement, nor in art. In literature, books which disclosed life and its miseries, and character with its sufferings, burnt themselves in upon her mind, and created much of her future effort. She was never resorted to for sentiment. Sentimentalists never had a chance with her. Besides that her character was too strong, and its quality too real for any sympathy with shallowness and egotism, she had two characteristics which might well daunt the sentimentalists—her reserve, and her capacity for ridicule. Ill would they have fared who had come to her for responsive sympathies about sentiment, or even real woes in which no practical help was proposed; and there is perhaps nothing uttered by her, from her evidence before the Sanitary Commission for the Army to her recently published "Notes on Nursing," which does not disclose powers of irony which self-regardant persons may well dread.

Such force and earnestness must find or make a career. She evidently believes, as all persons of genius do, that she found it, while others say she made it. Philosophy will hereafter reconcile the two in her case and many others. As a matter of fact, while other young ladies were busy, and perhaps better employed than usual in enjoying the Great Exhibition, she was in the Kaiserswerth Institution, on the Rhine, going through the training for nursing, and investigating the methods of organisation there and elsewhere.

The strongest sensation she perhaps ever excited among her personal acquaintance was when she undertook to set up the Sanitarium in Harley Street, and left home to superintend the establishment. Her first work there was chiefly financial: and the powers of administration she manifested were a complete justification of what she had done in leaving her father's house to become what people called the matron of a charity. At first, common-minded people held up hands and eyes as if she had done something almost scandalous. Between that day and this, they must have discovered that she could exalt any function, and that no function could lower her. She rectified the accounts, paid the debts, and brought all round; and she always had leisure to help and comfort the sick ladies in the house. At one time, I remember, there was not a case in the

house which was not hopeless; but there was no sign of dismay in Florence Nightingale. She completed her task, showing unconsciously by it how a woman as well as a man may be born to administration and command.

By a sort of treachery only too common in the visitors of celebrated people, we have all seen the letter of Mr. Sidney Herbert, in 1854, entreating Miss Nightingale to go—accompanied by her friends the Bracebridges, who are familiar with life in the East—to Turkey, to minister among the sick and wounded of our army. How soon she was ready, and how she and her band of nurses went, and were just in time to receive the wounded from Inkermann, no Englishman forgets. No man of any nation concerned will ever forget her subsequent services. She had against her not only a chaos of disorder in which to move, and a hell of misery around her to relieve, but special difficulties in the jealousy of the medical officers, the rawness of the nurses so hastily collected, and the incompatibilities of the volunteer ladies who started on the enterprise with her or after her. On the state of the hospitals it can, I hope, never be necessary to enlarge again. We all know how, under her superintendence, places became clean and airy, and persons cleanly, clothed, fed, and afforded some chance of recovery from maladies or wounds. While history abides, the image of Florence Nightingale, lamp in hand, going through miles of beds, night by night, noting every patient as she went, and ministering wherever most wanted, will always glow in men's hearts; and the sayings of the men about her will be traditions for future generations to enjoy.

She did not, like Mrs. Mompesson, sink down and die in the midst of the scene: nor did she, like Mary Pickard, return into ordinary life for the rest of a long career. She was prostrated by the Crimean fever at Balaklava, and carried up to the hospital on the cliffs till she began to mend, when she was taken to sea. She would not come home, because her work at Scutari was not finished. She remained there till the end of the war, by which time she and her military and medical coadjutors had shown what hospitals may be, and how low the rate of mortality of an army may be reduced, even in time of war.

She has never recovered from that fever; and for some years she has been confined by severe and increasing illness. Not the less has she worked, steadily and most efficiently. She cannot fulfil her aim,—of training nurses in an institution of her own, and thus raising up a body of successors. The grateful people of England supplied the means, without her knowledge or desire, —which was the same thing as imposing a new service upon her. She wished to decline it when she found how little likely her health was to improve. Her letter to the trustees of the fund must be fresh in all memories, and the reply of the trustees, who satisfied her that the money was accumulating, and the plan and the public able and willing to wait. If she could not do this particular work, she has done many others. Her written evidence before the Sanitary Commission for the Army is a great work in itself. So are various reforms urged on the military authorities by her and her coadjutors, and now adopted by the War Office. Reforms in the Indian army are about to follow. The lives thus saved no one will attempt to number; and the amount of misery and vice precluded by her scientific humanity is past all estimate.

Her "Notes on Nursing," prepared and issued in illness and pain, are the crowning evidence of what she is and can do. Hitherto we have, I trust, appreciated and honoured her acts: now we are enabled to perceive and appreciate the quality of her mind. It was as certain before as it can ever be, that she must have acquired no little science, in various departments, to produce the effects she wrought: but we see it all now.

We see also, much more clearly than ever, her moral characteristics. I will not describe them when they can be so much better seen in her "Notes on Nursing." Any one who reads those Notes without being moved in the depths of his heart, will not understand the writer of them by any amount of description: and those who have been so moved, do not need and will not tolerate it. The intense and exquisite humanity to the sick, underlying the glorious common sense about affairs, and the stern insight into the weaknesses and the perversions of the healthy, troubled as they are by the sight of suffering, and sympathising with themselves instead of the patient, lay open a good deal of the secret of this wonderful woman's life and power. We begin to see how a woman, anything but robust at any time, may have been able, as well as willing, to undertake whatever was most repulsive and most agonising in the care of wounded soldiers, and crowds of cholera patients. We see how her minute economy and attention to the smallest details are reconcilable with the magnitude of her administration, and the comprehensiveness of her plans for hospital establishments, and for the reduction of the national rate of mortality. As the lives of the sick hang on small things, she is as earnest about the quality of a cup of arrow-root, and the opening and shutting of doors, as about the institution of a service between the commissariat and the regimental, which shall ensure an army against being starved when within reach of food. In the mind of a true nurse, nothing is too great or too small to be attended to with all diligence: and therefore we have seen Florence Nightingale doing, and insisting upon, the right about shirts and towels, spoon-meats and the boiling of rice; and largely aiding in reducing the mortality of the army from nineteen in the thousand to eight, in time of peace.

In the spirit and tone of this book we see, too, how it is that, with all her fame, we have known so little of the woman herself. Where it is of use to tell any piece of her own experience, she tells it; and these scraps of autobiography will be eagerly seized upon by all kinds of readers: but, except for the purpose of direct utility, she never speaks of herself, more or less, or even discloses any of her opinions, views, or feelings. This reserve is a great distinction in these days of self-exposure, and descanting on personal experiences. It is the best possible

rebuke to the egotism, or the sentimentality, which has led several ladies to imagine that they could be nurses, without having tried whether they could bear the discipline. Her pure, undisguised common sense, and her keen perception of all deviations from common sense, may have turned back more or fewer women from the nursing vocation: but this is probably an unmixed good; for those who could be thus turned back were obviously unfit to proceed. She is the representative of those only who are nurses; that is, capable of the hardest and highest duties and sacrifices which women can undertake from love to their race.

In the end she will have won over far more than she can have (most righteously and mercifully) discouraged. Generations of women, for centuries to come, will be the better, the more helpful, and the more devoted for Florence Nightingale having lived; and no small number of each generation will try their strength on that difficult path of beneficence which she has opened, and on which her image will for ever stand to show the way. INGLEBY SCOTT.

AN HONEST ARAB.

WE had been on a fishing tour in the Highlands, and, *en route* to town, were idling a day or two in "the grey metropolis of the north." "Scotchman, Xpress, Merkerry, Fewzees, penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, sir!" shouted a shrill-piped, ragged little imp at the fag end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal in Princes Street.

"No, we don't want any."

"Fewzees, penny a hunder, sir; this day's paper, sir—half price, sir—only a bawbee;" persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith, as the market showed symptoms of decline, and threatened to close decidedly flat.

"Get along, Bird's-eye, don't want any," growled Phillips.

"They're gude fewzees, sir, penny a hunder."

"Don't smoke," Phillips, *loquitur*, whif, whif, whif.

"They're gude fewzees, sir, hunder and twenty for a penny, sir," coming round on my flank.

"No, don't want 'em, my boy."

The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags looked piteously up at me, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more.

Somehow in this instance that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penn'orth, young 'un."

"Yes, sir—they dinna smell."

"If the lucifers don't, the son of Lucifer does," threw in Phillips.

"Ah, I haven't got a copper, little 'un, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the nicht, if you please. I'm very hung-grey, sir."

"He'll give you his cheque for the balance, Geff."

His little cold face, which had lightened up, now fell, for, from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll gang for change, sir."

"Well, little 'un, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"Give my friend your word of honour, as a gentleman, as security for the bob."

"As sure's death, sir, I'll bring the change the morn," was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling.

"Well, Turner," as we strolled along Princes Street, "you don't expect to see your brimstone friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"Your friend will dishonour his I O.U. as sure as—"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust yon boy."

"Can? Why, you *have* trusted him; and your deliberation savours remarkably of the wisdom of the historical stable-keeper, who began to think about shutting the door when——but the illustration don't seem to strike you as a novelty."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, wonders, but not young Brimstone and your money."

Next morning we were on the Roslin Stage to "do" the wonderful little chapel there. It is a perfect little gem, and its tracery, and its witchery, and its flowers, and fruits, and stony stories charm and delight the civilised eye and soul as fresh to-day, as they did the rude barbarians four long centuries ago. I never visit Edinburgh, but I go and see that little chapel at Roslin, and always endeavour to have a fresh companion with me, to watch the new delight and joy he receives, and of which I am a partaker too. But to return to the Roslin Stage. We were stopped near the University by a crowd congregated round some wretch brought to grief by the race-horse pace of a butcher's cart. A working man raised something in his arms, and, followed by the crowd, bore it off.

"It was over thereabouts, Phillips," I said during the block-up, "that Lord Darnley, of exalted memory, was blown up in the Kirk o' the Fields; to which sky-rocketing Mary of Scotland and the Isles, Regina, his beauteous, loving, and ill-starred spouse, was said to be a privy and consenting party."

"Nothing peculiarly interesting or uncommon in that episode of connubial bliss, I should think, friend of mine. Blown up, my boy! One of dearest woman's dearest privileges—that's what you may look forward to when you pledge your plighted troth."

"Blown up by gunpowder, Charley, Guy Faux fashion, though. That's Darnley's garden-wall close by that public house, and that's the doorway of it built up."

"Quite right, too. No backways to the tap, say I. And Darnley be darned and blowed, too; but why don't Jehu handle his ribbons, and stir up his thoroughbreds. Now, then, one o'clock, the stage waits."

"Did ye say ane o'clock, sir," returned Jarvie, rustling his ribbons, after we had gone a little way. "I'm thinkin ye're gey weel acquaint wi' that hour, 'the wee short hour ayont the twal,' as Robbie says. Wad ye hae me drive on, regardless o' life or lim, and may be render anither bairn lifeless, or an object for life. Na, na; ane o'clock kens better."

"What's put your pipe out, Charley, you neither smoke nor speak. Has 'ane o'clock' put on the stopper?"

"I houp not, sir—meant nae offence, sir," said Coachee, who heard me. "Look ye, there's Craigmillar Castle, where puir Queen Mary spent a few o' her few happy days; and there's Blackford Hill, where Sir Walter says Marmion stood and saw

> "Such dusky grandeur clothe the height,
> Where the huge Castle holds its state,
> And all the steep slope down,
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!

And that's Liberton, where Mr. Butler, in the Heart of Mid Lothian, was Dominie. And yonder's Burdie House; there's rare fossil fish and other creaturs got at its lime quarries, they tell me. Ah! I've mony a time seen puir Hugh Miller, wha's dead and gone, oot here ladened wi' bits o' stanes that he ca'd fine specimens, and gae'd lang nebbed foreign names to. Burdie House, ye ken, is Scotch for Bourdeaux House, a place where some of Mary's foreign courtiers lived; and that village you see ow'r by my whip, was built for her French flunkeys, and is ca'd Little France to this very day."

* * * * *

On our return to the inn, I inquired:

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?"

"Boy, sir?—call, sir? No, sir."

"Of course, Geff, he didn't. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?"

"Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest."

"Then, oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how thou art fallen!"

Later in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small and cold and childlike—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue-cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channels—that I saw at once

the child was not my friend of the previous night.

"Enter Antonio to redeem his bond!" Phillips, *loquitur*.

He stood for a few minutes diving and rummaging into the recesses of his rags; at last little Tom Thumb said:

"Are you the gentleman that boucht fewzees frae Sandy yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Weel here's sevenpence (counting out divers copper coins), Sandy canna come; he's no weel; a cart ran ow'r him the day, and broken his legs, and lost his bannet, and his fewzees, and your fourpence-piece, and his knife, and he's no weel. He's no weel ava, and the doc—tor says—says he's dee—dee—in, and—and that's a' he can gie you, noo." And the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for, though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display on the tea-table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"

"Aye, sir;" and the flood-gates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We bide in Blackfriars Wynd in the Coogate. My mither's dead, and father's awa; and we bide whiles wi' our gudemither," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, sir."

Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of these ancient closes by day, and here I entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble unequal struggle with the thick, close-smelling, heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an overcrowded mass of wretched beings sleeping on miserable beds spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold unfurnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate quarrelling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of the sweat of agony standing on his brow—his bruised and mangled body lay motionless and still, except when sobs and moaning heaved his fluttering breast. A bloated woman, in maudlin drunkenness (the dead or banished father's second wife, and not *his* mother), now and then bathed his lips with whiskey-and-water, while she applied to her own a bottle of spirits to drown the grief she hiccuped and assumed. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony (for his case was hopeless, even though he had been taken at first, as he ought to have been, to the Infirmary in the neighbourhood), but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed upon a less miserable bed of straw; and feeing a woman, an occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars Wynd. Its close, pestilential air, and towering, antique, dilapidated mansions (the abode of the peerage in far-off times) now struck my senses. Above a doorway was carved upon the stone,—"Except ye Lord do build ye house ye builders build in vain."

I said the room was spacious: it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of panelled oak sadly marred, a massive marble mantelpiece of cunning carving, ruthlessly broken and disfigured, enamelled tiles around the fireplace, once representing some Bible story, now sore despoiled and cracked, and the ceiling festooned with antique fruit and flowers, shared in the general vandal wreck. With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in that stifling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were chiefly of our cities' pests, and the poor lad's stepmother—who had taken him from the ragged school that she might drink of his pitiful earnings—was as sunk in infamy as any there.

For the patient medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. The soul looking from his light blue eyes was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness returned, and his lamp was flickering up before it sunk for ever. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

"I got the change, and was comin'——"

"My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any wish—anything, poor child, I can do for you? I promise to ——"

"Reuby, I'm sure I'm deein', wha will take care o' you noo?"

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prostrate on the bed. "Oh, Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!" sobbed his little heart.

"I will see to your little brother."

"Thank you, sir! Dinna—dinna leave me, Reu—Reu—by. I'm com—comin', comin'——"

"Wisht! wisht!" cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm faded smile, that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the gravestone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother poet, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's ragged school, and receive excellent accounts of him, and from him.

"What of your young Arab, Turner?" said Phillips, the following afternoon. "Was he honest, and is he really ill?"

"Yes, Phillips, he was an honest Arab; but now he is 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

G. T.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER X. MY GENTLEMAN ON THE ROAD AGAIN.

ON a milestone, under the moonlight, crouched the figure of a woman, huddled with her head against her knees, and careless hair falling to the summer's dust. Evan came upon this sight within a few miles of Fallowfield. At first he was rather startled, for he had inherited superstitious emotions from his mother, and the road was lone, the moon full. He went up to her and spoke a gentle word, which provoked no reply. He ventured to put his hand on her shoulder, continuing softly to address her. She was flesh and blood. Evan stooped his head to catch a whisper from her mouth, but nothing save a heavier fall of the breath she took, as of one painfully waking, was heard.

A misery beyond our own is a wholesome picture for youth, and though we may not for the moment compare the deep with the lower deep, we, if we have a heart for outer sorrows, can forget ourselves in it. Evan had just been accusing the heavens of conspiracy to disgrace him. Those patient heavens had listened, as is their wont. They had viewed and had not been disordered by his mental frenzies. It is certainly hard that they do not come down to us, and condescend to tell us what they mean, and be dumfounded by the perspicuity of our arguments—the argument, for instance, that they have not fashioned us for the science of the shears, and do yet impel us to wield them. Nevertheless, they to whom mortal life has ceased to be a long matter perceive that our appeals for conviction are answered,—now and then very closely upon the call. When we have cast off the scales of hope and fancy, and surrender our claims on mad chance: when the wild particles of this universe consent to march as they are directed, it is given them to see—if they see at all—that some plan is working out: that the heavens, icy as they are to the pangs of our blood, have been throughout speaking to our souls; and, according to the strength there existing, we learn to comprehend them. But their language is an element of Time, whom primarily we have to know. Thus, a gray tailor (for in our noble days we may suppose such a person gifted with that to which they address themselves), — a tailor in the flourishing of the almond-tree, who looks back on a period when he summoned the bright heavens to consider his indignant protest against the career they have marked out for him; does he not hear huge shouts of laughter echoing round and round the blue ethereal dome? Yet they listened, and silently!

Evan Harrington was young. He wished not

to clothe the generation. What was to the remainder of the exiled sons of Adam simply the brand of expulsion from Paradise, was to him hell. In his agony, anything less than an angel, soft-voiced in his path, would not have satisfied the poor boy, and here was this wretched outcast, and instead of being relieved, he was to act the reliever!

Striving to rouse the desolate creature, he shook her slightly. She now raised her head with a slow, gradual motion, like that of a wax-work, showing a white young face, tearless,—dreadfully drawn at the lips. After gazing at him, she turned her head mechanically towards her shoulder, as to ask him why he touched her. He withdrew his hand, saying:

"Why are you here? Pardon me; I want, if possible, to help you."

A light sprang in her eyes. She jumped from the stone, and ran forward a step or two, with a gasp:

"Oh, my God! I want to go and drown myself."

Evan lingered behind her till he saw her body sway, and in a fit of trembling she half fell on his outstretched arm. He led her to the stone, not knowing what on earth to do with her. There was no sign of a house near; they were quite solitary; to all his questions she gave an unintelligible moan. He had not heart to leave her, so, taking a sharp seat on a heap of flints, thus possibly furnishing future occupation for one of his craftsmen, he waited, and amused himself by marking out diagrams with his stick in the thick dust.

His thoughts were far away, when he heard, faintly uttered:

"Why do you stop here?"

"To help you."

"Please, don't. Let me be. I can't be helped."

"My good creature," said Evan, "it's quite impossible that I should leave you in this state. Tell me where you were going when your illness seized you?"

"I was going," she commenced vacantly, "to the sea—the water," she added, with a shivering lip.

The foolish youth asked her if she could be cold on such a night.

"No, I'm not cold," she replied, drawing closer over her lap the ends of a shawl which would in that period have been thought rather gaudy for her station.

"You were going to Lymport?"

"Yes,—Lymport's nearest, I think."

"And why were you out travelling at this hour?"

She dropped her head, and began rocking to right and left.

While they talked the noise of waggon-wheels was heard approaching. Evan went into the middle of the road and beheld a covered waggon, and a fellow whom he advanced to meet, plodding a little to the rear of the horses. He proved kindly. He was a farmer's man, he said, and was at that moment employed in removing the furniture of the farmer's son, who had failed as a corn-chandler in Lymport, to Hillford, which he expected to reach about morn. He answered Evan's request that he would afford the young woman conveyance as far as Fallowfield:

"Tak' her in? That I will."

"*She* won't hurt the harses," he pursued, pointing his whip at the vehicle: "there's my mat', Garge Stoakes, he's in ther', snorin' his turn. Can't you hear'n a-snorin' thraugh the wheels? I can; I've been laughin'! He do snore that loud—Garge do!"

Proceeding to inform Evan how George Stokes had snored in that characteristic manner from boyhood, ever since he and George had slept in a hayloft together; and how he, kept wakeful and driven to distraction by George Stokes' nose, had been occasionally compelled, in sheer self-defence, madly to start up and hold that pertinacious alarum in tight compression between thumb and forefinger; and how George Stokes, thus severely handled, had burst his hold with a tremendous snort, as big as a bull, and had invariably uttered the exclamation, "Hulloa!—same to you, my lad!" and rolled over to snore as fresh as ever;—all this with singular rustic comparisons, racy of the soil, and in raw Hampshire dialect; the waggoner came to a halt opposite the stone, and, while Evan strode to assist the girl, addressed himself to the great task of arousing the sturdy sleeper and quieting his trumpet, heard by all ears now that the accompaniment of the wheels was at an end.

George, violently awakened, complained that it was before his time, to which he was true; and was for going off again with exalted contentment, though his heels had been tugged, and were dangling some length out of the machine; but his comrade, with a determined blow of the lungs, gave another valiant pull, and George Stokes was on his legs, marvelling at the world and man. Evan had less difficulty with the girl. She rose to meet him, put up her arms for him to clasp her waist, whispering sharply on an inward breath: "What are you going to do with me?" and indifferent to his verbal response, trustingly yielded her limbs to his guidance. He could see blood on her bitten underlip, as, with the help of the waggoner, he lifted her on the mattrass, backed by a portly bundle, which the sagacity of Mr. Stokes had selected for his couch.

The waggoner cracked his whip, laughing at George Stokes, who yawned, and settled into a composed plough-swing, without asking questions; apparently resolved to finish his nap on his legs.

"Warn't he like that Myzepper chap, I see at the succus, bound athert gray mare!" chuckled the waggoner. "So he'd 'a gone on, had ye 'a let'n. No wulves waddn't wake Garge till he'd slept it out. Then he'd say, 'marnin'!' to 'm. Are ye 'wake now, Garge?"

The admirable sleeper preferred to be a quiet butt, and the waggoner leisurely exhausted the fun that was to be had out of him; returning to it with a persistency that evinced more concentration than variety in his mind. At last Evan said: "Your pace is rather slow. They'll be shut up in Fallowfield. I'll go on ahead. You'll find me at one of the inns—the Green Dragon.

In return for this speech, the waggoner favoured him with a stare, followed by the exclamation:

"Oh, no! dang that!"

"Why, what's the matter?" quoth Evan.

"You en't goin' to be off, for to leave me and Garge in the lurch there, with that ther' young woman, in that ther' pickle!" returned the waggoner.

Evan made an appeal to his reason, but finding that impregnable, he pulled out his scanty purse to guarantee his sincerity with an offer of pledge-money. The waggoner waived it aside. He wanted no money, he said.

"Look heer," he went on; "if you're for a start, I tells ye plain, I chucks that ther' young woman int' the road."

Evan bade him not to be a brute.

"Nack and crop!" the waggoner doggedly ejaculated.

Very much surprised that a fellow who appeared sound at heart, should threaten to behave so basely, Evan asked an explanation: upon which the waggoner demanded to know what he had eyes for: and as this query failed to enlighten the youth, he let him understand that he was a man of family experience, and that it was easy to tell at a glance that the complaint the young woman laboured under was one common to the daughters of Eve. He added that, should an emergency arise, he, though a family man, would be useless: that he always vacated the premises while those incidental scenes were being enacted at home; and that for him and George Stokes to be left alone with the young woman, why, they would be of no more service to her than a couple of babies new-born themselves. He, for his part, he assured Evan, should take to his heels, and relinquish waggon, and horses, and all; while George probably would stand and gape; and the end of it would be, they would all be had up for murder. He diverged from the alarming prospect, by a renewal of the foregoing alternative to the gentleman who had constituted himself the young woman's protector. If he parted company with them, they would immediately part company with the young woman, whose condition was evident.

"Why, couldn't you tall that?" said the waggoner, as Evan, tingling at the ears, remained silent.

"*I* know nothing of such things," he answered, hastily, like one hurt.

I have to repeat the statement, that he was a youth, and a modest one. He felt unaccountably, unreasonably, but horribly, ashamed. The thought of his actual position swamped the sickening disgust at tailordom. Worse, then, might happen to us in this extraordinary world! There was something more abhorrent than sitting with one's legs crossed, publicly stitching, and scoffed at! He called vehemently to the waggoner to whip the horses, and hurry a-head into Fallowfield; but that worthy, whatever might be his dire alarms, had a regular pace, that was conscious of no spur: the reply of "All right!" satisfied him at least; and Evan's chaste sighs for the appearance of an assistant petticoat round a turn of the road, were offered up duly, to the measure of the waggoner's steps.

Suddenly the waggoner came to a halt, and said: "Blest if that Garge bain't a snorin' on his pins!"

Evan lingered by him with some curiosity, while the waggoner thumped his thigh to, "Yes he be! no he bain't!" several times, in eager hesitation.

"It's a fellow calling from the downs," said Evan.

"Ay, so!" responded the waggoner. "Dang'd if I didn't think 'twere that Garge of our'n. Hark awhile."

At a repetition of the call, the waggoner stopped his team. After a few minutes, a man appeared panting on the bank above them, down which he ran precipitately, knocked against Evan, apologised with the little breath that remained to him, and then held his hand as to entreat a hearing. Evan thought him half-mad; the waggoner was about to imagine him the victim of a midnight assault. He undeceived them by requesting, in rather flowery terms, conveyance on the road and rest for his limbs. It being explained to him that the waggon was already occupied, he comforted himself aloud with the reflection that it was something to be on the road again for one who had been belated, lost, and wandering over the downs for the last six hours.

"Walcome to git in, when young woman gits out," said the waggoner. "I'll gi' ye my sleep on t'Hillford."

"Thanks, worthy friend," returned the new comer. "The state of the case is this—I'm happy to take from humankind whatsoever I can get. If this gentleman will accept of my company, and my legs hold out, all will yet be well."

Though he did not wear a petticoat, Evan was not sorry to have him. Next to the interposition of the gods, we pray for human fellowship when we are in a mess. So he mumbled politely, dropped with him a little to the rear, and they all stepped out to the crack of the waggoner's whip.

"Rather a slow pace," said Evan, feeling bound to converse.

"Six hours on the downs, sir, makes it extremely suitable to me," rejoined the stranger.

"You lost your way?"

"I did, sir. Yes; one does not court those desolate regions wittingly. I am for life and society. The embraces of Diana do not agree with my constitution. My belief—I don't know whether you have ever thought on the point—but I don't hesitate to say I haven't the slightest doubt Endymion was a madman! I go farther: I say this: that the farmer who trusted that young man with his muttons was quite as bad. And if classics there be who differ from me, and do not reserve all their sympathy for those hapless animals, I beg them to take six hours on the downs alone with the moon, and the last prospect of bread and cheese, and a chaste bed, seemingly utterly extinguished. I am cured of my romance. Of course, sir, when I say bread and cheese, I speak figuratively. Food is implied."

Evan stole a glance at his companion.

"Besides, sir," the other continued, with an

inflexion of grandeur, "for a man accustomed to his hunters, it is, you will confess, somewhat unpleasant for such a man—I speak hypothetically—to be reduced to his legs to that extent that it strikes him shrewdly he will run them into stumps. Nay, who shall say but that he *is* stumped?"

The stranger laughed, as if he knew the shrewdness of his joke, and questioned the moon aloud: "What sayest thou, O Queen of lunatics?"

The fair lady of the night illumined his face, like one who recognised a subject. Evan thought, too, that he knew the voice. A curious, unconscious struggle therein between native facetiousness and an attempt at dignity, appeared to Evan not unfamiliar; and the egregious failure of ambition and triumph of the instinct, helped him to join the stranger in his mirth.

"Pardon me," cried the latter, suddenly. "That laugh! Will you favour me by turning your face to the moon?"

"Just a trifle more. She kisses you. 'Twill do!"

Evan smiled at him.

He was silent for some paces, and then cried, in brave simplicity: "Won't you give your fist to a fellow?"

It needed but a word or two further for two old schoolmates to discover one another. Evan exclaimed, "Jack Raikes! Sir John!" while he himself was addressed as "Sir Amadis, Viscount Harrington!" In which, doubtless, they revived certain traits of their earlier days, and with a brisk shaking of hands, and interrogation of countenances, caught up the years that had elapsed since they parted company.

Mr. John Raikes stood about a head under Evan. He had extremely mobile features; thick, flexible eyebrows; a loose, voluble mouth; a ridiculous figure on a dandified foot. He represented to you one who was rehearsing a part he wished to act before the world, and was not aware that he perpetually took the world into his confidence.

"Me, then, you remember," said Jack, cordially. "You are doubtful concerning the hat and general habiliments? I regret to inform you that they are *the same*." He gave a melo-dramatic sigh. "Yes; if there is any gratification in outliving one's hat, that gratification should be mine. In this hat, in this coat, I dined you the day before you voyaged to Lisboa's tide. Changes have since ensued. We complain not; but we do deplore. Fortune on Jack has turned her back! You might know it, if only by my regard for the nice distinctions of language. The fact is, I've spent my money. A mercurial temperament makes quicksilver of any amount of cash. Mine uncle died ere I had wooed the maiden, Pleasure, and transformed her into the hag, Experience!"

The hand of Mr. Raikes fell against his thigh with theatrical impressiveness.

"But how," said Evan—"it's the oddest thing in the world our meeting like this—how did you come here?"

"You thought me cut out for an actor—didn't you?" asked Jack.

Evan admitted that it was a common opinion at school.

"It was a horrible delusion, Harrington! My patrimony gone, naked I sought the stage—as the needle the pole. Alas! there is no needle to that pole. I was hissed off the boards of a provincial theatre, and thus you see me!"

"Why," said Evan, "you don't mean to say you have been running over the downs ever since."

Mr. Raikes punned bitterly. "No, Harrington, not in your sense. Spare me the particulars. Ruined, the last ignominy endured, I fled from the gay vistas of the Bench—for they live who would thither lead me! and determined, the day before the yesterday—what think'st thou? why to go boldly, and offer myself as Adlatus to blessed old Cudford! Yes! a little Latin is all that remains to me, and I resolved, like the man I am, to turn hic, hæc, hoc, into bread and cheese, *and* beer. Impute nought foreign to me, in the matter of pride."

"Usher in our old school—poor old Jack!" exclaimed Evan.

"Lieutenant in the Cudford Academy!" the latter rejoined. "I walked the distance from London. I had my interview with the respected principal. He gave me of mutton nearest the bone, which, they say, is sweetest; and on sweet things you should not regale in excess. O utter scragginess! Endymion watched the sheep that bred that mutton! He gave me the thin beer of our boyhood, that I might the more soberly state my mission. That beer, my friend, was brewed by one who wished to form a study for pantomimic masks. He listened with the gravity which is all his own to the recital of my career; he pleasantly compared me to Phaëton, congratulated the river Thames at my not setting it on fire in my rapid descent, and extended to me the three fingers of affectionate farewell. I am the victim of my antecedents!"

Mr. Raikes uttered this with a stage groan, and rapped his breast.

"So you were compelled to go to old Cudford, and he rejected you—poor Jack!" Evan interjected commiseratingly.

"Because of my antecedents, Harrington. I laid the train in boyhood that blew me up as man. I put the case to him clearly. But what's the use of talking to an old fellow who has been among boys all his life? All his arguments are prepositions. I told him that, as became a manly nature, I, being stripped, preferred to stand up for myself like a bare stick, rather than act the parasite—the female ivy, or the wanton hop! I joked—he smiled. Those old cocks can't see you're serious through a joke. What do you think! He reminded me of that night when you and I slipped out to hear about the prize-fight, and were led home from the pot-house in glory. Well! I replied to him—'Had you educated us on beer a little stiffer in quality, sir—' 'Yes, yes,' says he; 'I see you're the same John Raikes whom I once knew.' I answered with a quotation: he corrected my quantity, and quoted again: I capped him. I thought I had him. 'Glad,' says he, 'you bear in your head some of the fruits of my teaching.' 'Fruits, sir,' says I, 'egad! they're more like nails than fruits; I can feel now, sir, on a portion of my person, which is anywhere but the head, your praiseworthy perseverance in knocking them in.' There was gratitude for him, but he would treat the whole affair as a joke. 'You an usher, a rearer of youth, Mr. Raikes? Oh, no! Oh, no!' That was all I could get out of him. 'Gad! he might have seen that I didn't joke with the mutton-bone. If I winced at the beer it was imperceptible. Now a man who can do that is what I call a man in earnest. But, Cudford avaunt! Here I am."

"Yes," said Evan, suppressing a smile. "I want to know how you came here."

"Short is the tale, though long the way, friend Harrington. From Bodley is ten miles to Beckley. I walked them. From Beckley is fifteen miles to Fallowfield. Them I was traversing, when, lo! towards sweet eventide, a fair horsewoman riding with her groom at her horse's heels. 'Lady, or damsel, or sweet angel,' says I, addressing her, as much out of the style of the needy as possible, 'will you condescend to direct me to Fallowfield?' 'Are you going to the match?' says she. I answered boldly that I was. 'Beckley's in,' says she, 'and you'll be in time to see them out, if you cut across the downs there.' I lifted my hat — a deperate measure, for the brim won't bear much—but honour to women though we perish! She bowed: I cut across the downs. Ah! lovely deceiver! Had I not cut across the downs, to my ruin, once before? In fine, Harrington, old boy, I've been wandering among those downs for the last seven or eight hours. I was on the point of turning my back on the road for the twentieth time, I believe—when I heard your welcome vehicular music, and hailed you; and I ask you, isn't it luck for a fellow who hasn't got a penny in his pocket, and is as hungry as five hundred hunters, to drop on an old friend like this?"

Evan answered, briefly, "Yes."

Mr. Raikes looked at him pacing with his head bent, and immediately went behind him and came up on the further side.

"What's the matter?" said Evan, like one in a dream.

"I was only trying the other shoulder," remarked his friend.

Evan pressed his hand.

"My dear Jack! pray forgive me. I have a great deal to think about. Whatever I possess I'm happy enough to share with you. I needn't tell you that." He paused, and inquired. "Where was it you said you met the young lady?"

"In the first place, O, Amadis! I never said she was young. You're on the scent, I see."

"What was she like?" said Evan, with forced gentleness.

"My dear fellow! there's not the remotest

chance of our catching her now. She's a-bed and asleep, if she's not a naughty girl."

"She went on to Beckley, you said?"

Jack dealt him a slap.

"Are you going to the Bar?"

"I only wanted to know," Evan observed, meditatively progressing.

He was sure that the young lady Jack had met was his own Rose, and if Jack thought himself an unlucky fellow, Evan's opinion of him was very different.

"Did you notice her complexion?"

This remark, feebly uttered after a profound stillness caused Jack to explode.

"Who called you Amadis, Harrington? I met a girl on horseback, I tell you a word or two she says, and you can't be quiet about her. Why, she was only passably pretty—talked more like a boy than a girl—opened her mouth wide when she spoke—rather jolly teeth."

Mr. Raikes had now said enough to paint Rose accurately to the lover's mind, and bring contempt on his personal judgment. Nursing the fresh image of his darling in his heart's recesses, Evan, as they entered Fallowfield, laid the state of his purse before Jack, and earned anew the epithet of Amadis when it came to be told that the occupant of the waggon was likewise one of its pensioners.

Sleep had long held its reign in Fallowfield. Nevertheless, Mr. Raikes, though blind windows alone looked on him, and nought foreign was to be imputed to him in the matter of pride, had become exceedingly solicitous concerning his presentation to the inhabitants of that quiet little country town; and while Evan and the waggoner consulted—the former with regard to the chances of procuring beds and supper, the latter as to his prospect of beer and a comfortable riddance of the feminine burden weighing on them all, Mr. Raikes was engaged in persuading his hat to assume something of the gentlemanly polish of its youth, and might have been observed now and then furtively catching up a leg to be dusted. Ere the wheels of the waggon stopped he had gained that easiness of mind which the knowledge that you have done all that man may do and circumstances warrant, establishes. Capacities conscious of their limits may repose even proudly when they reach them; and, if Mr. Raikes had not quite the air of one come out of a bandbox, he at least proved to the discerning intelligence that he knew what sort of manner befitted that happy occasion, and was enabled by the pains he had taken to glance with a cheerful challenge at the sign of the hostelry, under which they were now ranked, and from which, though the hour was late, and Fallowfield a singularly somnolent little town, there issued signs of life approaching to festivity.

(To be continued.)

DIVORCE A VINCULO; OR, THE TERRORS OF SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

(Continued from p. 255.)

There was deep silence throughout the Court as Mrs. Barber rose from her seat, and stood for a moment like a frightened fawn at gaze, as though uncertain where to find refuge from her fell pursuers. Nor was the timidity which was part of her gentle nature at all dispelled, or even mitigated, when the Usher of the Court yelled out, in an imperative metallic voice:

"This way 'um. Please to come this way 'um;" and then, in an under-tone as soothing, as though he were quietly cursing one of his own corns, but so as not to attract attention, he added, "Up them stairs."

"Ten thousand swords," methought should have leaped from their scabbards that instant, and the next, that rude unmanly official should

> have been a thing
> O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing.

What! summon this agonised wife, this fair being, to take her place before so awful a tribunal with as little ceremony as you would use in inviting a set of disgusting Aldermen, oozing with turtle and gorged with venison, to charge their filthy glasses at an abominable City feast. The very least that could be done would be to have a tall, mournful, gentlemanlike person in attendance, with a bag-wig and rapier—emblems of courtesy and justice—for the purpose of conducting these most interesting witnesses to their seats; and if an organ had been provided for Sir Cresswell's use, and a solemn strain had ushered in the appearance of these accusing angels, I think it would have been as well. Mr. Lamb half-rose, as though ready to fly to poor Mrs. Barber's assistance, had she lost consciousness at the outset of this trying ordeal. The three Judges even seemed moved to pity, and would, no doubt, but for the stern suggestions of dnty, have tendered their aid to the unfortunate lady who was endeavouring to climb the steps to the awful pen. One moment more—and it is done; the fatal rail is let down, and the Fawn—a captive!

The Usher with the metallic voice continued:

"Lift your weil; take your glove hoff—the right 'and—please 'um" (this last phrase with a kind of explanatory growl); "the hevidence wich you are habout to give, &c., &c."

Mrs. Barber had only half-raised her veil during the performance of this ceremony, poor soul! She had evidently lost the consciousness of her position, and rendered merely mechanical obedience to the stern commands of the Familiar of the Court. Her ungloved hand rested upon the rail of the pen; the veil was neither up nor down; obviously, she had not the slightest idea that she was the mark of every eye—but there was a sob. Oh! Barber, Barber! this is really too bad.

The kind old Judge who was trying the case had been for some time making little courteous waves with the pen which he held in his hand, and by telegraph inviting Mrs. Barber to take her place

at the end of the bench; but she heard him not—or heeded him not. Sir Cresswell even desisted from the perusal of the entertaining volume in which he had appeared to be absorbed, and entreated the lady to sit down; but in the agitation of her mind Mrs. Barber mistook his meaning, and steadily raising her veil, so as to uncover her whole face, revealed herself to the Jury. How ugly all the lawyers in Court appeared!—In how false a position were those wretched Jurymen placed! To do them but justice—poor fellows!—they seemed to be aware of the fact, and thoroughly ashamed of themselves. A young barrister in a figured shirt obviously registered, who was sitting near me, observed, under his breath, to another member of the profession, a tall, stout young man: "Well!—that something-or-other fellow Barber must be something-or-other hard to please;" to which his stout and learned friend replied in effect, "that a monotonous diet of partridges, too much prolonged, would, in the long run, inevitably produce satiety."

However, the point before the Court was to induce Mrs. Barber to take a seat. The attempts made by the old Judge, and Sir Cresswell had turned out palpable failures; but it was clearly impossible to proceed to business until the lady had been prevailed upon to retire to the back of the pen, and take up position in a regular way. The two Judges had broken down—it was idle to think of physical force. Mr. Lamb, who might possibly have exercised some influence over his client, remained perfectly passive; there was not a trace of any expression on his features from which you could have inferred that he was concerned with the matter in hand. I suppose he was puzzled and at his wits' end.

The Divorce Court was at a dead lock; there was a perfect silence. There stood Mrs. Barber—a young Niobe in a sweet little bonnet and Indian shawl—staring at the Jury, and waiting for the axe to fall. Dr. Dodge next tried his luck, but to him Mrs. Barber paid not the smallest attention; she was no doubt expecting the blow from another quarter. Dr. Dodge had interfered in too pompous and self-sufficient a manner, and his position was simply ludicrous, as he stood in his place gesticulating away without a result. Finally, the third Judge, a fine-looking old gentleman, who had been fast asleep with his hands in his pockets, was aroused by the silence; and as he sate next to the pen he was able at last to attract Mrs. Barber's attention. The lady turned upon him, her eyes filled with an expression of reverential gratitude, and contrived, in her own graceful way, to envelope the three Judges, at the same moment, with a look of filial piety. The Judge who had last spoken was her father; Sir Cresswell, and the old Judge, actually operating, her two good, kind uncles, who would see her well out of the scrape. With the courtesy of three high-bred old gentlemen they continued bowing to her, while Mrs. Barber was settling herself in her place, and shaking out her drapery, and reducing it into order with dainty little touches;—her hair, too, had been slightly disarranged, and also required some share of her attention. It became necessary for her to take off her second glove, in order to put matters quite to rights. From the moment Mrs. Barber had taken her seat everybody in Court seemed to experience sensible relief, and a kind of buzzing and a blowing of noses ran through the assembly, just as you find in churches when the attention of a congregation has been kept too long on the stretch under a particular head of terror or consolation.

Mrs. Barber having at length succeeded in arranging the disposition of her drapery to her satisfaction, and having also remedied the slight disorder in her "*bandeaux*" (these I observed were ribbed, or wavy, the effect was not unpleasing,) and having drawn her shawl around her in a way to produce the feeling of high shoulders, was now at leisure to attend to the business before the Court—indeed, so anxious was she that no time should be lost, that she directed towards the Bar a little look which meant "The victim is here—Strike!" even before she had finished putting on her gloves, (5¾), an operation requiring some degree of attention. The control the poor lady exercised over her feelings was very remarkable. Perfect self-possession had taken the place of the stupor of grief which but a few minutes before had weighed upon her tender spirits. As she glanced round the Court—you felt that it was converted into a drawing-room, and Mrs. Barber was the lady of the house. In point of fact, this was no longer Sir C. C.'s celebrated Divorce Court. What we saw was, *Mrs. Barber At Home!*

The duty of examining her in chief devolved upon Dr. Dodge, who requested her to give him her attention. Mrs. Barber with a sweet smile was graciously pleased to grant the prayer of his petition. I pass over mere formal matter, for otherwise these fleeting memoranda of the evidence in the great case of BARBER *v.* BARBER would run to intolerable length. I intreat, then, that any professional gentleman who may do me the honour of running his eye over these notes will believe that all formal proofs were put in, and in a word, "*omnia rite et solenniter esse acta.*" I confine myself to noteworthy matter which may interest the public, referring the professional reader for technical points to the forthcoming number of that entertaining, and instructive serial, "*M'Whack's Divorce Cases.*" So after a few preliminary questions, answered with the greatest propriety by Mrs. Barber—the examination proceeded.

Dr. Dodge. "I believe, Mrs. Barber, at the time you were married to Mr. Barber you were under age."

Mrs. B. "I was a mere child at the time."

Dr. D. "Now, madam, will you tell the Jury your exact age at the time of the fatal event?"

Mrs. B. (After a pause, during which she remained absorbed in arithmetical calculations.) "I am not yet twenty-three—my birthday is on the fifth of May" (sensation in the Court), "and I have been married six years to Mr. Barber." (Increased sensation, unfavourable to Mr. B.).

Dr. D. "In other words, you were turned sixteen, but not seventeen, years of age at the date of your miserable marriage with the Respondent?"

Mrs. B. "I suppose that was so; but, indeed, sir, it wasn't my fault. Mr. Barber seemed so fond of me, and said that it would be such an agreeable surprise to my parents—"

Dr. D. "Never mind that now, madam, unless, indeed, my learned friend, Dr. Lobb, desires to have Mr. Barber's observations on the occasion *in extenso*, in which case—"

Dr. Lobb declined this obliging offer.

Dr. D. "Now, madam, will you tell the Jury how you were married?"

Mrs. B. "Oh, yes, sir! I remember very well; I wore a white muslin with blue spots, and a leghorn with a sprig of white lilac, and I took Eliza's brown visite."

Dr. D. "I don't allude to your dress, madam."

By the Court. Stay a minute, Dr. Dodge. I don't think I have that last answer quite correctly. 'I tore a white muslin into blue spots, and a leghorn pig got at the white lilac, and paid Eliza a visit?' Surely that can't be correct. What had the pigs to do with Mrs. Barber's marriage? And who is Eliza? Mr. Battledore didn't open anything about Eliza—nor about the pigs either—and, besides, who ever heard of a leghorn pig?"

Dr. Lobb endeavoured to take advantage of this opening by a feeble attempt at jocularity; but it turned out that he was mistaken in his tactics, for the old Judge liked to have all the joking to himself, and told Dr. Lobb, somewhat peevishly, that if he had any technical objection to the question to make it at once; if not, not to interrupt the examination—so there was an end of him.

With some little trouble, and a slight interference on Sir Cresswell's part, this matter was put to rights, and the old Judge seemed quite happy and comfortable now he had something to put in his notes. The examination proceeded.

Dr. D. "Now, Mrs. Barber—that there may be no further misunderstanding, I will put the question in a more precise way—were you married by banns or by licence?"

Mrs. B. (too eager to give her husband credit whenever possible). "Oh! by licence, of course. I will say that for Mr. Barber, he wouldn't have attempted to insult me with banns. Indeed I know he went himself to Doctors' Commons for the licence. I must do him the justice to say that."

Mrs. Barber, poor soul, could not see what was obvious enough to the eyes of every person in Court, that her answer went a good way to establishing a case of perjury against her husband. The attempt to shield him was equally creditable to her, as though she had not been enticed into the pitfall dug for her simple feet by the crafty civilian.

Dr. D. "Now, Mrs. Barber, I must beg of you to direct your attention to the incidents that occurred before your marriage with Mr. Barber. You met him, I believe, for the first time in the ride in Hyde Park?"

Mrs. B. "Yes: I was riding there one morning, when Mr. Barber came up to me, and said he hoped mamma and papa were quite well."

By the Court. "Did Mr. Barber run by the side of your horse, or are we to take it, madam, that Mr. Barber was on horseback too?"

Mrs. B. "Yes. I was a good deal astonished; but I supposed he knew the family; so I said that mamma's cold was better—but that poor papa had something with a Greek name which made him very uncomfortable, especially after dinner, and Mr. Barber said he ought to be cupped every day at four o'clock, and if that did not answer, the only thing was to try the Spa waters."

By the Court. "But, Dr. Dodge, all this does not amount to *sævitia*. The issue is *sævitia*. I need not tell you that."

Dr. D. "Well—well—madam, I need not trouble you for the particulars of that conversation. Let us confine ourselves to facts. What followed?"

Mrs. B. "Mr. Barber proposed to me to have a canter; and when we were going at full speed he asked me if I believed in first love, and the union of souls, and I was so confused, because my net had fallen off, and my back hair was streaming out, that I don't know what I answered: but I remember he said that it was '*wonderful!*' and from that moment forward he would confine himself to four cigars a-day, and devote himself to my happiness."

In order to avoid the more tedious form of question and answer until we get to the *sævitia*, the very pith and marrow of the issue to be tried, let it be sufficient to record that Mrs. Barber's evidence fully confirmed the opening statement of her learned counsel with regard to the manner in which she, a mere child, had been entrapped into marriage by Mr. Barber's machinations. It also appeared, that when the young couple, after the performance of the ceremony, had arrived at Mr. Montresor's house, and Mr. Barber was asking for the blessing, Mr. M. was so enraged, that he caught up the poker, and chased his son-in-law several times round the loo-table in the front drawing-room, down into the hall, and again down the kitchen-stairs into the scullery, in which place Mr. Barber at length succeeded in barricading himself. Subsequent negotiations, until the arrival of the family solicitor, were carried on through the key-hole; and Mrs. Barber was checked, with some little difficulty, in a description of the effect produced on the mind of the cook by the sudden and forcible invasion of her peculiar dominions. Suffice it to say, that after a while, thanks to the judicious interference of Mr. Roper, the solicitor, it was arranged that Mrs. Barber's money was to be settled on herself; Mr. Montresor was induced to lay aside the poker; and in due course the happy couple departed for Box Hill. It appeared, however, that even on the first day of that inauspicious union, Mr. Barber departed somewhat from his virtuous resolutions, and smoked all the afternoon "like a chimney"—a soothing process which he considered necessary for the restoration of his nerves, shattered as they had been by the form as well as substance of his first interview with the family of his amiable bride. From Box Hill the young couple had gone to Hastings, where occurred the disgusting incident of Mr. Barber's appropriation of the bride's purse.

Dr. Dodge. "Are the jury, then, to understand, Mrs. Barber, that, from the first, Mr. Barber appropriated your own money to his own use?"

Mrs. B. "Sometimes he lent me a little."

Dr. D. "A little—that is, of your own money?"

Mrs. B. "Yes; but he might have had it all. I mean when I had only myself to think of. But I should have been glad to have had a few pounds now and then to buy frocks for baby: and I wanted a few shillings once to have bought some merino to make a little coat for the poor child, and I would have sown on—the braid—myself when I was sitting-up at night for Mr. Barber; for, as he came in so late, there was plenty of t—t—t—t—time," (the poor lady's sobs were dreadful; she checked herself, however, and added, looking round like a Sibyl), "but I could never get a farthing!"

The effect produced on the Court by this terrible revelation may be estimated by the fact that poor Lamb—man of the world as he was, and no doubt inured to these harrowing spectacles—distinctly wept. The fact must have been evident to everybody present, as he was obliged to rise from his seat at that moment, and address some instruction to Dr. Dodge. I cannot absolutely say that Dr. Dodge cried also; I only know that he blew his nose very hard, and took his spectacles off, and proceeded to wipe them with a large green silk handkerchief with white spots. We talk of the weakness of women; but was it not strange that Mrs. Barber was the first to recover herself? She just passed her hand across her eyes, and then, with compressed lips and flashing nostrils, again offered her bosom to the operator's knife.

Dr. D. (Contending with his emotion, and thundering out consolation.) "Be calm, Mrs. Barber, be calm! I will do my best to get my part quickly over. Let us get at once to Poldadek. Very soon after your marriage, you went down to Cornwall to stay with Mr. Barber's sisters—maiden ladies, I believe?"

Mrs. B. "Yes, they are two old maids. Miss Harriet and Miss Jane. Miss Harriet is forty-nine, and Miss Jane forty-seven years of age. I saw the dates in the fly-leaf of the Family Bible at Poldadek."

I had frequently noticed the pleasant expression in the eyes of the puff-adder at the Zoological Gardens, when that amiable reptile is improving its mind by glaring at the British public through the glass of its cage. All I can say is, there were two puff-adders in the Divorce Court that day—the Christian name of one began with H, of the other with J. The old Judge did not make things better by having a long wrangle with Dr. Dodge as to whether or no the age of the two ladies was admissible as evidence; and certainly Dr. Lobb did not at all soothe the feelings of the two Misses Barber by arguing the question with singular pertinacity. When this little matter was settled, Dr. Dodge proceeded with the examination.

Dr. D. "Will you be good enough to tell the Jury, Mrs. Barber, what kind of treatment you met with from your husband's relatives—from the two Misses Barber, I mean?"

Mrs. B. "They were very unkind to me from the first; but not so bad as afterwards."

Dr. D. "*Not so bad as afterwards.* Mention some facts, madam, if you please, to the Jury."

Mrs. B. "The very first evening I was there, Miss Harriet upset an ink-bottle over my mauve silk, and I saw she did it on purpose: it was all jealousy, for you never saw two such frights as they were. All the evening, too, Miss Jane kept telling me that no person could be said to be 'born' out of Cornwall; and, as for the Irish nobility, they were the very '*dregs*'—that was to annoy me about papa's cousin, Viscount Poteen; and, at night, they would put me to bed themselves, and they came into my room in two dirty flannel dressing-gowns, with their own heads all stuck over with curl-papers, and they would do my hair in the same way—and they pulled my head about till I quite screamed with pain."

Dr. D. "But did not your husband—did not Mr. Barber, interfere for your protection? You told him, of course, what had occurred?"

Mrs. B. "Of course I did—but he told me not to mind the two old cats—that was his very word—for he had only come down to Cornwall to discount them. I didn't know what he meant; but, at any rate, I was to let them pull my hair out by the roots if they chose—so they bled freely—but I thought I was the most likely person to bleed if that went on."

Dr. D. "These were the occurrences of the first night of your stay at Poldadek. Proceed, Mrs. Barber—afterwards?"

Mrs. B. "Oh! afterwards things got much worse, though I confess I was to blame in some measure—but I was such a mere child at the time, and the old ladies had teased me so. One day they took away the keys of my trunks, and made me go to bed at seven o'clock because (playfully)—I knew it was very wrong of me—I had taken Miss Harriet's front and tied it to Fido's tail."

Miss Harriet started up like a tigress at bay.

Mrs. B. (With increased playfulness,—Mrs. B. carried the Court with her). "And then I took Miss Jane's false teeth—the whole set. Oh! it was very wrong of me—and slipped them into the tea-pot at breakfast."

Miss Jane also stood up by the side of her sister, and glared savagely at Mrs. Barber, but they might have been a thousand miles away for all the notice they obtained from that lady, who looked rather over them, just as if they were not there in Court bursting with venom, and proceeded with her self-accusation.

Mrs. B. "That was very wrong of me—very—very wrong—but I always said it was not my fault, if I knew that the new curate, Mr. Copeward, told Miss Jane in the breakfast-parlour, that he wouldn't have anything to say to her, because she was too old for him."

The Misses B. "Oh! my Lord, it's false—it's a wicked, abominable invention. Oh! you horrid, shameless, false, abandoned creature."

It was not without considerable difficulty, and threats of committal, and imprisonment, and much sternness from Sir Cresswell, and much blandness from Dr. Lobb, that these two ladies were induced to resume their seats. They only had eyes and ears for the object of their vindictiveness—a feeling which Mrs. Barber was far from reciprocating, as appeared by the touching expression of forgiveness in her countenance. It was beautiful to see the contrast between the infuriated, but baffled persecutors, and their tender victim.

Dr. D. "I believe, Mrs. Barber, that after leaving Poldadek, you went with Mr. Barber to Cheltenham?"

Mrs. B. "We did; and Mr. Barber took lodgings for us in Lansdowne Place, but he never paid for them?"

Dr. D. "Was it at Cheltenham that Mr. Barber struck you for the first time?"

Mrs. B. "It was. He was in his dressing-room. It was before dinner. We had had some discussion in the morning, because Mr. Barber wanted me to write home for some more money, which I declined to do; and when I went into the room, Mr. Barber was dressing, and he called me ——."

Dr. D. "I am afraid, madam, we must have the very words."

Mrs. B. "I don't like to say."

Papa!

Dr. D. "Did he swear at you?"

Mrs. B. (With considerable moral dignity blended with compassion). "I am sorry to say Mr. Barber used always to swear a great deal. When he was not swearing at anybody in particular, he would swear in a general way."

Dr. D. "*In a general way.* But what did he say on this particular occasion?"

Mrs. B. "He called me—I suppose I must tell—a white-livered hussy, and said I was not fit to carry—indeed, I can't tell you the exact word, but something or other—to a bear."

Dr. D. "*To a bear.* Mr. Barber said *you were not fit to carry something or another to a bear.* What then?"

Mrs. B. "Then he struck me—O, so hard!—it hurt me so!—it was so unkind of him!"

Dr. D. "With his open hand, or his fist? or did he use some weapon, or implement?"

Mrs. B. "He had something in his hand, and he struck me with that."

Dr. D. "Was it a poker, or a bootjack?"

Mrs. B. "It might have been the bootjack; and I put up my arm to guard myself, and he made a great mark, and that remained for many days."

Dr. D. "Did he repeat the violence? Did he strike you again?"

Mrs. B. "Not upon that occasion; but it was just here!"

By the Court. "Ah! this is satisfactory, Dr. Dodge, we have got to the *sævitia* at last."

Mrs. Barber then assisted the Court in arriving at a precise conclusion by baring her arm up to the elbow, and indicating the exact spot where her brutal husband had inflicted the blow upon her. I have rather a feeling for a lady's arm, and I very conscientiously declare that the very last thing I should have dreamed of doing with Mrs. B.'s arm would have been to hit it with a bootjack. However, there was violence proved. It appeared, as Dr. Dodge proceeded with the examination, that Mr. Barber, failing in his endeavour to induce Mrs. B. to write to her parents for additional supplies, was not satisfied with breaking and bruising her tender body, but actually had recourse to metaphysical terrors. He took her down to Herne Bay, far away from all human assistance, and hired a lodging there, at the stormiest season of the year. He then told her ghost-stories for two or three days, and used to take her up in a dark room, and set fire to saucers filled with spirits of wine, till the poor lady was brought into such a state of low nervousness that any imposture could be practised upon her with success. It was upon that occasion that he had turned two cats shod with walnut-shells into her bed-room, and by some diabolical contrivance had caused a luminous

The Two Old Cats.

inscription to appear suddenly upon the wall. It was conceived in these terms:

BEWARE! BEWARE!
DON'T let the wife's purse
Prove in marriage a curse,
When she's taken a husband for better or worse;
Pounds shillings and pence
Must not give offence,
For Augustus's love for Cecilia's intense!

Mention of this at first produced a titter in Court; but when it came out that Mrs. B. had been so terrified by the trick that she had lost consciousness, and did not recover from the shock for some months, the first feeling of ridicule was soon changed into one of intolerable and burning indignation against the brutal husband, who, not satisfied with inflicting upon his poor wife the utmost extremities of violence, had absolutely tampered with her mind's health, in order to convert her into a passive instrument for extorting money from her parents. From Herne Bay they had proceeded to Brussels, where they had resided for about a year, and here it was that Mrs. Barber's child was born; and it appeared that the unnatural father was with difficulty prevented from forcing an oyster into the mouth of the newly-born babe, and sticking the end of a cigar between its little lips. Then there was the terrible incident about the cutting off of her hair, which also occurred at Brussels, soon after Mrs. Barber had recovered from the effects of her confinement. At Brussels Mr. Barber got involved again in

pecuniary difficulties, from which he was only relieved by the interposition of his angelic wife. What return he made her we shall presently see. They came back to England *viâ* Folkestone.

Dr. D. "And now, Mrs. Barber, I must question you as to a very painful incident. Did anything occur at Folkestone, upon that occasion?"

Mrs. B. "O, sir! you must not ask me about that. I can't tell—indeed I can't. O, don't ask me!"

This was the point known throughout the contention as "the incident of the ankles." Poor Mrs. Barber, upon being farther pressed, made two or three spasmodic efforts to speak, but utterly broke down. You could just distinguish such words as "*the babe*," "*my child*," "*O, cruel, cruel, cruel!*" There was, indeed, scarcely a dry eye in Court, so truly pitiable were Mrs. Barber's sobs, whilst Dr. Dodge, in a confidential way—which it is somewhat difficult to maintain in conversation with a deaf gentleman—endeavoured to explain to the old Judge that Mr. Barber had upon one occasion accused his amiable lady of having purposely exposed her feet and ankles to the bystanders on the railway platform at Folkestone. The three Judges, deeply affected, put their heads together for a moment, and finally an intimation was given from the Bench that it would be wiser not to push this distressing matter further.

Dr. Dodge passed on to the next point, with a sly cut at Dr. Lobb. Before putting the question, he turned in the direction of that gentleman, and said that for once he was sure "of having his learned friend" with him; whatever argument might have been raised as to the instances of *sævitia* hitherto adduced, there could not, as he apprehended, exist any doubt that deliberately to set fire to a lady's nose was *sævitia* in the highest degree. Now, as Dr. Lobb had certainly stood in one of the front places when noses were served out, the observation was unpleasant. The "incident of the nose" at Folkestone was then discussed, Mrs. Barber relating the story with the simple pathos of truth and sincerity. Dr. Dodge, as he saw the Jury took the point, dwelt upon it for some time, characterising it, as I thought justly enough, as "arson perpetrated upon the person of a British subject,"—a crime so monstrous, that it was unknown to the British law. In the course of the rapid questioning and answers, Dr. Dodge managed to obtain a hearing for the arrangements of the ancient Romans with regard to parricide. Indeed, the learned civilian was working up a suggestion for tying up Mr. Barber in a potato sack in company with a viper, a fox, &c., and easing him into the navigable river Thames off Westminster Bridge. He was stopped, however, by Sir C. C. in the midst of a very beautiful burst of eloquence, just as he had got into his stride.

There was some discussion as to whether Mrs. Barber's little pet dog, who had been—as she alleged—so inhumanly stewed and converted by Mr. B. into a *salmi de Fido aux champignons*, should be put upon the Judge's notes; but, after a very critical wrangle indeed as to whether the larceny of the dog could, in any case, be brought home to Mr. B. (pretermitting the question as to Mr. B.'s property in the animal in his marital character, though, as Dr. Dodge suggested, it might turn out that the legal estate in Fido lay in Mrs. Barber's trustees), it was finally ruled that the poor little animal's ghost must howl unappeased on the banks of the sullen Styx. Dr. Dodge, having exhausted the resources of pathos, prolonged the contest for a few moments in a jocular tone, urging something about "No dog, no supper," which I could not quite catch. But it came to nothing. A lesser instance of *sævitia*, or cruelty, was, that Mr. Barber, in the earlier days of her marriage, when Mr. Barber did occasionally accompany her in her walks, always refused to give her his arm, upon the unmanly and unfeeling plea that the lady's crinoline bumped against his calves. The incident of the burning of the worked petticoats gave occasion to a lively discussion. It appeared that Mr. Barber had actually, upon one occasion, opened the press or closet or drawers in which Mrs. B. kept her under-raiment, and taken therefrom certain petticoats adorned with beautiful needle-work, which he burnt in her presence.

By the Court. "Why, Dr. Dodge, this is an attempt to murder. Eh—eh?"

Dr. D. "Not quite that, my Lud, with all deference; we don't allege that Mrs. B. was actually wearing the petticoats at the time of the outrage."

By the Court. "To be sure that makes a difference—but I see that in the charges a good deal turns upon these petticoats. What kind of petticoats were they, Mrs. Barber?"

Mrs B. "They were trimmed with Holy Work, my Lord, about quarter of a yard deep."

By the Court. (Writing.) "*Trimmed with Holy Work.* A sort of ecclesiastical vestment, eh? Is the Court to take it so?"

Poor Mrs. Barber here for the first time so far forgot her situation as to laugh outright. It did her no harm, however, with the assembly—for it showed what she must have been before her young spirits were weighed down by Mr. Barber's systematic oppression and tyranny. The contrast helped her. She proceeded to explain to the old Judge, "that Holy Work had nothing to do with sacred observances—but was so called."

Here a forward sort of middle-aged barrister struck in in a dogmatic way as *amicus curiæ*, but with a strong Scotch accent:

A. C. "It's joost ca'd Ho-o-oly Wurrak, my Loard, because the wurrak is in ho-o-oles!"

Mrs. B. (*playfully.*) "Oh, dear, no;—oh, dear, no! Not quite that. Oh, dear, no" (the Scotch barrister looked ready for a fight, but the lady waved him into silence with a graceful movement of her right hand), "it is called Holy work, my Lord, because the pattern is cut in the shape of St. Catharine's Wheels. You know, my Lord, those holes you gentlemen say that we ladies cut out that we may sew them up again."

Here followed explanations in the most courteous tone, and with the most extreme vivacity between the lady and the Court. I hope I am not of a suspicious nature, but I could not help thinking that, from that moment, the fountain of justice did not flow so clearly as before in the breast of that ancient Judge. However, what matter? Here was one of the cases in which feeling and justice were co-incident? When this dis-

cussion was terminated by the Court's putting on its notes whatever Mrs. Barber wished, by an easy transition we passed to various acts of *sævitia*, or cruelty perpetrated by Mr. Barber on his wife in consequence, as he alleged, of her extravagance in dress, but as it did not appear that the lady had ever spent above 200*l.* per annum on this object, and as she had brought 800*l.* per annum to the connubial chest, this surely was not much. It was beautiful to see the paternal interest which the Court now displayed in all Mrs. Barber's little comforts. There were some interlocutory proceedings, not recorded upon the Judge's notes, but as they were entirely conducted between the Court and Mrs. B., no one had a right to interfere.

By the Court. "Only 30*l.* a-year for gloves! Surely Mr. Barber could never have objected to that?"

Mrs. B. "Eight bonnets; two for winter, two for spring, *chapeaux à l'hirondelle*, or bonnets of passage; four for summer."

By the Court. "It might have been held that one *per mensem* was not an over estimate for a lady of Mrs. Barber's position and fortune."

Mrs. B. "And I'm sure, my lord, my bill at Hayward's, for cuffs and collars never exceeded 40*l.*; and then, a lady has so many little expenses that you gentlemen know nothing about."

Of course they have, poor things! The Court passed Hayward's bill without a shadow of objection; but then, remembering the sterner requirements of justice, let fall an intimation to Dr. Dodge, that it would perhaps be more regular if such points were spoken to by an Expert. Dr. D. bowed deferentially, and jumped at the suggestion; for, in point of fact, he had secured the attendance of Madame Léocadie Lareine, should the course of the proceedings render it desirable to produce her.

Dr. D. "And now, my Lords—and Gentlemen of the Jury, in conclusion, I will only question Mrs. Barber on one other instance of *sævitia* which was opened by my learned friend. Was there, Madam, any agreement or understanding between you and Mr. Barber, previous to your marriage, on the subject of the stockings you were to wear during coverture?"

Mrs. B. "There was."

Dr. Lobb objected that the agreement should have been in writing, and under seal. The Court glanced at Mrs. B., and put an end to Lobb.

Dr. D. "What was the agreement—in substance, I mean?"

Mrs. B. "I was always to wear silk stockings—and to pay for them myself."

Dr. D. "Did Mr. Barber perform his part—a negative one, I admit,—in the contract?"

Mrs. B. "He did not."

Dr. D. "Tell the Jury how he violated it. Quote the breaches, madam."

Dr. Dodge was speaking so triumphantly;—with each question and answer he was so getting upon a higher rung, that expectation now waited upon his every word. He was fumbling with his right hand under his gown.

Mrs. B. "He insisted that I should wear those odious Cotton-tops, and give him the difference."

Dr. D. "Are these the COTTON-TOPS?"

With these words the learned counsel pulled out a pair of lady's hose, and held them up emphatically in presence of the Court. I must say that, although the material might have been objectionable, the form was exceedingly pretty, and suggestive of the secret symmetry of the fair limbs they were intended to protect from the inclemency of the weather.

Mrs. B. "*They are!*"

Dr. Lobb was on his feet in a moment, and urged that the sample-stockings were void for want of identity. Mrs. Barber, however, admitted that they were "her size;" the Court was fascinated, and every eye-glass was directed to the shapely articles which Dr. D. continued to hold up in the public sight. All Dr. Lobb's objections were shattered like waves against a cliff in the presence of these pleasing articles of lady's attire.

Dr. Dodge sat down with—

"Gentlemen of the Jury, that is my case, as far as Mrs. Barber is concerned," and he handed the stockings to Mr. Lamb, who folded them as reverentially as though they had been a sacred relic in silver paper, and deposited them in his breast pocket.

The Court adjourned to its chop and glass of sherry—and then Dr. Lobb was to do his part in the shambles.

GAMMA.

(To be continued.)

THE RURAL LABOURER.

HIS HEALTH.

If there were such a person as a youth of the working-class who considered bodily health the greatest of all blessings, so that it should be the main object in life, he would choose to be a rural labourer. It has always been supposed that a life spent in the open air, in full exercise, among pleasant objects, and without care must be the very best for health and long life. The peasantry of England, that "bold peasantry, their country's pride," has been traditionally considered a class favoured by God and man, dwelling amidst the most charming scenes of life, and exempt from its wearing cares.

There must have been, according to our modern notions of welfare and comfort, many drawbacks on such a condition, even in the times most favourable to rural labourers; and there has been a long period during which it would have been a mere mockery to describe the ploughman or hedger as a favourite of Nature or society. Yet it has been true, throughout the dreary period of his depression, that he had as good a chance of health and long life (supposing him sober and prudent), as any other working-man, and better than almost any other. Other things being equal, he ought to live eight years longer than men employed in some dozen of occupations which might be pointed out. The deaths in his class, in the vigour of their years, is nine in the thousand, yearly; whereas the mortality of dwellers in unhealthy cities is, at the same time of life, twelve in the thousand; while the mortality of persons of all ages in the healthiest parts of England, is seventeen in the thousand.

It is true, these facts are taken from the best specimens; that is, from members of some sort of Friendly Society; and, therefore, to a certain degree, enlightened, sober, and prudent; but still, the advantages of the occupation are so unquestionable that we might expect beforehand that agricultural labourers would have less to do with the doctor than men of perhaps any other calling.

Yet it is a common thing for residents in villages and rural places to see bent old men shuffling along, or to meet one hobbling between two sticks, or to hear from behind the hedge the young man's cough, which tells to the experienced ear that he will never draw a full, free breath again. It is a common thing in country houses to hear of some young girl taken into the kitchen to train, or some boy for whom employment is made about the premises, because the father has died untimely, and the widow is left with so many children that neighbours must help, if they are to be kept off the rates. Sometimes it is fever that has done the mischief—fever which carries off those who can least be spared, and makes more orphans than any war we have ever been engaged in. Sometimes it is brain disease, or exhaustion from drink (a very strange sort of drink). In cider countries, it may be from colic, or stone, or some form of violent indigestion. In a marshy country, it may be from a long course of agues, or an obstinate dysentery. Too often it is from actual starvation, though the symptoms may be taken for the real cause, and various names of diseases may be given to as many cases which ought never to have occurred at all. It is quite natural that thinkers, meditating in their libraries, should decide that rural labourers must be the healthiest of mankind: but the country gentleman, abroad in the fields, and at the Board of Guardians, may easily doubt whether there are more piteous cases of sickness and death among the poor in manufacturing towns, than in his district of merry England.

If we review the life of any rural labourer who has reached old age, in order to see what his life has been like, we must necessarily dwell upon the most unfavourable period for that class known in our whole history—the period before the repeal of the Corn Laws. When we see how bad it was, we must comfort ourselves with the thought that it is over, and that, if ever men might anticipate "a good time coming" for any class, we may now for our peasantry. The evils of former adversity have not yet passed away; and that is the chief reason why we should carefully bear them in mind: but, though thousands of labouring men die every year who ought to live for many years longer, we see that the next generation must have a much better chance of fulfilling their natural term of life.

Let us see what has been the career of a labourer of the best order, as labourers were fifty years ago. The grass has not yet grown on his grave; and he worked to the latest day that he could hold spade or bill-hook; so that he is no obsolete specimen, but a man of the time, and an example of his calling. He shall be a good man, and an apt labourer; and his wife shall be a good woman, dutiful and housewifely; and their children such as might be expected from such parents. They shall live in an agricultural county where wealthy men's estates almost join for an extent of many miles, and where, therefore, there is understood to be employment for every working man, woman, and child.

In John's young days nobody questioned the luck of the rural labourer, who was provided for, if any man was. Those were the days of agricultural prosperity, when the farmers made a sudden start, and grew grand in their way of living, and when their landlords got high rents, while there was famine in the towns. Farm-labourers had low wages, because the Poor Law pressed heavily upon the farmers; but every hedger and ditcher was sure of a maintenance in one way or another. If wages failed, he could demand a subsistence; and then his wages would be paid out of the rate.

In times like these John arrived at that memorable day in the life of a boy—the day of first going out to work for wages. He was but seven; but he felt like a little man—and very properly. He was a bird-keeper first; and after a time he watched the cattle and the poultry, and got in the turnips for the beasts, and helped in the potato and bean planting. His work hours were as long as his father's; from eight till four in midwinter, and from six to six in summer. His wages rose from 9*d.* a week to 1*s.* 6*d.* while at this light kind of work. He must have been a strong boy; for at eleven years old he began to lead horses at

plough, earning 2*s*. 6*d*. a week; and at fifteen he could hold the plough itself, and drive the team, and began to mow, and to help in the harvest field, earning then 4*s*. a week. As he became a rather tall man, and a hearty worker, his growth could not have been checked by either labour or want. His mother said his food cost half-a-crown a week; and so it ought, as he earned it, and wanted it for his growth. At the then price of bread, he could not make out with less than eighteen pennyworth; and the other shilling paid for potatoes, butter or cheese, milk, and afterwards tea; together with his share of the bacon from his father's pig, and some occasional cabbages from the garden. He earned his bacon and greens, his father said, by his help in the garden at over hours.

Long before he was twenty he was earning men's wages: that is, 9*s*. a week, with occasional opportunities of making more. He must have found or made many such opportunities; for he had laid by largely when he married at five-and-twenty. His parents had favoured him as much as they could; for they were proud of him, and he was in every way a credit to them. The young woman he married was a fit partner for him. She had laid by money in service, and had gained friends there; so that it was a prosperous and promising marriage. Neither John nor Susan had any learning. Neither could read; but both were lively and intelligent. They had 50*l*. laid by when they determined to marry: and, as John was not in the least likely to come upon the rate, he was chosen for superior and well-paid work such as is carefully kept out of the hands of pauper labourers. They took a cottage of four rooms at 5*l*. a year, and a garden at a separate rent, large enough to grow potatoes and cabbages for themselves and the pig, even after the house was full of children. For the greater part of his life, from the day he entered this cottage, John paid poor-rate. It was with him a matter of conscience and of pride; and it was a dark day to him when at last he was obliged to give it up; and a darker still when he came upon the rate himself. He thought it hard, after his course of honest toil; but there were his wife and idiot daughter to be considered; and there was no help for it. This, however, did not happen till a dozen years ago.

After his marriage, the complaints of agricultural distress became more frequent and more bitter. Few townspeople believed the truth of them, seeing what a dash the farmers cut at intervals, and what regular grumblers they were; but the thing was true enough, as John could have borne witness, though he could not have explained the reason.

He was better off than most of his class; for he worked on the estate of a nobleman who knew him by name and valued him, and his father before him: but the agent must do as others did; and as times grew bad, he retrenched labour and wages. It was well understood that families could not exist on what they earned or received from the parish; and private charity was nearly driven out by the operation of the Poor Law.

How, then, did they live? Nearly all were in debt to the shop, and held out for a time on credit. A more important resource was poaching. It is not my present business to describe the state of society as it then was. I mention the poaching to account for whole families not being starved when they had no sufficient income to support them. Sometimes they ate, in haste and secrecy, the hare or rabbits they obtained; and oftener they sold the game they got on winter nights to the agents of London poulterers, gaining more money on a Saturday night than by the whole week's toil of the entire family.

John was never tempted by practices of this kind. He was far above them. As his family came on fast, and earnings diminished, he worked harder. That his children should go to school he was resolved, for he felt the disadvantage of being unable to read and write: and to school they went —the elder ones, and for as long as he could manage it.

Before he had been married eight years, the trouble of sickness entered his home.

During his wife's fifth confinement, when he could not afford such attendance as at first, a sad accident happened. The eldest child, seven, was taking care of three little ones before the door, when one of the boys, in rough play, laid her head open with a shovel. A long illness followed, and she grew up an idiot.

By degrees, the money store in the bank all drained away; and then John was not so comfortably dressed as formerly. He could not change his clothes when wet, and went ill shod to his work. His feet were often wet all day; and he had not always dry ones at home. He had never been taught the mischief of sleeping in his day-shirt and flannel waistcoat, and had a notion of its being somehow a wholesome proceeding. When his wife became overtasked with her large family, and the washing was a heavy business, John spared too much in clean shirts. He began to feel changes of weather "in all his bones," as he said; and his work became less easy to him in cold and damp seasons.

At the same time, the domestic table fell off in quality. For several years there had always been a goodly dish of meat on Sundays, baked in a dishful of potatoes; and two or three times a week there had been pies or meat-dumplings, made from the cheaper parts of the carcase of ox or sheep, timely bespoken from the butcher; or, very frequently, a dinner of "fry" when a neighbouring pig was killed, obtained by exchange for vegetables, or an hour's jobbing in some garden or at some fence.

As times grew worse, there was less and less of all this; and bacon became the only meat ever seen on the table, except in pig-killing week. Every effort was made to feed the growing children, body and mind. John denied himself the help in the field of one boy for nine years, which were given to schooling. It was not his fault that the self-denial was nearly useless. At the end of nine years the lad could not do more than "read a chapter" in a way half-intelligible to himself, and not at all intelligible to his eager parents, and just scrawl a letter in large, ill-spelt, ill-chosen words. The other boy

was necessarily called off very early from his studies, and never could read at all. He was the better workman, though the "scholard" of the family did not want wit. The fault lay in the quality of the school.

The younger boy had the advantage of his father's talk and instruction as he helped him in hedge, ditch, or furrow; and this was better than doing nothing at school. As to the instruction, the boy grew up handy and diligent; and, though too fond of money, able and willing to soften his parents' hard lot. As to the father's talk—it was not what it had been. He was careworn: he was growing rheumatic, and lost sleep by the pain: he had no longer the flow of spirits of a hearty, well-fed, open-air labourer. His wife, too, was wearing down. Their minds grew contracted; and that feebleness of thought and feeling began to appear which is one consequence of overwork and under-feeding.

But how blessed was their state, even now, in comparison with that of many—even with most—of their neighbours! They themselves were neither unaware of this, nor unthankful for it, nor proud of their superiority. Every winter some cottage household was left desolate by the father or brother being carried off to jail for poaching, or carried to the grave, slain in the woods by keepers' guns. All the year round there were wives and mothers hanging round the beer-shop or ale-house at midnight, trying in vain to get at the sots within to take them home. The doors were closed; and within were the victims, lying on or under the benches stupified by something else than beer. It would be a painful, but a useful thing to know how many rural labourers die in a year of the drugged beer so familiar to residents in some of our agricultural counties. In the morning the victims are stupid, headachy, sick, and powerless for work. Their limbs grow shaky, their tempers violent, and their ideas confused, till some attack of brain or stomach carries them off, or they sink into a state of weakness and folly, and they are reported dead of "fits," or "cholera," or "decline." John and his sons have escaped these dangers by being honest and sober men. Yet there were persons—not the wisest and best certainly—but well-meaning neighbours, who asked, when seeing John's funeral go by, how far he had been better off than his neighbours for his pride and honour, and his abstemious ways. He used himself to doubt whether either of his sons would ever be the stout man he once was: and neighbours then also asked one another how John was the better at sixty for having been such a stout fellow at twenty.

At sixty John was indeed sadly bent, and tremulous, and deaf. It was surprising that he could do such excellent work still with so feeble-looking a frame. He well earned his nine shillings a week, which was as much as any man of his class, except a few herdsmen and teamsters, was able to get. Some of the children had died young, two daughters (the third was the imbecile one) were supporting themselves, and the two sons were barely living on a precarious nine shillings a week in the same district. They were always welcome to a dinner at their father's, when out of work, as long as there was anything to set on the table: but it became a question, at one time, whether there would still be enough for the three poor creatures at home.

The estates changed hands; and a young man succeeded to them who had more power over human welfare than is often consigned to a man of his years. His own wants, however, were paramount in his mind and heart,—the bottomless needs of a man of pleasure. So he wrote to his agent that it seemed to him that John and two others must now be above sixty years of age, and therefore somewhat past their work; and his positive orders were that their wages should be reduced to six shillings a week. It strikes one that the young man and the old must both have heard with very vivid feelings that passage read in church, from the Epistle of James, about the rich man and the hire of their labourers. It is true, John was so deaf that for a time there was no instruction for him at church,—unable either to hear or read: but somebody gave him an ear-trumpet; and he cried through the whole service the first time he used it. One would like to know that the young landlord cried through the whole service after hearing that passage in the Epistle of James.

Before long the young man died, as such unprofitable servants of society often do,—untimely in every way. The wages of the three old men were immediately raised to what they were before. But it was too late for John,—except as a pleasure. For a time he tried to work three days in a week; and there was nothing for it but accepting an allowance from the parish. Then it came to two days in a week; and then to half-days. His children did what they could; and the old couple never actually wanted food and clothes in their latter days. But their long toil and hardship and anxiety had caused them sore ailments of body and mind. Their minds were narrow and weak to a degree which made it incredible that they were the same couple that had begun life so cheerily. They had no new knowledge, no conversation, no interests beyond the care of getting bread. Both had miserable nerves, as under-fed and anxious people always have; and John's deafness and his wife's weakness shut them up within themselves. At last, old Susan was undeniably childish; and one day, John sank his head upon his breast, was carried to his bed, and died,—a martyr to rheumatism, as the common talk has it.

Such was the life of the best sort of agricultural labourer in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is so painful and humiliating that it might not be justifiable to exhibit it, if it were not for one of two objects,—either to record a past state of society, or to obtain a reform of an existing one. I have had both these objects in view. There is much reform needed, at this moment, in the treatment of agricultural labourers, before their lot can at all answer to the conception of it as one of the healthiest and happiest of vocations: and, on the other hand, we all believe it impossible that the condition of the labourer should ever retrogress to what it has been.

His vocation is now becoming one of skilled labour; and his qualifications and his wages must

both rise. For clodpoles we shall henceforth have agricultural operatives, working by machinery, and paid according to their intelligence and skill. We see this happening already, and more and more extensively every year. We see prizes won, —not so much now for sparing the rates, but for superior skill in the arts of agriculture, and for success in the accomplishments of horticulture. We see leisure hours and spare pennies spent in floricultural rivalry, instead of at the public-house. We see men of John's order manifesting his virtues, with a fairer course before them.

Under such improved circumstances the health and longevity of the class must steadily and rapidly improve. Still, we shall have to go on registering unnecessary deaths, and grieving over unnecessary misery from year to year, while our peasantry have not habitations admitting of health, comfort, and decency, and while they are kept ignorant of the knowledge, and untrained in the habits, by which men's health and life are put, as it were, into their own hands. Whenever this duty of rich men to the labourers who have tilled their fields is done, the lot of the peasant may again become what it once was, and more deservedly than ever,—the cheerful theme of the poet and the moralist.

Harriet Martineau.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

"This feast is named the Carnival, which being Interpreted, implies—'farewell to flesh.'"—Byron.

A week or two since the fun, fast and furious, of the Roman Carnival was at its height. Unless varied by some particular event (for instance, the presence of the Prince of Wales last year), the Carnival of one year is pretty much the same as the Carnival of another; so that, although the mad scenes of mirth the writer is about to describe occurred a few years since, very similar ones were undoubtedly taking place, with much the same scenery and dresses, though many of the actors were changed.

For eight days this modern Saturnalia holds "sovereign sway and masterdom" over the city of Rome; and there are few quarters in which tokens of its reign do not appear in the shape of an endless variety of costumes, exhibited in shops of all descriptions, which have become extempore masquerade warehouses, containing harlequins, mysterious-looking dominoes, ponchinelli, and dresses of all periods, many of them stuffed, and hanging by the neck, or standing beside the door, looking as though they had officiated at every Carnival for the last half century. In the grocers' and confectioners' shops are bushels of sugar-plums, bonbons, and tempting little trifles done up in gold, silver, and coloured papers. The expenditure of *scudi* annually is estimated at one million, about 212,500*l.*; the expenditure of *fun* defies calculation. The grand scene of the Carnival is the Corso, a straight street about a mile in length, which, though considerably too narrow for the comfortable performance of business or pleasure, is the best street in the Eternal City. As on a great Festa day, all the windows and balconies are hung with tapestries and draperies of the brightest colours, and flags and streamers of every kind flutter in the air. The festival is opened in due form by a Cardinal; it commences each day at one o'clock, reaches its climax about four, and concludes with a horse-race just before the Ave Maria.

The fifth day, "Giovedi grasso" (fat Thursday), as it is termed, is considered *the* day, especially among "the people," whose custom it is on that day to do their utmost in the way of costume. The "Giovedi grasso," however, of the year of which we are writing was a failure, owing to that with us common misfortune—the weather. For when the Corso had become a dense mass of carriages and people—when bouquets and sugar-plums were ascending and descending unceasingly —when every window framed a group, and the balconies groaned beneath their loads—when smiles were on all faces—when boys were courting destruction beneath horses' hoofs and carriage-wheels in struggles after bonbons and bouquets—when the long street echoed from end to end with gay laughter—when flower, "*confetti*," and sugar-plum sellers were roaring themselves hoarse—it began to rain.

For a time the fun continued with unabated vigour, but so did the rain; and although the votaries of pleasure fought obstinately, at last it conquered; umbrellas showed thickly among the foot passengers, the carriages commenced a retreat, the occupants of the balconies quitted their posts, the archways and porticoes became crowded by motley groups, the *confetti* and sugar-plums turned into paste, and the bouquets were swallowed up in the mud—and so ended this particular "Giovedi grasso."

But the eighth and last day made amends for all, and I will endeavour to describe something of what we saw on that day. Just as W. and I were starting, our landlady, a Roman matron of the largest size, entered our room with her two daughters, to show us how well they looked. The eldest was simply dressed in a black velvet body and yellow satin skirt; but her sister, a thorough little Roman, with large black eyes, was very gaily attired in a white satin skirt, trimmed with gold lace, just short enough to show a well-turned leg and ankle, a jacket of red, blue vest, and a sort of turban. Of course I expressed great admiration, and asked if the latter costume represented anything particular.

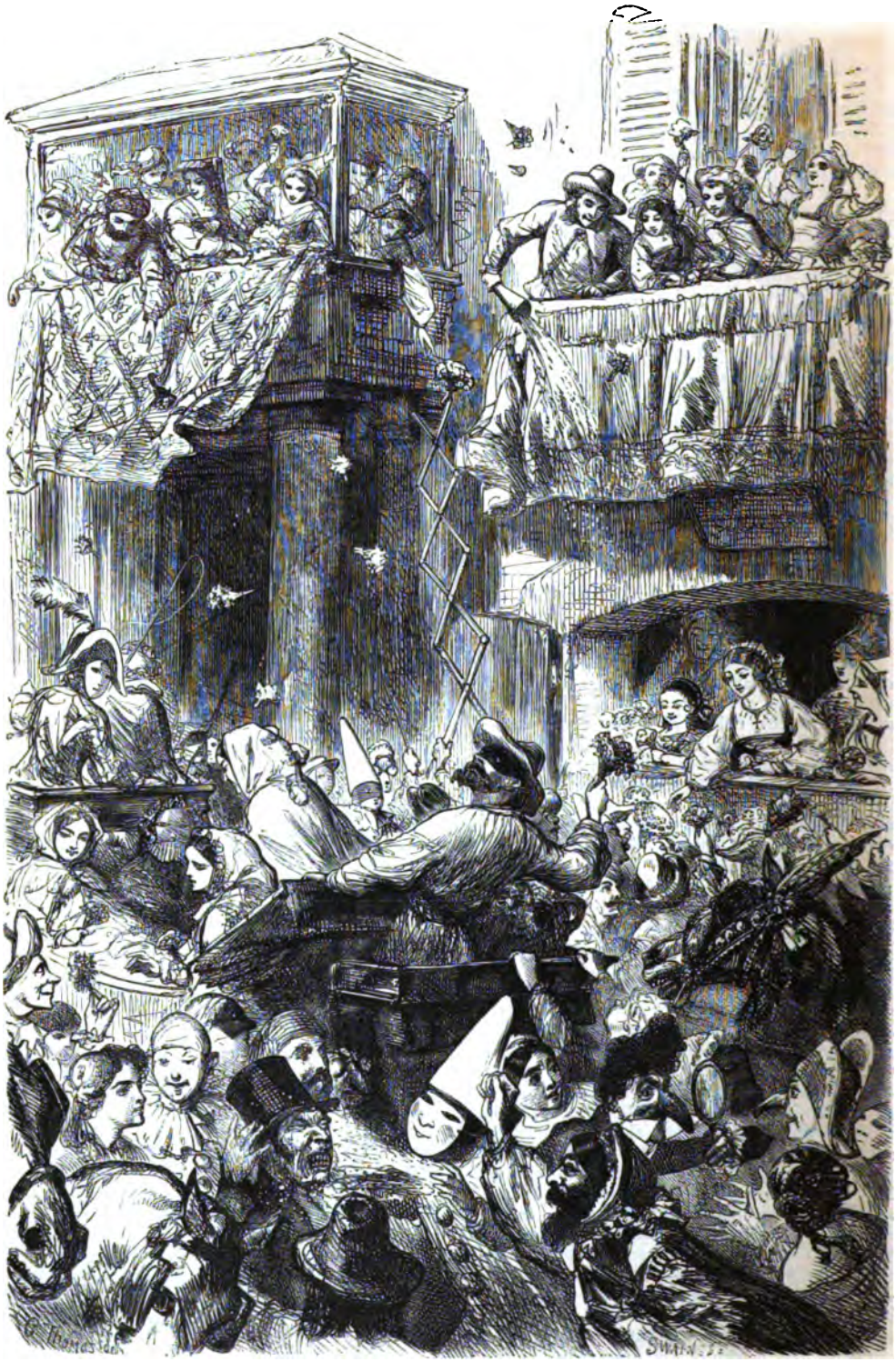
"Si, Signor, la figlia d'un bandito," (Yes, sir, the daughter of a brigand.)

"And does your husband go as the brigand, and you, Signora, as the brigand's wife?" I simply asked.

"O Dio! no, Signor. Che coppia faremmo!" (Why what a pair we should make!) she cried, with a laugh.

The daughters also laughed; and the youngest threw up her lustrous eyes to the ceiling, exclaiming, "O Dio mio, che bell' idea." (Oh my, what a fine joke!) And certainly the idea was absurd, for the father was a slight, mild-looking, white-haired man, the very antipodes to a brigand, and the mother, as I have said, of the largest Roman dimensions.

But I must hasten to the real business in



hand. Let us imagine ourselves, about three o'clock, in the Corso. The weather is lovely, the fun is at its height. As we stand here, at the end of the street leading into the Piazza del Popolo, a most stirring and brilliant perspective meets the eye: every window and balcony, from top to bottom of the houses, is decorated with draperies of some bright colour, and every window and balcony is occupied by spectators of and combatants in the revel, many in masquerade attire, and all gaily dressed. The fronts of the shops have been removed, and the spaces fitted up like the boxes of a theatre. Bright coloured streamers float out into the street, innumerable rods project from the windows, baited with oranges, bonbons, and quaintly dressed puppets, which are bobbed among the passing crowd, and the unceasing shower of bouquets, &c., from above and below—all give a life and flutter to the scene impossible to describe. The street is almost impassable, so thickly is it crowded by revellers on foot, and two ranks of carriages slowly moving in opposite directions; but let us move on, noting as we go a few of the different scenes that are occurring. Look at that girl at a first-floor window on the left, she whose fine figure is shown to the best advantage in a bright blue jacket and crimson vest, and a black velvet cap set knowingly on her head. She has not missed a day of the eight; and each day, from the commencement to the end, has stood smilingly at her post, receiving tribute from her admirers, and dispensing favours with the grace of a queen. Look, one stops beneath her window, and throws a choice bouquet; but his aim is bad, and it falls into the hands of one of the many urchins around, who, like harpies, dart upon anything near them. She nevertheless acknowledges the attempt with a smile, and drops a bonbon in return. He stretches forth his hand to catch it, but some flowers from a neighbouring window on one side, and a shower of *confetti* on the other, confuse him, and the bonbon follows the fate of the bouquet; but before he has recovered himself, the lady has taken a little basket decorated with ribbons, placed another bonbon within, and commenced lowering it by a string; it soon reaches his eager hand, and he presses it to his lips with rapture; then, diving into a pouch by his side, produces some still choicer trifle, and puts it into the basket. The lady quickly pulls it up, and smiles graciously; and he, laying his hand on his heart, goes his way. Who is this stalking so gravely along, dressed in black, with knee breeches, capacious wig, and spectacles, immense shirt-frill and buckles, and a large book under his arm. See, he stops two masked young ladies in short petticoats and flesh-coloured stockings, takes one by the wrist, and solemnly feels her pulse; the result is a portentous shake of the head, and the word "*innamorata*," pronounced in solemn tones. He opens his book, and is about to read, when a being dressed in white, his coat ornamented with huge red buttons, a white cap on his head, and his face of a floury paleness, rushes past with an unearthly yell, bestowing as he goes a sounding blow, with an inflated bladder fastened to a stick, upon the Doctor's back: and at the same moment a shower of *confetti* from a passing carriage turns his black garments into the hue of a miller's.

That domino at an upper window, fishing about with an orange over the heads of the crowd, thinks it is quite secure, and is complacently facetious over the failure of a young man in a carriage, who, in trying to grasp it, almost loses his balance, only saving himself by clutching desperately at a long-bearded Turk, his companion; but lo! while the fisherman is enjoying the effects of his skill, a hooked stick is suddenly thrust out of a lower window, the line dragged in, and the next moment it hangs baitless in the air, a derisive peal of laughter following.

Surely yonder sits a woman on a coach-box, handling the whip and reins like a practised Jehu. Her bonnet is of Gampish size, but how coquettishly she sets her head on one side, and allows an unusual portion of white stocking to appear beyond her petticoats. Is she pretty? She turns her face towards us. What a mistake we have made! Do you not see the whiskers beneath those well-oiled ringlets? Among the "fast" young Romans, this is a very favourite disguise.

"*Brava! brava!*" See that fair young girl with round, rosy cheeks, and fine white teeth: her hair all dishevelled with her exertions, how she struggles against a very hurricane of bouquets and sugar-plums—returning them with both hands in a perfect fever of excitement and delight! She indeed enjoys the Carnival with all her joyous young heart. She seems made for the situation.

Various are the contrivances by which the safe delivery of a bouquet or bonbon is insured without throwing them. Perhaps the most clever is carried by yonder policinello:—it appears to be a number of pieces of painted wood, fastened together; but wait a moment; he is fixing some flowers to it. He stops under a window a good height from the ground, where stand two pretty girls costumed *à la paysanne*, in white head-dresses and red bodices; he looks up at them with a comical grin, and they throw him flowers. Holding up his little instrument with both hands, he gives a quick jerk with his elbows, and up fly a connected series of wooden diamonds (like a gigantic child's toy), with his flowers on the highest point. The girls are a little startled at first; then, with a merry laugh, they make a dash at the bouquet,—at the same time, however, a little puppet at the end of a string passing slowly across the window diverts the attention of one of them; she makes a grasp at it, but the doll, moved by a skilful hand, flies from her like a Will-o'-the-Wisp; meanwhile her companion has secured the bouquet, and the diamonds have returned to their former shape.

The cries of "*Fiori—ecco fiori! Confetti, confetti, un bajocco la libra!*" (Flowers—here are flowers! Sugar-plums, one bajocco a pound!), bawled by twenty or thirty voices, fill the air; and here we are at the top of the Via de' Condotti, the street by which the carriages must enter the Corso, and which is a complete market-place for flower and *confetti* sellers. We are now in the very thick of the fun. That is the long balcony of the Caffé Nuovo, and is chiefly occupied by foreigners. At this part of the Corso the English are in great force, pelting away, especially the fairer

portion, with unflagging spirit. Attached to the fronts of the balconies in which they stand, are long wooden boxes filled with ammunition. "*Ecco fiori, ecco fiori! Confetti, confetti!*" No pause to the fun. The air is darkened with flowers, and whitened with *confetti*, and rings with peals of laughter. The blood of the quietest must be roused by such a merry tumult: even those who had sagely declared it must be a vastly "slow affair" and "very childish," are warmed into active life. Everything is forgotten but the desire to be doing.—to have, if it were possible, hands and eyes everywhere. Why, the hundreds upon hundreds of faces beaming with mirth and mischief, were alone enough to create the highest degree of pleasure: a hundredth part of the glances given by bright eyes that come flashing from the topmost stories of the houses to the pavement, were enough to fever the blood; but when the bright sunlight and blue sky, the movement of gay colours, and mad humour of the scene is added, a degree of wild excitement—an intoxicating sensation, surpassing the effect of the best champagne—is produced, that nothing of the like nature can equal. Here the representatives of a dozen different nations jostle one another—Italians, English, Americans, French, Germans, Swiss, Danes, Poles, Russians, Greeks, &c.—all animated for once by one object, forgetting their individuality in the enjoyment of the moment.

How firmly and easily the Roman girls sit on the backs of the carriages, with their feet on the seats, as though they were accustomed to the position every day of their lives. On the back of one vehicle is enthroned a handsome woman in flowing robes, with a tiara on her head; the flowers fall about her like hail, and she, Flora like, dispenses them as abundantly. In the next carriage are three or four girls dressed in Eastern costume, looking like a cloud of white muslin. In another are three Greeks, wearing wire masks and patriarchal beards, which are continually getting entangled in a high basket in the middle of the carriage, into which they dive for flowers.

Among the maskers on foot there is the greatest variety of costume, especially in a ridiculous style. Policinelli by the score; *vivandières* enough for an army; young ladies in black masks and full muslin petticoats, quite the ballet-dancer's cut, always talking on a high note; men in fancy Court dresses, with huge bag-wigs and buckles, looking at everything through immense eye-glasses; harlequins—enormous faces with scarcely any legs; Indians, feathers and war-paint complete; mediæval costumes, one leg red, the other yellow; men with false noses a foot long, &c., &c.

Here comes a carriage filled with young Englishmen "got up" as sailors, who in a wild state of excitement fire unceasing broadsides at the fair ones on either side of the street. Their costume is not very orthodox; one wears a planter's straw hat; another sports a white high-crowned beaver, fiercely cocked, with a feather in it; while their shirts are of divers colours. In the centre of their carriage stands a huge basket of *confetti*, while flowers are piled up in every available part. Their carriage stops opposite one in the other rank, containing a party dressed in full blouses and wearing wire masks, on which are painted faces of the most sublime inanity. "Is it peace or war?" cry the blouses to the sailors. The reply is a discharge of *confetti*, and a furious combat commences; while various parties from the windows, apparently actuated by much the same feelings that set all the dogs in a neighbourhood upon two of their fellows engaged in battle, shower down the contents of their wooden boxes on both sets of combatants—and they are not "*confetti da signore*" (gentlemanly sugar-plums) that are chiefly used, but villanous hard ones, made of flour and plaster of Paris: the ground is presently as white as though it had snowed.

The sailors discharge their small shot recklessly with both hands; their opponents take more deliberate aim through long tin tubes; the sailors seem to be getting the best of it, when a sudden "move on" in the ranks takes them slowly away, till the distance is too great for *confetti*, so they continue the fight with very small oranges, which fly among the crowd, catching the unwary unpleasant blows. The good humour, however, is unbroken. One unfortunate, wearing an enormous mask of a most Bacchic expression, which nearly covers him, the only parts of his person exposed being his arms and a pair of skinny calves clothed in bright blue, receives so many of their tokens, that we think something more than chance directs them, and certainly he is a tempting mark. Now an orange catches him on the side of the head,—quite staggering him—then a second rights his balance by taking him smartly across his blue terminations, and a third strikes his false carbuncled nose, to the great amusement of every one. The last feat performed before the belligerents separate is accomplished by one of the sailors, who, observing a blouse take off his mask to wipe the flour from his face, skilfully strikes it from his hand with an orange, and away it goes over the heads of the crowd, with many a cry of "*Corpo di Bacco, ben fatto!*"

We have now arrived at the opposite extremity of the Corso, the Piazza di Venezia, and near the carpet into which the horses plunge—for a horse-race is to terminate the day's proceedings. Let us therefore return as fast as may be, in order to be in time for the starting from the Piazza del Popolo. That gun is the signal for all carriages and vehicles to leave the Corso, which they do with almost magical rapidity by the various streets on the right and left, a body of dragoons assisting in the operation with little ceremony, after which they station themselves at each outlet, while the foot soldiers try to keep a way clear for the race in the centre of the Corso. The Roman dragoons are formidable keepers of the street: they are noble-looking fellows; their swords of an enormous length, and their horses large and powerful, and the men use both swords and horses in an unscrupulous way. They present a fine appearance in their white cloaks—both men and horses remain at their posts now as immovable as statues.

In front of the obelisk and fountain in the Piazza del Popolo the horses start. On both sides of the square, galleries and platforms are erected for the accommodation of those who like to pay, and motley groups are there assembled. A little

before six o'clock the horses, seven or eight in number, are led forth by their respective grooms —riders they have none—each animal painted over with arabesques, a feather on its head, and sundry contrivances dangling about its body, partly for ornament, partly to accelerate its speed. They are all eager to start, and with difficulty the grooms can bring them to stand facing the cable stretched from side to side of the course.

At this moment some half-dozen dragoons gallop down the Corso at a most furious pace, scattering the crowd before them like chaff; and the course is now considered clear.

A grey horse—which generally wins in this riderless race—is the most unmanageable of the troop. His plunging and rearing set the rest in confusion, and the situation of the men who hold them is not enviable. Some of the animals strive to leap over the rope, and in the *melée* down go a horse and man together. The grey horse at last is brought to the cable. The moment he feels his chest against it he rears almost upright, and coming down half way over the rope, it falls to the ground. The grooms hold on no longer; and with a rush like a whirlwind, the horses fly down the Corso, their hoofs striking fire from the stones —the grey one ahead. The firing of a gun a minute later proclaims the carpet in the Piazza di Venezia is reached, and the race is over.

After this follows the diversion of the moccoletti —a most lively and exciting amusement—every one engaging in it carrying a lighted candle, which he tries to preserve to the last against the efforts of every one else to extinguish it. Sometimes an unfortunate who has battled bravely through a group all intent on putting out his *moccolo*, finds it suddenly extinguished by a huge, gaily-painted extinguisher, let down from a balcony overhead. This is the most fatiguing sport of the Carnival, as one has not only to defend one's own *moccolo*, but to expend a vast amount of breath in puffing out one's neighbour's. Then the streets ring with the words "*Senza moccolo!*" (without a light) shouted in every diversity of voice and accent—and amid this tumult, struggle, and wild sport the Carnival terminates. To-morrow begin Lenten observances, and fasting and devotions take the place of feasting and revelry.

The last year of the Carnival is always being predicted, but it seems never to come; and, certainly, as a truly popular amusement, bringing all classes together in perfect good humour, and on the same footing, it would be a pity it should cease to be, for we think that seldom is the fun and frolic converted into riot or unlawful excesses. So we say, in parting with it, "*Evviva il Carnevale.*"

T. R. MacQuoid.

OUR OLD ENEMY.

He has been our great national enemy from time out of mind. He seems to delight in giving evidences of his bitter stinging enmity. When once he commences his hostile attacks, you may be well assured that his malignant influence will be exercised for a very long and painful period of time. The mischief he effects is enormous: and no efforts of philosophical or statistical calculation can be ever made to bear upon the amount of evil, moral or physical, commercial or political, which may be reasonably laid to his baneful effects. He was one of the most active agents in bringing about one of the greatest, perhaps *the* greatest humiliation, which our national pride ever sustained; when, in June, 1667, the Dutch fleet menaced the Thames, almost unopposed, took Sheerness, sailed up the Medway victoriously, burned the greater part of the vaunted wooden walls of Old England, domineered in British harbours, and struck a deadly blow of terror at the heart of the very capital itself. He did his malicious work well during that event, and played the game of our foes with triumphant malignity. Other influences may certainly have been to blame, on this disastrous occasion, in the production of such a great national humiliation—the niggardly parsimony of the Court in all that concerned the truest interests of the country—the incapacity of its favourites — the general corruption and weakness of the times. But our bitter old enemy had much to do with it, notwithstanding.

Unfortunately, we have no power of withstanding his attacks. No Commissions, no Courts of Inquiry, no opposition exposure of abuses, no fulminating letters in "The Times," can open our eyes to defects in our systems, the removal of which can render us more powerful against the old enemy, can teach us how to husband our resources so as to meet him with more vigour of resistance, or demonstrate the means of parrying more successfully his deadly onslaughts.

He is resistless. When it is his will to charge down upon us in all his strength, a nation succumbs before him. Nothing is left us but resignation and a hope of better days.

When that great questionable French philosopher, Voltaire, first visited England — young then, but yet already great — he discovered our old enemy at once: he found him at his tricks upon his very arrival on our shores. He tells us this fact in a letter, which is very little known among his voluminous works, but which we are disposed to quote, with all its little national errors, and national exaggerations, as characteristic of the celebrated man; at the same time that it is illustrative of the effect made by the visible influence of our old enemy, upon a foreigner, who gives himself the air of having made an important discovery in detecting his malignant agency. Voltaire professed to love England as the land of supreme liberty (even in those days), when contrasted with the wretched condition of his own aristocracy and Jesuit-beridden country. But his real or affected enthusiasm for England and the English could not prevent the Frenchman from using his powers of wit and satire, whenever a favourable opportunity offered itself, to turn into ridicule those for whom he loudly expressed his admiration, and among whom he found for three years a refuge. With all his vaunted enthusiasm he was still a Frenchman at heart; and a little national rancour was balsam to his wounded spirit. Less characteristic in this respect, perhaps, than many other of his *Lettres Anglaises*, the above-mentioned letter, however, in which he makes his

important discovery of the tricks of our old enemy, contains many traits of that satirical exaggeration of prepossessed notions about England, which has so often evidenced itself even in our days, when, so late as the year 1851, a distinguished French journalist assured his readers, that on the night of his arrival in London he had the pleasure of witnessing a pugilistic combat between several young lords and old watchmen! Still, below all its high colouring, lies a sketch of truth, depicting the power of our old enemy.

After telling his friends that, having reached London in the middle of spring, "when the west wind was blowing softly," he had paid a visit to Greenwich, where he had seen the King and Queen in their gilded barge, and many ladies and gentlemen on horseback, all looking as charming and gay as if they were in *la belle France*, he writes as follows:

"I was fortunate enough to find amidst the crowd several commercial men, for whom I had letters of recommendation. These gentlemen did the honours of the day to me with the eagerness and cordiality of men who, in the full satisfaction of their own joy, are anxious to communicate the same feelings to others. They sent for a horse for me, offered me refreshments, and took care to place me in a position where I could best see the humours of the holiday crowd, and the view of the river, with London in the distance. I could have fancied myself transported to the Olympian games, had not the crowd of vessels, the beauty of the Thames, and the immensity of the city of London, made me blush to think of comparing ancient Greece to England, as I saw it before my eyes.

"A state messenger, fresh from Denmark, made my acquaintance during the festivities. He was overwhelmed with astonishment and delight. He departed in the belief that the English nation was the gayest in the world; that its women were all beautiful, all full of vivacity; that the sky of England was always pure and serene; that pleasure was the only thought of the country, and that every day was like the day he saw. He actually departed without being undeceived.

"Well! the next day I presented myself in the city, in order to find some of the gentlemen who had done me the honours with so much cordiality at my fancied Olympian games. In a dirty *café*, ill-furnished, ill-lighted, and ill-served, I found several of the very men who, the previous day, had evinced so much affability and jovial humour. Not one of them seemed to recognise me. I ventured on conversation with some among them; but I got no answer, or, at the best, only a 'yes' or a 'no.' I imagined I must have somehow offended them the day before; and I did my best to try to recollect whether I had given the preference to Lyons silk over their own, or declared that French cookery was superior to English, or expressed an opinion that Paris was a more agreeable city than London, and that people enjoyed themselves more at the Court of Versailles than at the Court of St. James, or committed any other similar enormity. But having fully acquitted myself of any crime of the kind, I took the liberty of asking one of them, with a vivacity which seemed to astonish him mightily, why they were all so sad. My man simply replied, with a sulky air, that it was an East Wind. One of their friends came in at the moment, and told them, with an air of cool indifference, that Molly had cut her throat that morning, and that her sweetheart had found her dead in her room with a bloody razor by her side. Poor Molly appears to have been a beautiful girl, who was on the point of being married to the man of her choice. All the gentlemen, who seemed to have known her well, received the news without emotion. For my own part, horrified as I was at so strange a catastrophe, and at the indifference displayed, I could not refrain from inquiring what could possibly have induced a poor girl, to all appearance so happy in her lot, to take away her own life thus cruelly. The only answer I got was, that it was an East Wind. At first I could not, for the life of me, comprehend what the east wind could have to do with the gloomy air of all these men, or the poor girl's suicide. I hastened away from so unpropitious a spot, and walked off to the Court end of the town, full of that pleasant French prejudice, that a Court must be the seat of gaiety and pleasure. But here again everything looked melancholy and morose. The very court ladies themselves were cold, stiff, and uncharitable in their discourse. For the most part, they only talked in sad strain of the East Wind. I thought of my Danish friend of the previous day, and was inclined to laugh at the erroneous idea of England he had carried off with him. But, to my astonishment, *I could not laugh*. I was a victim to the influence of the East Wind. One of the celebrated physicians of the Court, to whom I expressed my surprise, told me that what I had seen was nothing to what I should see in the months of November and March, —that people then hanged themselves by dozens, and melancholy pervaded the nation.

"'Those are the seasons of the year,' said he, 'when the East Wind is constantly blowing. That wind is the evil genius of our island. The very beasts suffer from it, and hang their heads in despair. Those who are sufficiently robust to preserve their health during the prevalence of this accursed wind, at least lose their temper. Everybody wears a sullen face; and the minds of men are predisposed to the most desperate resolutions. It is an absolute fact, that it was during an east wind that Charles I. was decapitated, and James II. dethroned.' 'If you have any favour to ask at Court,' he added, in my ear, 'never try your luck, except when the wind is in the west or in the south.'"

This said quizzing Voltaire of our old enemy. But he was true even in caricature. The enemy was at his deadly work in the time of Voltaire: he was so long centuries before: he is so still. What are our best means of combating our adversary? A recognition of his power,—a steady consciousness that it is he, and he alone, who is in reality the cause of our melancholy, our irritability, our mental and physical depression, during his malignant reign, and not any of the other causes he persuades us to imagine — but, above all, patience! J. Palgrave Simpson.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XI. DOINGS AT AN INN.

WHAT every traveller sighs to find, was palatably furnished by the Green Dragon of Fallowfield,—a famous inn, and a constellation of wandering coachmen. There pleasant smiles seasoned plenty, and the bill was gilded in a manner unknown to our days. Whoso drank of the ale of the Green Dragon, kept in his memory a place apart for it. The secret that to give a warm welcome is the breath of life to an inn was one the Green Dragon boasted, even then, not to share with many Red Lions, or Cocks of the Morning, or Kings' Heads, or other fabulous monsters; and as if to show that when you are in the right track you are sure to be seconded, there was a friend of the Green Dragon, who, on a particular night of the year, caused its renown to enlarge to the dimensions of a miracle. But that, for the moment, is my secret.

Evan and Jack were met in the passage by a chambermaid. Before either of them could speak, she had turned and fled, with the words:

"More coming!" which, with the addition of "My goodness me!" were echoed by the hostess in her recess. Hurried directions seemed to be consequent, and then the hostess sallied out, and said, with a curtsey:

"Please to step in, gentlemen. This is the room, to-night."

Evan lifted his hat; and bowing, requested to know whether they could have a supper and beds.

"Beds, sir!" cried the hostess. "What *am* I to do for beds! Yes, beds indeed you may have, but bed-*rooms*—if you ask for them, it really is more than I can supply you with. I have given up my own. I sleep with my maid Jane to-night."

"Anything will do for us, madam," replied Evan, renewing his foreign courtesy. "But there is a poor young woman outside."

"Another!" the hostess instantly smiled down the inhospitable outcry.

"She," said Evan, "must have a room to herself. She is ill."

"Must is must, sir," returned the gracious hostess. "But I really haven't the means."

"You have bed-rooms, madam?"

"Every one of them engaged, sir."

"By ladies, madam?"

"Lord forbid, sir!" she exclaimed with the honest energy of a woman who knew her sex.

Evan bade Jack go and assist the waggoner to bring in the girl. Jack, who had been all the time pulling at his wristbands, and settling his coat-collar by the dim reflection of a window of the bar, departed, after, on his own authority, assuring the hostess that fever was not the young

woman's malady, as she protested against admitting fever into her house, seeing that she had to consider her guests.

"We're open to all the world to-night, except fever," said the hostess. "Yes," she rejoined to Evan's order that the waggoner and his mate should be supplied with ale, "they shall have as much as they can drink," which is not a speech usual at inns, when one man gives an order for others, but Evan passed it by, and politely begged to be shown in to one of the gentlemen who had engaged bed-rooms.

"Oh! if you can persuade any of them, sir, I'm sure I've nothing to say," observed the hostess. "Pray don't ask me to stand by and back it, that's all."

Had Evan been familiar with the Green Dragon, he would have noticed that the landlady, its presiding genius, was stiffer than usual; the rosy smile was more constrained, as if a great host had to be embraced, and were trying it to the utmost stretch. There was, however, no asperity about her, and when she had led him to the door he was to enter to prefer his suit, and she had asked whether the young woman was quite common, and he had replied that he had picked her up on the road, and that she was certainly poor, the hostess said:

"I'm sure you're a very good gentleman, sir, and if I could spare your asking at all, I would."

With that she went back to encounter Mr. Raikes and his charge, and prime the waggoner and his mate.

A noise of laughter and talk was stilled gradually, as Evan made his bow into a spacious room, wherein, as the tops of pines are seen swimming on the morning mist, about a couple of dozen guests of divers conditions sat partially revealed through wavy clouds of tobacco-smoke. By their postures, which Evan's appearance by no means disconcerted, you read in a glance men who had been at ease for so many hours that they had no troubles in the world save the two ultimate perplexities of the British Sybarite, whose bed of roses is harassed by the pair of problems: first, what to do with his legs: secondly, how to imbibe liquor with the slightest possible derangement of those members subordinate to his upper structure. Of old the Sybarite complained. Not so our self-helpful islanders. Since they could not, now that work was done, and jollity the game, take off their legs (a mechanical contrivance overlooked by Nature, who should have made Britons like the rest of her children in all things, if unable to suit us in all), they got away from them as far as they might, in fashions original or imitative: some by thrusting them out at full length; some by cramping them under their chairs: while some, taking refuge in a mental effort, forgot them, a process to be recommended if it did not involve occasional pangs of consciousness to the legs of their neighbours. We see in our cousins West of the great water, who are said to exaggerate our peculiarities, beings labouring under the same difficulty, and intent on its solution. As to the second problem: that of drinking without discomposure to the subservient limbs: the company present worked out this republican principle ingeniously, but in a manner beneath the attention of the Muse. Let Clio record that mugs and glasses, tobacco and pipes, were strewn upon the table. But if the guests had arrived at that stage when to reach the arm, or arrange the person, for a sip of good stuff, causes moral debates, and presents to the mind impediments equal to what would be raised in active men by the prospect of a great excursion, it is not to be wondered at that the presence of a stranger produced no immediate commotion. Two or three heads were half-turned; such as faced him imperceptibly lifted their eyelids.

"Good evening, sir," said one who sat as chairman, with a decisive nod.

"Good *night*, ain't it?" a jolly-looking old fellow queried of the speaker, in an under-voice.

"'Gad, you don't expect me to be wishing the gentleman good-bye, do you?" retorted the former.

"Ha! ha! No, to be sure," answered the old boy; and the remark was variously uttered, that "Good night," by a caprice of our language, did sound like it.

"Good evening's 'How d'ye do?'—'How are ye?' Good night's 'Be off, and be blowed to you,'" observed an interpreter with a positive mind; and another, whose intelligence was not so clear, but whose perceptions had seized the point, exclaimed: "I never says it when I hails a chap; but, dash my buttons, if I mightn't 'a done, one day or another! Queer!"

The chairman, warmed by his joke, added, with a sharp wink: "Ay; it would be queer, if you hailed 'Good night' in the middle of the day!" and this among a company soaked in ripe ale, could not fail to run the electric circle, and persuaded several to change their positions; in the rumble of which, Evan's reply, if he made any, was lost. Few, however, were there who could think of him, and ponder on that glimpse of fun, at the same time; and he would have been passed over, had not the chairman said: "Take a seat, sir: make yourself comfortable."

"Before I have that pleasure," replied Evan, "I—"

"*I* see where 'tis," burst out the old boy who had previously superinduced a diversion: "he's going to ax if he can't have a bed!"

A roar of laughter, and "Don't you remember this day last year?" followed the cunning guess. For a-while explication was impossible; and Evan coloured, and smiled, and waited for them.

"I was going to ask—"

"Said so!" shouted the old boy, gleefully.

"—one of the gentlemen who has engaged a bed-room to do me the extreme favour to step aside with me, and allow me a moment's speech with him."

Long faces were drawn, and odd stares were directed towards him, in reply.

"*I* see where 'tis;" the old boy thumped his knee. "Ain't it now? Speak up, sir! There's a lady in the case?"

"I may tell you thus much," answered Evan, "that it is an unfortunate young woman, very ill, who needs rest and quiet."

"Didn't I say so?" shouted the old boy.

But this time, though his jolly red jowl turned all round to demand a confirmation, it was not generally considered that he had divined so correctly. Between a lady and an unfortunate young woman, there seemed to be a strong distinction, in the minds of the company.

The chairman was the most affected by the communication. His bushy eyebrows frowned at Evan, and he began tugging at the brass buttons of his coat, like one preparing to arm for a conflict.

"Speak out, sir, if you please," he said. "Above board—no asides—no taking advantages. You want me to give up my bed-room for the use of your young woman, sir?"

Evan replied quietly: "She is a stranger to me; and if you could see her, sir, and know her situation, I think she would move your pity."

"I don't doubt it, sir—I don't doubt it," returned the chairman. "They all move our pity. That's how they get over us. She has diddled you, and she would diddle me, and diddle us all—diddle the devil, I dare say, when her time comes. I don't doubt it, sir."

To confront a vehement old gentleman, sitting as president in an assembly of satellites, requires some command of countenance, and Evan was not browbeaten: he held him, and the whole room, from where he stood, under a serene and serious eye, for his feelings were too deeply stirred on behalf of the girl to let him think of himself. That question of hers, "What are you going to do with me?" implying such helplessness and trust, was still sharp on his nerves.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I humbly beg your pardon for disturbing you as I do."

But with a sudden idea that a general address on behalf of a particular demand must necessarily fail, he let his eyes rest on one there, whose face was neither stupid nor repellent, and who, though he did not look up, had an attentive, thoughtful cast about the mouth.

"May I entreat a word apart with you, sir?"

Evan was not mistaken in the index he had perused. The gentleman seemed to feel that he was selected from the company, and, slightly raising his head, carelessly replied: "My bed is entirely at your disposal," resuming his contemplative pose.

On the point of thanking him, Evan advanced a step, when up started the irascible chairman.

"I don't permit it! I won't allow it!" And before Evan could ask his reasons, he had rung the bell, muttering: "They follow us to our inns, now, the baggages! They must harry us at our inns! We can't have peace and quiet at our inns!"

In a state of combustion, he cried out to the waiter: "Here, Mark, this gentleman has brought in a dirty wench: pack her up to my bed-room, and lock her in: lock her in, and bring down the key."

Agreeably deceived in the old gentleman's intentions, Evan could not refrain from joining the murmured hilarity created by the conclusion of his order. The latter glared at him, and added: "Now, sir, you've done your worst. Sit down, and be merry."

Replying that he had a friend outside, and would not fail to accept the invitation, Evan retired. He was met by the hostess with the reproachful declaration on her lips, that she was a widow woman, wise in appearances, and that he had brought into her house that night work she did not expect, or bargain for. Rather (since I must speak truth of my gentleman) to silence her on the subject, and save his ears, than to propitiate her favour towards the girl, Evan drew out his constitutionally lean purse, and dropped it in her hand, praying her to put every expense incurred to his charge. She exclaimed: "If Dr. Pillie has his full sleep this night, I shall be astonished;" and Evan hastily led Jack into the passage to impart to him, that the extent of his resources was reduced to three shillings and a few pence. Jack made a wry face, but regained his equanimity, saying: "Well, we can't be knights of chivalry and aldermen too. The thing was never known. Let me see. I've almost forgotten how to reckon. Beds, a shilling a piece—the rest for provender. To-morrow we die. That's a consolation to the stumped! Come along, Harrington; let us look like men who have had pounds in their pockets!"

Mr. Raikes assumed the braver features of this representation, and marched into the room without taking off his hat, which was a part of his confidence in company. He took his seat at a small table, and began to whistle. His demeanour signified: "I am equal to any of you." His thoughts were: "How shall I prove it upon three shillings?"

"I see you're in mourning as well as myself, Jack," said Evan, calling attention to his hat.

Mr. Raikes did not displace it, as he replied, "Yes," with the pre-occupied air of a man who would be weeping the past had he not to study the present.

Eyes were on him, he could feel. It appeared to him that the company awaited his proceedings; why they should he did not consider; but the sense of it led him to stalk with affected gravity to the bell, which he rang consequentially; and, telling Evan to leave the ordering to him, sat erect, and scanned the measure and quality of the stuff in the glasses.

"Mind you never mention about my applying to old Cudford," he whispered to Evan, hurriedly. "Shouldn't like it known, you know—one's family!—Here, waiter!"

Mark, the waiter, scudded past, and stopped before the chairman to say: "If you please, sir, the gentlemen up-stairs send their compliments, and will be happy to accept."

"Ha!" was the answer. "Thought better of it, have they! Lay for three more, then. Pretty nearly ready?"

"It will be another twenty minutes, sir."

"Oh, attend to that gentleman, then."

Mark presented himself to the service of Mr. Raikes.

"R-r-r-r—a—" commenced Jack, "what have you got-a-that you can give a gentleman for supper, waiter?"

"Receive the gentleman's orders!" shouted the chairman to a mute interrogation from Mark, who capitulated spontaneously:

"Cold veal, cold beef, cold duck, cold—"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Raikes. "It's summer, I know; but cold, cold, cold!—really! And cold duck! Cold duck and old peas, I suppose! I don't want to come the epicure exactly, in the country. One must take what one can get, I know that. But some nice little bit to captivate the appetite?"

Mark suggested a rarebit.

Mr. Raikes shook his head with melancholy.

"Can you let us have some Maintenon cutlets, waiter?—or Soubise?—I ask for some dressing, that's all—something to make a man eat." He repeated to Evan: "Maintenon? Soubise?" whispering: "Anything will do!"

"I think you had better order bread and cheese," said Evan, meaningly, in the same tone.

"You think, on the whole, you prefer Soubise?" cried Jack. "Very well. But can we have it? These out-of-the-way places—we must be modest! Now, I'll wager you don't know how to make an omelette here, waiter? Plain English cookery, of course!"

"Our cook *has* made 'em, sir," said Mark.

"Oh, that's quite enough!" returned Jack. "Oh, dear me! *Has* made an omelette! That doesn't by any means sound cheerful."

Jack was successful in the effect he intended to produce on the company. The greater number of the sons of Britain present gazed at him with the respectful antagonism peculiar to them when they hear foreign words, the familiarity with which appears to imply wealth and distinction.

"Chippolata pudding, of course, is out of the question," he resumed. "Fish one can't ask for. Vain were the call! A composition of eggs, flour, and butter we dare not trust. What are we to do?"

Before Evan could again recommend bread and cheese, the chairman had asked Mr. Raikes whether he really liked cutlets for supper; and, upon Jack replying that they were a favourite dish, sung out to Mark: "Cutlets for two!" and in an instant Mark had left the room, and the friends found themselves staring at one another.

"There's three shillings at a blow!" hissed Jack, now taking off his hat, as if to free his distressed mind.

Evan, red in the face, reproached him for his folly. Jack comforted him with the assurance that they were in for it, and might as well comport themselves with dignity till the time for payment.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Evan, getting up to summon Mark afresh. "I shall sup on bread and cheese."

"My lord! my lord!" cried Jack, laying hold of his arm, and appearing to forget some private necessity for an incognito.

"Well," he added, as the bell rang, "perhaps at this late hour we ought to consider the house. We should bear in mind that a cook, however divine in bounties, is mortal, like the rest of us. We are not at Trianon. I'm not the Abbé Dubois, nor you the Duc d'Orleans. Since they won't let us cook for ourselves, which I hold that all born gentlemen are bound to be able to do, we'll e'en content ourselves with modest fare."

"My good Jack," said Evan, less discreetly than it pleased his friend to hear, "haven't you done playing at 'lords' yet? It was fun when we were boys at school. But, let me tell you, you don't look a bit like a lord."

"I'm the son of a gentleman," returned Jack, angrily.

"I'm sorry you find yourself compelled to tell everybody of it," said Evan, touched by a nettle.

"But what's the use of singing small before these fellows?" Jack inquired.

The chairman was doubled in his seat with laughter. Among a portion of the guests there had been a return to common talk, and one had observed that he could not get that "Good Evening," and "Good Night," out of his head: which had caused a friend to explain the meaning of these terms of salutation to him: while another, of a philosophic turn, pursued the theme: "Ye see, when we meets, we makes a night *of* it. So, when we parts, it's Good Night—natural! ain't it?" A proposition assented to, and considerably dilated on; but whether he was laughing at that, or what had aroused the fit, the chairman did not say. Evan countermanded the cutlets, and substituted an order for bread and cheese, Jack adding, with the nod of a patron to the waiter:

"We think—since it's late—we won't give you the trouble to-night. We'll try the effect of bread and cheese for once in a way. Nothing like new sensations!"

At this the chairman fell right forward, grasping the arms of his chair, and shouting.

Jack unconsciously put on his hat, for when you have not the key to current laughter—and especially when you are acting a part, and acting it, as you think, with admirable truth to nature—it has a hostile sound, and suggests devilries.

The lighter music of mirth had succeeded the chairman's big bursts, by the time the bread and cheese appeared.

In the rear of the provision came three young gentlemen, of whom the foremost lumped in, singing to one behind him,—"And you shall have little Rosey!"

They were clad in cricketing costume, and exhibited the health and manners of youthful Englishmen of station. Frolicsome young bulls bursting on an assemblage of sheep, they might be compared to. The chairman welcomed them a trifle snubbingly. The colour mounted to the cheeks of Mr. Raikes as he made incision in the cheese, under their eyes, knitting his brows fearfully, as if at hard work.

"What a place!" he muttered. "Nothing but bread and cheese! Well! We must make the best of it. Content ourselves with beer, too! A drink corrupted into a likeness of wine! Due to our Teutonic ancestry, no doubt. Let fancy beguile us!" And Mr. Raikes, with a grand air of good-nature, and the lofty mind that makes the best of difficulties, offered Evan a morsel of cheese, saying: "We dispense with soup. We commence with the entrées. May I press a patty upon you."

"Thank you," said Evan, smiling, and holding out his plate.

"Yes, yes; I understand you," continued Mr. Raikes. "We eat, and eke we swear. We'll be avenged for this. In the interim let sweet fancy beguile us!"

Before helping himself, a thought appeared to strike him. He got up hastily, and summoned Mark afresh.

"R-r-r-r—a—what are the wines here, waiter?" he demanded to know.

It was a final effort at dignity and rejection of the status to which, as he presumed, the sight of a gentleman, or the son of one, pasturing on plain cheese, degraded him. It was also Jack's way of repelling the tone of insolent superiority in the bearing of the three young cricketers.

"What are the wines in this establishment?" he repeated peremptorily, for Mark stood smoothing his mouth, as if he would have enjoyed the liberty of a grin.

"Port, sir,—sherry."

"Ah—the old story," returned Mr. Raikes. "Dear! dear! dear!"

"Perhaps, sir," insinuated Mark, "you mean foreign wines?"

"None of your infamous home-concoctions, waiter. Port! I believe there's no Port in the country, except in half-a-dozen private cellars—of which I know three. I do mean foreign wines."

Now Mark had served in a good family, and in a London hotel. He cleared his throat, and mutely begging the attention of the chairman, thus volubly started: "Foreign wines, sir, yes! Rhine wines! we have Rudesham; we have Maregbrun; we have Steenbug—Joehannisbug—Libefromil—Asmyhaus, and several others. Claret!—we have Lafitte; we have Margaw; we have Rose; —'Fitte—Margaw—Rose—Julia—Bodo. *At* your disposal, sir."

Jack, with a fiery face, blinked wildly under the torrent of vintages.

Evan answered his plaintive look: "*I* shall drink ale."

"Then I suppose I must do the same," said Jack, with a miserable sense of defeat and provoked humiliation. "Thank you, waiter, it goes better with cheese. A pint of ale."

"Yes, sir," said Mark, scorning to stop and enjoy his victory.

Heaving a sad "Heigho!" and not daring to glance at the buzzing company, Mr. Raikes cut a huge bit of crust off the loaf, and was preparing to encounter it. The melancholy voracity in his aspect was changed in a minute to surprise, for the chairman had started out of a fit of compressed merriment to arrest his hand.

"Let me offer you vengeance on the spot, sir."

"How?" cried Jack, angrily; "enigmas?"

The chairman entreated Evan to desist from the cheese; and, pulling out his watch, thundered: "Time!"

The company generally jumped on their legs; and, in the midst of a hum of talk and laughter, the chairman informed Evan and Jack, that he invited them cordially to a supper up-stairs, and would be pleased if they would partake of it, and in a great rage if they would not.

"Sir," said Jack, by this time quite recovered, "the alternative decides me. The alternative is one I should so deeply grieve to witness, that, in short, I—a—give in my personal adhesion, with thanks."

"You are not accustomed to this poor fare, sir," remarked the chairman.

"You have aptly divined the fact, sir, said Jack; "nor I, nor this, my friend. The truth is, that where cometh cheese, and nothing precedeth it, there is, the—the cultivated intelligence, the sense of a hiatus—a sort of vocative 'caret,' as we used to say at school—which may promote digestion, but totally at the expense of satisfaction. Man, by such means, is sunk below the level of the ruminating animal. He cheweth—"

The stentorian announcement of supper interrupted Mr. Raikes; and the latter gentleman, to whom glibness stood for greatness of manner, very well content with the effect he conceived he had produced on the company, set about persuading Evan to join the feast. For several reasons, Evan would have preferred to avoid it. He was wretched, inclined to enjoy a fit of youthful misanthropy; Jack's dramatic impersonation of the lord had disgusted him; and bread and cheese symbolled his condition. The chairman, catching indications of reluctance, stooped forward, and said: "Sir! must I put it as a positive favour?"

"Pray, do not," replied Evan, and relinquished the table with a bow.

The door was open, and the company of jolly yeomen, tradesmen, farmers, and the like, had become intent on observing all the ceremonies of precedence: not one would broaden his back on the other: and there was bowing, and scraping, and grimacing, till Farmer Broadmead was hailed aloud, and the old boy stepped forth, and was summarily pushed through: the chairman calling from the rear, "Hulloa! no names to-night!" to which was answered lustily: "All right, Mr. Tom!" and the speaker was reproved with, "There you go! at it again!" and out and up they hustled.

The chairman said quietly to Evan, as they were ascending the stairs: "We don't have names to-night: may as well drop titles." Which presented no peculiar meaning to Evan's mind, and he smiled the usual smile.

To Jack, at the door of the supper-room, the chairman repeated the same; and Jack, with extreme affability and alacrity of abnegation, rejoined, "Oh, certainly!"

No wonder that he rubbed his hands with more delight than aristocrats and people with gentlemanly connections are in the habit of betraying at the prospect of refection, for the release from bread and cheese was rendered overpoweringly glorious, in his eyes, by the bountiful contrast exhibited on the board before him.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH ALE IS SHOWN TO HAVE ONE QUALITY OF WINE.

To proclaim that yon ribs of beef, and yonder ruddy Britons have met, is to furnish matter for an hour's comfortable meditation.

Digest the fact. Here the Fates have put their seal to something Nature clearly devised. It was intended: and it has come to pass. A thing has come to pass which we feel to be right! The machinery of the world, then, is not entirely dislocated: there is harmony, on one point, among the mysterious Powers who have to do with us. Discordant as the individual may have become, the condition of the universe is vindicated by this great meeting of beef and Britons. We have here a basis. I cherish a belief that, at some future day, the speculative Teuton and experimental Gaul will make pilgrimages to this island solely to view this sight, and gather strength from it.

Apart from its eloquent and consoling philosophy, the picture is pleasant. You see two rows of shoulders resolutely set for action: heads in divers degrees of proximity to their plates: eyes variously twinkling, or hypocritically composed: chaps in vigorous exercise. Now leans a fellow right back with his whole face to the firmament: Ale is his adoration. He sighs not till he sees the end of the mug. Now from one a laugh is sprung; but, as if too early tapped, he turns off the cock, and serenely primes himself anew. Occupied by their own requirements, these Britons allow that their neighbours have rights: no cursing at waste of time is heard when plates have to be passed: disagreeable, it is still duty. Field-Marshal Duty, the Briton's star, shines here. If one usurps more than his allowance of elbow-room, bring your charge against them that fashioned him: work away to arrive at some compass yourself.

Now the mustard has ceased to travel, and the salt: the guests have leisure to contemplate their achievements. Laughs are more prolonged, and come from the depths.

Now Ale, which is to Beef what Eve was to Adam, threatens to take possession of the field. Happy they who, following Nature's direction, admitted not bright ale into their Paradise till their manhood was strengthened with beef. Some, impatient, had thirsted; had satisfied their thirst; and the ale, the light though lovely spirit, with nothing to hold it down, had mounted to their heads; just as Eve will do when Adam is not mature: just as she did—Alas! Gratitude forbid that I should say a word against good ale: I am disinclined to say a word in disfavour of Eve. Both Ale and Eve seem to speak imperiously to the soul of man. See that they be good, see that they come in season, and we bow to the consequences.

Now, the ruins of the feast being removed, and a clear course left for the flow of ale, farmer Broadmead, facing the chairman, rises. He speaks:

"Gentlemen! 'Taint fust time you and I be met here, to salbrate this here *occasion*. I say, not fust time, not by many a time, 'tain't. Well, gentlemen, I ain't much of a speaker, gentlemen, as *you* know. Hows'ever, here I be. No denyin' that. I'm on my legs. This here's a strange enough world, and a man as 's a gentleman, I say, we ought for to be glad when we got 'm. You know: I'm coming to it shortly. I ain't much of a speaker, and if you wants somethin' new, you must ax elsewhere: but what I say is—dang it! here's good health and long life to Mr. Tom, up there!"

"No names!" shouts the chairman, in the midst of a tremendous clatter.

Farmer Broadmead moderately disengages his breadth from the seat. He humbly asks pardon, which is accorded.

Ale (to Beef what Eve was to Adam), circulates beneath a dazzling foam, fair as the first woman.

Mr. Tom (for the breach of the rules in mentioning whose name on a night when identities thereon dependent are merged, we offer sincere apologies every other minute), Mr. Tom is toasted. His parents, who selected that day sixty years ago, for his bow to be made to the world, are alluded to with encomiums, and float down to posterity on floods of liquid amber.

But to see all the subtle merits that now begin to bud out from Mr. Tom, the chairman and giver of the feast; and also rightly to appreciate the speeches, we require to be enormously charged with Ale. Mr. John Raikes did his best to keep his head above the surface of the rapid flood. He conceived the chairman in brilliant colours, and probably owing to the energy called for by his brain, the legs of the young man failed him twice, as he tried them. Attention was demanded. Mr. John Raikes addressed the meeting.

The three young gentlemen-cricketers had hitherto behaved with a certain propriety. It did not offend Mr. Raikes to see them conduct themselves as if they were at a play, and the rest of the company paid actors. He had likewise taken a position, and had been the first to laugh aloud at a particular slip of grammar; while his shrugs at the aspirations transposed and the pronunciation prevalent, had almost established a free-masonry between him and one of the three young gentlemen-cricketers—a fair-haired youth, with a handsome reckless face, who leaned on the table, humourously eyeing the several speakers, and exchanging by-words and laughs with his friends on each side of him.

But Mr. Raikes had the disadvantage of having come to the table empty in stomach—thirsty, exceedingly; and, I repeat that as, without experience, you are the victim of divinely-given Eve, so, with no foundation to receive it upon, are you the victim of good sound Ale. Mr. Raikes very soon lost his head. He would otherwise have seen that he must produce a wonderfully-telling speech if he was to keep the position he had taken, and had better not attempt one. The three young cricketers were hostile from the beginning. All of them leant forward, calling attention loudly, humming a roll of Rhine wines, laughing for the fun to come.

"Gentlemen!" he said; and said it twice. The gap was wide, and he said, "Gentlemen!" again.

This commencement of a speech proves that you have made the plunge, but not that you can swim. At a repetition of "Gentlemen!" expectancy resolved into cynicism.

"Gie'n a help," sung out a son of the plough to a neighbour of the orator.

"Dang it!" murmured another, "we ain't such gentlemen as that comes to."

Mr. Raikes was politely requested to "tune his pipe."

With a gloomy curiosity as to the results of Jack's adventurous undertaking, and a touch of anger at the three, whose bearing throughout had displeased him, Evan regarded his friend. He, too, had drunk, and upon emptiness. Bright ale had mounted to his brain. A hero should be held as sacred as the Grand Llama: so let no more be said than that he drank still, nor marked the replenishing of his glass.

Jack cleared his throat for a final assault: he had got an image, and was dashing off; but, unhappily, as if to make the start seem fair, he was guilty of the reiteration of "Gentlemen."

Everybody knew that it was a real start this time, and indeed he had made an advance, and had run straight through half a sentence. It was therefore manifestly unfair, inimical, contemptuous, overbearing, and base, for one of the three young cricketers, at this period to fling back weariedly and exclaim: "By jingo! too many gentlemen here!"

Evan heard him across the table. Lacking the key of the speaker's previous conduct, the words might have passed. As it was, they, to the ale-invaded head of a young hero, feeling himself the world's equal, and condemned nevertheless to bear through life the insignia of Tailordom, not unnaturally struck with peculiar offence. There was arrogance, too, in the young man who had interposed. He was long in the body, and, when he was not refreshing his sight by a careless contemplation of his finger-nails, looked down on his company at table, as one may do who comes from loftier studies. He had what is popularly known as the nose of our aristocracy: a nose that much culture of the external graces, and affectation of suavity, are required to soften. Thereto were joined thin lips and hot brows. Birth it was possible he could boast: hardly brains. He sat to the right of the fair-haired youth, who, with his remaining comrade, a quiet smiling fellow, appeared to be better liked by the guests, and had been hailed once or twice, under correction of the chairman, as Mr. Harry. The three had distinguished one there by a few friendly passages; and this was he who had offered his bed to Evan for the service of the girl. The recognition they extended to him did not affect him deeply. He was called Drummond, and had his place near the chairman, whose humours he seemed to relish.

Now the ears of Mr. Raikes were less keen at the moment than Evan's, but his openness to ridicule was that of a man on his legs solus, amid a company sitting, and his sense of the same—when he saw himself the victim of it—acute. His face was rather comic, and, under the shadow of embarrassment, twitching and working for ideas—might excuse a want of steadiness and absolute gravity in the countenances of others.

"Gentlemen!" this inveterate harper resumed.

It was too much. Numerous shoulders fell against the backs of chairs, and the terrible rattle of low laughter commenced. Before it could burst overwhelmingly, Jack, with a dramatic visage, leaned over his glass, and looking, as he spoke, from man to man, asked emphatically: "Is there any person present whose conscience revolts against being involved in that denomination?"

The impertinence was at least a saving sign of wits awake. So the chairman led off, in reply to Jack, with an encouraging "Bravo!" and immediately there ensued an agricultural chorus of "Brayvos!"

Jack's readiness had thus rescued him in extremity.

He nodded, and went ahead cheerily.

"I should be sorry to think so. When I said 'Gentlemen,' I included all. If the conscience of one *should* impeach him, or me—" Jack eyed the lordly contemplator of his nails, on a pause, adding, "It is not so. I rejoice. I was about to observe, then, that, a stranger, I entered this hospitable establishment—I and my friend—"

"The gentleman!" their now recognised antagonist interposed, and turned his head to one of his comrades, and kept it turned—a proceeding similar in tactics to striking and running away.

"I thank my honourable—a—um! I thank the—a—whatever he may be!" continued Jack. "I accept his suggestion. My friend, the gentleman!—the real gentleman!—the true gentleman!—the undoubted gentleman!"

Further iterations, if not amplifications, of the merits of the gentleman would have followed, had not Evan, strong in his modesty, pulled Jack into his seat, and admonished him to be content with the present measure of his folly.

But Jack had more in him. He rose, and flourished off: "A stranger, I think I said. What I have done to deserve to feel like an alderman I can't say; but—" (Jack, falling into perfect good-humour and sincerity, was about to confess the cordial delight his supper had given him, when his eyes met those of his antagonist superciliously set): "but," he resumed, rather to the perplexity of his hearers, "this sort of heavy fare of course accounts for it, if one is not accustomed to it, and gives one, as it were, the civic crown, which I apprehend to imply a surcharged stomach—in the earlier stages of the entertainment. I have been at feasts, I have even given them—yes, gentlemen—" (Jack slid suddenly down the slopes of anti-climax), "you must not judge by the hat, as I see one or two here do me the favour to do. By the bye," he added, glancing hurriedly about, "where did I clap it down when I came in?"

His antagonist gave a kick under the table, saying, with a sneer, "What's this?"

Mr. Raikes dived below, and held up the battered decoration of his head. He returned thanks with studious politeness, the more so as he had forgotten the context of his speech, and the exact state of mind he was in when he broke from it. "Gentlemen!" again afflicted the ears of the company.

"Oh, by Jove! more gentlemen!" cried Jack's enemy.

"No anxiety, I beg!" Jack rejoined, always brought to his senses when pricked: "I did not include you, sir."

"Am I in your way, sir?" asked the other, hardening his under lip.

"Well, I did find it difficult, when I was a boy, to cross the Ass's Bridge!" retorted Jack—and there was laughter.

The chairman's neighbour, Drummond, whispered him: "Laxley will get up a row with that fellow."

"It's young Jocelyn egging him on," said the chairman.

"Um!" added Drummond: "it's the friend of that talkative rascal that's dangerous, if it comes to anything."

Mr. Raikes perceived that his host desired him to conclude. So, lifting his voice and swinging his arm, he ended: "Allow me to propose to you the Fly in Amber. In other words, our excellent host embalmed in brilliant ale! Drink him! and so let him live in our memories for ever!"

Mr. Raikes sat down very well contented with himself, very little comprehended, and applauded loudly.

"The Flyin' Number!" echoed farmer Broadmead, confidently and with clamour; adding to a friend, when both had drunk the toast to the dregs, "But what number that be, or how many 'tis of 'em, dishes me! But that's ne'ther here nor there."

The chairman and host of the evening stood up to reply, welcomed by thunders, and "There ye be, Mr. Tom! glad I lives to see ye!" and "No names!" and "Long life to him!"

This having subsided, the chairman spoke, first nodding.

"You don't want many words, and if you do, you won't get 'em from me."

Cries of "Got something better!" took up the blunt address.

"You've been true to it, most of you. I like men not to forget a custom."

"Good reason so to be," and "A jolly good custom," replied to both sentences.

"As to the beef, I hope you didn't find it tough: as to the ale—I know all about *that!*"

"Aha! good!" rang the verdict.

"All I can say is, that this day next year it will be on the table, and I hope that every one of you will meet Tom—will meet me here punctually. I'm not a Parliament man, so that'll do—"

The chairman's breach of his own rules drowned the termination of his speech in an uproar.

Re-seating himself, he lifted his glass, and proposed: "The Antediluvians!"

Farmer Broadmead echoed: "The Antedi-loovians!" appending, as a private sentiment, "And dam rum chaps they were!"

The Antediluvians, undoubtedly the toast of the evening, were enthusiastically drunk, and in an ale of treble brew.

When they had quite gone down, Mr. Raikes ventured to ask for the reason of their receiving such honour from a posterity they had so little to do with. He put the question mildly, but was impetuously snapped at by the chairman.

"You respect men for their luck, sir, don't you? Don't be a hypocrite, and say you don't—you do. Very well: so do I. That's why I drink 'The Antediluvians!'"

"Our worthy host here" (Drummond, gravely smiling, undertook to elucidate the case) "has a theory that the constitutions of the Postdiluvians have been deranged, and their lives shortened, by the miasmas of the Deluge. I believe he carries it so far as to say that Noah, in the light of a progenitor, is inferior to Adam, owing to the shaking he had to endure in the ark, and which he conceives to have damaged the patriarch and the nervous systems of his sons. It's a theory, you know."

"They lived close on a thousand years, hale, hearty—and no water!" said the chairman.

"Well!" exclaimed one, some way down the table, a young farmer, red as a cock's comb: "no fools they, eh, master? Where there's ale, would you drink water, my hearty?" and back he leaned to enjoy the tribute to his wit; a wit not remarkable, but nevertheless sufficient in the noise it created to excite the envy of Mr. John Raikes, who, inveterately silly when not engaged in a contest, now began to play on the names of the sons of Noah.

The chairman lanced a keen light at him from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Ought to have excused this humble stuff to you, sir," he remarked. "It's the custom. We drink ale to-night: any other night happy to offer you your choice, sir—Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Steenberg, Libefreemilk, Asmannshauser, Lafitte, La Rose, Margaux, Bordeaux: Clarets, Rhine wines, Burgundies—drinks that men of your station are more used to."

Mr. Raikes stammered: "Thank you, thank you; ale will do, sir—an excellent ale!"

But before long the chairman had again to call two parties to order. Mr. Raikes was engaged in a direct controversy with his enemy. In that young gentleman he had recognised one of a station above his own—even what it was in the palmy days of bank-notes and naughty suppers; and he did not intend to allow it. On the other hand, Laxley had begun to look at him very distantly over the lordly bridge of his nose. To Mr. Raikes, Laxley was a puppy: to Laxley, Mr. Raikes was a snob. The antagonism, therefore, was natural: ale did but put the match to the magazine. But previous to an explosion, Laxley, who had observed Evan's disgust at Jack's exhibition of himself, and had been led to think, by his conduct and clothes in conjunction, that Evan was his own equal; a gentleman condescending to the society of a low-born acquaintance; had sought with sundry propitiations—calm, intelligent glances, light shrugs, and such like—to divide Evan from Jack. He did this, doubtless, because he partly sympathised with Evan, and to assure him that he took a separate view of him. Probably Evan was already offended, or he held to Jack, as a comrade should, or else it was that Tailordom bellowed in his ears, every fresh minute: "Nothing assume!" I incline to think that the more ale he drank the fiercer rebel he grew against conventional ideas of rank, and those class-barriers which we scorn so vehemently when we find ourselves kicking at them. Whatsoever the reason that prompted him, he did not respond to Laxley's advances;

and Laxley, deferentially disregarding him, dealt with Jack alone.

In a tone plainly directed at Mr. Raikes, he said: "Well, Harry, tired of this? The agriculturals are good fun, but I can't stand much of the small cockney. A blackguard who tries to make jokes out of the Scriptures ought to be kicked!"

Harry rejoined, with wet lips: "Wopping stuff, this ale! Who's that you want to kick?"

"Somebody who objects to his bray, I suppose," Mr. Raikes struck in, across the table, negligently thrusting out his elbow to support his head.

"Did you allude to me, sir?" Laxley inquired.

"I alluded to a donkey, sir." Jack lifted his eyelids to the same level as Laxley's: "a passing remark on that interesting animal."

Laxley said nothing; but the interjection "blackguard!" was perceptible on his mouth.

"Did you allude to me, sir?" Jack inquired, in his turn.

"Would you like me to express what I think of a fellow who listens to private conversations?" was the answer.

"I should be happy to task your eloquence even to that extent, if I might indulge a hope for grammatical results," said Jack.

Laxley thought fit to retire upon his silent superiority. His friend Harry now came into the ring to try a fall.

"Are you an usher in a school?" he asked, meaning by his looks what men of science in fisticuffs call business.

Mr. Raikes started up in amazement. He recovered as quickly.

"No, sir, not quite; but I have no doubt I should be able to instruct you upon a point or two."

"Good manners, for instance?" remarked the third young cricketer, without disturbing his habitual smile.

"Or what comes from not observing them," said Evan, unwilling to have Jack over-matched.

"Perhaps you'll give me a lesson now?" Harry indicated a readiness to rise for either of them.

At this juncture the chairman interposed.

"Harmony, my lads!—harmony to-night."

Farmer Broadmead, imagining it to be the signal for a song, returned:

"All right, Mr. —— Mr. Chair! but we an't got pipes in yet. Pipes before harmony, you know, to-night."

The pipes were summoned forthwith. System appeared to regulate the proceedings of this particular night at the Green Dragon. The pipes charged, and those of the guests who smoked, well fixed behind them, celestial Harmony was invoked through the slowly curling clouds. In Britain the Goddess is coy. She demands pressure to appear, and great gulps of ale. Vastly does she swell the chests of her island children, but with the modesty of a maid at the commencement. Precedence again disturbed the minds of the company. At last the red-faced young farmer led off with "The Rose and the Thorn." In that day Chloe still lived: nor were the amorous transports of Strephon quenched. Mountainous inflation—mouse-like issue characterised the young farmer's first verse. Encouraged by manifest approbation he now told Chloe that he "by Heaven! never would plant in that bosom a thorn," with such volume of sound as did indeed show how a lover's oath should be uttered in the ear of a British damsel to subdue her.

"Good!" cried Mr. Raikes, anxious to be convivial.

Subsiding into impertinence, he asked Laxley, "Could you tip us a Strephonade, sir? Rejoiced to listen to you, I am sure! Promise you my applause beforehand."

Harry replied hotly: "Will you step out of the room with me a minute?"

"Have you a confession to make?" quoth Jack, unmoved. "Have *you* planted a thorn in the feminine flower-garden? Make a clean breast of it at the table. Confess openly, and be absolved. 'Gad, there's a young woman in the house. *She* may be Chloe. If so, all I can say is, she may complain of a thorn of some magnitude, and will very soon exhibit one."

While Evan spoke a word of angry reproof to Mr. Raikes, Harry had to be restrained by his two friends. Jack's insinuation seemed to touch him keenly. By a strange hazard they had both glanced close upon facts.

Mutterings amid the opposite party of "Sit down," "Don't be an ass," "Leave the snob alone," were sufficiently distinct. The rest of the company looked on with curiosity; the mouth of the chairman was bunched. Drummond had his eyes on Evan, who was gazing steadily at the three. Suddenly "The fellow isn't a gentleman!" struck the attention of Mr. Raikes with alarming force.

I remember hearing of a dispute between two youthful clerks, one of whom launched at the other's head accusations that, if true, would have warranted his being expelled from society: till, having exhausted his stock, the youth gently announced to his opponent that he was a numskull: upon which the latter, hitherto full of forbearance, shouted that he could bear anything but that,—appealed to the witnesses generally for a corroboration of the epithet, and turned back his wristbands.

It was with similar sensations, inexplicable to the historian, that Mr. Raikes, who had borne to have imputed to him frightful things—heard that he was not considered a gentleman: and as they who are themselves, perhaps, doubtful of the fact, are most stung by the denial of it, so do they take refuge in assertion, and claim to establish it by violence.

This Mr. John Raikes seized on, and vociferating: "I'm the son of a gentleman!" flung it in the faces of the three.

Drummond, from the head of the table, saw that a diversion was imperative. He leaned forward, and with a look of great interest, said:

"Are you really? Pray, never disgrace your origin, then."

He spoke with an apparent sincerity, and Jack, absorbed by the three in front of him, and deceived by the mildness of his manner, continued glaring at them, after a sharp turn of the head,

like a dog receiving a stroke while his attention is taken by a bone.

"If the choice were offered me, I think I would rather have known his father," said the smiling fellow, yawning, and rocking on his chair.

"You would, possibly, have been exceedingly intimate—with his right foot," said Jack.

The other merely remarked: "Oh! that is the language of the son of a gentleman."

Jack's evident pugnacity behind his insolence, astonished Evan, as the youth was not famed for bravery at school; but this is what dignity and ale do for us in the world.

The tumult of irony, abuse, and retort, went on despite the efforts of Drummond and the chairman. It was strange; for at farmer Broadmead's end of the table, friendship had grown maudlin: two were seen in a drowsy embrace, with crossed pipes; and others were vowing deep amity, and offering to fight the man that might desire it.

"Are ye a friend? or are ye a foe?" was heard repeatedly, and consequences to the career of the respondent, on his choice of affirmatives to either of these two interrogations, emphatically detailed.

It was likewise asked, in reference to the row at the gentlemen's end; "Why doan' they stand up and have't out?"

"They talks, they speechifies—why doan' they fight for't, and then be friendly?"

"Where's the yarmony, Mr. Chair, I axes—so please ye?" sang out farmer Broadmead.

"Ay, ay! Silence!" the chairman called.

Mr. Raikes begged permission to pronounce his excuses, but lapsed into a lamentation for the squandering of property bequeathed to him by his respected uncle, and for which—as far as he was intelligible — he persisted in calling the three offensive young cricketers opposite to account.

Before he could desist, Harmony, no longer coy, burst on the assembly from three different sources. "A Man who is given to Liquor," soared aloft with "The Maid of sweet Seventeen," who participated in the adventures of "Young Molly and the Kicking Cow;" while the guests selected the chorus of the song that first demanded it.

Evan probably thought that Harmony was herself only when she came single, or he was wearied of his fellows, and wished to gaze a moment on the skies whose arms were over and around his young beloved. He went to the window and threw it up, and feasted his sight on the moon standing on the downs. He could have wept at the bitter ignominy that severed him from Rose. And again he gathered his pride as a cloak, and defied the world, and gloried in the sacrifice that degraded him. The beauty of the night touched him, and mixed these feelings with a strange mournfulness. He quite forgot the bellow and clatter behind. The beauty of the night, and heaven knows what treacherous hope in the depths of his soul, coloured existence very warmly.

He was roused from his reverie by an altercation unmistakeably fierce.

Mr. Raikes had been touched on a tender point. In reply to a bantering remark of his, Laxley had hummed a list of Claret and Rhenish: "Liebfraumilch — Johannisberg—Asmannshauser — Steinberg — Chateau Margaux—La Rose — Lafitte," over and again, amid the chuckles of his comrades, and Mr. Raikes, unfortunately at a loss for a biting retort, was reduced to that plain confession of a lack of wit: he offered combat.

"I'll tell you what," said Laxley, "I never soil my hands with a blackguard, and a fellow who tries to make fun of Scripture, in my opinion is one. A blackguard—do you hear? But, if you'll give me satisfactory proofs that you really are what I have some difficulty in believing—the son of a gentleman—I'll meet you when and where you please, sir."

"Fight him, anyhow," said Harry. "I'll take him myself after we finish the match to-morrow."

Laxley rejoined that Mr. Raikes must be left to him.

"Then I'll take the other," said Harry. "Where is he?"

Evan walked round to his place.

"I am here," he answered, "and at your service."

"Will you fight?" cried Harry.

There was a disdainful smile on Evan's mouth, as he replied: "I must first enlighten you. I have no pretentions to blue blood, or yellow. If, sir, you will deign to challenge a man who is *not* the son of a gentleman, and consider the expression of his thorough contempt for your conduct sufficient to enable you to overlook that fact, you may dispose of me. My friend here has, it seems, reason to be proud of his connections. That you may not subsequently bring the charge against me of having led you to 'soil your hands'—as your friend there terms it—I, with all the willingness in the world to chastise you or him for your impertinence, must—as I conceive I am bound to do—first give you a fair chance of escape, by telling you that my father was a tailor, and that I also am a tailor."

The countenance of Mr. Raikes at the conclusion of this speech was a painful picture. He knocked the table passionately, exclaiming:

"Who'd have thought it?"

Indeed, Evan could not have mentioned it, but for the ale. It was the ale in him expelling truth; and certainly, to look at him, none would have thought it.

"That will do," said Laxley, lacking the magnanimity to despise the advantage given him, "you have chosen the very best means of saving your skins."

"We'll come to you when our supply of clothes runs short," added Harry. "A snip!"

"Pardon me," said Evan, with his eyes slightly widening, "but if you come to me, I shall no longer give you a choice of behaviour. I wish you good-night, gentlemen. I shall be in this house, and am to be found here, till ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Sir," he addressed the chairman, "I must apologise to you for this interruption to your kindness, for which I thank you very sincerely. It's 'good-night,' now, sir," he pursued, bowing, and holding out his hand, with a smile.

The chairman grasped it: "You're a hot-headed young fool, sir: you're an ill-tempered

ferocious young ass, sir. Can't you see another young donkey without joining company in kicks —eh?. Sit down, and don't dare to spoil the fun any more. You a tailor! Who'll believe it? You're a nobleman in disguise. Didn't your friend say so?—ha! ha! Sit down." He pulled out his watch, and proclaiming that he was born into this world at the hour about to strike, called for a bumper all round.

While such of the company as had yet legs and eyes unvanquished by the potency of the ale, stood up to drink and cheer; Mark, the waiter, scurried into the room, and, to the immense stupefaction of the chairman, and amusement of his guests, spread the news of the immediate birth of a little stranger on the premises, who was declared by Dr. Pillie to be a lusty boy, and for whom the kindly landlady solicited good luck to be drunk.

(To be continued.)

DIVORCE A VINCULO; OR, THE TERRORS OF SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL

(Continued from p. 277.)

RS. BARBER was let out of the pen whilst the Court was refreshing itself. Mr. Lamb waited for the lady at the bottom of the fatal steps, and offering his arm to her in a deferential way, conducted her to her seat. Nothing surprised me more than the appearance of perfect indifference, towards each other, which the two principals in BARBER *v.* BARBER contrived to put on during this temporary cessation of hostilities. For six years the one had been loving on against hope,—the other torturing his tender victim. What days, what nights they must have passed together! What words of bitterness and temporary reconciliation must have been uttered between them! Then there was Nature's soft but adamantine link—that beautiful babe with the Barber eyes, and the Montresor "pobsie-wobsies," or feet with astonishing toes; but all seemed now clean forgotten and out of their minds? Mr. Barber—as far as his manner was concerned—might have been leaning over the rails in Rotten Row, discussing the demerits of a chestnut screw with his abandoned associates—Mrs. Barber might have been paying a graceful tribute of commendation to the beauty of a rival, or engaged in a daring analysis of the last thing in lace-falls, for any trace of emotion you could discover in their countenances. Madam Leocadie Lareine had come into Court, and now formed one of our little group near the Jury-Box, consisting of Mrs. Barber, her maid, her nurse, Mr. Lamb, and myself. Mr. Lamb now addressed the lady, but with a sort of sandwich-and-sherry manner, just as though he were speaking of the most indifferent matters.

"Mrs. Barber, be good enough to smile at me occasionally whilst I am giving you my last instructions, and see you take heed to them. I have that confidence in your strength of mind that I'll tell you exactly where you are—just precisely in the most dangerous position in which a woman could stand. For the next hour you would be safer in the bear's den in the Zoological Gardens, after a parcel of schoolboys had been irritating the bears by alluring them to the top of the pole with buns, and then depriving them of the anticipated encouragement to industry, than up yonder on that comfortable cushion. Be good enough to smile at me, as if I'd said something to amuse you."

"La! Mr. Lamb!" said the lady, with an expression upon her face of intense amusement, just allowing her glance to fall for an instant on the two Misses Barber, and then withdrawing it emphatically, as though afraid of giving offence. "La! Mr. Lamb, you don't say so!"

"You're sublime, Madam, positively sublime. You're the first woman I ever admired in my life. After we've turned Barber out of doors, if you'll accept me as a substitute, I can only say that I will take the earliest opportunity of tendering you my hand and fortune in a regular way. May I trouble you for another smile, Mrs. Barber?"

"La! Mr. Lamb, you funny old dear! What

a nice old lawyer you are! I shall never forget the trouble you have taken for me."

"Enough, Madam, I understand you. I was carried away by my feelings, and honest admiration for the unrivalled dexterity of that last glance. Look at the two ladies again—this time innocently—you would suppose them under the effect of drastic medicine; but enough of this. And now to business. Remember, Mrs. Barber, it was Dodge's business to hold you up; it's Lobb's business to trip you up. Not a single question he puts to you but has a trap behind it,—if he does his work well. Now, mind, the more he bellows the less is the real peril: only when he's horribly civil keep your wits about you. Don't forget, either, that you can be as positive as you like, if they haven't your handwriting to show against you, or nobody was by at the time. You may then trust implicitly to your own memory. I think I've taken the last precautions. I have shaken hands with Lobb—(another smile, if you please—thank you, that will do)—his hand's damp, so I can't think his cross-examination can come to much. And I've directed my clerk to see that lots of pens and paper should be placed before Mr. Barber. If he only takes to prompting Lobb, and Lobb is idiot enough to listen to him, under Providence, we're safe. Another smile, if you please; thank you. If you see any such manœuvres going on, swear hard, my dear madam, swear hard—they've got no evidence in support, and haven't time to get it, which is more. There,—I can't do anything more for you. Only remember my last injunction; don't faint till the last extremity, or we should have all this work to go through again; it is, however, a last resource, if Lobb makes himself particularly unpleasant. Madame Lareine, I trust to you to assist us with a little sympathy—but I wouldn't venture to suggest anything to you. Ann Iron, if you see me tap my nose with my spectacles, jump up and look at Dr. Lobb as if he owed you a quarter's wages, and wouldn't pay: as for you, Mrs. Gollop, if you see your sweet mistress in trouble, you may howl in a low tone, but not so as to get turned out of Court; just as if your own darling Paddy was off in an emigrant ship from the quay at Limerick, and they were passing you down the ladder. Now I must be off; the Usher's blowing his nose,—that means that Sir Cresswell's done his sherry. I'll just step round through the crowd, so that the Jury shan't think I've been talking with you. One more smile, my dear Mrs. Barber. God bless you! Take care of yourself."

So saying, with a pleasant nod, Mr. Lamb disappeared. The three Judges came back into Court, and for a minute or two there was a general bustle, and shaking into places. In the midst of this, my friend Lamb emerged from the crowd at the other side of the well, just after the door had been opened, and took his seat, but quite out of breath, and as though he had been running hard to be back in time. He was, however, there to conduct Mrs. Barber to the bottom of the steps, and hand her back to the charge of the usher. She was soon inside the pen again, and this time took her seat without any difficulty; indeed, I may go so far as to say that Sir C. C. himself could not have been more at his ease in his own Court than was my graceful little friend Mrs. Barber. Now Dr. Lobb may do his worst—we are all ready, and waiting for him.

Dr. L. "Now, Mrs. Barber, allow me to call your attention for a moment to the incidents immediately preceding your marriage with Mr. Barber. As you have told my learned friend Dr. Dodge, your acquaintance with your future husband commenced in the Ride at Hyde Park?"

Mrs. B. "It did so."

Dr. L. "You have told the Jury that you, a young lady between sixteen and seventeen years of age, permitted yourself to be addressed in Hyde Park by a gentleman—a perfect stranger to you. Did you mention the fact at all to your parents?"

Mrs. B. "I did not.

Dr. L. "How was it the groom who attended you—for, I think, we have been told that a groom did attend upon you during these rides—made no mention at home of the fact?"

Mrs. B. "I am sure I can't say; you had better ask the man himself." Mr. Lamb here turned slightly round, and half glanced at Mrs. Barber. I fancied he was not quite satisfied with the tone in which the last answer was given; probably Mrs. B. herself thought so, too, for she added with exceeding politeness: "The groom is still living with Papa, as Mr. Barber well knows."

Dr. L. "Now stop, Mrs. Barber. You say, '*Mr. Barber well knows.*' Now, how can you tell what Mr. Barber knows?"

Mrs. B. (As though quite off her guard at the pertness of this question.) "Why, it was a very short time back, when Mr. Barber was exceedingly tipsy, he knocked George down—he was always knocking people down, that was his way—and then gave him five shillings to say nothing about it. I suppose, as George had on Papa's livery, Mr. Barber knew where he was living then."

Dr. Lobb did not push this point further. The first passage of arms had not proved very favourable to him. The ferocious husband here stooped forward and whispered something into Dr. Lobb's ear, with an expression on his face which seemed to imply that Mrs. B.'s last statement was a horrid falsehood, but why waste time upon such stuff? Ah! Barber, my boy! this won't do. You're caught at last. You can't thump Sir Cresswell and beat him about as you did your sweet wife and poor George—perhaps you'd like to try! There, there, that will do. Attention to Dr. Lobb.

Dr. L. "You have given the Jury to understand, Mrs. Barber, that your hurried marriage was purely the result of Mr. Barber's impetuous fashion of courtship. Now, allow me to ask, Madam, was it not yourself who urged Mr. Barber to run off with you? And was it not owing to his profound respect for you that even the marriage—hasty as it was—was gone through?"

Mrs. B. (Her eyes flashing with anger.) "Is a lady expected to answer such a question—even here?"

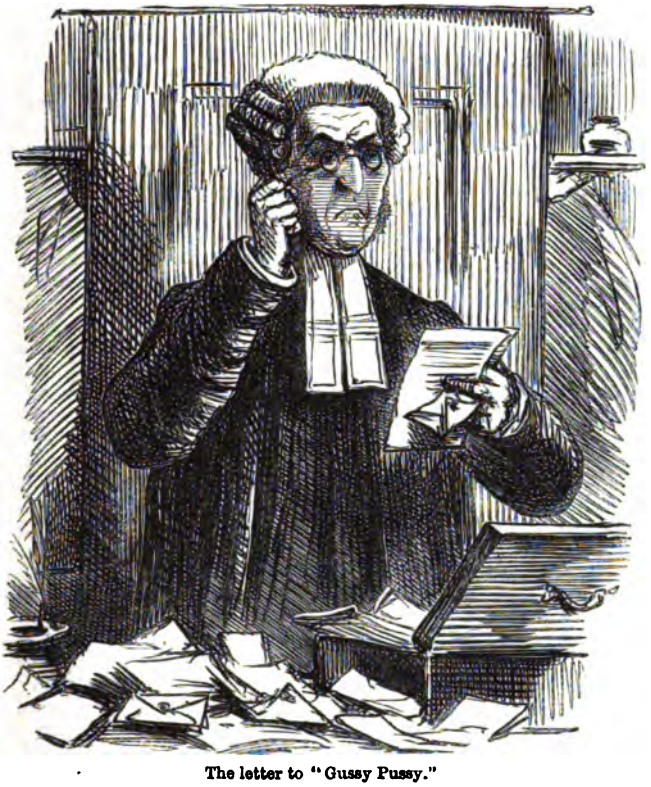
Dr. L. "That is no answer, madam—and an answer I must have. Did you, or did you not,

propose to Mr. Barber, to carry you off without waiting for the licence, reproaching him at the same time with being as slow as a plunger, because he counselled delay, and the prior performance of the nuptial ceremony?"

Mrs. B. (With great dignity.) "Sir, I was a girl just turned sixteen years of age at the time, and Mr. Barber was a man of thirty-two."

The tears began to trickle slowly down Mrs. Barber's cheeks. At the same time, Madame Leocadie Lareine stood up and said, in an audible whisper, but so as to attract the attention of the Jury, "*Ah! c'est trop fort.*"

The old Judge had been evidently puzzled for some time. His intelligence was engaged in single combat with the word "plunger;" nor would he at first admit Dr. Lobb's explanation of the term. Dictionaries were sent for, and the word was very properly overhauled. In the work of our great lexicographer it was found PLUNGER, from *to plunge; v.n.*, "One who plunges, or who casts himself into water by his own voluntary act, and by a rapid, deciduous motion; a pearl diver from the Philippine Islands; a variety of the duck tribe." Finally it was ascertained in *Rees's Supplement* (a work of authority) that the word



The letter to "Gussy Pussy."

was sometimes applied sportively or sarcastically to the officers of the Heavy Dragoons and Household Brigade, in H.B.M.S., and was probably derived from the manner in which they plunged in and out of their military boots when their horses were restive, or moving on the *grand pas*. The meaning of the term being thus authoritatively settled, the proceedings were resumed.

Dr. L. "We must have the answer at last, Mrs. Barber, but if you please we'll put it in another way. During the period of your courtship did you ever write to Mr. Barber?"

Mrs. B. (After a moment's reflection.) "I don't remember."

Dr. L. "Now recollect yourself, Mrs. Barber, and make an effort. You can remember the minutest circumstance to your husband's disadvantage—now see if you can't recall a trifling fact or two in his favour. I repeat my question. During the period of your courtship did you ever write to Mr. Barber?"

Mrs. Barber couldn't remember—yes, poor lady, she was doing her best—but she couldn't remember. She would not positively swear she had not written; but she would distinctly swear that she didn't remember having done so. She didn't believe she had. She was seeing Mr. Barber every day—why should she have written to him? Dr. Lobb fidgetted with his hand in his breast-pocket, but Mrs. Barber kept her eye firmly on him, and waited for his attack to develop itself. At last the learned civilian pulled out a letter, and caused it to be handed up to Mrs. Barber, with the inquiry whether that was in her handwriting. Mrs.

B. could not tell—it looked something like her handwriting—but if she was made aware of the contents she would be better able to answer the question. I observed that she glanced at the direction. The letter was finally handed to the gentleman with the despatch-box, who rose up, fixed his double-glasses upon his nose, and read it to the Court. It was, however, unfortunate that his glasses were always falling off at the most critical points of this composition—so that a good deal of the fire and spirit were inevitably lost.

"*My angel Augustus—When will this end? I have been distracted since we parted. I fear that every moment will bring a discovery—and then I am lost. Oh! yes, lost—lost. For what is to become of poor Cecilia if her Augustus is taken from her. Send me, my beloved, or rather give me to-morrow a scrap of those surpassing* (here the glasses fell off) *whiskers—*

By the Court. "Whiskers! — that can't be. Ladies don't ask for scraps of gentlemen's whiskers. Did any lady ever ask for a scrap of your whiskers, Dr. Lobb?"

Dr. Lobb looked a little foolish, for his whiskers were magnificent; so that if no lady had requested a scrap of them, other considerations must have stood in the way.

Reading continued. "*Whiskers,*" it certainly is whiskers here, my Lord! "*which first captivated my young heart, and awoke in me a sense of bliss unutterable. Oh! Augustus, you slow plunger, why should we wait for the rubbishy licence, just as if we were going to open a public-house—if we do it shall be* (down went the glasses again), *the Augustus Arms. Of course we'll go and get the fuss over, and get married somewhere or other; but I want to be with Augustus, and away from here. The Governor is so slow now—so dreadfully, horridly, wretchedly slow that it makes my poor head ache to think of him. Oh! you naughty, naughty man, you have quite bewitched your poor Cecilia. My only comfort is practising smoking with the cigars you gave me. They're rather too full for me—I should prefer mediums. Good bye, you dear, deluding Don Whiskerando. Mind to-morrow—at the tree by the Band at half-past eleven. I'm going to make myself some sherry cobbler to-night—as you told me. I ran down-stairs when dinner was laid, and got some sherry in a physic-bottle—and I took some out of each of the decanters, so that it should not be missed; and yet, Augustus, you call your Cecilia thoughtless—and I have pulled two straws out of Mama's Tuscan bonnet, which I dare say will do—if not I will bubble it up through a quill. There, good night again, you dear old thing.* SISSY."

Dr. L. "Well, Mrs. Barber, what do you say to that? Did you write that letter?"

Mrs. B. (With withering contempt.) "No."

Dr. L. "By virtue of your oath, Madam—and warning you fully as to the consequences of bearing false testimony—I repeat the question. Did you write that letter, or did you not?"

Mrs. B. "Never! I should think it impossible that any lady ever wrote such a letter as that."

Dr. Lobb tried to look as if he had full grounds for establishing an indictment of perjury against Mrs. Barber; but the feeling in Court ran sadly against him, a feeling much increased when it turned out, in answer to a question from the old Judge, that *the letter bore no post-mark*, and had not, in point of fact, been transmitted through the post at all. Dr. Lobb, when summoned to explain how the letter came into his possession, was obliged to admit that the theory for the defence was, that this strange love-epistle, and many others of a similar character, had been conveyed by the then Miss Cecilia Montresor's nurse, Mrs. Gollop—now actually present in Court—to the hands of a certain JOSEPH MUCK, since deceased, but at that time living in the capacity of groom with Mr. Barber. My friend, Mr. Lamb, at this moment was distinctly heard to utter the interjection "Phoo!"—but at the same moment his face expressed so much respect for the Court, as he looked upward to the old Judge to see what course he would be pleased to adopt, that it was impossible to find fault with him. Not so with Mrs. Gollop. It had been quite evident for some time that that lady had been struggling with her emotions; but she was roused to a point beyond which further control was impossible at the mention of her own name, and felt that she was called upon at once to testify on behalf of her outraged mistress. Her artless anger took the form of an attack upon Mr. Barber and Dr. Lobb.

Mrs. Gollop. "Oh, you dirty, murderin' villins!" (such was the manner of her testimony) "do you mane to say that me darlin' young lady who's the hoigth of nobility, and propriety of spache, ever demaned herself by wroiting to the loikes o' you? That for you" (this to Mr. Barber, snapping her fingers), "and the ugly lawyer" (this to Dr. Lobb) "who sits there by the side o' you, to tell lies against ladies o' burth and fa-amily at so much a-pace! Bad cess to you, you dirty ha'porth o' yalla soap!" (this to Dr. Lobb)—"down on your knase, and ask swate Miss Sissy's pardon, and his noble Lordship's. And as for you, you two ould withered mopsticks!" (this to the two Misses Barber) "how durst you call the best blood of ould Ireland 'dregs'—how durst you do it? Be out of this wid your durty Carnwall, you low-barn, pilchard-ating pair—the divil a tooth have you in your gums, or a hair on your heads betwixt you, barrin' five gray ones—and they're false. I'll bally-rag them, Miss Sissy, dear—"

I grieve to say, that at this point these touching manifestations of Celtic attachment were interrupted by Sir C. C., who, without the smallest regard to the pathos of her situation, ordered that Mrs. Gollop should be removed from the Court. This was done; but even as Mrs. G. departed, she continued to uplift her voice in testimony.

Mrs. G. "If it was me last wurds I'd say"—(Usher. — "Now, my good woman.") "Don't good woman me—yer durt, or pull a dacent lady about in so particular a way. Niver did hand o' moine carry letter to Joseph Muck, who's in thick tarments by this toime—Muck by name, and muck by nature—"

By this time the act of extrusion was completed—but still from the passage you heard the last sounds of the scuffle, and various suggestions not

of a complimentary character with reference to the memory of the late Mr. Muck.

Dr. Lobb. "I think it will be unnecessary to produce the remainder of the correspondence between Mrs. Barber and her husband during their courtship, since Mrs. Barber so positively denies the authorship. Enough is done to lay a foundation for ulterior proceedings."

The Court entirely and drily agreed with Dr. Lobb, who couldn't be said to have taken much by the production of his letter. Mrs. Barber was not to be shaken in the account she had given during her examination in chief of the occurrences at Poldadek, and contrived to import into her later evidence so many particulars relating to the style and manner of the housekeeping at that Cornish mansion, that the two Misses Barber were positively sobbing with vexation: Mrs. Barber the while contemplating them from her elevated cushion with an air of tender sympathy—

Love watching madness, with unalterable mien.

At last, when Mrs. B., in an unguarded moment, having fallen into error as to Dr. Lobb's meaning, disclosed to the Court that it was not Miss Harriet, but Miss Jane—oh! dear no, not Miss Hariet—who was in the habit of taking two pills every night in order to clear her complexion, even the learned civilian felt that the position was no longer tenable, and evacuated it, scarcely, as it seemed to me, with the honours of war. Mrs. Barber was evidently shocked at Dr. Lobb for having alluded to matters which surely should not be allowed to transpire beyond the inner regions of domestic life. Here were three distinct failures, but Dr. Lobb came up to time cheerfully for the fourth round, just as though he had not (I venture to borrow a phrase from the dialect of the P.R.) been so quietly "sent to dorse" on the three previous occasions. Mrs. Barber waited for him smiling—this time the Doctor advanced at once to the attack.

Dr. L. "Now, Mrs. Barber, about this blow which, as you allege, Mr. Barber struck you in the drawing-room at Cheltenham."

Mrs. B. (Was lost in reflection for a few moments, and then, as her eye rested upon Mr. Barber, who was sitting behind Dr. Lobb, the tears began to trickle down her cheeks; she sighed, too, poor thing! so heavily!) "I never said so."

Dr. L. "What! Madam, do you mean to tell me, and to tell the Jury, that you did not positively affirm here in this Court, but an hour ago, that your husband struck you on the arm in the drawing-room at Cheltenham with a bootjack?"

Mrs. B. (quite emptying her lungs). "A—h! Ah! I never said so."

Dr. L. "Re-e-ally, Mrs. Barber, this is a little too much. I took your words down myself."

Mrs. B. "Oh!" (with a slightly rocking movement). "Oh! Oh!"

Dr. L. "May I beg your Lordship to read the question and answer from your notes?"

The Court complied with the learned civilian's request, but it turned out that he was incorrect in this particular—that Mrs. Barber had spoken of the dressing-room, not of the drawing-room, as the scene of this catastrophe. Dr. Lobb here incurred a very severe admonition from the Court, to the effect that he could not be too particular about the *locus in quo*—a good deal always turned upon the *locus in quo*—as Dr. Lobb ought to be well aware.

Mrs. Barber, upon this occasion, was clearly in the right, and Dr. Lobb as clearly in the wrong as to the *locus in quo*. Mrs. B., however, continued the rocking movement, which was so painful to witness, and appeared quite insensible to the compliments of the Court. I could not help fancying that Dr. Lobb was a little confused by this last blow, but he continued the persecution with unabashed front.

Mrs. B. (Still crooning.) "No! Oh, no! Don't ask me any more about it; I said, it might have been the bootjack, but I was so stunned by Mr. Barber's violence—and by the fall—that I didn't see what he held in his hand."

Dr. L. "*That you didn't see what he held in his hand?* Now, Madam, will you tell the Jury—by virtue of your oath—was it not a tooth-brush Mr. Barber held in his hand at the time of the alleged assault? Were not you, in a fit of jealousy, endeavouring to prevent him from going out of doors? And is it not the true account of this transaction that Mr. Barber tried to keep you off with his right hand, and so, if at all, the toothbrush, not the bootjack, came into contact with your arm?"

Mrs. Barber wouldn't swear it was the bootjack, but it couldn't have been the tooth-brush—the blow was too heavy—and she bore on her person for too many days the marks of Mr. B's. violence to render that possible. Ann Iron, her maid, had seen the contusion. She had not called in surgical assistance for fear the rumour of Mr. Barber's ferocity should get abroad,—for in those days she still loved him. All that she had done was to apply Goulard-water plentifully, and to pray for Mr. Barber at night. Indeed, when Mr. B. returned late at night, or rather early in the morning, from the Club, where he had lost all his money, he was very near renewing the attack upon her because he found her sitting up in bed crying, with her arm in a sling, singing a beautiful passage in one of Watt's hymns, recommending resignation to wives in all the trials of domestic life, with the cheerful assurance that a day would come when ferocious husbands would meet with their deserts. It appeared that Mr. B. heard this pathetic wailing in his dressing-room, which adjoined their common sleeping apartment; and, as Mr. B. informed Dr. L., stormed into the bedroom—(she was sitting up in bed)—doing his hair with two large hair-brushes, and told her "to shut up that row"—for so this man of violence denominated the pious exercise in which his exemplary wife was engaged. Mrs. B. had simply folded her arms on her breast, and told him she was prepared for any extremity.

Mr. Barber's face was a perfect study whilst this testimony was borne to his secret misdeeds. He half rose up—his mouth wide open—and glared at his former victim just as a tiger in the Zoological Gardens might glare at the fresh shoulder of mutton which he should have had

for his dinner, but which the keeper had purposely placed beyond his reach. Astonishment, however, predominated over ferocity. The wretched man could not evidently bring himself to comprehend that the truth must come out at last — and in his case it was his hired agent who was the instrument of unveiling his atrocity to the eyes of the world. I am afraid that he uttered a very forcible expression; but I know that he brought down his clenched fist violently on the desk before him, almost in contact with Dr. Lobb's ear. Mrs. Barber uttered a faint scream, and buried her face in her hands. Mr. Lamb started up with great spirit to protect his client from the first outburst of this wretched man's anger; and, finally, Sir Cresswell administered to him an admirable rebuke, which I shall never forget to my dying day. I need not here set it forth at length, but the spirit of it was "that if Mr. Barber could not command his passions here in a Court of Justice—where he Sir C. C. was sitting, with the force of the British Empire at his back—what were the Jury to think his former conduct must have been, when a feeble and defenceless woman was in his power, in the silent hour of night, far away from all human

Cæcilia.—"Shut up that row!"

help?" Finally, Mr. Barber was informed that any renewal of his violence in that Court would lead, as a simple, inevitable, and instant result, to his incarceration for an unlimited term in one of Her Majesty's gaols. It could not be said, on the whole, that Dr. L. and his fierce client had come off the victors in the fourth round. From this moment it seemed to me that the Jury had made up their minds.

Dr. Lobb did all that he could, and that all amounted just to a faint endeavour to turn the subject by a playful allusion to the fate of the unhappy lap-dog, Fido; but before he could get out three sentences he was stopped by the old Judge, and informed, that as all allusion to this point had been struck off his notes during the examination in chief, he, Dr. Lobb, was not at liberty to cross-examine upon it. The Doctor was obviously losing heart, for he had not yet succeeded in establishing a single point. The incident of the hair at Brussels went off very much like that of the incident of the bootjack at Cheltenham—there was an obvious absence in Dr. L.'s method of handling the point of that delicacy of manipulation which characterised any case which had passed through the hands of the firm of "Lamb and Rackem." No dainty vision of a young uxorious husband just snipping off an end of the silken and perfumed tresses of a young angel in a dressing-gown, that he might enshrine the stolen treasure in a golden casket, and wear it upon his adoring heart, was conjured up before the mind of the British Jury—there were no hot-rolls—no tongue and chicken—no purring cat—no domestic

happiness. The cross-examination upon this point was a simple see-saw of Did you? and Did you not? which terminated entirely to the lady's advantage. I must content myself with merely indicating the theories set up by the defence to rebut most of the charges, and how these were in turn demolished by Mrs. Barber, as—indeed, how could it be otherwise, when she and Truth were on one side, and Dr. Lobb on the other?

It was then falsely pretended that the "incident of the burnt nose," at Folkestone, as described by the petitioner, was a pure fiction—that true it was that the bed in which Mrs. Barber was lying at Folkestone had been set on fire, but that the accident had entirely occurred through her own carelessness. The lady—this was Dr. L.'s infamous story—was in the habit of reading in bed, contrary to her husband's warnings, and even commands. Worse even than this—these were the occasions she selected for the perusal of French novels—a class of literature upon which Mr. Barber had set his *veto*. On the night in question Mrs. B. was reading in bed, a work called "*Mathilde, ou Mémoires d'une jeune femme*" —she fell asleep with the candlestick on her pillow, and the bed had caught fire, as well as Mrs. B.'s handkerchief, which was partly over her face. Mr. Barber, prôvidentially, just came in in time, and in all probability by so doing saved his wife's life. He admitted that before he had gone out he had in a playful manner applied a little cold cream to Mrs. B.'s face—but simply because her complexion had been injured by the sea air, during the passage of the Channel. The lady soon disposed of this paltry fabrication. She had never read a French novel in her life, except "*Télémaque*," a work upon which she doted from its spirited delineation of character, and variety of incident, and still more because it was the favourite reading of her dear governess, Miss Sophy Snap—now Mrs. Theobald Twist, resident with her husband in New Zealand. Mr. B.'s story was a pure invention. With regard to the distressing incident, known in this case as the "incident of the ankles," Mrs. B., after she had so far recovered from her distress and indignation as to be able to speak to the point at all, admitted that Augustus had made a scene upon the platform at Folkestone—as well as on the previous night, when they had been coming out of the steamer, and sworn at her violently because—she could not say it—well, because, as he alleged, she had been slightly too indulgent to the spectators in the display of her ankles. But if such a thing had happened at all—how had it happened? When they were leaving Ostend, Augustus had insisted upon her wearing a crinoline of unusual size, and stitching under it two huge pockets filled with cigars, which he compelled her to smuggle on his account in fraud of Her Majesty's revenue. Mrs. B. said that her usual habit was, in travelling, to discard the crinoline altogether—for she was well aware that ladies, with all the care and discretion they could exercise, could not upon all occasions guard against all contingencies when their dresses were extended according to the prevailing fashion. Dr. Lobb made just as little of these two points as of all that had gone before. When they had been disposed of—as described—he continued the cross-examination.

Dr. L. "Now Mrs. B., it results from all we have heard—from what took place at Cheltenham, at Brussels, at Folkestone, and elsewhere—that after leaving Folkestone you were living on the worst possible terms with your husband, who, as you tell us, had neglected you, sworn at you, insulted you, set fire to you, and beaten you. Is that so?"

What could the Doctor be driving at? I noticed just the slightest perceptible movement in Lamb's brow.

Mrs. B. "No, sir—not upon the worst possible terms—that came afterwards."

Dr. L. "*That came afterwards.* To what do you allude, Madam?"

Lobb had been so severely punished in his previous collisions with Mrs. Barber, that he had now quite lost his temper,—a circumstance which placed him almost at the mercy of his antagonist. Mrs. Barber—but women are wonderful creatures! —had cooled down to the temperature of an iced sword-blade. The learned civilian had so far forgotten himself as to speak to the lady rudely, almost coarsely,—so that there was a universal desire felt in Court to kick him out of it. He was not prepared for the reply. Mrs. Barber deliberately rose from her seat, as pale as death, and advancing to the front of the pen in full sight of the Jury, said, in a quiet emphatic way,—

Mrs. B. "Because, sir, I had not yet been staying at Scarborough with my child while my husband was living at another Hotel in the same town with the lady whom he has selected to fill my place. *That came afterwards!*"

With these words, Mrs. Barber retired again to the back of the pen, and, resuming her seat, burst into tears, leaving Dr. Lobb to squabble with the Judge upon the propriety of expunging this answer from his notes, on the ground that it was only relevant to the first issue, which was uncontested. It was no use: the Court was in such a state of high moral elevation, that the only wonder was that Lobb was not summarily sent to Bridewell with hard labour for fourteen days at least. Poor wretch; he couldn't afford to miss his point, as it is called in these regions, and so rushed on to further destruction, but with a kind of half apology.

Dr. L. "I had no intention, Mrs. Barber, I assure you, of re-opening that sore. No one can more deeply regret than my learned friends and myself that most painful incident in Mr. Barber's conduct; and I beg you to observe, that I have not put one question to you upon the subject, because I felt that you were fully entitled to—"

By the Court. "There, there, Dr. Lobb, you owed the lady an apology, and we'll take it that it is made. Go on."

Dr. L. (In a half-beaten way.) "Well, Mrs. Barber, after the incidents named, you were living at least on very bad terms with your husband?"

Mrs. B. (Making ineffectual attempts at tearful speech, at last got out with difficulty.) "Yes."

Dr. L. "Now, Madam, will you be good

enough to look at these notes, and tell me whether you admit them to be in your handwriting? I hope we shall be more fortunate than last time."

Mrs. B. (Sobbing.) "I ho—ho—ho—hope s—s—o. Yes. I wr—o—ote these le—le—letters."

The notes—they were three in number—were then handed up to the gentleman who could not keep his double-glasses on, and by him read out.

"*Why does Gussy Pussy stop away so long from his widowed fond Cecilia? I can't go to sleep at night for thinking of you, my own kind husband. The world is to me a blank when I am parted from my Augustus. I wonder how I could have lived through those cold days before my Oggy Poggy took me to his nest, and cherished and warmed my soul into the real poetry of existence. Ah, my Augustus! what years of happiness—nay, of bliss—you have given me! I water your dear hyacinth every morning, and tend it for your sake, even as you have tended me. Babe's blessed little tum-tum has been rather tight, and Mamma thinks he wants Dr. Rhubarb—he can already say, 'Bes—der—Pa.' So says your fond Cecilia.*"

The reader lost his glasses three times in the course of reading this remarkable letter—viz., at the words "Oggy Poggy," at the words "tum-tum," and at the infant's form of benediction.

The next note was shorter. The child's disorder had evidently increased.

"*Oh! my Augustus, I shall go distracted! Our blessed child—your dear image—is ill and suffering. The doctors—I have called in three physicians, for I know how regardless of expense you are when your Cecilia's feelings are concerned—say that the child is not in danger, but I cannot think so. My good, dear, indulgent Augustus, who have never given me a moment's anxiety or pain since the first blessed day when I met you in Hyde Park, come back to your agonised but loving wife, Cecilia B.*"

This note was plainer sailing—the glasses only fell twice. The third note was still shorter.

"*Dearest Gus,—Babe's tum-tum is all right again, and my poor heart is at rest. You know how I long for you back again, to pull your dear old whiskers; but if you are amusing yourself, don't hurry back on my account. I will only go to meet every train on the chance of finding you fifteen minutes sooner, for I would not lose one precious moment of Gussy's company. No! I can't say—stay away. Come to me by the next train, and send a telegram to tell me that you are coming to your loving Cecilia.*"

The glasses only fell off once during the reading of this note, at the word "whiskers." The notes had neither dates nor direction, but the envelopes bore the post-marks of Brighton on three successive days (this point was not disputed), and these dates were posterior in order of time to the acts of cruelty already spoken to by Mrs. Barber. They certainly did appear somewhat inconsistent with the theory set up for the Petitioner, namely, that Mr. Barber was an oppressive, ferocious, tyrannical, wife-beating, bruising, and burning husband. Dr. Lobb this time marched to assured victory, for now he had Mrs. Barber's handwriting to show against her. But the explanation given by the lady was simple and complete. Mr. Barber had an uncle, an old East Indian Merchant Captain, from whom he had expectations, and who occasionally supplied him with money. This gentleman was a bachelor, but was, however, a great stickler for the happiness of married life, and would certainly have entirely cut off the supplies had he imagined that Mr. Barber was ill-using his unfortunate wife. Upon the occasions when these letters were written, Mr. Barber wanted help from his uncle, and before leaving home he had, under the most terrible threats, compelled his wife to write the notes in question, and to post them on three successive days. When pressed rather hard upon the point of duplicity, Mrs. Barber could but cry, and admit that it was very wrong; but indeed she was afraid of her life—Mr. Barber held her down in a chair, and threatened her so. Oh yes! she had often deeply accused herself of perfidy to the kind old Captain—the only one of her husband's relatives for whom she ever entertained any respect; but Dr. Lobb didn't know what a woman's feelings were when a strong man was standing over her, and with the full ferocity of the sex, threatening her life. Dr. Lobb's gun had again missed fire.

Finally, Mrs. Barber scarcely condescended to notice Dr. Lobb's suggestion with regard to the luminous inscription, and the saucers filled with spirits of wine, and the metaphysical terrors of Herne Bay, which was to the effect that her loving husband had upon one occasion, and simply to solace their solitude in that remote watering-place, induced her to play at two-handed snap-dragon, and amused her with a magic-lantern. No: the incident was one of pure, unmitigated, excruciating horror, just as she had related it. Had she complained to her landlady? No! She became insensible; and as she was afterwards informed, congestion of the brain had been set up. It was not by agreement with herself, and at her own request, that Mr. B. had danced the Cachucha in her crinoline. She was never so shocked in her life, and could not look the three Messrs. Winterbotham in the face for weeks after the painful occurrence. Then, with regard to the diaphanous petticoats with the Holy Work and the Cotton Tops, Mrs. Barber entirely and indignantly repudiated the disgusting idea that she had used the Holy Work petticoats under tarlatan skirts with any idea of affording to the world a clearer idea of the Montresor foot, ankle—aye, and more than this. The question was an outrage. No! Mr. Barber had not insisted that she should wear worsted stockings out of regard to her health, and because her chest was delicate. He had never said that she was welcome to wear silk stockings as long as she pleased, so that she would only wear worsted under them in winter and in damp weather. He had been losing heavily at pool, when he proposed to her to wear the Cotton-Tops, and his sole object was—not her health—but a few miserable shillings, to enable him to re-appear at the billiard-table.

Dr. Lobb had done with the witness, who descended from the pen unshaken in any material way by the cross-examination.

Madame Léocadie Lareine was now called up, and examined in chief by Dr. Dodge. It was a magnificent spectacle to behold the way in which

this lady ascended into the pen, and took her place, after delivering herself of a stately scoop to the Judges and the Court, like a *Grande Dame* of the reign of Louis XIV. She did not give their Lordships any trouble about taking her seat—not she! When her attention was called to the various acts of cruelty, both of speech and act, with which Mr. Barber was charged on account of Mrs. Barber's alleged extravagance in dress, she clasped her hands in an emphatic way, and exclaimed, "Ah! *Mon Dieu! c'est infâme—le barbare!*" She then explained to the Court that the usual Parisian calculation for a lady's dress varied proportionately with the family income, and that the amount of the *dot* brought by the wife was invariably taken largely into account. Upon an income of 25,000 francs she would positively affirm—assuming two children—that a lady was economical who only expended 10,000 francs on dress. Mrs. Barber, in her opinion, was entitled to expend, at the least, 400*l.* per annum on this object. The sum of 200*l.* per annum was a *misère*—it was *mesquin—déplorable!* Was 25*l.* too much for that evening-robe of white satin? Assuredly not! The Court must take into account that there were *bouillonnés* of the same under the skirt, which was necessarily of tulle, which was again adorned with *bouillonnés* and a frill of silver lace. She saw no mention of the *berthe*, which was *de rigueur*. And then their Lordships would readily see that there must be a bow to match at the front of the body. For a terry-velvet bonnet, trimmed across the front with a scarf of the same, five guineas were a *bagatelle*. No! there would be no blonde inside. *Fi donc! quel genre!* The outer dress—petticoats, sleeves, collars, cuffs, gloves apart—she could not set a lady's little corner comforts down at less than 60*l.* per annum. In answer to Dr. Lobb, in cross-examination, she intimated to him, that she had been speaking hitherto of *ladies;* but she was quite prepared to admit that the wife of a small lawyer—a *petit avocat* like him (Dr. L.)—might dress herself for 40*l.* per annum. But then she must be *aux expédiens*, and devote her whole attention to turning, dyeing, and making shift. Would Dr. Lobb like to ask her any more questions? or any other gentleman? No? Then, *Ma foi! Bonjour!*

Ann Iron, Mrs. Barber's maid, was next called, and confirmed—nay, more than confirmed—her mistress's statements in all particulars. This witness had a leading idea, which no efforts of Dr. Lobb in cross-examination could shake, that Mr. Barber was always thumping and swearing at the "wife of his boozum." It did not clearly appear what additional aggravation this qualification conveyed to her mind, but so it was. What was most important was, that she fully confirmed Mrs. Barber's statements as to the extent of the injury inflicted on her, "the wife of his boozum," by Mr. B. at Cheltenham. She was not actually present when that ferocious man set fire to the nose of the "wife of his boozum" at Folkestone, but she saw the poor scorched face, and she knew that immediately afterwards Mrs. Barber had exclaimed: "Oh! Augustus, Augustus, how could you go for to do it!" She considered Mr. Barber a most violent and dangerous man, and her poor mistress something "better than the shiny angels."

The Court now rose, with the full understanding that the Respondent's case would be brought to a termination in another, and a short sitting. Mr. Lamb conducted Mrs. Barber out of Court with the air of a General who has just won a general action. Mrs. Barber's manner was a little subdued—her face was flushed—but she was lovely as ever. What had not that poor soul endured! GAMMA.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES IN STYRIA. By C. E.

(Concluded from p. 235.)

The early history of the Château of Ehrenhausen, like that of many others, is lost in antiquity. In 1400, however, we find that the Countess Tugga repaired the outer defences of the castle; at a later period it came into the possession of the princely family of Eggenberg, which played a conspicuous part in the glories of their country, two of the last princes, one Wolfgang, a general, and the other Rupricht, Ban of Croatia, and an admiral, are buried in a beautiful mausoleum on the west-side of the castle-hill, as shown in the sketch. The admiral was buried there in 1662. The interior of this building forms an interesting little chapel, in the Italian style, of the 17th century; on each side of the altar on the walls of the chapel are two very good full-length portraits of the above named princes in the costume of their several periods. The entrance to the mausoleum is guarded by two colossal figures in armour, each cut out of a single block of stone eighteen feet in height, raised upon pedestals, upon which are sculptured bas reliefs in white marble, representing the principal actions—by land and sea—of the two princes.

When the family of Eggenberg became extinct, Ehrenhausen passed into the family of Leslie, by a marriage of a co-heiress of the last prince with Anton, Count Leslie. The family of Leslie, which had become very powerful and illustrious in Austria, is descended from the noble family of Leslie—Barons of Balquhain, in Scotland—and had risen by their military talents, and other services, to the highest ranks of command in the Austrian service, and were created counts of the empire. By a similar marriage, as that we have recorded above, Ehrenhausen was transferred by *dot* to the family of Attems, counts of the empire, one of whom, Count Francis Constant Attems, married Marie-Anne Rosalia, daughter of Charles Cajetan, Count Leslie. The family of Attems is descended from, and connected with, some of the first princely houses, and noble families in the empire—namely, Eggenberg, Dittrichstein, Liechtenstein, Stabenberg and Trautmansdorf; and, through the Leslies, with a great number of the first nobility in Scotland, some of whom are descended by marriage from the royal family of Stuart. Trees of these descents drawn out for the Counts Leslie by the Lyon Office, in Scotland, are now in the possession of Count William Attems of Spielfeld, the head of this branch of the family of Attems.

The château itself is very interesting: it is sur-

rounded by a dry moat on three sides, and protected to the north by the steep face of the rock which descends nearly perpendicularly to the river. In addition to this, there has been constructed, at a later period, a curtained outwork, entirely enclosing the castle, and flanked at the four angles with as many bastions, according to the usual method of defence, after the introduction of fire-arms. The original entrance to the castle was by a drawbridge over the dry moat; but at present the access is by a stone-bridge which leads to an archway under the west-front: in the centre, on the right, is the great stair, ascending to the first story, in which

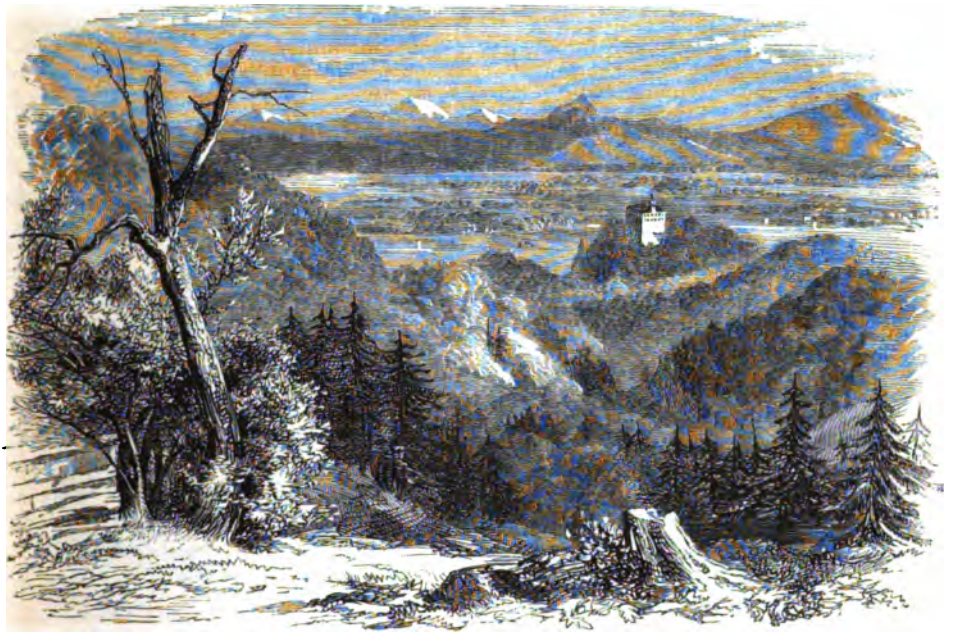
Chamber in the Castle of Ehrenhausen.

are situated the principal rooms. On passing through the arch, we enter the vast court of the castle; this court is still lighted in the primitive manner of the old castles and houses of the middle ages. A huge half-spherical iron cradle is suspended at the extremity of a rod of the same metal projecting from the wall, and furnished with several joints which allow of its being drawn in, or extended at pleasure to the distance of eight or ten feet over the court, and is placed on a level with the corridor of the second story which surrounds the court, and which is supported on pillars of Saxon style remarkable for their solidity and simplicity. The cradle is furnished with "kien-holz" or "bog-wood," which is still used in the highlands of Scotland and Ireland. It is that resinous part of the pine-wood which is found most abundant in the base and root of all the pine species, but especially in that of the spruce-fir. When the cradle is ignited, and is extended to the full extent of the rod, the blaze throws over the whole court the light of day; a "retainer" is in constant attendance to see that a proper supply of kien-holz * is given to feed the light. In the same manner the great kitchen of the castle is lighted in the centre by a tall moveable tripod candelabra, also of iron, about six feet high. The top of the stem is furnished with a pair of spring pincers, which holds between its teeth a large splinter of the same resinous wood, and when ignited gives a blaze of light over the whole space around. When this is burned down to the teeth, which takes some time, another piece is supplied from a vast heap of material which is kept for that purpose in a niche of the huge kitchen.

* "Kien-holz" signifies, literally, "resinous wood."

There are two open corridors which run round the court, one to each storey, supported on pillars such as we have described, and which lead to the different apartments within the quadrangle of the building, one of which, however—that on the north, from which the principal apartments are approached—is closed between the pillars with glass, and heated in winter, forming a most agreeable promenade in cold or wet weather, the corridor being at least a hundred feet in length.

But one of the most interesting objects in the interior of the château is a chamber which commands a beautiful view over the woody hills, and which retains more than any of the rest



View from Felsenberg of the Castle of Ehrenhausen, with Brunsee, Weinberg, and Gleichenberg in the distance.

the primitive characteristics of the building: the walls are *boisé* or wainscotted with oak, and the ceiling is traversed in both directions with massive chamfered beams of the same wood, the compartments between which are painted partly with designs from the actions of the two celebrated Princes of Eggenberg mentioned above; while in the lesser divisions appear the famous battle charger of Prince Wolfgang, and the antique galleys of the Admiral Prince Rupricht. The walls are hung with portraits of various Princes and Princesses of Eggenberg, and of their successors, the Leslies: among the latter there is one very interesting, a full-length, in the costume of his period, the middle of the last century; he is very young, and holds in his hand a scroll. At the foot of the picture is the following inscription, alluding to the scroll:

PETITION for Antonius Leslie, second son of Charles Cajetan, Count Leslie, the grandson and lineal heir male of Patrick Leslie of Balquhain, the Tailzier, Antonius Josefus S.M.F. Comes de Leslie et Baro de Balquhain. Natus xix. Feb. anno 1734.

The furniture of the apartment is in keeping with the period; the tables, chairs, and wardrobes are of oak, and of antique forms, and rugs of bears' and deers' skins cover the floor.

From this princely residence we have made some delightful and interesting excursions among the woody mountains and valleys in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of these luxuriant hills are animated with the most genuine spirit of hospitality and kindness: a great part of them are proprietors, possessing a considerable extent of forest and vineyards, and agricultural lands in the valleys: they possess too that genuine character of frankness and independence, hospitality and liveliness, which is the type of the aboriginal race of a mountain land.

One day, Count Heinric Attems, the Lord of Ehrenhausen, proposed to make an excursion to the top of Felsenberg, the highest hill in the neighbourhood, and we set out after luncheon, accompanied by our host and his brother, Count William Attems of Spielfeld, and their families also. We made a circuit of some miles among the delicious valleys, and finally visited Felsberg, the residence of a rural proprietor, Herr Genser, which is situated on the crown of the hill from which it takes its name. It is surrounded by the forest, and clothed with vineyards and fruit trees to its summit. On arriving at the house, we found our host waiting to receive us in a "Lusthaus," or pavilion, in front of the dwelling, and perched on the edge of the steep green slope which descended to the valley on the east: here we found prepared a sumptuous collation, the table groaning with venison, capons, turkeys,

hams, tongues, and *salamy*,* garnished with a profusion of every description of fruit, besides whole hampers of grapes, and "grey-beards" of wine, each containing three to four bottles, all the production of the property of our "old man of the mountain." Nor was our hospitable entertainer insensible to the fine arts. On entering the principal room of his abode, we found it entirely surrounded with a variety of interesting objects and antique arms, while the walls were covered with old portraits in their original frames,—not, it is true, all of his own ancestors, but at various periods of his long life of seventy-two years, purchased at the sales which had occurred in the châteaux of the surrounding country; the greatest number of which had once belonged to the old family of Spielfeld, now, we believe, extinct, and which property, with the castle, was purchased, first by the Duchesse de Berri, and from her by the late Count Anton Attems of Ehrenhausen, Obergamlitz, and Spielfeld, &c., &c.

During our rural repast we were entertained by music, provided by our host, the performers being his own domestics. From our lofty position we enjoyed on every side the most extensive and beautiful views; to the south, west, and north, arose hills of every form that can be found in an Alpine country, clothed in wood to their summits, and at their bases surrounded by vineyards, orchards, and rich cultivation teeming with the luxuriance of the vintage season: to the east stretched the extensive plain already mentioned, which lies between the river Mur, which flows at the base of the rock of Ehrenhausen, to the mountains of Gleichenberg, Cogelberg, &c.; in the midst of this wide expanse, rising out of a mass of wood, shine the white walls of Brunsee, and farther still those of Weinberg, the residences of the exiled family of France. But, above all attractions, rises, towering on its woody hill, Ehrenhausen, the hospitable château of our noble host, Count Heinric Attems.

The sun had begun to shed its last golden beams on the summits of the western mountains, and it was time to bid adieu, however reluctantly, to our truly highland host; but we were not to part so hastily. Bumper after bumper was filled to the health of Count Attems, and his numerous party—for he would not omit one—and at last it became our duty to return the compliment by drinking the "parting cup" to the health of our patriarchal entertainer; but even in this we could not limit the bounty of our host, who insisted that his health should be drunk in a full bumper from the "guid-man's glass," which proved to be a huge "bocal,"† containing at least a quart. This having been punctually fulfilled by all the gentlemen, and the goblet, according to custom, reversed on the table by each in succession, we descended the mountain to the carriages, six in number, which awaited our return down in the valley far below.

We only reached the avenue of old chesnuts which leads up the steep approach to the château of Ehrenhausen, when the broad full moon, "round as the shield of my fathers," rose over the eastern plain in a flood of silver light, strongly contrasting with the red gleam which illuminated the windows of the castle and the conservatory, the last of which has been built by the present Count, with much taste from a design of his own. Upon entering, we found supper prepared, and the evening passed with songs of Styrian bards, accompanied on the *zither* * by the Count and his amiable lady with the most touching feeling and perfect execution.

It was with deep regret that, after a week's *séjour* in this interesting abode, we bade adieu to its noble and hospitable owners, and early the following morning we were flying back with railroad speed towards the majestic Semmering, *en route* for the capital of Austria.

* Sausages of a foot long, and two to three inches thick.

† The "bocal" is an upright chalice. It was the ordinary drinking-cup of all Europe in the early and middle ages, and retained until a recent period among the Germans and their neighbours. Of old, those for ordinary use were of "latten" (i.e., pewter), and those of noble tables of silver, or "vermeil," sometimes, among the most wealthy, studded with jewels. After the popular introduction of glass, they were made of that material, and splendid examples are to be found in some of the old and noble mansions. They were generally richly engraved with the armorial bearings of their owners, and frequently closed by a cover also beautifully ornamented.

ΑΝΑΜΝΗΣΙΣ.

What is that sacred well,
Wherein, as poets tell
(And they are wise),
Shut in its deeps fair Truth for ever lies?
My tongue is silent, but my thought replies—
"Your eyes!"

What are those queenly stars
That o'er the violet bars
Of sunset rise,
One in the wave, the other on the skies?
How near my lips the loving answer lies—
"Your eyes!"

And what is that clear hue,
That frank wide-open blue,
That still surprise,
When from the lake its fringe of shadow flies?
Low in my heart persistent echo cries—
"Your eyes!"

So many sights around!
Such musical soft sound
And witchery
Of airs that rock the blossom and the bee!
Yet nothing shines, or speaks, or sings for me
But she:

All things are shows of her;
And she, the interpreter,
Gliding above
The silent waters, or the sleepy grove,
Doth swiftly make this dead earth live and move
With love.

What if, in such a mood,
Her very womanhood
Should come in view,
With eyes thus bright, thus truthful, and thus blue?
Ah, would she halt and give my spirit true
Its due?

Arthur J. Munby.

* An ancient instrument once among the most popular throughout Europe, the last tradition of which lingered in the highlands of Scotland under the name of the *Crwit*, of which the *Crwth* of Wales was only a variety.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATCH OF FALLOWFIELD AGAINST BECKLEY.

THE dramatic proportions to which ale will exalt the sentiments within us, and our delivery of them, are apt to dwindle and shrink even below the natural elevation when we look back on them from the hither shore of the river of sleep—in other words, wake in the morning: and it was with no very self-satisfied emotions that Evan, dressing by the full light of day, reviewed his share in the events of the preceding night. Why, since he had accepted his fate, should he pretend to judge the conduct of people his superiors in rank? And where was the necessity for him to thrust the fact of his being that abhorred social pariah down the throats of an assembly of worthy good fellows? The answer was, that he had not accepted his fate: that he considered himself as good a gentleman as any man living, and was in absolute hostility with the prejudices of society. That was the state of the case; but the evaporation of ale in his brain caused him to view his actions from the humble extreme of that delightful liquor, of which the spirit had flown and the corpse remained.

Having revived his system with soda-water, and finding no sign of his antagonist below, Mr. Raikes, to disperse the sceptical dimples on his friend's face, alluded during breakfast to a determination he had formed to go forth and show on the cricket-field.

"For, you know," Jack observed, "they can't have any objection to fight *me*."

Evan, slightly colouring, answered: "Why, you said up-stairs, you thought fighting duels disgraceful folly."

"So it is, so it is; everybody knows that," returned Jack; "but what can a gentleman do?"

"That's decisive," said Evan.

"What can a gentleman do?" Jack reiterated.

"Be a disgraceful fool, I suppose," said Evan: and Jack went on with his breakfast, as if to be such occasionally was the distinguished fate of a gentleman, of which others, not so happy in their birth, might well be envious.

Mr. Raikes could not help betraying that he bore in mind the main incidents of the festival over-night; for when he had inquired who it might be that had reduced his friend to wear mourning, and heard that it was his father (spoken by Evan with a quiet sigh), Mr. Raikes tapped an egg, and his flexible brows exhibited a whole Bar of contending arguments within. More than for the love of pleasure, Mr. Raikes had spent his money to be taken for a gentleman. He naturally thought highly of the position, having bought it. But Mr. Raikes appreciated a capital fellow, and felt warmly to Evan, who, moreover, was feeding him. To put Evan in countenance, he said, with genial facetiousness, that was meant to mark his generous humility:

"And I, Harrington, I mourn my hat. He is

old—I mourn him yet living. The presence of crape on him signifies—he ne'er shall have a gloss again! Nay, more—for thus doth veritable sorrow serve us—it conceals one or two striking defects, my friend! I say, my family would be rather astonished to see me in this travesty—in this most strange attire, eh?"

The latter sentence was uttered indirectly for the benefit of the landlady, who now stood smiling in the room, wishing them good morning, and hoping they had slept well. She handed to Evan his purse, telling him she had taken it last night, thinking it safer for the time being in her pocket; and that the chairman of the feast paid for all in the Green Dragon up to twelve that day, he having been born between the hours, and liking to make certain: and that every year he did the same; and was a seemingly rough old gentleman, but as soft-hearted as a chicken. His name must positively not be inquired, she said; to be thankful to him was to depart, asking no questions.

"And with a dart in the bosom from those eyes—those eyes!" cried Jack, shaking his head at the landlady's resistless charms.

"I hope you was not one of the gentlemen who came and disturbed us last night, sir?" she turned on him sharply.

Jack dallied with the imputation, but denied his guilt.

"No; it wasn't your voice," continued the landlady. "A parcel of young puppies, calling themselves gentlemen! I know him. It's that young Mr. Laxley: and he the nephew of a Bishop, and one of the Honourables! And then the poor gals get the blame. I call it a shame, I do. There's that poor young creature up-stairs—somebody's victim she is: and nobody's to suffer but herself, the little fool!"

"Yes," said Jack. "Ah! we regret these things in after life!" and he looked as if he had many gentlemanly burdens of the kind on his conscience.

"It's a wonder, to my mind," remarked the landlady, when she had placidly surveyed Mr. Raikes, "how young gals *can* let some of you men-folk mislead 'em."

"It is a wonder," said Jack; "but pray don't be pathetic, ma'am—I can't stand it."

The landlady turned from him huffily, and addressed Evan: "The old gentleman is gone, sir. He slept on a chair, breakfasted, and was off before eight. He left word, as the child was born on his birthnight, he'd provide for it, and pay the mother's bill, unless you claimed the right. I'm afraid he suspected—what I never, never—no! but by what I've seen of you—never will believe. For you, I'd say, must be a gentleman, whatever your company. She asks one favour of you, sir:—for you to go and let her speak to you once before you go away for good. She's asleep now, and mustn't be disturbed. Will you do it, by and by? Please to comfort the poor creature, sir."

Evan consented. I am afraid also it was the landlady's flattering speech made him, without reckoning his means, add that the young mother and her child must be considered under his care, and their expenses charged to him. The landlady was obliged to think him a wealthy as well as a noble youth, and admiringly curtsied.

Mr. John Raikes and Mr. Evan Harrington then strolled into the air, and through a long court-yard, with brewhouse and dairy on each side, and a pleasant smell of baking bread, and dogs winking in the sun, cats at the corners of doors, satisfied with life, and turkeys parading, and fowls, strutting cocks, that overset the dignity of Mr. Raikes by awakening his imitative propensities. Certain white-capped women, who were washing in a tub, laughed, and one observed: "He's for all the world like the little bantam cock stickin' 'self up in a crow against the Spaniar'." And this, and the landlady's marked deference to Evan, induced Mr. Raikes contemptuously to glance at our national blindness to the true diamond, and worship of the mere plumes in which a person is dressed.

"Strip a man of them—they don't know you," said Jack, despondently.

"You ought to carry about your baby-linen, stamped 'gentleman born,'" said Evan.

Jack returned: "It's all very well for you to joke, but—" his tardy delicacy stopped him.

They passed a pretty flower-garden, and entering a smooth-shorn meadow, beheld the downs beautifully clear under sunlight and slowly-sailing images of cloud. At the foot of the downs, on a plain of grass, stood a white booth topped by a flag, which signalled that on that spot Fallowfield and Beckley were contending.

"A singular old gentleman! A very singular old gentleman, that!" Jack observed, following an idea that had been occupying him. "We did wrong to miss him. We ought to have waylaid him in the morning. Never miss a chance, Harrington."

"What chance?" Evan inquired.

"Those old gentlemen are very odd," Jack pursued: "very strange. *He* wouldn't have judged me by my attire. Admetus' flocks I guard, yet am a god! Dress is nothing to those old cocks. He's an eccentric. I know it; I can see it. He's a corrective of Cudford, who is abhorrent to my soul. To give you an instance, now, of what those old boys will do—I remember my father taking me, when I was quite a youngster, to a tavern he frequented, and we met one night just such an old fellow as this; and the waiter told us afterwards that he noticed me particularly. He thought me a very remarkable boy—predicted great things. For some reason or other my father never took me there again. I remember our having a Welsh rarebit there for supper, and when the waiter last night mentioned a rarebit, 'gad, he started up before me. I gave chase into my early youth. However, my father never took me to meet the old fellow again. I believe it lost me a fortune."

Evan's thoughts were leaping to the cricket-field, or he would have condoled with Mr. Raikes for a loss that evidently afflicted him still, and of which he was doubtless frequently reminded on occasions when, in a bad hat, he gazed on a glittering company from afar.

"Shall we go over and look at them?" Evan asked, after watching the distant scene wistfully.

"Hem! I don't know," Jack replied. "The fact is, my hat is a burden in the staring crowd. A hat like this should counsel solitude. Oh!" he fired up, "if you think I'm afraid, come along. Upon my honour!"

Evan, who had been smiling at him, laughed, and led the way.

Now it must be told that the lady's-maid of Mrs. Andrew Cogglesby, borrowed temporarily by the Countess de Saldar for service at Beckley Court, had slept in charge of the Countess's boxes at the Green Dragon: the Countess having told her, with the candour of high-born dames to their attendants, that it would save expense; and that, besides, Admiral Combleman, whom she was going to see, or Sir Perkins Ripley (her father's old friend), whom she should visit if Admiral Combleman was not at his mansion—both were likely to have full houses, and she could not take them by storm. An arrangement which left her upwards of twelve hours' liberty, seemed highly proper to Maria Conning, this lady's-maid, a very demure young person. She was at her bed-room window, as Evan passed up the court-yard of the inn, and recognised him immediately. "Can it be him they mean that's the low tradesman?" was Maria's mysterious exclamation. She examined the pair, and added: "Oh, no. It must be the tall one they've mistook for the small one. But Mr. Harrington ought not to demean himself by keeping company with such, and my lady should know of it."

My lady, alighting from the Lymport coach, did know of it, within a few minutes after Evan had quitted the Green Dragon, and turned pale, as high-born dames naturally do when they hear of a relative's disregard of the company he keeps.

"A tailor, my lady!" said scornful Maria; and the Countess jumped and complained of a pin.

"How did you hear of this, Conning?" she presently asked with composure.

"Oh, my lady, he was tipsy last night, and kept swearing out loud he was a gentleman."

"Tipsy!" the Countess murmured in terror. She had heard of inaccessible truths brought to light by the magic wand of alcohol. Was Evan intoxicated, and his dreadful secret unlocked last night?

"And who may have told you of this, Conning?" she asked.

Maria plunged into one of the boxes, and was understood to say that nobody in particular had told her, but that among other flying matters it had come to her ears.

"My brother is Charity itself," sighed the Countess. "He welcomes high or low."

"Yes, but, my lady, a tailor!" Maria repeated, and the Countess, agreeing with her scorn as she did, could have killed her. At least she would have liked to have run a bodkin into her, and made her scream. In her position she could not always be Charity itself: nor is this the required character for a high-born dame: so she rarely affected it.

"Order a fly; discover the direction Mr. Harrington has taken; spare me further remarks," she said; and Maria humbly flitted from her presence.

When she was gone, the Countess covered her with her hands. "Even this creature would despise us!" she exclaimed.

The young lady encountered by Mr. Raikes on the road to Fallowfield, was wrong in saying that Beckley would be seen out before the shades of evening caught up the ball. Not one, but two men of Beckley—the last two—carried out their bats, cheered handsomely by both parties. The wickets pitched in the morning, they carried them in again, and plaudits renewed proved that their fame had not slumbered. To stand before a field, thoroughly aware that every successful stroke you make is adding to the hoards of applause in store for you—is a joy to your friends, an exasperation to your foes;—I call this an exciting situation, and one as proud as a man may desire. Then again, the two last men of an eleven are twins: they hold one life between them; so that he who dies extinguishes the other. Your faculties are stirred to their depths. You become engaged in the noblest of rivalries: in defending your own, you fight for your comrade's existence. You are assured that the dread of shame, if not emulation, is making him equally wary and alert.

Behold, then, the two bold men of Beckley fighting to preserve one life. Under the shadow of the downs they stand, beneath a glorious day, and before a gallant company. For there are ladies in carriages here, there are cavaliers; good county names may be pointed out. The sons of first-rate families are in the two elevens, mingled with yeomen and whoever can best do the business. Fallowfield and Beckley, without regard to rank, have drawn upon their muscle and science. One of the bold men of Beckley at the wickets is Nick Frim, son of the gamekeeper at Beckley Court; the other is young Tom Copping, son of Squire Copping, of Dox Hall, in the parish of Beckley. Last year, you must know, Fallowfield beat. That is why Nick Frim, a renowned out-hitter, good to finish a score brilliantly with a pair of threes, has taken to blocking, and Mr. Tom cuts with caution, though he loves to steal his runs, and is usually dismissed by his remarkable cunning.

The field was ringing at a stroke of Nick Frim's, who had lashed out in his old familiar style at last, and the heavens heard of it, when Evan came into the circle of spectators. Nick and Tom were stretching from post to post, might and main. A splendid four was scored. The field took breath with the heroes; and presume not to doubt that heroes they are. It is good to win glory for your country; it is also good to win glory for your village. A Member of Parliament, Sir George Lowton, notes this emphatically, from the statesman's eminence, to a group of gentlemen on horseback round a carriage wherein a couple of fair ladies reclined.

"They didn't shout more at the news of the Battle of Waterloo. Now this is our peculiarity, this absence of extreme centralisation. It must be encouraged. Local jealousies, local rivalries, local triumphs—these are the strength of the kingdom."

"If you mean to say that cricket 's a——" the old squire speaking (Squire Uploft of Fallowfield)

remembered the saving presences, and coughed—"good thing, I'm one with ye, Sir George. Encouraged, egad! They don't want much of that here. Give some of your lean London straws a strip o' clean grass and a bit o' liberty, and you'll do 'em a service."

"What a beautiful hit!" exclaimed one of the ladies, languidly watching the ascent of the ball.

"Beautiful, d'ye call it?" muttered the squire.

The ball, indeed, was dropping straight into the hands of the long-hit-off. Instantly a thunder rolled. But it was Beckley that took the joyful treble—Fallowfield the deeply-cursing bass. The long-hit-off, he who never was known to miss a catch—butter-fingered beast!—he has let the ball slip through his fingers.

Are there gods in the air? Fred Linnington, the unfortunate of Fallowfield, with a whole year of unhappy recollection haunting him in prospect, ere he can retrieve his character—Fred, if he does not accuse the powers of the sky, protests that he cannot understand it, which means the same. Fallowfield's defeat—should such be the result of the contest—he knows now will be laid at his door. Five men who have bowled at the indomitable Beckleyans think the same. Albeit they are Britons, it abashes them. They are not the men they were. Their bowling is as the bowling of babies; and see! Nick, who gave the catch, and pretends he did it out of commiseration for Fallowfield, the ball has flown from his bat sheer over the booth. If they don't add six to the score, it will be the fault of their legs. But no: they rest content with a fiver. Yet more they mean to do, and cherish their wind. Success does not turn the heads of these Britons, as it would of your frivolous foreigners.

And now small boys (who represent the Press here) spread out from the marking-booth, announcing foremost, and in larger type, as it were, quite in Press style, their opinion—which is, that Fallowfield will get a jolly good hiding; and vociferating that Beckley is seventy-nine ahead, and that Nick Frim, the favourite of the field, has scored fifty-one to his own cheek. The boys are boys of both villages: but they are British boys—they adore prowess. The Fallowfield boys wish that Nick Frim would come and live on their side; the boys of Beckley rejoice in possessing him. Nick is the wicket-keeper of the Beckley eleven: long-limbed, wiry, keen of eye. His fault as a batsman is, that he will be a slashing hitter. He is too sensible of the joys of a grand spanking hit. A short life and a merry one, has hitherto been his motto.

But there were reasons for Nick's rare display of skill. That woman may have the credit due to her (and, as there never was a contest of which she did not sit at the springs, so is she the source of all superhuman efforts exhibited by men), be it told that Polly Wheedle is on the field; Polly, one of the upper housemaids of Beckley Court; Polly, eagerly courted by Fred Linnington, humbly desired by Nick Frim—a pert and blooming maiden—who, while her suitors combat hotly for an undivided smile, improves her holiday by instilling similar unselfish aspirations into the breasts of others.

Between his enjoyment of society and the melancholy it engendered in his mind by reflecting on him the age and decrepitude of his hat, Mr. John Raikes was doubtful of his happiness for some time. But, as his taste for happiness was sharp, he, with a great instinct amounting almost to genius in its pursuit, resolved to extinguish his suspicion by acting the perfectly happy man. To do this, it was necessary that he should have listeners: Evan was not enough, and was besides unsympathetic. He had not responded to Jack's cordial assurances of his friendship "in spite of *anything*," uttered before they came into the field.

Mr. Raikes tried two or three groups. There is danger, when you are forcing a merry countenance before the mirror presented to you by your kind, that your features, unless severely practised, will enlarge beyond the artistic limits and degenerate to a grimace. Evan (hardly a fair judge, perhaps) considered the loud remarks of Mr. Raikes on popular pastimes, and the expression of his approval of popular sports, his determination to uphold them, his extreme desire to see the day when all the lower orders would have relaxation once a week, and his unaffected willingness to stoop to join their sports, exaggerated, and, in contrast with his attire, incongruous. He allowed Mr. Raikes but a few minutes in one spot. He was probably too much absorbed in himself to see and admire the sublime endeavour of the imagination of Mr. Raikes to soar beyond his hat.

Heat and lustre were now poured from the sky, on whose soft blue a fleet of clouds sailed heavily. Nick Frim was very wonderful, no doubt. He deserved that the gods should recline on those gold-edged cushions above, and lean over to observe him. Nevertheless the ladies were beginning to ask when Nick Frim would be out. The small boys alone preserved their enthusiasm for Nick. As usual, the men took a middle position. Their's was the pleasure of critics, which, being founded on the judgment, lasts long, and is without disappointment at the close. It was sufficient that the ladies should lend the inspiration of their bonnets to this fine match. Their presence on the field is another beautiful instance of the generous yielding of the sex simply to grace our amusement, and their acute perception of the part they have to play.

Mr. Raikes was rather shy of them at first. But his acting rarely failed to deceive himself; he began to feel himself the perfectly happy man he impersonated, and where there were ladies Jack went, and talked of days when he had creditably handled a bat, and of a renown in the annals of Cricket cut short by mysterious calamity. The foolish fellow did not know that they care not a straw for cricketing fame. Jack's gaiety presently forsook him as quickly as it had come. Instead of remonstrating at Evan's restlessness, it was he who now dragged Evan from spot to spot. He spoke low and nervously. By-and-by he caught hold of Evan's arm, and breathed in an awful voice, the words:

"We're watched!"

"Oh, are we?" said Evan carelessly. "See, there are your friends of last night."

Laxley and Harry Jocelyn were seen addressing

Miss Wheedle, who apparently had plenty of answers for them, and answers of a kind that encouraged her sheepish natural courtiers (whom the pair of youthful gentlemen entirely overlooked) to snigger and seem at their ease.

"Will you go over and show?" said Evan.

Mr. Raikes glanced from a corner of his eye, and returned, with tragic emphasis and brevity:

"We're watched. I shall bolt."

"Very well," said Evan. "Go to the inn. I'll come to you in an hour or so, and then we'll walk on to London, if you like."

"Bailiffs *do* take fellows in the country," murmured Jack. "They've an extraordinary scent. I fancied them among my audience when I appeared on the boards. That's what upset me, I think. Is it much past twelve o'clock?"

Evan drew forth his watch.

"Just on the stroke."

"Then I shall just be in time to stick up something to the old gentleman's birthday. Perhaps I may meet him! I rather think he noticed me favourably. Who knows? A sprightly half-hour's conversation might induce him to do odd things. He shall certainly have my address."

Mr. Raikes, lingering, caught sight of an object, cried "Here he comes: I'm off," edged through the crowd, over whose heads he tried—standing on tip-toe—to gain a glimpse of his imaginary persecutor, and dodged away.

Evan strolled on. A long success is better when seen at a distance of time, and Nick Frim was beginning to suffer from the monotony of his luck. Fallowfield could do nothing with him. He no longer blocked. He lashed out at every ball, and far flew every ball that was bowled. The critics saw in this return to his old practices, promise of Nick's approaching extinction. The ladies were growing hot and weary. The little boys gasped on the grass, but like cunning circulators of excitement, spread a report to keep it up, that Nick, on going to his wickets the previous day, had sworn an oath that he would not lay down his bat till he had scored a hundred. So they had still matter to agitate their youthful breasts, and Nick's gradual building up of tens, and prophecies and speculations as to his chances of completing the hundred, were still vehemently confided to the field, amid a general mopping of faces.

Evan did become aware that a man was following him. The man had not the look of a dreaded official. His countenance was sun-burnt and open, and he was dressed in a countryman's holiday suit. When Evan met his eyes they showed perplexity. Evan felt he was being examined from head to heel, but by one unaccustomed to his part, and without the courage to decide what he ought consequently to do while a doubt remained, though his inspection was verging towards a certainty in his mind.

At last, somewhat annoyed that the man should continue to dog him wherever he moved, he turned on him and asked him what he wanted?

"Be you a Muster Evv'n Harrington, Esquire?" the man drawled out in the rustic music of inquiry.

"That is my name," said Evan.

"Ay," returned the man, "it's somebody lookin' like a lord, and has a small friend wi' shockin' old hat, and I see ye come out o' the Green Drag'n this mornin'—I don't reck'n there's ere a mistaak, but I likes to make cock sure. Be you been to Poortigal, sir?"

"Yes," answered Evan, "I have been to Portugal."

"What's the name o' the capital o' Poortigal, sir?" The man looked immensely shrewd, and nodding his consent at the laughing reply, added:

"And there you was born, sir? You'll excuse my boldness, but I only does what's necessary."

Evan said he was not born there.

"No, not born there. That's good. Now, sir, did you happen to be born anywheres within smell o' salt water?"

"Yes," answered Evan, "I was born by the sea."

"Not far beyond fifty mile from Fall'field here, sir?"

"Something less."

"All right. Now I'm cock sure," said the man. "Now, if you'll have the kindness just to oblige me by——" he sped the words and the instrument jointly at Evan, "takin' that there letter, I'll say good-bye, sir, and my work's done for the day."

Saying which he left Evan with the letter in his hands.

Evan turned it over curiously. It was addressed to "Evan Harrington, Esquire, T—— of Lymport."

A voice paralysed his fingers: the clear ringing voice of a young horsewoman, accompanied by a little maid on a pony, who galloped up to the carriage upon which Squire Uploft, Sir George Lowton, Hamilton Jocelyn, and other cavaliers, were in attendance.

"Here I am at last, and Beckley's in still! How d' ye do, Lady Roseley. How d' ye do, Sir George. How d' ye do, everybody. Your servant, squire! We shall beat you. Harry says we shall soon be a hundred a-head of you. Fancy those boys! they would sleep at Fallowfield last night. How I wish you had made a bet with me, squire."

"Well, my lass, it's not too late," said the squire, detaining her hand.

"Oh, but it wouldn't be fair now. And I'm not going to be kissed on the field, if you please, squire. Here, Dorry will do instead. Dorry! come and be kissed by the Squire."

It was Rose, living and glowing; Rose, who was the brilliant young Amazon, smoothing the neck of a mettlesome gray cob. Evan's heart bounded up to her, but his limbs were motionless.

The squire caught her smaller companion in his arms, and sounded a kiss upon both her cheeks; then settled her in the saddle, and she went to answer some questions of the ladies. She had the same lively eyes as Rose; quick saucy lips, red, and open for prattle. Rolls of auburn hair fell down her back, for being a child she was allowed privileges. To talk as her thoughts came, as well as to wear her hair as it grew, was a special privilege of this young person, on horseback or elsewhere.

"Now, I know what you want to ask me, Aunt Shorne. Isn't it about my papa? He's not come, and he won't be able to come for a week.—Glad to be with Cousin Rosey? I should think I am! She's the nicest girl I ever could suppose. She isn't a bit spoiled by Portugal; only browned; and she doesn't care for that; no more do I. I rather like the sun when it doesn't *freckle* you. I can't bear freckles, and I don't believe in milk for them. People who have them are such a figure. Drummond Forth has them, but he's a man, and it doesn't matter for a man to have freckles.—How's my uncle Mel? Oh, he's quite well. I mean, he has the gout in one of his fingers, and it's swollen so, it's just like a great fat fir-cone! He can't write a bit, and rests his hand on a table. He wants to have me made to write with my left hand as well as my right. As if I was ever going to have the gout in one of *my* fingers!"

Sir George Lowton observed to Hamilton Jocelyn, that Melville must take to his tongue now.

"I fancy he will," said Hamilton. "My father won't give up his nominee; so I fancy he'll try Fallowfield. Of course, we go in for the agricultural interest; but there's a cantankerous old ruffian down here—a brewer, or something—he's got half the votes at his bidding. We shall see."

"Dorothy, my dear child, are you not tired?" said Lady Roseley. "You are very hot."

"Yes, that's because Rose would tear along the road to get here in time, after we had left those tiresome Copping people, where she had to make a call. 'What a slow little beast your pony is, Dorry!'—she said that at least twenty times."

"Oh, you naughty puss!" cried Rose. "Wasn't it, 'Rosey, Rosey, I'm sure we shall be too late, and shan't see a thing: do come along as hard as you can?'"

"I'm sure it was not," Miss Dorothy retorted, with the large eyes of innocence. "You said you wanted to see Nick Frim keeping the wicket, and Ferdinand Laxley bowl. And, oh! you know something you said about Drummond Forth."

"Now, shall I tell upon you?" said Rose.

"No, don't!" hastily replied the little woman, blushing. And the cavaliers laughed out, and the ladies smiled, and Dorothy added: "It isn't much, after all."

"Then, come; let's have it, or I shall be jealous," said the squire.

"Shall I tell?" Rose asked slily.

"It's unfair to betray one of your sex, Rose," remarked the sweetly-smiling lady.

"Yes, Lady Roseley—*mayn't* a woman have secrets?" Dorothy put it with great natural earnestness, and they all laughed aloud. "But I know a secret of Rosey's," continued Miss Dorothy, "and if she tells upon me, I shall tell upon her."

"They're out!" cried Rose, pointing her whip at the wickets. "Good night to Beckley! Tom Copping's run out."

Questions as to how it was done passed from mouth to mouth. Questions as to whether it was fair sprang from Tom's friends, and that a doubt existed was certain: the whole field was seen converging towards the two umpires: Farmer Broadmead for Fallowfield, Master Nat Hodges for Beckley.

"It really is a mercy there's some change in the game," said Mrs. Shorne, waving her parasol. "It's a charming game, but it wants variety—a little. When do you return, Rose?"

"Not for some time," said Rose, primly. "I like variety very well, but I don't seek it by running away the moment I've come."

"No, but, my dear," Mrs. Shorne negligently fanned her face, "you will have to come with us, I fear, when we go. Your uncle accompanies us. I really think the squire will, too; and Mr. Forth is no chaperon. Even you understand that."

"Oh, I can get an old man—don't be afraid," said Rose. "Or *must* I have an old woman, aunt?"

The lady raised her eyelids slowly on Rose, and thought: "If you were soundly whipped, my little madam, what a good thing it would be for you." And that good thing Mrs. Shorne was willing to do for Rose. She turned aside, and received the salute of an unmistakeable curate on foot.

"Ah, Mr. Paraley, you lend your countenance to the game, then?"

The curate observed, that sound Churchmen unanimously supported the game.

"Bravo!" cried Rose. "How I like to hear you talk like that, Mr. Paraley. I didn't think you had so much sense. You and I will have a game together—single-wicket. We must play for something—what shall it be?"

"Oh—for nothing," the curate vacuously remarked.

"That's for love, you rogue!" exclaimed the squire. "Come, come, none o' that, sir!—ha! ha!"

"Oh, very well; we'll play for love," said Rose.

"And I'll hold the stakes, my dear—eh?"

"You dear old naughty squire!—what do you mean?" Rose laughed. But she had all the men surrounding her, and Mrs. Shorne talked of departing.

Why did not Evan bravely march away? Why, he asked himself, had he come on this cricket-field to be made thus miserable? What right had such as he to look on Rose? Consider, however, the young man's excuses. He could not possibly imagine that a damsel who rode one day to a match, would return on the following day to see it finished: or absolutely know that unseen damsel to be Rose Jocelyn. And if he waited, it was only to hear her sweet voice once again, and go for ever. As far as he could fathom his hopes, they were that Rose would not see him: but the hopes of youth are deep.

Just then a toddling small rustic stopped in front of Evan, and set up a howl for his "fayther." Evan lifted him high to look over people's heads, and discover his wandering parent. The urchin, when he had settled to his novel position, surveyed the field, and shouting, "Fayther, fayther! here I bes on top of a gentleman!" made lusty signs, which attracted not his father alone. Rose sang out, "Who can lend me a penny?" Instantly the curate and the squire had a race in their pockets. The curate was first, but Rose favoured the squire, took his money with a nod and a

smile, and rode at the little lad, to whom she was saying: "Here, bonny boy, this will buy you—"

She stopped, and coloured.

"Evan!"

The child descended rapidly to the ground.

A bow and a few murmured words replied to her.

"Isn't this just like you, my dear Evan? Shouldn't I know that whenever I met you, you would be doing something kind? How did you come here? You were on your way to Beckley!"

"To London," said Evan.

"To London! and not coming over to see me—us?"

Here the little fellow's father intervened to claim his offspring, and thank the lady and the gentleman; and, with his penny firmly grasped, he who had brought the lady and the gentleman together, was borne off a wealthy human creature.

Before much further could be said between them, the Countess de Saldar drove up.

"My dearest Rose!" and "My dear Countess!" and "Not Louisa, then?" and, "I am very glad to see you!" without attempting the endearing "Louisa"—passed.

The Countess de Saldar then admitted the presence of her brother.

"Think!" said Rose. "He talks of going on straight from here to London."

"That pretty feminine pout will alone suffice to make him deviate, then," said the Countess, with her sweetest open slyness. "I am now on the point of accepting your most kind invitation. Our foreign habits allow us to visit—thus early! He will come with me."

Evan tried to look firm, and speak as he was trying to look. Rose fell to entreaty, and from entreaty rose to command; and in both was utterly fascinating to the poor youth. Luxuriously—while he hesitated and dwelt on this and that faint objection—his spirit drank the delicious changes of her face. To have her face before him but one day seemed so rich a boon to deny himself, that he was beginning to wonder at his constancy in refusal; and now that she spoke to him so pressingly, devoting her guileless eyes to him alone, he forgot a certain envious feeling that had possessed him while she was rattling among the other males—a doubt whether she ever cast a thought on Mr. Evan Harrington.

"Yes: he will come," cried Rose; "and he shall ride home with me and my friend Drummond; and he shall have my groom's horse, if he doesn't mind. Bob can ride home in the cart with Polly, my maid; and he'll like that, because Polly's always good fun—when they're not in love with her. Then, of course, she torments them."

"Naturally," said the Countess.

Mr. Evan Harrington's final objection, based on his not having clothes, and so forth, was met by his foreseeing sister.

"I have your portmanteau packed, in with me, my dear brother; Conning has her feet on it. I divined that I should overtake you."

Evan felt he was in the toils. After a struggle or two he yielded; and, having yielded, did it with grace. In a moment, and with a power of self-compression equal to that of the adept Countess, he threw off his moodiness as easily as if it had been his Spanish mantle, and assumed a gaiety that made the Countess's eyes beam rapturously upon him, and was pleasing to Rose, apart from the lead in admiration the Countess had given her—not for the first time. We mortals, the best of us, may be silly sheep in our likes and dislikes: where there is no premeditated or instinctive antagonism, we can be led into warm acknowledgment of merits we have not sounded. This the Countess de Saldar knew right well.

Rose now intimated her wish to perform the ceremony of introduction between her aunt and uncle present, and the visitors to Beckley Court. The Countess smiled, and in the few paces that separated the two groups, whispered her brother: "*Miss Jocelyn*, my dear."

The eye-glasses of the Beckley group were dropped with one accord. The ceremony was gone through. The softly-shadowed differences of a grand manner addressed to ladies, and to males, were exquisitely accomplished by the Countess de Saldar.

"Harrington? Harrington?" her quick ear caught on the mouth of squire Uploft, scanning Evan.

Her accent was very foreign, as she said aloud: "We are entirely strangers to your game—your creeckèt. My brother and myself are scarcely English. Nothing save diplomacy are we adepts in!"

"You must be excessively dangerous, madam," said Sir George, hat in air.

"Even in that, I fear, we are babes and sucklings, and might take many a lesson from you. Will you instruct me in your creeckèt? What are they doing now? It seems very unintelligible—indistinct—is it not?"

Inasmuch as Farmer Broadmead and Master Nat Hodges were surrounded by a clamorous mob, shouting both sides of the case, as if the loudest and longest-winded were sure to wrest a favourable judgment from those two infallible authorities on the laws of cricket, the noble game was certainly in a state of indistinctness.

The squire came forward to explain, piteously entreated not to expect too much from a woman's inapprehensive arts, which he plainly promised (under eyes that had melted harder men) he would not. His forbearance and bucolic gallantry were needed, for he had the Countess's radiant full visage alone. Her senses were dancing in her right ear, which had heard the name of Lady Roseley pronounced, and a voice respond to it from the carriage.

Into what a pit had she suddenly plunged! You ask why she did not drive away as fast as the horses would carry her, and fly the veiled head of Demogorgon obscuring valley and hill and the shining firmament, and threatening to glare destruction on her? You do not know an intriguer. She relinquishes the joys of life for the joys of intrigue. This is her element. The Countess did feel that the heavens were hard on her. She resolved none the less to fight her way to her object; for where so much had conspired

to favour her—the decease of the generous Sir Abraham Harrington, of Torquay, and the invitation to Beckley Court—could she believe the heavens in league against her? Did she not nightly pray to them, in all humbleness of body, for the safe issue of her cherished schemes? And in this, how unlike she was to the rest of mankind! She thought so; she relied on her devout observances; they gave her sweet confidence, and the sense of being specially shielded even when specially menaced. Moreover, tell a woman to put back, when she is once clearly launched! Timid as she may be, her light bark bounds to meet the tempest. I speak of women who do launch: they are not numerous, but, to the wise, the minorities are the representatives.

"Indeed, it *is* an intricate game!" said the Countess, at the conclusion of the squire's explanation, and leaned over to Mrs. Shorne to ask her if she thoroughly understood it.

"Yes, I suppose I do," was the reply; "it —rather than the amusement they find in it." This lady had recovered Mr. Parsley from Rose, but had only succeeded in making the curate unhappy, without satisfying herself.

The Countess gave her the shrug of secret sympathy.

"We must not *say* so," she observed aloud, most artlessly, and fixed the Squire with a bewitching smile, under which her heart beat thickly. As her eyes travelled from Mrs. Shorne to the squire, she had marked Lady Roseley looking singularly at Evan, who was mounting the horse of Bob the groom.

"Fine young fellow, that," said the Squire to Lady Roseley, as Evan rode off with Rose.

"An extremely handsome, well-bred young man," she answered. Her eyes met the Countess's, and the Countess, after resting on their surface with an ephemeral pause, murmured: "*I* must not praise my brother," and smiled a smile which was meant to mean:" "I think with you, and thank you, and love you for admiring him."

Had Lady Roseley joined the smile and spoken with animation afterwards, the Countess would have shuddered and had chills of dread. As it was, she was passably content. Lady Roseley slightly dimpled her cheek, for courtesy's sake, and then looked gravely on the ground. This was no promise; it was even an indication (as the Countess read her), of something beyond suspicion in the lady's mind; but it was a sign of delicacy, and a sign that her feelings had been touched, from which a truce might be reckoned on, and no betrayal feared.

She heard it said that the match was for honour and glory. A match of two days' duration under a broiling sun, all for honour and glory! Was it not enough to make her despise the games of men? For something better she played. Her game was for one hundred thousand pounds, the happiness of her brother, and the concealment of a horror. To win a game like that was worth the trouble. Whether she would have continued her efforts, had she known that the name of Evan Harrington was then blazing on a shop-front in Lymport, I cannot tell. The possessor of the name was in love, and did not reflect.

Smiling adieu to the ladies, bowing to the gentlemen, and apprehending all the homage they would pour out to her condescending beauty when she had left them, the Countess's graceful hand gave the signal for Beckley.

She stopped the coachman ere the wheels had rolled off the muffling turf, to enjoy one glimpse of Evan and Rose riding together, with the little maid on her pony in the rear. How suitable they seemed! how happy! She had brought them together after many difficulties—might it not be? It was surely a thing to be hoped for!

Rose, galloping freshly, was saying to Evan: "Why did you cut off your moustache?"

He, neck and neck with her, replied: "You complained of it in Portugal."

And she: "Portugal's old times now to me—and I always love old times. I'm sorry! And, oh, Evan! did you really do it for me?"

And really, just then, flying through the air, close to the darling of his heart, he had not the courage to spoil that delicious question, but dallying with the lie he looked in her eyes lingeringly.

This picture the Countess contemplated. Close to her carriage two young gentlemen-cricketers were strolling, while Fallowfield gained breath to decide which men to send in first to the wickets.

One of these stood suddenly on tiptoe, and pointing to the pair on horseback, cried, with the vivacity of astonishment:

"Look there! do you see that? What the deuce is little Rosey doing with the tailor fellow?"

The Countess, though her cheeks were blanched, gazed calmly in Demogorgon's face, took a mental impression of the speaker, and again signalled for Beckley.

(To be continued.)

COWPER, THE POET.

(EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A LITERARY MAN.)

"Southey and Grimshaw, the rival editors of Cowper's Life and Letters, both glance at the loves of the poet and his cousin Theodosia, which, however, did not ripen into marriage; and I have heard the parental objection was the prevalence of insanity in the family. Mr. Hill, a gentleman of property in Berkshire, was Cowper's bosom friend. His widow lent the poet's letters to Dr. Johnson for publication, and she said one day to me as follows: 'You see this enormous packet, carefully sealed. My friend Theodosia entrusted it to my care, under a solemn injunction that it should not be opened till after her death.'

"We surmised that the contents might be letters from the poet to her. Mrs. Hill survived Theodosia, and died soon after. I wonder that I never enquired of Mrs. Hill what became of the packet. Perhaps, on perusal, she destroyed it; yet not, I think, without advice. If it exists, her executors must know of it.

"I knew Theodosia and her sisters, Ladies Hesketh and Crofts, daughters of Ashley C. Clerk of the Parliament House. Theodosia was an elegant melancholic woman, and had been a beauty in print-shops.

"The editors knew nothing of this anecdote,

nor did Dr. Johnson—*Virgilium vidi tantum*. I never saw Cowper but twice. I used to visit a rich cousin who lived near Newport Pagnell, and who got an eye beat out by a cricket ball at Eton: it was all he got there. In one of these visits I learnt that my friend, Lady Hesketh, was staying with Cowper in his cottage at Weston, three miles off, and I supplicated her for a sight of her hermit, which she contrived to manage. On calling, I found him the very model of neatness: a suit of white cloth, ditto, and a snow-white quilted nightcap. It happened to be an auspicious day, for he conversed as if he had just written John Gilpin. But what was my surprise when I heard from Lady Hesketh, the next day, that the anchorite really meant to return my visit. Accordingly he came with her, and I contrived to get him all to myself in the shrubbery, and never passed two more interesting hours. Among other matters, I asked him how he determined on such an Herculean labour as his translation of Homer. 'Sir,' said the poet, 'I will tell you. In one of my unhappy melancholies, I thought some great and laborious work might administer a salutary medicine to my mind. Accordingly, at intervals, and by snatches, I translated several books. Lady Hesketh transcribed, and urged me to proceed; finally, so many had been accomplished, that I determined to complete the translation.'

"On his return home, he said to Lady Hesketh, 'Prejudice is a shameful thing. From his public politics, I had formed an opinion that Mr. —— was a caustic, sulky, acrimonious malcontent, and I have found him a gay, playful, candid, and merry companion.' This opinion was embodied with initials, in one of his published letters."

Edward Jesse.

DIVORCE A VINCULO; or, THE TERRORS OF SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

(Continued from p. 305.)

Portrait of the Respondant, from a sketch in the possession of the Petitioner's family.

The next morning the Court met for the despatch of business, and of Mr. Barber. Mr. Lamb introduced his fair client into Court in a quiet, unobtrusive way and according to the carefully-considered system upon which he usually acted, and from which he saw no reason for departing in the present instance, a seat was provided for the lady under the lee of the jury-box, but well out of sight of the Jury. The interest of the day's proceedings was naturally concentrated upon that fellow Barber, who, not satisfied with having deserted, and abandoned, and beaten his wife, was to-day to stand up in the presence of a British jury and justify his acts. Before the Judges had taken their seats, there was the usual buzzing and murmuring sound in Court. My attention was called to the conversation of a knot of young and blooming barristers who stood near me, and who were conversing in a somewhat loud and emphatic tone, as though to call the attention of the bystanders to the conclusions at which they had arrived, as the result of their professional experience. "Why the dooce," said Wig number One, "does Barber, if he's sick of his wife, defend the second issue? He has only got to let her make her case good, and he is rid of her."

"No, no, my dear fellow," said Wig number Two; "'pinion of the world—'pinion of the world. Man goes a little wrong—everybody does that. Pure peccadillo—pure peccadillo. That's all right. Whack a woman—'pinion of the world—'pinion of the world dead against you. That's all wrong—that's all wrong. Barber must fight second issue—'specially as he married his wife for her money."

"The vara best thing that cud happen to Mester Barber," struck in our old Scottish friend, the *amicus curiæ* of the other day, "wad be to mak oot a gud story, and have the vairdick just go agenst him. For you see, in that case, and if he plays his cairds wall, he'll marry a leddy of fortin' within the three months after the advantage of siccan a trial as this. But it wadna do to mak oot that he had bedeeveled and thumped his

present leddy ower much, for it's no the positive fac of bein' well pounded that is delechtful to female apprehension—but joost the pleasin sensation of tarror consequent upon bein lenkit or conjoined to a mon of uncontrawled passions and ready fests. The real refinement of sentiment is waiting for the 'blaw that's just a comin,' but never comes. Hech! but I cud tell you a leetle awnecdut—"

We had not the opportunity of hearing the particulars of the anecdote in question, because at this moment the three Judges entered, and took their seats as before. Mr. Shuttlecock, Q.C., was now pointed out to me: he was sitting in the lower seat appropriated to the accommodation of the arch-gladiators in this exciting arena, when resting from their toils. He was a lithe, thin man, with acute features, who must have been well sweated in his youth in legal dunghills, and well dosed with the strong waters of the Reports, to bring him into his actual and effective fighting condition. Candour seemed to be the chief and amiable characteristic of his mind. At the same time, I must admit that there was a certain dulness about his appreciation of the force of his adversary's arguments, which was not a little surprising, when you considered with what acuteness he followed his own to their remotest consequences. Well! I suppose it is all right that Mr. Barber, fore-judged as he is, should have some person to stand up for him, and apologise to the human race in his name for the obloquy he has brought upon our common nature. So Mr. Shuttlecock may begin as soon as he likes. Mr. Shuttlecock did so.

"May it please you, my Luds and Gentlemen of the Jury. I wish I could stand up before you to-day, and submit to your judgment such evidence as would entirely exonerate my client, Mr. Augustus Barber, the Respondent in this case, from the many and serious charges which have been brought against him by his wife, the unfortunate Petitioner, who has been driven, by his *desertion*, to apply for relief to this Court, and to you. I wish I could do this, Gentlemen; but I tell you at once, frankly and sincerely, that I can*not*. I am not in a condition to tell you that Mr. Barber has been in all respects a pattern of conjugal virtue—a model husband—a man whose example you would hold forth to young men about to marry for their instruction and imitation. I think you will agree with me when I say, that no amount of levity—no number of petty domestic vexations, however sedulously and for however long a period consistently and systematically inflicted by the wife upon the husband, justify any Englishman who, for the time being, may be acting in the latter capacity, in proceeding so far as actual desertion of the domestic hearth. I at once fully and heartily condemn Mr. Barber in this respect, that contrary to his faith plighted at the altar—in defiance of the laws of his country—in contempt of the usages of society—he has abandoned that lady whom he had sworn to cherish and protect, no matter what may have been the provocations he received from her in the course of their married life. Still less can I attempt to justify him when his desertion assumes so flagrant a form as that actually charged. No, Gentlemen, it is the duty of an advocate to guide, not to mislead—or rather to endeavour to mislead—a British Jury, though the endeavour would, I am sure, only result in his own confusion. It is the point of honour amongst the gentlemen whom I see around me, and you see before you, in all cases to submit the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the consideration of the Jury, and that I will endeavour to do this day. We cannot, I fear, help arriving at the conclusion, that in one important particular Mr. Barber has violated the nuptial pledge; and, therefore, your verdict must be for the lady on that point. I can't struggle against such a decision. I haven't a word to say against it. Mrs. Barber is fully entitled to ask for a judicial separation—but not for an absolute dissolution of the marriage—not for an absolute dissolution. In order to do so, she must prove a great deal more than she has been able to prove—for assertions, Gentlemen, are not facts. I fear that the '*ipsa dixit*,' or 'she said it,' is a still more unstable foundation on which to found a decision than the '*ipse dixit*,' or 'he said it.' In either case you, Gentlemen, I am sure, will not be content with the bare assertions of the parties most deeply interested in the event of this trial; but like twelve calm, dispassionate Englishmen, well versed in the ways of the world, will seek for corroboration and external evidence before you arrive at a conclusion which will certainly be pregnant with misery or happiness to the two parties who crave your judgment this day."

There was considerable moral dignity about the manner in which Mr. Shuttlecock in the first part of his opening evacuated the untenable post, and repudiated all complicity (even as a professional accessory after the fact) with the abandoned husband. In point of fact, when he washed his hands with imaginary soap, and then with a stern Roman gesture waved Mr. Barber away from his chambers, and denied him the benefit of his legal assistance, the learned gentleman carried the Court with him, and I think predisposed the Jury to listen to his after-statements. He might certainly be mistaken himself—his mind might be loaded with prejudice, but all Mr. Shuttlecock desired was fair play.

"Now, Gentlemen, as the law actually stands, and as I am sure his Ludship will tell you, the wife who seeks for an absolute dissolution of the marriage must prove not only what we admit on the first issue, but furthermore make out to the satisfaction of the Jury that her husband has systematically, and cruelly ill-used her. I am not speaking of mere tiffs, mere petty differences of opinion—of the *amantium iræ* which as the Poet tells us, and tells us truly, are but the renewals of love. It won't suffice to dissolve an English marriage that the husband did upon one occasion refuse to accompany his wife to hear the Band play at Kensington Gardens, and upon another insisted upon taking her to Broadstairs instead of Brighton. If such outrages as these, however they may rankle in the female mind, were held sufficient to procure a dissolution of our marriages, I fear that many of us would be cast back upon cold comfortless celibacy whilst we were engaged

in daily and nightly toil to procure the means of ease and luxury for those who would banish us from their hearts, and from our own homes because we had fainted, not faltered in their service. You must have placed before you evidence of genuine *bonâ fide* cruelty in the ordinary and reasonable acceptation of the term, before you would think it right to darken the whole of a man's future existence, and to extinguish the fire upon his once happy hearth. Now how does the case stand between Mr. and Mrs. Barber, save in the one solitary instance of alleged cruelty at Cheltenham of which I will speak presently?—for as for the ridiculous story of Mr. Barber's setting fire to the lady's nose at Folkestone I will not insult your understanding by laying very great stress upon that." (Here Dr. Lobb whispered something to his chief, who continued): "I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, I am reminded by my learned friend that there is a second instance charged, when Mr. Barber, as she alleges, cut off her hair at Brussels—that is to say—as we assert,

Provocation.

at her own request pulled out a few gray hairs from her head which were to the lady the first indication that her dazzling beauty was but of mortal mould—"

Here Mrs. Barber jumped up from her seat, and Ann Iron sat down, so that the lady stood fully revealed to the Court, but Mr. Shuttlecock—not one whit abashed by the splendid vision, and talking at the lady, continued:

—"'that all that's bright must fade,' and the time was not far distant when those charms which had captivated Mr. Barber's heart, and not proved wholly without effect upon general society, must somewhat sink from their meridian splendour; when the bright eye would fall dull; the graceful form lose somewhat of its taper and enchanting proportions; the smooth brow be deformed with wrinkles—and nothing survive worthy of admiration but the memory of a well-spent life—"

Mrs. Barber sate down again, and Ann Iron stood up. The two Misses Barber clutched their skinny fingers with diabolical glee, and nodded at each other like the witches in Macbeth when the slab mixture in their infernal caldron is bubbling to their satisfaction, and emitting the correct devil's-truffle stench so grateful to Hecate and her friends at their little *ré-unions*.

Mr. Shuttlecock was evidently a man of different mould to Dr. Lobb, he continued:

"Beyond this instance named, of which, Gentlemen, I promise you that I will render, and Mr. Barber will render due account, what remains? Mrs. Barber says, My husband's sisters wore two flannel dressing gowns—dissolve my marriage! The same two ladies, whose fostering care and open hospitality I repaid with the grossest ingratitude, upon one occasion put my hair into curl-papers;—Mrs. Barber's hair, Gentlemen, plays a very lead-

ing part in this cause!—dissolve my marriage! Mr. Barber refused to give me his arm when we were out walking together—dissolve my marriage! Mr. Barber put on my very preposterous and exaggerated crinoline one evening:—and, Gentlemen, where would have been the great harm if my client had shamed the lady into the use of a somewhat less ridiculous petticoat?—dissolve my marriage! Now, Gentlemen, be just; whatever opinion you may entertain of my client, as husbands, as fathers, as brothers, you must, I am very confident, be ready to set your faces against the prevailing fashion of ladies' dress, and not be very much at variance with Mr. Barber, who holds strong and serious opinions upon the subject, and esteems this crinoline, as it is called, not a fitting garb for the wear of a modest and decorous British matron. Again, Gentlemen (and here I must call your attention specifically to the fact that it is not we who have raised this question;—Mr. Barber would, if the lady had allowed it, have been the last man to resort to recrimination, or to unveil her little foibles before the eyes of a British Jury, although she has shown no great tenderness to *his* defects of temper); but, again: Mrs. Barber says, my husband would not permit me to wear transparent petticoats over my huge balloon-like crinoline—dissolve my marriage! Why, doesn't the very course and tenor of the accusation drive your minds—as I confess it does my own—irresistibly to the conclusion, that is was not of neglect of the lady, but of over-care and nervous anxiety for her welfare and fair repute, of which my client was guilty—if guilt there were; until she herself, by her own levity and coquetry, and by a system of petty persecutions, drove him from her side, estranged his affections, and did her best to compel him to seek elsewhere for that domestic comfort and sympathy which he could no longer look for at home." (Mr. Shuttlecock accompanied the concluding phrases with a rising and falling movement of his body, just like a jockey over the last quarter of a mile of a race-course.) "Why, if Mr. Barber hadn't cared for his wife, why should he have troubled himself as to what she wore, or what she didn't wear? He wouldn't have cared a button about it. She might, in the exercise of her own discretion, have displayed, or not displayed, her feet and ankles. All he would have wanted would have been to be relieved from the *onus* of her presence. In point of fact, the more ridiculous and unbecoming her attire, the better pleased would he have been. But this was not so. Mr. Barber in this instance, as in all others till his home was rendered unbearable to him, was an over-indulgent, an over-attentive, an over-anxious, an over-fond husband. That was his real fault, and that is why we are here to-day."

I was beginning to forget what Mr. Battledove had told us, and what Mrs. Barber had stated herself when under examination; but the Court and the Jury will put Mr. Shuttlecock right in the end. Had he been in Court when the lady was in the pen, I am very sure he would never have represented these little transactions in so odious a light. Dr. Lobb ought to have carried the case through; he was handling it very nicely when Mr. Shuttlecock came in, and put our minds into such a state of confusion. The learned gentleman continued:

"There is certainly another point—I scarcely know how to approach it with sufficient gravity—but since so much has been made of it on the other side, I suppose it will be expected that in Mr. Barber's name I should answer the charge. Mrs. Barber says, 'I had stipulated with my husband in a very special and express way before my marriage—ay, during the period of our courtship—that I should be allowed, during coverture, to wear silken stockings, and no others. Despite, however, of all his promises—of all his protestations—my brutal and perjured husband did, within a very short space, forget these sacred obligations, and compel me to wear stockings, half of silk—half of cotton; or, if my learned friend, Dr. Dodge, will have it so,—COTTON TOPS. Now, Gentlemen, let us pause for a moment over these Cotton Tops—let us turn them inside out—and see what is the legitimate inference to be derived thence. Here we find a young lady just at the most critical period of her life—when she has exchanged vows, for the first time, with her lover or husband—call him what you will—who sees before her an unknown and untried future, which, in most cases, Love tinges with its purple hues. What is she thinking about?—that she will be a glory in his prosperity—a solace in his sickness and adversity, to that man in whom she believes as the type and exemplar of glorified humanity? Pardon me, Gentlemen, if I carry you back to the times in which we also—we hard worldly men believed in such things—*even we!* Well! what is this young girl thinking about? Why, that a silken stocking will set off her foot and ankle to greater advantage than a stocking of any other texture. That is her notion of Love—that is the acorn out of which the sturdy oak of Mr. Barber's domestic happiness is to grow. Do you see, now, Gentlemen, where I am coming to? Does not that agreement, made during the burning fervour of courtship, furnish you with a key by which you can explain the subsequent transactions at Folkestone, at Brussels, and elsewhere? Of course a lady who loved to clothe her dainty feet to such advantage, would be nervously anxious to keep the secret of her hidden symmetries and charms to herself, especially when her affections had departed from her husband, as Mrs. Barber admits in her own case, they had. She wouldn't lift the end of her gown by a quarter of an inch upon a railway-platform—not she! Would not—and I leave this suggestion to your own consideration, Gentlemen of the Jury,—would not the same feeling which had imposed that pre-nuptial agreement pervade the whole of Mrs. Barber's married life? Silk stockings in the first place—Love afterwards."

This seemed a very hardy way of dealing with this incident; but what certainly did surprise me was to see my friend Lamb, by whose side I was sitting, take out a pencil and indorse a brief which his clerk had just brought with him—"*Mr. Shuttlecock, Q.C., with you Dr. Dodge, 50 guas.*" The learned Counsel continued, without being aware of the good fortune which was awaiting him, in a sentimental way:

"After all, Gentlemen, married life may be fairly enough represented by these Cotton Tops of which we have heard so much, half-silk and half-cotton—one half for comfort one half for show. Mrs. Barber looked to find all silk, and she was mistaken. Had she been contented with that moderate amount of happiness beyond which, as it seems, human beings can scarcely hope to go, we should have heard nothing of her complaints here to-day—nor would her husband have been driven to those expedients for making life tolerable which we all deplore. Now let us keep these Cotton Tops in view a little longer. Mrs. Barber swears that she did not perform the acts charged at Folkestone; Mr. Barber swears she did. There's oath against oath. Now read Mrs. Barber's character by the light of that special agreement with reference to silk stockings, which she made before her marriage—and, Gentlemen, I ask you as men of the world, is it not possible—is it not probable—is it not well-nigh certain—nay, is it not certain that the lady is mistaken in her version of the transactions at Folkestone? But if she was mistaken in one instance why not in others? Of course I can't carry the Cotton Tops into the dressing-room at Cheltenham—nor the breakfast-room at Brussels—but I repeat it, if it can be proved to your satisfaction that Mrs. Barber was mistaken once—observe I use a very mild, a very guarded, a very cautious expression—why not twice, and thrice? I will put Mr. Barber before you, and he will tell you that he indignantly repudiates the idea of ever having lifted his hand against his wife during the period of their marriage. He will tell you that at Cheltenham Mrs. Barber by her own act knocked her wrist slightly against a tooth-brush with which he was brushing his teeth—that he never cut off her hair at Brussels as she alleges—that at Herne Bay the ridiculous scene with the magic lanthorn had no existence save in her own imagination—but that in all respects, and at all times till driven away from his home by the lady's own levity and indifference he has been to her an anxious—a tender—and a loving husband. I wish, Gentlemen of the Jury, I could stop here!"

What could Mr. Shuttlecock be driving at? I am sure he has gone far enough. It would require us to drive out of our minds all that we have heard for many days past, before we could admit this catch-penny story about Mr. Barber's attention and devotion to his wife. Something, however, was coming, for it was obvious that Mr. Shuttlecock was making up his face for a great and concluding effort.

"I wish, gentlemen, I could stop here. But although my client, Mr. Barber, has most strenuously, but most properly forbidden me to produce before you matter for grave recrimination, I should not be performing my duty to him—no, nor to you, Gentlemen—if I did not again recur to that which has been the real secret of the domestic unhappiness upon which you are called to pronounce your decision this day. What do you say to Madame Léocadie Lareine and her evidence? If I had been in Court, I should like to have asked that lady, if we dull moral Englishmen are to have French wives, why should we not act like French husbands? I should like to know what this French lady would have said to that? If Mrs. Barber is to waste the money which should have been expended upon the common subsistence of the family in the gratification of her inordinate love of dress, why should not Mr. Barber take these slight liberties with the marriage vow which French husbands are accustomed to take amidst very general applause? *No, Gentlemen of the Jury, we want no French witnesses—no French wives—no French manners here.* But, in conclusion, I will tell you once more, and repeat it to you again, as Mr. Barber will tell you, that it was his wife's levity of conduct—observe, I go no further—and passion for admiration which first drove him from his home. Mrs. Barber had a kind word and a warm smile for everybody but him; and I cannot conceal from you, and it would be wrong to conceal from you, the fact that my client, like the famous Moor of Venice, is a man of jealous temperament, somewhat too exacting it may be of a return for his devotion,—for his unbounded affection. What drove him from his home, and what has driven him here to day, was that

> "There where he had garner'd up his heart,
> Where either he must live or bear no life,
> The fountain from the which his current ran,
> Or else dried up; to be discarded thence!
> Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
> To knot and gender in;—

Ay! that was too much for him—more than his manly heart could bear. By degrees, I admit it, his affections became estranged from his lady; but if this was so, who was to blame? Even at the worst, when the volcano of passion in his heart had burnt itself out, and had become a cold and icy glacier, Mr. Barber never by word or deed treated his wife with unkindness; and never in the course of his life raised his hand against her erring but sacred head. He shall tell you so himself. Call Mr. Barber."

With these words Mr. Shuttlecock sat down, leaving the Court and Jury in a perfect state of intellectual muddle and confusion.

I had not noticed the fact during the excitement caused by Mr. Shuttlecock's speech, but when he had concluded, and I looked around me, I was perfectly astounded at the number of barristers who had made their way into Court, and were now to be seen (it is usual, in such cases, to refer to "Vallombrosa," "autumn leaves," &c., but I forbear,) standing huddled together in the space on the proper left of the seats devoted to the accommodation of the Bar. It was just like a pit-crush in the grand old days of "Drury" or "the Garden." The learned gentlemen were so tightly packed that I scarcely think that if a blue-bottle had settled upon any of their noses, the owner of the feature in question would have been able to seek for relief in any other way than by twitching it about; or, if the insect had persevered in its attentions, despite of the uncertain foot-hold, by rubbing it against the tight little grey tails which depended from the wig of the learned gentleman immediately before him. Mr. Battledove, too, appeared in his place: how he

had got there, unless indeed he had risen through a well-oiled trap-door, I am wholly unable to say. All indications around us seemed to suggest that the critical moment of the struggle had arrived, and that the three learned Horatii and the three equally learned Curiatii were to engage in decisive conflict over Mr. Barber's prostrate form. Where I sate I could not help hearing the general sense of Mr. Shuttlecock's hurried but emphatic suggestion to Dr. Lobb, whose duty it was to examine Mr. Barber in chief—it was something about "A chaste system of denegation, and then counter!" I did not quite understand what the crafty advocate intended at the moment, but his meaning soon became intelligible enough.

Mr. Barber was duly sworn: but for him there were no delicate attentions, no courteous requests to take his seat on the gorgeous cushion at the back of the pen. Even the kind old Judge—who was breathing, as one may say, a new quill, and giving it a preliminary canter over the paper preparatory to settling down for the note-taking business—simply growled at the Respondent, and told him to "stand well forward." Sir C. C. gave him a severe but mournful glance, and the third Judge reclined back in his chair, awful as the third Erinnys meditating on the possibility that Orestes might yet escape. Mr. Barber's aspect was pale and disgusting. What a contrast in his appearance to that of the beautiful being who so lately occupied that place!

Our excited expectations were destined to momentary disappointment, and I soon saw what it was that Mr. Shuttlecock had pointed out to Dr. Lobb as the path of safety. One by one he took Mrs. Barber's allegations, and embodied each in the form of a coarse and distinct question which only admitted in reply of a "Yes," or "No." In order to avoid the re-introduction of incidents which would become nauseous by frequent repetition, I must then beg that the reader will understand that Mr. Barber traversed each of his amiable lady's assertions *modo et formâ*, and that, with exceedingly rare exceptions, Dr. Lobb, being kept within the limits of discretion by a sharp, admonitory glance from his thin and watchful chief, never permitted him to wander out of those narrow bounds. Mr. Barber's manner, which at first had yielded indications of nervousness, got more assured as he proceeded; indeed, with reference to the incident at Cheltenham, he went so far, in reply to a question from Dr. Lobb, as to ask him in return, "If it was likely now that a man would clean his teeth with a boot-jack?" a degree of pertness which brought the Court down on him like a thunderbolt. He persisted most emphatically in his declaration, that he had never in any way interfered with Mrs. Barber in her desire to wear silk stockings—saving in so far as repeated prayers on his part, that she would not endanger her precious health by refusing to wear worsted stockings under them in winter time and rainy weather, might be construed as such interference. Dr. Lobb continued:

Dr. L. "And now, Mr. Barber, that we have disposed of all Mrs. Barber's assertions in a way which will, I hope, prove satisfactory to the Jury, I think they would like to hear a little of your own complaints. Did Mrs. Barber make your home a happy one to you?"

Mr. B. "Certainly not. I was the most miserable brute—I mean person—going. I'd have changed places with a cab-driver at any moment with the greatest pleasure."

Dr. L. "*Changed places with a cab-driver at any moment.* Just so. But be pleased, sir, to give the Jury some particulars. What happened? How did Mrs. Barber wound and lacerate your feelings, and poison your existence if I may so say?" (Here the learned civilian repeated his words not without a certain unctuous relish, as though he had just hit upon the right term). "Yes! poison your existence?"

Mr. B. "Why, sir, it's difficult to say—that she did this, or that. She didn't exactly fling the teapot at my head, or lock me out of doors: but she always made it out as if I was a madman, and she was my keeper. When I was pretty jolly—I mean in good spirits—she was always in a low nervous state; and if I was out of spirits, she was all for going out for a lark—I mean to enjoy ourselves. Then there was her uncle Viscount Poteen, and her five noble cousins, the five Miss O'Toddys of Castle Toddy, somewhere in Connemara."

Dr. L. "*Viscount Poteen and the five Miss O'Toddys.* Very well, sir, go on."

Mr. B. "Why, sir, my wife was always telling me what an advantage it was to me to have married into a noble Irish family; but I wish, sir, you'd seen the Viscount over a glass of punch, and how the five Miss O'Toddys would get the better of a leg of mutton. Then, by George, sir! they were so dirty, it was a perfect shame. The house was never empty of them; and Mrs. Barber and me used to have squabbles about that, especially after I'd sent home five tubs, of different sizes, to their lodgings on Valentine's Day, as a broad hint. Why, sir, the Viscount was going to call me out for that, and only withdrew his challenge when I consented to become a Director of 'The Company for converting the turf on the Poteen estate into animal food, and exporting it to Brazil.' As I used to tell him, sir, they'd got a good head of cattle there already."

Dr. L. "Never mind that, Mr. Barber—that's not evidence. Mrs. Barber habitually converted her aristocratic connections into machinery for tormenting you. What then?"

Mr. B. "Why, sir, there was the baby—she was always slobbering me over with the baby, and making me hold it, and forgetting to take it back again when people called. Nights and nights, sir, I've spent walking up and down the bed-room with the baby in my arms, and got called a brute into the bargain."

By the Court. "What's that, Dr. Lobb?"

Dr. L. "Mrs. Barber used to compel Mr. Barber to carry the babe up and down the bed-room, and call him a brute, My Lud."

By the Court. "Very good; I've got that."

Mr. B. "Then, sir, she was always practising singing—and giving great parties for people to come and hear her at it. There wasn't a spot in the house where I could go to get a moment's quiet. I tried the back attic, but I was told I

must not smoke there, on account of the servant maids, as they objected to the smell of tobacco. Why, sir, if you'd seen our drawing-room in Upper Berkeley Street, with a lot of people there seated round, as if they'd been going to see conjuring, and heard Mrs. Barber howling away in the midst of us, you'd have been sorry for me. And she would make me bring the fellows from the Clubs; and when we were sick of the noise, and sneaked down-stairs into the hat room to have a little beer—not much more peace for me that night!"

Dr. L. "*Not much more peace for you that night:* Go on, sir. Go on."

Mr. B. Why, sir, I can't remember it all of a heap. There was another day—it was the last Derby Day but two—the men were all waiting for me with the drag to be off; and just as I was tying on my veil Mrs. Barber called me in, and said she would not let me go because confirmation was coming on, and it was my duty, as head of the family, to stop at home and cross-examine little Nancy Tigg—the under nursery-maid—for confirmation. Of course I went all the same, but I got nothing but black-looks, sir, for weeks afterwards; though it's my opinion if we'd asked Mrs. Barber to take a seat in the drag herself—"

Dr. L. "Never mind your opinion, sir, that's not evidence."

It would be superfluous to go beyond this sample of Mr. Barber's examination in chief; and certainly, if his word was to be believed, the rose leaves in his bower were not always uncrumpled—but what of that? We shall soon see to whose statements the Jury will give the readiest credence. I certainly should not have liked to have been in Mr. B.'s position when Mr. Battledove got up, and took him in hand. That gentleman occupied a good quarter of an hour—I am sure I should be nearer the truth if I said half-an-hour—in wrangling with Mr. Barber and the Court upon whether or no he could be compelled to answer certain questions which would, if answered, have convicted him of perjury. All sorts of documents, and registers were handed up—and Mr. B. was growled at, and stormed at by one side; and soothed and encouraged by the other—but the upshot was, that the Court informed him, that he need not answer Mr. Battledove's question, unless he chose. Mr. Battledove might put it, but he was not obliged to answer to it. Mr. Battledove made an emphatic pause—glared at the Jury—and then in a tone of superhuman solemnity repeated his question. Mr. Barber, acting upon the suggestion of the Court, declined to answer it.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Battledove, with a contemptuous smile, "that's quite satisfactory,—that will do."

Of course it was;—one need not be a great lawyer to know, that if a man is so unscrupulous as to obtain a marriage licence by perjury, he would not be very particular upon another occasion when a temptation, equally strong, is set before him. I trust I am not saying anything deep and out of the way, but that was the result of the discussion in my mind. Mr. Battledove then having placed Mr. Barber in the comfortable position of a perjured man, proceeded to turn him inside out, and hold him in his true colours before the Jury and the Court. Whose money was it which had been expended upon that journey to Epsom? Was it only about little Nancy Tigg and the confirmation that Mrs. Barber had spoken? Was not three weeks rent due for lodgings at the time? Had not Mrs. Barber been therefore insulted by the landlady? and was there not a strong likelihood that the baby would soon be left without food altogether? Had Mr. Barber been asked once—twice—a hundred—ten thousand times—if not, how many times to carry the baby up and down the bedroom? Did he wish to throw the infant out of the window; to pitch it under the grate; to dash its brains out against the bed-post? Which of these alternatives would have been most grateful to his paternal heart? No! there was no use his losing his temper here. The Jury had had one specimen of what he was capable. Had not Mr. Barber literally picked his wife's pocket—literally, eh? Let him answer that, and keep his temper. Surely there was nothing to ruffle him in so simple a question as that! There were family grievances on both sides; but would Mr. Barber swear that the scheme, recommended by Viscount Poteen to his adoption, was not one for putting the water in the St. George's Channel into a two-ounce physic-bottle, and taking a spoonful every four hours till the patient told the truth, especially with regard to marriage-licences? Ah! Mr. Barber would swear that—well, *that* assertion might be true. Had the Noble Lord, however, put Mr. B's. hair into curl-papers, and nearly torn it out by the roots? Then there were family grievances on both sides? Just so. Did Mr. Barber and his club-companions even get intoxicated—beastly drunk, if he would have it—in the hat-room, while his poor wife was giving one of her graceful little musical *ré-unions* up-stairs? No! Would he swear Mrs. Barber had never taxed him with it? Ah! Mr. Battledove would have the truth out of him at last.

So, the learned gentleman handled the witness, and it was beautiful to see the state of rage and exasperation to which he was reduced at last. He was brought, in point of fact, to a condition of hopeless mental imbecility, and could only gasp out—Yes, and No, at random. Mr. Shuttlecock came in to his assistance every now and then with a little squabble as to whether or no a particular question could be put, just to give him time to recover his breath, and knowing, of course, that his objection was perfect moonshine.

Poor Mrs. Barber had listened with great interest to the cross-examination of her husband; in point of fact, she stood up during this portion of the proceedings. I was at first rather inclined to blame her in my own mind for putting herself so prominently forward at such a time; but when I remembered what Mr. Lamb's clerk had told me as to his Governor's (that was the expression he used) tactical arrangements, I saw at once that she was acting under compulsion. She was not to blame, if she could not altogether repress a smile when her brutal husband was dancing about in the pen like a gouty bear, under the influence of Mr. Battledove's more stinging questions.

Indeed, it was very funny to watch him; and if poor Mrs. Barber was gifted with a keen sense of the ludicrous, no one can say that was her fault.

The Misses Barber were next called upon successively to bear their part in this terrible domestic drama. During their examination in chief, as was to be expected, they gave their fierce brother the very best of characters. They had never seen him excited, or guilty of an act of violence, in his life, save upon one occasion, when he had gently cuffed (*molliter manus*, as Dr. Lobb put it) a farmer's boy for flinging stones at some poor pigs which were at the time endeavouring to pick up a precarious existence in the lanes near Poldadek. Neither Miss Harriet nor Miss Jane, however, could entirely approve of their brother Augustus's conduct towards his wife. He held the reins of government with far too slack a hand for their notions of domestic rule. The feeling of a wife towards her husband should be that of awe streaked with veneration; but Mrs. Barber used to box her husband's ears, and call him a "*sweet poppet*"—a term which Miss Harriet characterised as disgusting. Then she was always kissing him before strangers.

By the Court. (In a discontented way.) "What are we coming to, Dr. Lobb? Mrs. Barber's kisses before third parties are not evidence—you can't say they are."

Dr. Lobb. "With all deference, My Lud, I propound the osculation as matter of——"

By the Court. (Maundering.) "No, no. I shall strike that out, unless indeed you can show that the witness was present during the performance: indeed then I don't see what the osculation is to come to—what's the use of it? However, go on."

Dr. Lobb, under his Lordship's direction, elicited from the witness that she actually was present during the terrible scene, and she felt so ashamed that she wished the earth, or, to speak more precisely, the floor of the dining-room at Poldadek had opened and swallowed her up. Both sisters cordially agreed in condemnation of Mrs. Barber for her inordinate love of dress, general extravagance and levity of demeanour. I do not think that either of the ladies will forget their subsequent interviews with Mr. Battledove. How he did tease them about not being married! What could single ladies know of the feelings of married ones? Did Miss Harriet consider that there was any impropriety in a wife's bestowing a chaste salute upon her husband? Well—where was the harm of it? Would she explain? No—she would not explain. Had Miss H. B. ever read the Fable of the Fox and the Grapes? Very pretty reading. The learned gentleman handled Miss Jane much in the same way, asking her, amongst other things, if her views upon the subject of osculation were the same twenty years ago—he would say thirty years ago—as now? He then elicited from the lady at great length her theories with regard to a lady's apparel—detaining her for a considerable period on the subject of stockings. I am bound to say that Mr. Battledove did not at all appear to share the feeling of hilarity which prevailed throughout the Court during the course of this protracted examination. The learned gentleman glanced around every now and then with an air of great surprise, and indeed went so far as to pray for the interference of the Court when a coarse burst of laughter followed upon one of Miss Jane Barber's replies—which was to the effect that she considered two pairs of stockings per week amply sufficient for any lady's wear! Mr. Battledove was honestly anxious for information upon the point, for gentlemen know nothing of such matters. What could they all be laughing at?

I will not more than record the fact that two other ladies—friends of the family—were called up on Mr. Barber's behalf, to speak to his character. One was a slight, sickly lady, the mother of seventeen children, fourteen being daughters. She was a certain Mrs. Podd, the wife of an officer in the Royal Artillery. Then there was Mrs. General Chutnee—a lady who habitually resided at Cheltenham, but who had enjoyed frequent opportunities of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Barber together. She had never, to all appearance, seen a better assorted union. Mr. Battledove declined to ask these witnesses any questions.

There was a short delay—and then the old Judge commenced his summing up. I was really surprised, considering that the sense of hearing in the learned functionary was somewhat dulled, to find how much of the various examinations he had really transferred to his notes. He began by telling the Jury that here was another illustration of the old proverb "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." If Mr. Barber hadn't run off with Miss Montresor he wouldn't have been—that is he might not have been—before the Divorce Court this day. If Miss Montresor hadn't listened to Mr. Barber she would not have been his wife, and would in all probability have saved herself a great deal of misery. He then went through his notes pointing out to the Jury that throughout—with one exception of which he would speak presently—it was simply a question of whether they believed the lady or the gentleman. This was a case of cross-swearing—as indeed most of these cases were. It would have been more satisfactory if Mrs. Barber had procured evidence from Brussels, Folkestone, &c., —as to the various instances of *sævitia* charged—and he was bound to tell the Jury, that a commission might have been sent over to Brussels to procure the necessary confirmation of Mrs. Barber's statements. The one exception to which he had referred, was the incident that occurred at Cheltenham. Ann Iron had confirmed her mistress's statement so far as to swear that she had seen the bruised arm—she did not go so far as to say she had seen the blow struck. In this way the old Judge passed the evidence in review fairly enough, and bidding the Jury dismiss from their minds all that had been said by counsel on either side which was not supported by evidence, left them to consider their verdict.

The Jury turned round and put their heads together, but before they had been more than a minute in consultation the Judge recalled them for a moment. He wished to inform them that he removed the question of the COTTON TOPS entirely from their consideration. That was a question for a Court of Equity, and it was competent to Mrs.

Barber—if so advised—to institute a suit for specific performance. The Jury bowed and put their heads together again.

Mr. Lamb had reproduced his fair client in the full sight of the Jury. Mrs. Barber sobbed in a suppressed emphatic way. Mr. Barber was breathing hard—through his nose. I looked to my friend Lamb in an interrogative manner. He winked at me slowly. The three Judges were chatting together. It was an awful moment.

At length the Jury turned round, and, in answer to the regular question, gave in, through their Foreman, a verdict for the Petitioner—Mrs. Barber was free!

Mr. Lamb, with his accustomed deference of manner, gave his arm to his client, and conducted her out of Court and into the Hall, where the hard women on the steps cheered her as she passed. The lady asked her professional adviser if she had not done it well?—the more so as it was all stuff and nonsense;—Augustus had never beaten her at all. No; she would not go back in Mr. Lamb's carriage. She had her own brougham at the door. I was thunder-struck on arriving at the portal of the Hall to see that the equipage in question was really there—and in it a party with whiskers. "*Only my cousin* Frederick!"

That afternoon a small company of sorrowful-looking men paced up and down Westminster Hall, in grim consultation as to what was to be

done under these distressing circumstances. They were British Husbands! I was there!

Oh! Flora! Flora! Don't!

* * * * *

What came of that consultation, and what were the steps taken by British Husbands to procure a rectification of their frontiers, *will appear in our next and following numbers*, under the title of

THE SCIENCE OF MATRIMONY.

L'Empire c'est la Paix.

Gamma.

THE MONTHS.—APRIL.

Every year we say in February that spring is coming; and in March we show one another, from papa and mamma down to little three year-old Harry, that spring is come: but the real feeling, the sober certainty of the bliss, does not fairly take possession of us till the boys come home for Easter. All before that is mere preparation for the lads, and for the spring pleasures they seem to bring with them. Thus, in my family, spring begins usually in April: and with April, therefore, I open my account of our year, in our country home.

One of the first things we hear from the boys is, that argument has run high in the playground whether those were best off who were to spend their Easter in London, or in the country. There was finally a formal debate on the subject in the school club; and never had the oratory been more successful. The theatres were a strong fact in favour of London; and so were many of the exhibitions; and it was difficult to convince the town lads of the superiority of rural pleasures which they did not understand; so that every boy probably went home convinced that he was the most fortunate of the whole set.

One point of my Ned's speech had been that there seemed to be two unhappy classes of society who were doomed never to enjoy the best pleasures of external Nature. Members of Parliament, who cannot leave London till the middle of August; and whale-fishers who leave the verdant part of the earth behind them in April, and go among the icebergs till it is time to come home, and meet the winter. For his own part, Ned declared, nothing should induce him to command a whale-ship, or to go into parliament: whereupon his opponent advised him to suspend his resolution till he was sought by some constituency, or till he had learned how love of country makes a patriot indifferent to pleasure, in town or country. Ned considered that stoicism rather doubtful, seeing how ready members are to make every patriotic consideration give way to the Derby day.

No time is to be lost, now that the short holiday has begun. "Have you remembered our paste-eggs?" asks Charley.

Yes: mother and sisters have remembered to keep the dozen largest eggs of the week for the purpose. Jane and Bell have collected odds and ends of gay silk; and before bed-time the little saucepan will be brought in, and the boys will tie up, and boil their eggs with their own hands. To-morrow evening, the engraving will begin*; the scratching with knife and pin, whereby each egg will exhibit a graceful swan on a lake, or a hovering dove; or a group of human figures. Jane proposes a group at the altar, as Nanny the nurse-maid is to be married on Monday, Easter Monday. Nanny must have the very best paste-egg, this year: and, for her part, she hopes the young people will all be at her wedding.

There is time, however, for a stroll before dark, and candlelight pursuits. We all turn out upon the lawn after tea,— even little Master Harry, who ought to be going to bed. He has something to tell first, however. The rooks are winging home to the park-woods, and as the boys look up at the cawing flock, and fear it is too early for rook pie, Harry informs them that "Harry was a Apil fool." Ned hardly believed it because his mother thinks that children should not be made April fools of till they are old enough to know the difference between the standing joke and a fib: but Harry is right. He had been so eager—had begged so earnestly—"Do make Harry a Apil fool!" that he was supposed to have his eyes sufficiently open. Some salt was put into his little hand, and he was sent to catch birds on the grass. By the time the salt was melted there, he was tired; but still proud of his dignity in having been fooled like bigger people. In our part of the country, and in many others, the joke does not seem to wear out at all. We are all regularly taken in, sooner or later before twelve at noon on the 1st of April.

The scent of violets is strong in the evening air; and we turn to the walk where the border, to the very end of the shrubbery, is entirely composed of double violets. This is my special vanity—this violet border; and the lads now make their annual observation that there are none so sweet anywhere else. Violets suggest primroses: and though there are plenty in the garden, we agree that we must go to-morrow to the High and Low Copses for more, and for whatever else we can find. There is so much to do that the question is where to begin. It is time to be sowing our annuals, and giving the last touches of excellence to our auriculas for the show; yet we must have long walks every day; and the boys rush to the river-bank to look after the boat.

The question is, whether they would prefer the fun of mending and painting the boat, at the cost of waiting a week for the use of it, or letting the carpenter botch it to go out in to-morrow. They will undertake the business themselves, and make a good job of it. They will see about the colours before breakfast, and paint away all the morning. The mother raises the point of the smell and sick head-aches: but wilful boys ignore sick head-aches; and they may run the risk if they choose.

It is difficult to give up duck-and-drake on such an evening, when the pale clear sky is reflected in the broad pools of the river, and it is such pretty work breaking up the surface into ripples and circles. Again and again we think we are making our last cast, and find ourselves tempted to try again: but there is the flower-garden to be seen while there is yet light enough.

The girls have done their best with their brothers' gardens: and the display is indeed rather surprising, so early in the season. The rock-mound which separates the two plots was expected to be fragrant with wall-flowers, and shining with periwinkle, blue and white, and tufted with daffodils: but the borders are gay beyond expectation. There are half-a-dozen varieties of tulips; and hyacinths, on the point of blowing; and auriculas in pots, carefully covered every night; and sweet double primroses; and the crown imperial is superb; and the Persian iris most elegant; and the fritillaries of different kinds, and kingwort; and jonquils, in their pride and delicacy. There may be plenty to do, which the sisters have left to their brothers for the pleasure of doing it: but the grand essential—abundance of flowering plants—has been splendidly managed.

The first job here must be to provide a shade and shelter for the hyacinths and auriculas. Such a noonday sun as we may expect now, and such April storms as will certainly pass over us, will ruin the flowers, if we do not take care. Therefore, however busy we may otherwise be, we are to bring in a score or so of rods from the copse, and stick them in, so as to support a light awning in the sun, and to stand a brisk wind which would tear the blossoms, or break the stalks, if the plants were not under cover.

The weeding is all done; every bed kept clear up to this very noon: but the walks need hoeing and rolling. The grass must be rolled too: but the lads like the work. They must sow their annuals, if they can possibly find time: and to-morrow they must examine their own particular fruit trees in the orchard.

Ah! we had been dreading the introduction of that sore subject. There is bad news about Ned's standard cherry-tree. Charley's is a wall tree, happily for him. His blossoms appear to be safe:

but there will be scarcely a cherry on Ned's tree. The winter was a hard one for the birds; and we suppose they were famine-struck; for they have picked out the heart of every blossom, leaving the sheaths to fall before the next breeze. Ned looks sorely tempted to cry. It is very hard that he can have no cherries, he thinks. Last year it was a late frost that ruined his prospect.

"We saved the gooseberries, however, and the low pear-tree," observes Charley. And then we laugh at the remembrance of the scene. At this time last year we were returning from an early visit when we actually saw a film of ice on a puddle in the road. We hurried home, to save our fruit crops, as far as possible. We collected every foot of matting, and the maids' aprons and the kitchen table-cloths destined for the next day's wash, and covered every gooseberry bush, and length of wall, and low fruit-tree, as far as our materials would go. It was well worth while. There was ice everywhere the next morning. It was a sudden freak of Nature. There was no more frost; but that one night cost a friend of ours two hundred pounds. His cherry orchards were rendered barren for the year, at that cost.

We cannot afford any carelessness now about our fruit. There have been signs of aphides on the peach trees; and the leaf-rollers hurt the apricots so seriously last year that we must see that it does not happen again. All boys like squirting; and mine as well as any. We are to infuse some tobacco to-morrow; and they undertake to syringe away the aphides, as long as their holiday lasts. They propose also to burn some wet straw under almost every tree in the orchard, to make short work with all manner of insects. This kind of sport is more to their taste than regular garden-work: but they honestly intend to do all that is wanted: — to sow more peas, and various beans; to stick whatever wants support, and to make use of every foot of their little kitchen gardens, in order to profit by my offers of farm-yard privileges. Just at this time we are clearing and cleaning out the yards, on the removal of the ewes and lambs to the water-meadows, and of the cattle to the uplands for the day; and there is plenty of manure for all my young gardeners. If they find they cannot get through half the engagements they are making this evening, they shall have help from the gardener. Not one of these precious April days must be wasted: and it will be a sad drawback on the summer holidays if the peas, and strawberries, and young potatoes, and green gooseberries, and green apricots fall short of expectation.

By the time all this is discussed, it is dusk. We fall into silence as we follow one another through the plantation, so that, when we come out upon the lawn we hear a remote aërial song which makes us stop and look up. It is no doubt the skylark, though we cannot see it in the high reddish region of the atmosphere. I know its evening note, more subdued and regular than its morning outburst. We stand and listen before stepping in at the bay-window; but it is presently over. "Only till the morning," observes Ned, already longing for to-morrow.

That to-morrow is now yesterday.

The paint-pots were ranged beside the boat exceedingly early; but a maternal prohibition had gone forth against painting in oils before breakfast. Some hammering and sawing was heard, and the boat was water-tight by the time the breakfast-bell rang. This day, all were to do what they pleased: so, all the young people were on the river-bank by nine o'clock — the lads painting green, red, and white; their sisters dusting and mending the cushions; and little Harry pulling rushes. He was soon joined by those whose heads could not stand the painting process; and a great store of rush-baskets and hats would have been the result, if I had not chanced to meet the squire, our neighbour, who observed that he saw my boys were at home, and that they were welcome to shoot pigeons in his woods, if they liked. There was nothing else to be had, he said: all other wild birds were over; but if the lads liked pigeon-pie, they might try for one.

Of course, some hours were spent in the woods, by my sons and me. My wife and the girls had the sense to remain at home, or out of range of our fire. I promised the boys not to tell unnecessarily how many birds we brought home; but I may assert the fact that one pigeon will make a pie of that name—the only requisite being plenty of beef-steak, to make out with.

As change of work is as good as rest, we recreated ourselves after tea in a very unexceptionable manner—rolling the grass, planting potatoes in miniature style, and filling the orchard with the smoke of wet straw, as soon as we supposed the insects to be all at home for the night.

This day has been—the boys prematurely declare—the best of the holidays, which are not half over yet. The fair will use up Maundy Thursday: and we always pass a quiet day at home after church on Good Friday. Nanny's wedding is enough for Monday; so we resolved to take this fine day for a long walk,—even to the summit of the Scar,—our high rock-crested hill, which the country-people call the Mountain. My wife cannot achieve the whole ascent: but she rides the pony up to the Fold; and then mounts somewhat further, and, with Bell, awaits our return where she stops, or at the Fold. Such was our plan to-day—only little Harry being left at home.

We started after breakfast, on as lovely an April morning as was ever seen in this country. We had the whole day before us; and we could stop when and where we pleased.

Our path lay so near the coppice above the waterfall that we turned into it, and mounted the bank of the brook till we came within hearing of the fall. There my wife fastened her pony to a tree, and went prying about, with the girls, among the gnarled old roots, for primroses. The pale-yellow stars revealed themselves in every recess; so that when the lads and I had bathed in the basin of the waterfall, and came down the path again, we found all the baskets brimming over with primroses; and the girls' hats garnished with wood anemones. In a damp hollow they had found arums to set off the primroses with their dark leaves. They wished to dig up wood sorrel by the roots (with earth about them), to plant round the stems of trees at home, but were persuaded to wait till our return, rather than carry a needless burden out and back.

We were half-unwilling to leave the wood, with its beginnings of chequered shade. No tree was yet in leaf; but the ivy hung glittering about the stems; young ferns sprouted from the fork of trees in the damp corners: the thorns were distinctly tinged with green; buds were bursting on all bushes, trees, and hedges; and a belt of larches on the southern side was bright with green tassels and red tips. The last brown leaves of the oaks were dropping, one by one, as the swelling buds pushed them off: and this we regarded as the final parting with all traces of last year.

When we came forth upon the common, we found that the sycamores were forwarder than we had supposed from anything we saw in the wood. There were touches of vivid green on sunny parts of those dome-like trees, which made it seem strange that their foliage would be in a few weeks so dark—so gloomy, as some people think; so that a pair of them sheltering a farmhouse remind fanciful people of a pall. The chesnut leaves have hardly yet burst their sheaths, and unfolded their curious plaits. The ferns on the hedge-banks scarcely show at all yet; but we unrolled their coils as we walked, and whenever we sat on felled trees, where they cluster under the damp side.

We knew we should find it hot on the common; but the wind was now fresh and cool from the sea. How the chicks pattered and scudded about the cottage gables; and the goslings ran in and out from the furze bushes, now growing more brilliantly yellow from day to day. We saw only two or three lambs—cottage pets, evidently; for the grass is not forward enough yet to yield the ewes sufficient food. Already, however, the whole expanse of grass, far and near, has lost its ugly early spring tint—the hay colour which makes the eye thirst for verdure. Under the gorse-bushes the grass is of the most vivid green, and we see that the uplands will soon follow suit.

From one of the cottages came forth the good woman to ask us whether we would bespeak a sucking-pig. The farrow was so large, that her husband would take half the little ones to market, and keep the other half. The general remark that we liked roast pig settled the matter, and it moreover brought on a series of very appetising observations. My wife wondered why so much more ham was cooked at this season than any other. We supposed it might be because the dishes it accompanied are of a remarkably mild quality; young veal in all its forms, spring chickens, and turkey-poults. In America, ham or salt pork is eaten with lamb: but, then, as my wife observed, so it is with mutton. Somebody thought it might go very well with sturgeon—a true April dish, and very like veal. From sturgeon we went off to mullet, now in the midst of its short season, and down, through carp and tench, to mackerel and herrings—those common but most welcome spring fish.

My wife wondered how many of our beloved little larks would be devoured in London alone in the course of this month. "Larks!" Yes; our poor little musical larks are caught and boned and made into dumplings, or stewed by dozens, by hundreds, and by thousands—not every year, but from time to time, when the fancy comes up again. Being plainly asked the question whether I had ever eaten larks, I could not deny the fact, nor refuse to say that they are good eating, though obtained, in my opinion, at too great a cost of one's feelings.

From the common we gradually ascended the spurs of the Scar, about whose crest no vapour flitted. The sky was clear overhead, and round the whole horizon the clouds were white and shining—the snowy piles which, in spring, make the earth below seem all the greener for the clouds before they come down in rain as well as after. Over one part of the upland something like a shadow seemed to rest; but we discovered, when we came near, that it was only a new mass of colour.

Harebells—by which I mean the blue hyacinth, so called from the hare being supposed to feed on its roots—spread over the slope so thickly as to give it a distinct purple tinge. They gave us fine promise of the quantity we should presently see in the woods below; and, meantime, they tempted us to halt again for a few minutes. During those few minutes boys' hats and girls' bonnets were dressed in the blue blossoms, relieved by a few primroses and delicate sorrels. Here, where all was still, except the murmur of the bees in the flowers, we heard the cuckoo from below as distinctly as we had heard the cooing pigeons in the wood.

The boys said that at the next halt we should hear nothing but the wind whispering in the grass.

The next halt was, however, at the fold, where there ought to be bleating and baaing enough to be heard a long way off. But scarcely a sheep appeared: and it was evident that we were too early for the lambs. We could see them, as white specks, in the water-meadows below. As for the sheep, the pasture here was not yet sufficiently abundant for them, and the temptation to trespass was great. I have too good reason to know how hungry sheep can make their way in anywhere, and how much they can eat in a night, when wild with hunger in spring. The flocks which ought to be staring at us now, while we ate our luncheon under the wall of the fold, were probably laying waste some gardens, or feasting on the new grass of some neighbour in whose field they had no business.

We met with more life still higher up. There were cows which seemed to have a taste for an extensive prospect, for they were pacing about under the very highest crest of the Scar, or lying ruminating on hillocks of elastic moss. They were lean after the long winter, and the March scarcity which follows such a winter: but there was already herbage here which would improve their milk and cream; and a month would make them sleek enough.

The view was superb, when we had reached our pinnacle. We were not too high to discern the particulars of the scene below, while yet a bright blue line of sea, with two ships upon it, was seen as from a mountain-peak. Ned wondered whether either of those ships was on its way to the North Pole—exemplifying his speech in the recent debate. We agreed that if the one was going to the icy zone, and the other to the torrid, we would rather bid them good-speed, and stay where we were.

We stayed on that precise spot a little too long. One lad hunted out a snake or two from among the warm stones on the southern side; and the other ran round to a pool in a little hollow, where he had once found a bittern, and hoped for the chance a second time—this being just the season. We were startled by a sudden chill; and, looking up, found that heavy clouds were overtaking the sun, and threatening the earth. In a minute, the patter of the hail on the rocks drowned all other sounds to us; but my wife and the girls, lower down the steep, round whom a milder shower fell on the grass, heard the growl of thunder on the horizon. Though we scampered down to them at the top of our speed, the explosion was over before we reached the fold, and the sun cast blue shadows from every tuft of herbage upon the hail which lay beneath it.

As we descended, the woods of the park seemed to have grown greener since we mounted. The oak avenue was leafless as in winter, though softer in outline; and the fine ash-clumps, standing apart, looked barer than the oaks; but there was a tender tinting of foliage over the massed woods and the hedgerow lines. There was apple-blossom in the orchards of the farm-steads, and near the best of the cottages.

We were not cured of our loitering by the sound of the church clock, which came on the wind when we were still two miles from home; nor by the fatigue which we all felt—all, because it was caused less by the exercise we had taken than by the temperature of the sudden spring. The boys persisted in starting the tadpoles in the ditches and discovering birds'-nests; and the girls in gathering every spray of blackthorn that showed the remotest symptom of blossoming. When we went to bed that night we threatened one another with being too stiff to enjoy the fair to-morrow.

I need not describe the fair, because it is the same thing every year, and would be at any season of the year: and there is no use in describing the Easter Monday wedding, because it is just once and away—a single incident, not likely to happen again, nor to interest anybody but ourselves. I therefore stop here. Our Spring has fairly settled down around us; and the next change we see will be the advance into the fuller beauty of May.

APRÈS.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one—
  Climbing so tenderly up to my knee;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are taunting me,
  Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me?

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one—
  Warbling so fairily close to my ear; [me,
Why should you choose, of all songs that are haunting
  This, that I made for your mother to hear?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one—
  Wailing so wearily under the stars;
Why should I think of her tears, that make light to me
  Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one—
  Is she not like her, whenever she stirs?
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
  Lips that will some day be honey'd, like hers?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one—
  Though her white bosom is still'd in the grave,
Something more white than her bosom is spared to me,
  Something to cling to, and something to crave:

Love, love, Ellen, my little one!
  Love indestructible, love undefiled,
Love through all deeps of her spirit, lies bared to me,
  Oft as I look on the face of her child.

Arthur J. Munby.

POSTSCRIPT.

On closing the first Volume of "Once a Week," its Projectors distinctly pledged themselves, in consideration of its rising promise, to make the most of the opportunities for its further and complete development.

Not only is it their conviction, founded on a knowledge of their efforts, that they have already done this; but they have a surer proof that these efforts have been properly directed, in a circulation which is now steadily on the increase.

In the meantime, an unlooked-for opportunity has arisen in the promised remission of the Paper Duties, and the Projectors desire to convert this opportunity also to the advantage of their readers.

But, instead of waiting until these Duties shall be actually remitted, it is their intention to anticipate the probable reduction in the price of paper, and to extend their Miscellany by six pages of letter-press weekly, commencing from the 28th instant.

Exclusive of these six pages they will avail themselves of the same occasion to gratify the wish expressed by so many of their subscribers for a complete wrapper to each weekly number.

And they further hope so to use their extended space as to afford increased gratification to a widening circle of readers.

April 7, 1860.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

See p. 335.

CHAPTER XIV. THE COUNTESS DESCRIBES THE FIELD OF ACTION.

Now, to clear up a point or two: You may think the Comic Muse is straining human nature rather toughly in making the Countess de Saldar rush open-eyed into the jaws of Demogorgon, dreadful to her. She has seen her brother pointed out unmistakably as the tailor-fellow. There is yet time to cast him off, or fly with him. Is it her extraordinary heroism impelling her onward, or infatuated rashness? or is it her mere animal love of conflict?

The Countess de Saldar, like other adventurers, has her star. They who possess nothing on earth, have a right to claim a portion of the heavens. In resolute hands much may be done with a star. As it has empires in its gift, so may it have heiresses. The Countess's star had not blinked balefully at her. That was one reason why she went straight on to Beckley.

Again: the Countess was a born general. With her star above, with certain advantages secured, with battalions of lies disciplined and zealous, and with one clear prize in view, besides other undeveloped benefits dimly shadowing forth, the Countess threw herself headlong into the enemy's country.

But, that you may not think too highly of this lady, I must add that the trivial reason was the exciting cause—as in many great enterprises. This was nothing more than the simple desire to be located, if but for a day or two, on the footing of her present rank, in the English country-house of an offshoot of our aristocracy. She who had moved in the first society of a foreign capital—who had married a count, a minister of his sovereign

—had enjoyed delicious high-bred badinage with refulgent ambassadors—could boast the friendship of duchesses, and had been the amiable receptacle of their pardonable follies—she who, moreover, heartily despised things English:—this lady experienced thrills of proud pleasure at the prospect of being welcomed at a third-rate English mansion. But then, that mansion was Beckley Court. We return to our first ambitions, as to our first loves: not that they are dearer to us,—quit that delusion: our ripened loves and mature ambitions are probably closest to our hearts, as they deserve to be—but we return to them because our youth has a hold on us which it asserts whenever a disappointment knocks us down. Our old loves (with the bad natures I know in them) are always lurking to avenge themselves on the new by tempting us to a little retrograde infidelity. A schoolgirl in Fallowfield, the tailor's daughter, had sighed for the bliss of Beckley Court. Beckley Court was her Elysium ere the ardent feminine brain conceived a loftier summit. Fallen from that attained eminence, she sighed anew for Beckley Court. Nor was this mere spiritual longing; it had its material side. At Beckley Court she could *feel* her foreign rank. Moving with our nobility as an equal, she could feel that the short dazzling glitter of her career was not illusory, and had left her something solid: not coin of the realm exactly, but yet gold. She could not feel this in the Cogglesby saloons, among pitiable bourgeoises—middle-class people daily soiled by the touch of tradesmen! They dragged her down. Their very homage was a mockery.

Let the Countess have due credit for still allowing Evan to visit Beckley Court to follow up his chance. If Demogorgon betrayed her there, the Count was her protector: a woman rises to her husband. But a man is what he is, and must stand upon that. She was positive Evan had committed himself in some manner. But as it did not suit her to think so, she at once encouraged an imaginary conversation, in which she took the argument that it was quite impossible Evan could have been so mad, and others instanced his youth, his wrong-headed perversity, his ungenerous disregard for his devoted sister, and his known weakness: she replying, that undoubtedly they were right so far: but that he could not have said he himself was that horrible thing, because he was nothing of the sort: which faith in Evan's stedfast adherence to facts, ultimately silenced the phantom opposition, and gained the day.

With admiration let us behold the Countess de Saldar alighting on the gravel-sweep of Beckley Court, the footmen and butler of the enemy bowing obsequious welcome to the most potent visitor Beckley Court has ever yet embraced.

The despatches of a general being usually acknowledged to be the safest sources from which the historian of a campaign can draw, I proceed to set forth a letter of the Countess de Saldar, forwarded to her sister, Harriet Cogglesby, three mornings after her arrival at Beckley Court; and which, if it should prove false in a few particulars, does nevertheless let us into the state of the Countess's mind, and gives the result of that general's first inspection of the field of action. The Countess's epistolary English does small credit to her Fallowfield education; but it is feminine, and flows more than her ordinary speech. Besides, leaders of men have always notoriously been above the honours of grammar.

"MY DEAREST HARRIET,

"Your note awaited me. No sooner my name announced, than servitors in yellow livery, with powder and buckles, started before me, and bowing one presented it on a salver. A venerable butler—most impressive! led the way. In future, my dear, let it be *de Saldar de Sancorvo*. That is our title *by rights*, and it may as well be so in England. English *Countess* is certainly best. Always put the *de*. But let us be systematic, as my poor Silva says. He would be in the way here, and had better not come till I see something he can do. Silva has great reliance upon me. The farther he is from Lymport, my dear!—and imagine me, Harriet, driving through Fallowfield to Beckley Court! I gave one peep at Dubbins's, as I passed. The school still goes on. I saw three little girls skipping, and the old swing-pole. SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES as bright as ever! I should have liked to have kissed the children and given them bonbons and a holiday.

"How sparing you English are of your crests and arms! I fully expected to see the Jocelyns' over my bed; but no—four posts totally without ornament! Sleep, indeed, must be the result of dire fatigue in such a bed! The Jocelyn crest is a hawk in jesses. The Elburne arms are, *Or*, three falcons on a field, *vert*. How heraldry reminds me of poor papa! the evenings we used to spend with him, when he remained at home, studying it so diligently under his directions! We never shall again! Sir Franks Jocelyn is the *third* son of Lord Elburne, made a Baronet for his patriotic support of the Ministry in a time of great trouble. The people are *sometimes* grateful, my dear. Lord Elburne is the fourteenth of his line—originally simple country squires. They talk of the Roses, but we need not go so very far back as that. I do not quite understand why a Lord's son should condescend to a Baronetcy. Precedence of some sort for his lady, I suppose. I have yet to learn whether she ranks by his birth, or his present title. If so, a young Baronetcy cannot possibly be a *gain*. One thing is *certain*. She cares very little about it. She is *most eccentric*. But remember what I have told you. It will be serviceable when you are speaking of the *family*.

"The dinner-hour, six. It would no doubt be *full seven* in Town. I am convinced you are half-an-hour too early. I had the post of honour to the right of Sir Franks. Evan to the right of Lady Jocelyn. Most fortunately he was in the best of spirits—quite brilliant. I saw the eyes of that sweet Rose glisten. On the other side of me sat my pet diplomatist, and I gave him one or two political secrets which astonished him. Of course, my dear, I was wheedled out of them. His contempt for our weak intellects is ineffable. But a woman *must* now and then ingratiate herself at the expense of her sex. This is perfectly legitimate. Tory policy at the table. The Opposition,

as Andrew says, not represented. So to show that we were human beings, we differed among ourselves, and it soon became clear to me that Lady Jocelyn is the *rankest* of Radicals. My secret suspicion is, that she is a person of no birth whatever, wherever her money came from. A fine woman—yes; still to be admired, I suppose, by some kind of men; but totally wanting in the essentially feminine attractions.

"There was no party, so to say. I will describe the people present, beginning with the *insignificants*.

"First, Mr. Parsley, the curate of Beckley. He eats everything at table, and agrees with everything. A most excellent orthodox young clergyman. Except that he was nearly choked by a fish-bone, and could not quite conceal his distress—and really Rose should have repressed her desire to laugh till the time for our retirement—he made no sensation. I saw her eyes watering, and she is not clever in turning it off. In *that* nobody ever equalled dear papa. I attribute the attack almost entirely to the tightness of the white neckcloths the young clergymen of the Established Church wear. But, my dear, I have lived too long away from them to wish for an instant the slightest change in anything they think, say, or do. The mere sight of this young man was most refreshing to my spirit. He may be the shepherd of a flock, my dear, this poor Mr. Parsley, but he is a sheep to one young person.

"Mr. Drummond Forth. A great favourite of Lady Jocelyn's; an old friend. He went with them to the East. Nothing improper. She is too cold for that. He is fair, with regular features, very self-possessed, and ready—your English notions of gentlemanly. But none of your men treat a woman *as a woman*. We are either angels, or good fellows, or heaven knows what that is bad. No exquisite delicacy, no insinuating softness mixed with respect, none of that hovering over the border, as papa used to say, none of that happy indefiniteness of manner which seems to declare 'I would love you if I might,' or 'I do, but I dare not tell,' even when engaged in the most trivial attentions—handing a footstool, remarking on the soup, &c. You none of you know how to *meet* a woman's smile, or to engage her eyes without boldness—to *slide off them*, as it were, gracefully. Evan alone can look between the eyelids of a woman. I have had to correct him, for to me he quite exposes the state of his heart towards dearest Rose. She listens to Mr. Forth with evident esteem. In Portugal we do not understand young ladies having male friends.

"Hamilton Jocelyn—all politics. The stiff Englishman. Not a shade of manners. He invited me to drink wine. Before I had finished my bow his glass was empty—the man was telling an anecdote of Lord Livelyston! You may be sure, my dear, I did not say I had seen his lordship.

"Seymour Jocelyn, Colonel of Hussars. He did nothing but sigh for the cold weather, and hunting. All I envied him was his moustache for Evan. Will you believe that the ridiculous boy has shaved!

"Then there is Melville, my dear diplomatist; and here is another instance of our Harrington luck. He has the gout in his right hand; he can only just hold knife and fork, and is interdicted Port-wine and penmanship. The dinner was not concluded before I had arranged that Evan should resume (gratuitously, you know) his post of secretary to him. So here is Evan fixed at Beckley Court as long as Melville stays. Talking of him, I am horrified suddenly. They call him *the great Mel!*

"Sir Franks is most estimable, I am sure, as a man, and redolent of excellent qualities—a beautiful disposition, very handsome. He has just as much and no more of the English polish one ordinarily meets. When he has given me soup or fish, bowed to me over wine, and asked a conventional question, he has done with me. I should imagine his opinions to be extremely good, for they are not a multitude.

"Then his lady—but I have not grappled with her yet. Now for the women, for I quite class her with the opposite sex.

"You must know that before I retired for the night, I induced Conning to think she had a bad headache, and Rose lent me her lady's-maid—they call the creature Polly. A terrible talker. She would tell all about the family. Rose had been speaking of Evan. It would have looked better had she been quiet—but then she is so English!"

Here the Countess breaks off to say that, from where she is writing, she can see Rose and Evan walking out to the cypress avenue, and that no eyes are on them: great praise being given to the absence of suspicion in the Jocelyn nature.

The communication is resumed the night of the same day.

"Two days at Beckley Court are over, and that strange sensation I had of being an intruder escaped from Dubbins's, and expecting every instant the old schoolmistress to call for me, and expose me, and take me to the dark room, is quite vanished, and I feel quite at home, and quite happy. Evan is behaving very well. Quite the young nobleman. With the women I had no fear of him—he is really admirable with the men—easy, and talks of sport and politics, and makes the proper use of Portugal. He has quite won the heart of his sister. Heaven smiles on us, dearest Harriet!

"We must be favoured, my dear, for Evan is very troublesome—distressingly inconsiderate! I left him for a day—remaining to comfort poor mama—and on the road he picked up an object he had known at school, and this creature, in shameful garments, is seen in the field where Rose and Evan are riding—in a dreadful hat—Rose might well laugh at it!—he is seen running away from an *old apple woman*, whose fruit he had consumed without means to liquidate; but, of course, he rushes bolt up to Evan before all his grand company, and claims acquaintance, and Evan was base enough to acknowledge him! He disengaged himself so far well by tossing his purse to the wretch, but if he knows not how to *cut*, I assure him it will be his ruin. Resolutely he must cast the dust off his shoes, or he will be dragged down to their level. Apples, my dear!

"Looking out on a beautiful lawn, and the moon, and all sorts of trees, I must now tell you about the ladies here.

"Conning undid me to-night. While Conning remains *unattached*, Conning is likely to be serviceable. If Evan would only *give her a crumb*, she would be his most faithful dog. I fear he cannot be induced, and Conning will be snapped up by somebody else. You know how susceptible she is behind her primness—she will be of no use on earth, and I shall find excuse to send her back immediately. After all, her appearance here was all that was wanted.

"Mrs. Melville and her dreadful juvenile are here, as you may imagine—the complete Englishwoman. I smile on her, but I could laugh. To see the crow'sfeet under her eyes on her white skin, and those ringlets, is really too ridiculous. Then there is a Miss Carrington, Lady Jocelyn's cousin, aged thirty-two—if she has not tampered with the register of her birth. I should think her equal to it. Between dark and fair. Always in love with some man, Conning tells me she hears. Rose's maid, Polly, hinted the same. She has a little money.

"But my sympathies have been excited by a little cripple—a niece of Lady Jocelyn's, and the favourite grand-daughter of the rich old Mrs. Bonner—also here—Juliana Bonner. Her age must be twenty. You would take her for ten. In spite of her immense expectations, the Jocelyns hate her. They can hardly be civil to her. It is the poor child's temper. She has already begun to watch dear Evan—certainly the handsomest of the men here as yet, though, I grant you, they are well-grown men, these Jocelyns, for an untravelled Englishwoman. I fear, dear Harriet, we have been dreadfully deceived about Rose. The poor child has not, in her own right, much more than a tenth part of what we supposed, I fear. It was that Mrs. Melville. I have had occasion to notice her quiet boasts here. She said this morning, 'When Mel is in the Ministry'—he is not yet in Parliament! I feel quite angry with the woman, and she is not so cordial as she might be. I have her profile very frequently while I am conversing with her.

"With Grandmama Bonner I am excellent good friends,—venerable silver hair, high caps, &c. More of this most interesting Juliana Bonner by-and-by. It is clear to me that Rose's fortune is calculated upon the dear invalid's death! Is not that harrowing? It shocks me to think of it.

"Then there is Mrs. Shorne. She is a Jocelyn—and such a history! She married a wealthy manufacturer—bartered her blood for his money, and he failed, and here she resides, a bankrupt widow, petitioning any man that may be willing for his love *and* a decent home. *And*—I say in charity.

"Mrs. Shorne comes here to-morrow. She is at present with—guess, my dear!—with Lady Roseley. Do not be alarmed. I have met Lady Roseley. She heard Evan's name, and by that and the likeness I saw she knew, at once, and I saw a *truce* in her eyes. She gave me a tacit assurance of it—she was engaged to dine here yesterday, and put it off—probably to grant us time for composure. If she comes I do not fear her. Besides, has she not reasons? Providence may have designed her for a staunch ally—I will not say, confederate.

"Would that Providence had fixed this beautiful mansion five hundred miles from L——, though it were in a desolate region! And that reminds me of the Madre. She is in health. She always will be overbearingly robust till the day we are bereft of her. There was some secret in the house when I was there, which I did not trouble to penetrate. That little Jane F—— was there—not improved.

"Pray be firm about Torquay. Estates mortgaged, but hopes of saving a remnant of the property for poor Evan! *Third* son! Don't commit yourself there. We dare not baronetise him. You need not speak it—imply. More can be done that way.

"And remember, dear Harriet, that you must manage Andrew so that we may positively promise his vote to the Ministry on *all* questions when Parliament next assembles. I understood from Lord Livelyston, that Andrew's vote would be thought much of. A most amusing nobleman, though he pledged himself to nothing! But we are above such a thing as a commercial transaction. He *must* countenance Silva. Women, my dear, have sent out armies—why not *fleets?* Do not spare me your utmost aid in my extremity, my dearest sister.

"As for Strike, I refuse to speak of him. He is insufferable, and next to useless. How can one talk with any confidence of relationship with a Major of Marines? When I reflect on what he is, and his conduct to Caroline, I have inscrutable longings to slap his face. Tell dear Carry her husband's friend—the chairman or something of that wonderful company of Strike's—you know—the Duke of Belfield is coming here. He is a blood-relation of the Elburnes, *therefore* of the Jocelyns. It will not matter at all. Breweries, I find, are quite in esteem in your England. It was highly commendable in his Grace to visit you. Did he come to see the Major of Marines? Caroline is certainly the loveliest woman I ever beheld, and I forgive her now the pangs of jealousy she used to make me feel.

"Andrew, I hope, has received the most kind invitation of the Jocelyns. He *must* come. Melville must talk with him about the votes of his abominable brother in Fallowfield. We *must* elect Melville and have the family indebted to us. But pray be careful that Andrew speaks not a word to his odious brother about our location here. It would set him dead against these hospitable Jocelyns. It will perhaps be as well, dear Harriet, if you do not accompany Andrew. You would not be able to *account* for him quite thoroughly. Do as you like—I do but advise, and you know I may be trusted—for all our sakes, dear one! Adieu! Heaven bless your babes!"

The night passes, and the Countess pursues:

"Awakened by your fresh note from a dream of Evan on horseback, and a multitude hailing him

Count Jocelyn for Fallowfield! A morning dream. They *might* desire that he should change his name; but 'Count' is preposterous, though it may conceal something.

"You say Andrew will come, and talk of his bringing Caroline. *Anything* to give our poor darling a respite from her brute. You deserve great credit for your managing of that dear little good-natured piece of obstinate man. I will at once see to prepare dear Caroline's welcome, and trust her stay may be prolonged in the interests of common humanity. They have her story here already.

"Conning has come in, and says that young Mr. Harry Jocelyn will be here this morning from Fallowfield, where he has been cricketing. The family have not spoken of him in my hearing. He is not, I think, in good odour at home—a scapegrace. Rose's maid, Polly, quite flew out when I happened to mention him, and broke one of my laces. These English maids are domesticated savage animals.

"My chocolate is sent up, exquisitely concocted, in plate of the purest quality—lovely little silver cups! I have already quite set the fashion for the ladies to have chocolate in bed. The men, I hear, complain that there is no lady at the breakfast-table. They have Miss Carrington to superintend. I read, in the subdued satisfaction of her eyes (completely without colour), how much she thanks me and the institution of chocolate in bed. Poor Miss Carrington is no match for her opportunities. One may give them to her without dread.

"It is ten on the Sabbath morn. The sweet church-bells are ringing. It seems like a dream. There is nothing but the religion attaches me to England; but *that*—is not that everything? How I used to sigh on Sundays to hear them in Portugal!

"I have an idea of instituting toilette-receptions. They will not please Miss Carrington so well.

"Now to the peaceful village-church, and divine worship. Adieu, my dear. I kiss my fingers to Silva. Make no effort to amuse him. He is always occupied. Bread!—he asks no more. Adieu! Adieu!"

Filled with pleasing emotions at the thoughts of the service in the quiet village church, and worshiping in the principal pew, under the blazonry of the Jocelyn arms, the Countess sealed her letter and addressed it, and then examined the name of Cogglesby; which plebeian name, it struck her, would not sound well to the menials of Beckley Court. While she was deliberating what to do to conceal it, she heard, through her open window, the voices of some young men laughing. She beheld her brother pass these young men, and bow to them. She beheld them stare at him without at all returning his salute, and then one of them—the same who had filled her ears with venom at Fallowfield—turned to the others and laughed outrageously, crying:

"By Jove! this comes it strong. Fancy the snipocracy here—eh?"

What the others said the Countess did not wait to hear. She put on her bonnet hastily, tried the effect of a peculiar smile in the mirror, and lightly ran down stairs.

(To be continued.)

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST.

"Confound the Ancients!" exclaimed Puff, in "The Critic," "they've stolen all my best thoughts." Let us only look back far enough, and we shall find that those who are ready to assist us in the tinkering of our Constitution, have also reason to complain of the pilfering propensities of their forefathers. There is, indeed, nothing new under the sun! Universal suffrage is as old as the Saxons; annual Parliaments date nearly as far back. A rate-paying franchise existed before the battle of Agincourt; and County Court judges sate and dispensed cheap law when Alfred the Great was king. The elements of our pet system of Reformatories even may be traced amongst the crumbling dust of ruined monasteries. The advance of civilisation has produced many novel details for legislation; but in nearly every instance, when we come to reform the *system* of our Government or law, we do not make a new model; we merely scrape away the corruption of the Middle Ages, which has defaced the old one invented by our sturdy Saxon ancestry.

England is at one and the same time the most liberal and the most conservative of nations. We stretch forward one hand to grasp a reform, and grope behind our backs with the other to find a precedent. No people hugs its old customs, its ancient likes and dislikes, so closely as the English. Are we wrong, then, in supposing at this juncture, when all classes are so anxiously discussing what is to be the extent of the parliamentary franchise in the future, that a sketch of it, as it existed in the past, long before the memory of our friend Mr. Minkinshaw,* may not be devoid of interest to our readers?

Hallam lays it down that there are four different theories as to the ancient right of voting. He says: "1. The original right, as enjoyed by boroughs represented in the Parliaments of Edward I., and all of later creation, where one of a different nature has not been expressed in the charter from which they derive the privilege, was in the inhabitant householders resident in the borough, and paying scot and lot—by those words including local rates, and probably general taxes. 2. The right sprung from the tenure of certain freehold lands, or burgesses, within the borough, and did not belong to any but such tenants. 3. The right derived from charters of incorporation, and belonging to the community or freemen of the corporate body. 4. A right not extending to the generality of freemen, but limited to the governing part, or municipal magistracy." The third of these, as regards the *original* parliamentary boroughs and many enfranchised by the successors of Edward I., was clearly an usurpation; and the fourth was a further usurpation upon it—an abuse upon an abuse—as repugnant to a Constitutionalist as colour blazoned upon colour would be to a herald.

* See page 170, No. 34.

The early parliaments were merely the successors of the old "mickle gemot," or Council of the Saxons; and we shall learn by whom its members were elected, from the following translation of the preamble of an ancient institute: "Withred, the King of Canterbury, in the fifth year of his reign, and the sixth day of August, in a place called Berghamstyde, gathered the principal people to Council: there were there all the clergy, and the *herdsfolk*, when the chiefs and the *congregation* established these laws."

In the oldest writs of election now procurable, there is contained no limitation of the franchise. As time wore on, the people no longer attended the Council in a body, but they all had a voice in the election of the delegate who was to represent them there. The following is a translation of a writ of election for the county of Kent, issued in the twelfth year of Henry IV.: "This Indenture made at Canterbury, on Monday the next before the Feast of the Apostles Simon and Jude, next following after the receipt of the writ of the lord the king annexed to this Indenture. Between John Darrel, Sheriff of the said county, and R. C., V. B., J. B., J. D., I. L., W. L., &c., who to choose knights and citizens for the Parliament of the lord the king, to be holden at Westminster on the morrow of All Souls that next shall be, were empowered by virtue of the writ of the same the lord the king, in this behalf, addressed to the same sheriff, by the assent of *all that county*, have chosen Reginald Pympe and Willian Notaben, knights for the *community* of the aforesaid county; William Hinckman and William Roe, citizens, for the *community* of the City of Canterbury; Roger Langford and John Everard, citizens, for the *community* of the City of Rochester. In Witness, &c." (Here follow the signatures.) Something very like Universal Suffrage prevailed, then, in those times, every one but the *serfs* having a vote. Indeed, the statute of Henry VI., which limits the right of voting in *counties* to freeholders of forty shillings a-year, acknowledges as much in its preamble, which recites: "Whereas, the election of knights of shires to come to Parliament of our lord the king in many counties of the realm of England have now of late been made by very great outrageous and excessive numbers of people dwelling within the same counties, of the which most part was people of small substance and no value, *whereof every one of them pretended a voice* equivalent as to such election to be made with the most worthy knights and esquires dwelling within the same counties, whereby manslaughter, riots, batteries, and divisions among the gentlemen and other people of the same counties shall (observe the caution of this) *very likely* arise and be, unless convenient and due remedy be provided: Be it enacted, &c."

Not a word is there to be found in ancient writs of the franchise being vested in municipal corporations. In Rochester and Canterbury the right remained in the freemen at large; but in the boroughs of Wilton and Devizes, which are mentioned in a writ for the county of Wilts, issued in the reign of Henry the Fifth, in precisely the same terms that we have quoted respecting the two former cities in the writ for Kent—the franchise was usurped by a mayor, recorder, five aldermen, three capital burgesses, and eleven common councilmen in the former; and by a mayor, recorder, ten magistrates, and twenty-four common councilmen in the latter.

Many places had writs issued to them in one reign, and were unrepresented in another; and then summoned to elect members in a third—the new charter directing the manner in which the election was to be held. Devizes was made a parliamentary borough in the 23rd year of Edward the First. It was discontinued as such, in the 20th of Edward the Second; and restored to its former position in the 4th of Edward the Third. Since then, down to the year 1832, it returned members to Parliament; but the process under which the corporation usurped the franchise, is shrouded in mystery. No writ subsequent to the one we have mentioned, granting the right of election to a class, could disfranchise those in whom it was originally vested; for, says Lord Coke, "if the king newly incorporate an ancient borough, which before sent burgesses to Parliament, and granteth that certain selected burgesses shall make election of the burgesses of Parliament, where all the burgesses elected before—*this charter taketh not away the election of the other burgesses.* And so, if a city or borough hath power to make ordinances, they cannot make an ordinance that a less number shall elect burgesses for the Parliament, than made the election before; for free elections of members of the High Court of Parliament are 'pro bono publico,' and not to be compared to other cases of election of mayors, bailiffs, &c., of corporations." Hear this, Mr. Bright!

But the corporations *did* monopolise the franchise and make ordinances in defiance of all law, and what happened at Devizes happened to scores of other boroughs throughout the kingdom. In the populous city of Bath, which has sent members to Parliament ever since there was a Parliament to send them to, the franchise was usurped by a self-elected corporation of eighteen persons, mostly doctors! Andover, Portsmouth, Salisbury, and Winchester were in a similar predicament.

Very early in our history—even when Parliament was a mere machine for taxing the country—the position of a member was an object of ambition and of bribery. As the power of the legislature increased, and political parties were formed, contests for the office of "Parliament man" became spirited and frequent, the issue not being confined, as at present, to what candidate should be elected, but involving intricate questions as to the right of voting, and the due appointment of the returning officer. Thus there was frequently a double return for a borough. The mayor would assume the post of returning officer, and a candidate chosen by the corporation would be elected. The bailiff of the lord of the manor, or some rival functionary, would also claim to make the return, and another candidate who had received the suffrages of the householders, or other class claiming to possess the franchise, would be sent to Parliament. The House of Commons, as a body (not a committee of it, as at present), had to decide

which return was valid, and its judgment in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred was guided, not according to the rights and wrongs of the case (such considerations being quite out of place in the corrupt legislatures of our early Hanoverian monarchs), but by the politics of the competitors for senatorial honours, and the good things which a subservient member could command from the ministry he served. So, if a Tory corporation made a return when Harley held the helm of State, and with false compass steered to pick up the king "over the water," the chances were that the franchise would be held to be in the Jacobite mayor, aldermen, and common council; that the bailiff was an imprudent impostor, and that the Whig householders had no voice in the election. A return made by the same authorities in the days of Walpole would have been very rapidly disposed of. It would be held that the householders, and no one but the householders, had the right of voting—provided they sent the ministerial candidates to Westminster. The mayor would be snubbed, and made to give way to the bailiff, who would be installed as the lawful returning officer—so long as he returned a Whig! The Cabinet and the Opposition mustered their forces at the trial (?) of an election petition, as though some important principle of State-craft were in question; and if the ministerial nominee was not declared duly elected, it was a broad hint to his patrons that their reign was over. The fall of Sir Robert Walpole was completed by an adverse majority of *one* in a disputed return for the borough of Chippenham!

Thus the most hopeless confusion and uncertainty reigned in the boroughs as to the true nature of their franchise. The journals of the House of Commons contain five contradictory resolutions respecting the right of voting in Dorchester, and in other places equal uncertainty prevailed. There was no fixed principle of voting. Hardly any two boroughs had precisely the same franchise. In one it was vested in the corporation alone—in another in the corporation and a select number of burgesses. In a third it was held by all householders. In a fourth the pot-wallers were entitled to it. The holders of burgage tenures formed the electoral body in a fifth. The freemen, including in one instance the husbands of the daughters of freemen, in a sixth.* The payers of scot and lot in a seventh; and in an eighth, two or more of the foregoing qualifications in combination, gave the right of voting. The boroughs knew what they were, but could not guess what they might become, when a change of Ministry reversed the position of parties. What they *had been* formed no precedent for the future, until, in the year 1729, an Act of Parliament was passed, making the last decision of the House of Commons final—no matter how corrupt or wrong that decision might have been.

Thus was the nature of the franchise fixed; but at every contested election vehement disputes arose as to who were entitled to exercise it. It was vested in the freemen—it was vested in the pot-wallers: but who were freemen, pot-wallers, &c., &c.? There was at that time no register of electors, as at present, to be referred to as conclusive evidence of the right of individuals to vote. Loud and angry arguments took place at the polling-places, and conflicting and corrupt decisions were given in Parliament, until an Act, passed through the exertions of Mr. Grenville, taking the jurisdiction of trying election petitions from the House at large, and vesting it in a committee of its members, caused disputed returns to be a little more fairly dealt with.

I will now shortly sketch the nature of the franchises already mentioned. The corporations I have alluded to were the old municipalities—those utterly effete and corrupt communities which were swept away by the Municipal Corporations Act. They were, for the most part, self elected, and when associated with the "freemen" in the enjoyment of the franchise, were naturally desirous that the number of those entitled to share with them the profits of an election should be as few as decency would permit. They contended that they alone had the right of making freemen, and they made them only by interest or compulsion. It was frequently asserted on the other hand, that all resident householders, paying scot and lot for a year and a day, were *freemen*, and entitled to vote at the election of members for Parliament. A great contest took place upon this question in the borough of Rye. One committee decided for the inhabitants, and another (upon appeal) for the corporation; and so the franchise remained in the hands of the latter, and those whom they chose to admit—in all about forty-seven individuals—down to the passing of the Reform Bill. Until the right of voting was taken away from revenue and other Government officers, every "freeman" in this borough was in the service of either the Customs, the Excise, or the Post Office. Most of these situations were sinecures, and those who held them were paid by the nation to vote for the Minister. "Freedom" was generally acquired either by birth, apprenticeship, or purchase, and the "freemen," as a body, formed as corrupt a class as existed in the times of universal corruption.

A "pot-waller," or "pot-wallopper," was one who had a right to boil a pot within the borough, and if he had possessed this right for six months preceding an election, and had not been in the receipt of parochial relief, he had a vote. Taunton was a pure pot-walling borough, and one of the most corrupt in the kingdom. It is only very recently that the pot-wallers there have been convinced that they are not entitled—as of right—to a sovereign a-head at every election!

The burgage-tenures which so puzzled Mr. Minkinshaw arose out of the division of the soil of England by the Saxons. The land was divided by lot; and its possessors, for purposes of protection and government, bound themselves to perform

* This privilege was granted by Queen Anne to the people of Bristol, in requital of the hospitality which they had shown her husband, Prince George of Denmark. "She asked them," says the *Spectator*, "what privilege she should confer upon them, and they requested this privilege BECAUSE THEIR WOMEN WERE SO UGLY!" A lady who could confer a vote in a city where a contested election cost a thousand pounds a day, was not likely to die an old maid. I must add, however, that from personal observation I have come to the conclusion that my fellow-countrywomen on the banks of the Avon are no longer qualified for a renewal of this privilege in Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill.

certain services, not to any *individual*, but to the community; estates thus created were called *allodial* estates, or estates in *frank* or free pledge. As time wore on, some of the chief men disposed of part of their estates to others of lesser degree. who became their *vassals;* but the smallest allodial tenant was always a freeman. He was known in the Saxon tongue as a *borse-holder* (house-holder), from which we have the corruption *burgess* and *burgage*-holder. Gatton, Old Sarum, and Midhurst, were pure burgage-tenure boroughs. In the first, there was a house and *one* voter; in the others there was neither house nor inhabitant. The manner in which voters were made and unmade in boroughs possessing this franchise, and also how scot and lot electors were manufactured and maintained, has appeared in a previous number.

In the year 1832, before the passing of the Reform Bill, the House of Commons elected under these franchises, consisted of 658 members, of whom 152 were returned by less than 100 voters and 88 by less than 50 a-piece! Eighty-nine peers were patrons of 133 pocket-boroughs in the United Kingdom, returning 175 members. Sixty-five commoners had ninety-nine seats at their disposal in seventy boroughs, and thirty-nine members were nominated by self-elected corporations. The minister of the day had six boroughs returning nine members in all under his thumb. The Scotch counties—all under the domination of the lairds—sent thirty members. So that in the election of nearly four hundred members—more than half the House of Commons—the voice of the people of England was never heard.

Such was the state of the representation not thirty years ago! Who knows but that, upon the eve of a third Reform Bill, the editor of the Sixtieth Volume of "ONCE A WEEK," may accept an article from some author—now in his long clothes—finding quite as much to condemn in the new system we are about to found, as I have in that old one of which I now take my leave.

ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

THE SCIENCE OF MATRIMONY.

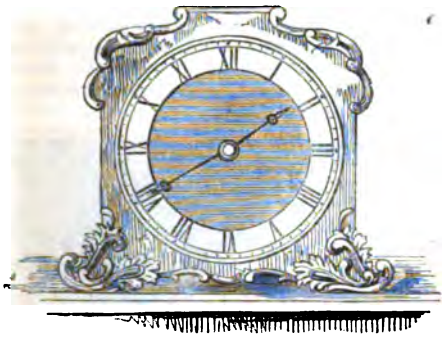
MERELY PRELIMINARY.

THERE is a city called London. In that city there is a Club House. But whether that Club House is situated in the W., S.W., E.C., or W.C. district, the world shall never know from me. It is in one of the four. The unclubbable S., S.E., E., N.E., N.W., and N. districts are out of the question.

In that Club House there is a smoking-room. Co-clubbists—above all, best beloved co-smokers—be calm! The world without shall never hear from me anything of our sacred mysteries. Let it be sufficient for work-o'-day mortals to know that there are raptures beyond their reach, and joys far above their apprehension. Ariosto's Cupid should be our emblem, and "*Illi vetabo*" our motto. Not Mr. Edwin James, with a Middlesex Jury, should ever get a word out of me upon this point. In so sacred a cause I would have exchanged gibes with a Spanish Inquisitor, even though at the time he had arrayed me in the last thing in San Benito paletôts, with the flames upwards. No! not even were I handed over to the tender mercies of those Hindoo officials who collect the arrears of revenue in the Madras Presidency, would I ever flinch. Vainly would the grim Stikadar pronounce with furious tone the awful words "*Ram jolli wa hûm!*" which mean in the vernacular, "*Apply the torture-beetle under an*

earthen pan to the abdominal region of the Prisoner at the Bar!" In the midst of the direst torments that Scarab could inflict, I would never give the Court a clue to our hidden joys.

There is, I say, a smoking-room in that Club House. The figures on the clock which stands on the chimney-piece point thus :



We are concerned with A.M., not with P.M. The rites are on foot—the sacrificial crowd is assembled. The odours of the incense hang heavily on the perfumed air. You see upon the edges of the marble tables batteries of cigar-ashes disposed in quaint rows, indicative of the spots where the more earnest smokers have taken up their position, and exchange lofty thoughts with their fellows. Here and there, there is a crystal vase—such an one as is commonly used in the celebration of the mysteries; it contains sometimes liquid amber—sometimes pure and effervescent lymph, strangely tinged with the aromatic flavour of the juniper berry : in either case you will see in it lumps of unmelted ice, and a long straw, no doubt to remind the philosophic reveller of the vanity of human enjoyments. The members are strangely attired—they wear blouses which are buttoned up to their chins, and each man has on a skull-cap, from beneath which not a lock of hair escapes. All are smoking—very hard.

Reader—this is a solemn moment in your life. You are admitted to a glimpse of the mysteries of "*The Gone Coon Club.*" Notice the buttons on the blouses; on each of them is engraved in fair characters the letters *G. C.*, inscribed in a cypress wreath. Let me warn all whom it may concern, to dismiss from their minds all thought that the scene which follows will afford them the slightest clue to the ordinary conversation—if indeed conversation ever is ordinary—in the smoking-room of the *Gone Coons*. The occasion is no ordinary one. The Club is composed of oppressed husbands, who, driven to utter despair by the misery of their domestic arrangements, find means from time to time to shake off their chains, and to meet in the G.C. Club House—where that may be, find out who can. Not that any gentleman who may be groaning under the yoke of a stern task-mistress need therefore despair. The G.C.s have large hearts. They are ever on the watch for such cases of domestic distress as would entitle the sufferer to their sympathy, and the privileges of their society. When such an one is found, and his character offers fair guarantees of worth and discretion, his case is taken into consideration by the Committee. If their decision is favourable, he is sounded by an emissary of the Club. So dexterously is this managed, that cases have been known in which his proximate liberation has been announced to the captive, even when he had been attending upon his owner, and carrying a pyramid of cloaks and shawls, or receiving her guests upon the landing-place of her drawing-room, and endeavouring, in a large white cravat, to entrap unwary young men into marrying her daughters. There never has been known an instance of a refusal to join the G.C.C. When the victim has once expressed his eagerness to avail himself of the means of escape, a form is handed to him, which he is required to fill up. Thus it runs :

*Date*_____ G.C.C. *No.* 5,753,621.

Age?	Calling or profession?
How long married?	Form, or forms, of oppression?
Previously married?	Has relief been sought, and how?
Age of wife?	If a smoker?
If children, how many?	

*Signature of Victim*_____

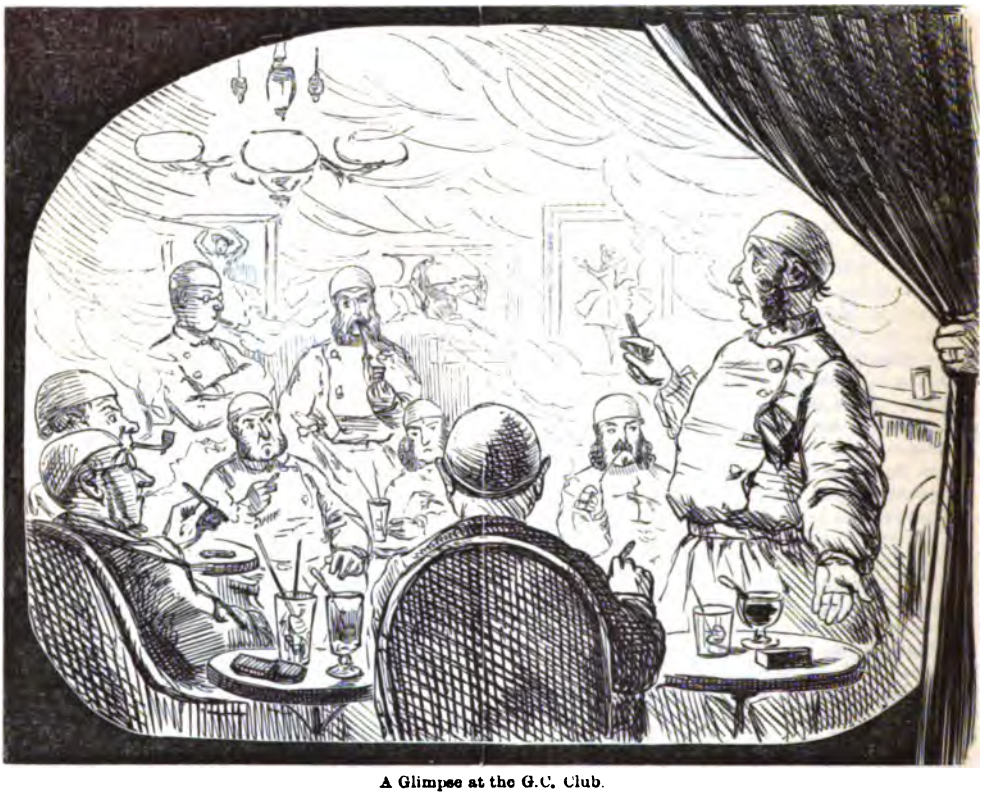
N.B.—If unmarried, or a widower, form or forms of grievance must be set forth in detail.

This application is next taken into consideration. If the result is satisfactory, the victim is directed to be at a particular place at a particular time, and, in due course, is introduced into the club. He is then informed by the chairman of the committee of the various pretences or subterfuges by help of which an escape from the conjugal domicile may be most safely effected, and with fewest chances of detection, and then he is finally initiated into the greater mysteries.

It would, of course, be highly injudicious, and, in point of fact, amount to a scandalous breach of confidence, to suggest any connection between the G.C.s and those Masonic Rites of which the secret has been so well kept. There have certainly existed dark suspicions in the female mind upon the subject. It is not for me to dispel them.

The subject under the consideration of the members upon the night in question was the recent trial of BARBER *v.* BARBER in the Divorce Court. The danger of the situation, as far as British husbands were concerned, seemed to be fully understood on all sides. Where would it end? The result of the recent changes in the law

practically amounted to this, that in all disputes between husband and wife, the wife's word was to be believed, and the husband to stand condemned. It was particularly noticed that in such cases the action of the Court upon the Jury was perfectly paralysed. Something, indeed, might be accomplished if it were found practicable to introduce a system of mixed juries—half matrons, half men; relying upon that well-known principle in human nature that each side will take part against its own members. To this it was objected that true it was that men would invariably kick each other out of Court; but it was not so well established that the *esprit-de-corps* against their own sex was equally strong amongst women. How, if it was found that by obtaining the concession of a half, or of an entire, female jury, we had passed from the reign of King Log under the sterner sceptre of Queen Stork? The point was too important to admit of hasty decision, and it was finally resolved that all members should be summoned within their various spheres of action and observation, to test the female mind upon this subject—directing their attention particularly to certain matters of



A Glimpse at the G.C. Club.

detail, such as the effect likely to be produced by the age and general appearance of the Respondent. No doubt, if the lady petitioning was young and pretty, a female jury would make short work of her; but this was not always the case, and it was as well to be cautious.

A thoughtful member suggested, with a kind of sardonic grin, that perhaps it would be more advisable to establish that "celibacy" should be a distinct ground of challenge — "for, my friends," said he, looking round, "if we had been on the Jury in Mrs. Barber's case—knowing what we do know of the mysteries — eh?" There was a great silence—the members smoked on in deep thought: at last a husky voice demanded to be heard—it was that of Brown, known among the G. C.s as Brown the Avenger, from the multitude of his wrongs, and from his vindictiveness against the authors of them. B.'s authority stood high in the Club. There was a respectful silence.

"Noble and suffering friends," said B. the A., "the proposition is specious, but it is nought. Look at me. I was once young, slim, beautiful, and enthusiastic. I was a Poet—I took midnight walks when the moon was at the full (the Moon, ugh!—). I loved to listen to the nightingale's song, and to dream of Maria. Maria became my wife. She left my home—our home—and I could now eat nightingales stewed in onions. Look at me now!"

Even under his blouse it was obvious that B. the A. was a man of goodly proportions, and the expression of his broad features was not suggestive of romantic ideas. B. continued.

"Well—again I did it. This time Annabella did not quit my house—she did not become Mrs.

O'Shaughnessy during the life of me, Brown! I wish she had! Well, Annabella passed away. Jane rushed in to take her place—my idolised Jane carried the science of *'nagging'* (*hear! hear! hear!*) to a point which has been seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Would you not have supposed that I should have rejoiced and revelled in my liberty?—that I should not have put myself a third time in the power of the tormentor? I did though. Within the eighteen months I conducted Sophia Ann to the hymeneal altar. Sophia Ann exists—she adores me, my friends, she adores me; and I never knew the meaning of human misery till now! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

There was a respectful silence—the enormity of this affliction was such, that all words of consolation were felt to be a mockery. We let B. the A.'s anguish have its way. He resumed.

"And do you suppose this is the worst of it? No! like Hippolytus, I curse the sex,—but the iron has entered into my soul. I am their slave. Were my Sophia to be torn from me to-morrow—I know it—within a few months I should be the victim of some fresh fascination—I can't resist it—I can't struggle against it. You all of you know my particular wrongs, and that I am not a husband who yields his neck to the axe without a struggle—but I, I BROWN, falsely named the AVENGER, had I been on the jury in poor Barber's case the other day, I would have kicked him out of court, and found a verdict for the wife without the smallest hesitation. How is this brought about? Why because there is not one amongst us—not even amongst us, the Prætorians of the human race—connubial veterans grim with scars and suffering—whom the first woman we met could not at any moment tease, cajole, coax, flout, pet, allure, madden, or bedevil into doing anything she pleased. Is it the truth?"

There was again silence, and a deep voice struck in—

Except our wives!

This exception met with general acquiescence. The question, however, remained how some remedy could be applied to the existing evil. It was greatly to be feared, as one gentleman suggested, whose lady had imbibed a taste for "private theatricals," that Mrs. Barber's example might be contagious. What boards for a first appearance before the London public! How exciting a part to play! What certainty of bringing down the house! Could the offensive exactions of the law, with regard to the proof of *sævitia* or cruelty be expunged, all the G.C.s admitted that their case would be much improved; but this was scarcely to be hoped for. Would it be possible to turn the table upon the too fascinating syrens who could, at any moment, sing away the characters of their husbands by an hour or two of dalliance in Sir Cresswell's gorgeous cage?

Ay! there was the rub; but how was this to be contrived? Who was to bell these soft, alluring, velvet-pawed, sharp-clawed, stealthily-paced, beautiful, but fatal cats?

At length a definite proposition was offered to the notice of the afflicted husbands. It was proposed that a central committee should be formed, with Mr. Brown (otherwise known as the Avenger) as the chairman, and that to this committee should be forwarded the results of the private experience of every member who could be induced to lend his aid to the furtherance of so excellent a work; that the most remarkable of these contributions should be selected for publication, more especially those which illustrated the less known and more subtle forms of marital suffering; that it should be broadly and clearly understood that the G.C.s fully acknowledged that there were thousands and thousands of households throughout the land which were not under subjection to the forms of feminine despotism described, and that they prayed the intelligent reader to accept their revelations for what they were worth—viz., contributions to that needful fund of information upon which alone true theories of the PATHOLOGY OF MARRIED LIFE can be based.

The G.C.s, as at present advised, did not pretend to go further than the assertion of what appeared to them to be twelve probable truths, viz.:—

1st. Of 1000 men and 1000 women taken at random in the British Islands, there is, on both sides, an equal percentage of good, indifferent, and bad. The indifferent largely predominate.

2nd. That any lady who may be reading these lines belongs emphatically to the category of the *good*.

3rd. That the vices and virtues, the qualities and defects of the two sexes are different; but that, on the whole, there is equilibrium.

Corollary. That all men are not brutes, nor all women angels.

4th. That in so close a union as that of married life the stronger will prevails, and that the force of will is as strong with women as with men; but that it works otherwise to its results.

5th. That the power of the woman is based upon her thorough perception and appreciation of the weaknesses of the man.

6th. That men, in the vast majority of cases, are very weak.

7th. That positive law never touches, and never can touch, the miseries and discomforts—where they exist—of married life, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

8th. That there is a passion, sentiment, or impulse, which can instantaneously convert the gravest and oldest man equally with the most thoughtless and youngest boy into a mere idiot. The poets call it L—e: the G.C.s don't know what to say about it.

9th. That if a man values his own peace of mind he had better keep out of the way of pink bonnets and Balmoral boots.

10th. That the marriage day and that day year, are two different days.

11th. That the husband and wife know nothing more of each other's qualities and defects when they join hands at the altar, than if they had been natives of different planets.

Corollary. The longer the courtship, the greater the chance of error, for the deception has been more enduring and continuous.

Axiom. *Leap before you look!*

12th. That subjection to another's will is the inevitable lot of weak minds.

Corollary. Old maids and old bachelors, therefore, are only impaled on other quills of the social porcupine.

The G.C.s, conscious as they are of writhing under the infliction of unmerited wrong, cheerfully acknowledge the great truth that, as there are two sides to every story, so there are, pre-eminently, two sides to the unhappy tale of connubial blisters. The G.C.'s can contemplate, and admit, the existence of a sister band of F.G.C.s, and they think that the world would be much the gainer if the real wrongs of the true F.G.C.s were fairly set forth in a calm and philosophic spirit, but not in the pantomimic way now in use at Westminster—where the immediate object is the destruction of a single and, it may be, an inoffensive husband.

It was agreed, after considerable discussion, that the order of reference to the Committee should include the consideration of reported cases of Connubial Bliss; Mr. Brown simply observing, that he did not think the point worth arguing, for the Committee would not be troubled with much evidence of that kind. Would it be possible to secure the assistance of Messrs Lamb and Rackem? Grave doubts existed as to the policy of such a step, for would it be well to let such a wolf as Lamb in upon their little tranquil fold—upon that green oasis in the wilderness of their married lives—that one bright spot in their existence? What if Mr. Lamb should rout them out, and drag them before the Court at Westminster, and expose the secrets of their last retreat? It was finally decided that it should be competent to the Committee to direct one of their number to seek the acquaintance of Mr. LAMB, and to obtain his confidence over the festive board, and that Mr. LANCELOT KNOCKER, G.C., should be a Sub-Committee for this purpose. Mr. L. K. was a man of the most jovial appearance, whose home was rendered unbearable to him by Mrs. K.'s seriousness.

The Committee were named as follows: Mr. Brown (the Avenger), *Chairman;* Mr. Lancelot Knocker, Mr. Ambrose Goodbody, Mr. Josiah Meek, Mr. Martin Wriggles—three to be a *quorum.*

They were finally informed that the Club looked to them, not so much for a recital of their personal adventures in search of information, as for *bonâ fide* contributions to the science of *Connubial Pathology,* which it was the well-considered purpose of the Club to raise henceforward to the rank of one of the Inductive Sciences. What they required from their Committee was facts, not opinions—facts, the only true basis of theory.

Per B. the A., *Chairman.*—You shall have the facts; you shall have them, gentlemen—plenty as blackberries.

Above all, the Committee were implored to dismiss from their minds all literary nonsense which had been written on the tender passion, and to look at men and women as they are, not what they appear to be to the crazed imagination of the Novelist or the Poet. The G.C.s had noticed, not without feelings of great dissatisfaction, the systematic efforts made by that class of writers to represent human life as an opium dream, and to impress upon the mind of the female population of these realms the mistaken notion that a quarter of an hour's delirium can be taken as a fair sample of the necessities of a form of existence in which the presence of Chancellors of the Exchequer, weekly bills, and occasional colds in the head, cannot be wholly ignored. Admitting, at the same time, to its fullest extent, the undoubted truth, that husbands are far inferior, as a class, to wives in personal attractions, the G.C.'s deplore the continuous and studious efforts made by modern writers of what may pre-eminently be called "fiction," to depreciate them in public estimation, as a set of mere ruffians. Ugly they may be, but that is not their fault, and they would humbly submit that they are not therefore wholly destitute of claims upon the sympathy of the human race.

Such was the general form of the instructions given to their committee by the G.C.s in solemn conclave assembled upon that eventful night; but it was clearly understood that the special directions should not be taken as limiting the discretion of their representatives, if they should see fit to bring before the notice of the general meetings, held from time to time to take their reports into consideration, any suggestions for the improvement of married life—any philosophical disquisitions upon the origin and progress of evils which all deplored. For example, the G.C.s would gladly receive information upon the manner in which female education was conducted throughout the country. They would watch the future British matron from her cradle to her school-room; from the school-room to the "seminary;" from the seminary to the finishing school. They would inquire into the way in which her tastes were engendered, her habits formed, her pursuits selected, until that awful result was produced which rendered the G.C. Club one of the most valuable institutions in the country—a safety-valve, without which the Social Boiler would infallibly burst and be shivered into atoms.

When the business was disposed of, an acolyte was summoned, the crystal vases were replenished, the censers were again swung round so that the air was heavy with aromatic fragrance, and the members relapsed into High Jinks. First it was proposed that they should play at "*les petits jeux innocens!*"

Mr. JOSIAH MEEK entertained the company with a chaste imitation of the manner in which he was commonly received within his own castle when the period of his absence had not been sufficiently accounted for. It was beautiful to see the look of contemptuous surprise with which he was greeted, and to hear the intimation given by Mrs. M. that she had not expected him till 3 A.M., and had given orders accordingly to the servants to retire, as she herself would sit up for their master, to comfort him on his arrival. Then there was a gentleman, a certain Mr. AMBROSE GOODBODY, whose domestic tortures appeared to be of a peculiar kind. Mrs. G. was a lady of a literary turn, and amused her leisure, and, as she asserted, added to the family income, by writing works upon the social condition of Eng-

land; and it appeared that when she was in want of a chapter, she was in the habit of practising upon poor G. as a *corpus vile*. She would bait him into a frenzy, and, when she had got matter enough, retire quietly to her writing-case, and record his struggles—always introducing the British Wife, Sister, &c., as his soother and keeper during these maniacal exercitations. Goodbody told the G.C.s that he was now so well accustomed to be used as a conjugal Helot, that he did not mind it much—but there was one point to which he never could reconcile himself, and that was, that Mrs. G. invariably required him to correct her proofs.

Then the G.C.s formed themselves into a Committee of Matrons, and discussed their servants, their nurseries—the latest improvements in dress. Each explained in turn to her fellows the little difficulties she encountered in keeping down her "incumbrancer;" and each in turn received comfort and counsel from her friends. If this representation was indeed a true one, these little arrangements are formed and welded into a diabolical cold-blooded system, from which men would in vain endeavour to escape. It was suggested by one inconsiderate and youthful G.C., that it was a man's own fault if he was enmeshed in the matrimonial web; for, after all, the forms of proposal rested with himself. This thoughtless suggestion was received with a shout of derision, and the larger experience of the collective assembly was brought to bear upon a demonstration of its absurdity.

A member was selected, Mr. Martin Wriggles, and he was held out as an ingenuous youth, with life before him, and the world as a meadow, in which he was to take his pastime. The fast young lady, the sentimental young lady, the serious young lady, the intellectual young lady, made successive attacks upon him; but Wriggles was a man of strong mind, and held out. All his female friends took part against him, though each abused her rivals in a quiet depreciatory way, which furnished abundant food for reflection to any person of well-regulated mind. An experienced widow of forty-two took him in hand, but without effect; W. happened at the moment to be under the influence of a fit of ambition, and was getting up Adam Smith as a step towards the Premiership. The widow pronounced him to be a fool without "soul;" but Wriggles, three months afterwards, was caught by the rosy-cheeked penniless daughter of a Consul in one of the Baltic Ports. What he wanted was unsophisticated nature. Mrs. W. is now given up to sentiment and spirit-rapping, and suffers tortures from the coarse vulgarity of that brute W.; whose only gleams of happiness occur during occasional visits to the G.C. *Occasio facit maritum.*

When these little matters were disposed of, much amusement was afforded to the Club by Brown the Avenger, who entertained them for a time by reading out the letters which he had written during the period of his courtship to Mrs. S. B., the Queen-Regnant, being the fourth of that dynasty. It was clear enough that it was not all a joke to poor B., who emphasised certain passages, and informed his sympathising friends how the realities had tallied with his anticipations. Indeed, so much instruction as well as amusement was afforded by this lecture, that it was proposed, and carried *nem. con.*, that at a future meeting of the Club, all members should produce the luscious correspondence which had preceded the fall of each poor bee into the honey-pot; and that the results should be carefully recorded for the warning of the rising generation.

One member had scarcely taken any share in the proceedings, although he had been laughed at by his fellows, but with that kindliness of spirit which invariably distinguishes the little personalities of the G.C.s towards each other. This gentleman was known amongst his fellows as "Gloomy Bob." There was nothing so very peculiar about his case—Mrs. R. Bircham had only taken to physicking herself, her husband, and her household; but the process had so weighed upon his spirits that he had sought for an antidote against the present evils of existence in a philosophic investigation of mesmeric phenomena. Gloomy Bob—as had been evident of late to the anxious eyes of his friends—had been in a deeper state of despondency than usual, and this was not sufficiently accounted for by the fact that Mrs. B. had recently put him through a searching course of *digitalis*. There was more in it than this. He had, at last, sunk to a point at which he could scarcely distinguish between his thick-coming fancies and the actual facts of his life. When pressed, again and again, he said at length:

"Yes! my friends, I will tell you all. Ring for Charles. Was it a vision? Was it a fact? Oh, no! it can never, never be! Charles—three pen'north of brandy! Yes! you shall hear the tale of my chief and latest sorrow, and assist me in instituting investigations which may lead us to certainties. I had thought that my bonds must needs be broken in a few years—is it true, indeed, that they are for all time — for ever—for ever thus?

"You are well aware," so Gloomy Bob began his awful disclosures, "that it is currently reported in the club that I had taken refuge in the study of magnetic phenomena, as a refuge from the miseries to which my actual life is exposed in consequence of my having, in an unguarded moment, strolled home from a pic-nic, by moonlight, with the then lovely and tender *Caroline Downy*, now the stern and implacable Mrs. Robert Bircham—first on, and then in, my arm.

"We were married, my friends—we were married! But within the first week of our marriage, my wife began to govern me by her health. Her head was always aching—she required medical advice.

"Our honeymoon was spent at an establishment for the cold-water cure—not quite what I had anticipated. We passed through a course of allopathy, homœopathy, kinopathy, and various other systems: but, at length, my wife became thoroughly imbued with the principles of magnetism, and from these she has never since departed. In an evil hour I consented to act as her medium—I have never known a happy moment since.

"With a few passes Mrs. B. can, at any time,

throw me into the magnetic state. She then applies the *Morning Post* to the pit of my stomach, and becomes aware of its contents instantaneously through my instrumentality. The sensation to me, however, is most distressing. Even when I am away from her presence, she can, by a mere effort of her iron will, constitute me her active medium, and, when I am in this condition, all her own sensations find their counterpart in mine. If Mrs. B. were to take a dose—but enough of this—be it sufficient for you to know that, though twenty miles distant from her, I should feel the effects.

"Her power is enormous. You vainly imagine, I dare say, that those inscriptions which you see on the walls of London and the neighbourhood, with futile inquiries as to '*Whether you bruise your oats?*' '*Have you tried the Eureka shirts?*' &c., really bear reference to the trivial subjects with which they profess to deal. Bah! they appear so to your eyes; but to me they are luminous inscriptions pregnant with my fate, and indicative of Mrs. Robert Bircham's commands. I have passed through the six magnetic states—having lingered for six months at that of *clairvoyance;* but now, unfortunately for myself, I am greatly favoured, and greatly miserable. I have won my way, or been forced, to the condition of *allgemeine klarheit*, in which all things hidden in the past, in futurity, and in distance of space are subjected to my survey. I think it right to tell you this much, that you may be able to form your own opinions upon the reality or unreality of the facts I am about to relate to you.

"THE STORY OF THE WANDERING JEW.

"A few months back—nay, I will fix the exact date, as it may perhaps prove of importance in the solution of the question—it was on the afternoon of the last Saturday of last November, I had strayed away from my prison-home, and felt in unusual spirits. I walked in the direction of the eastern districts of London—a portion of the town not much known to Londoners of the West-end, but which has always possessed for me unusual interest—was it by a secret anticipation that there I was to meet with the last and direst blow of my unhappy life? There is something very picturesque in this portion of the town to those who are in the habit of pacing round the monotonous circle of the more usual and fashionable strolling ground.

"I finally found myself in the Jewish quarter—too commonly known, I believe, as Houndsditch. On every side inscriptions greeted my eye to the effect that *Pine Apple Rum was sold here by permission of Dr. Adler!* or, '*Here's your only unleavened bread, patronised by Dr. Adler!*' or a corn extracted from the venerable foot of Dr. Adler was exhibited in a window, with a Hebrew inscription around it, which might possibly be in eulogy of the extractor's skill. Dr. Adler was evidently the Sir Watkin of this Hebrew Llangollen. The Jewish population had re-opened their various establishments for the despatch of business, and I was assailed on all sides with questions as to whether I was willing 'to buy or shell.' 'Vood I shtep in? de besht prishes given for old clo.' 'Vood dey vait upon me at moine own houshe?' Turning a deaf ear to all these commercial offers, I strolled on up the three or four steps, and through the little halfpenny turnpike into *Phils Buildings*, forgetful of my sufferings, and amused with the ingenuous manner in which the population of all ages, and of both sexes, worked out their manifest destiny. The little yellow-skinned children in the gutters tried to take advantage of each other in innocent bargains for toffy and brandy-balls; while the tawny Esther in the sere and yellow bloom of her lovely maidenhood examined the nap on the hat of her beloved Benjamin, and risked a guess at its probable price; whilst Benjamin, evading her question, glared out of his keen Jewish eyes—luminous beads set in yellow plaster of Paris—counter inquiries as to the worth of the ponderous rings which gave to the ears of his beloved a commercial value. At this moment, and whilst I was in the principal street of this interesting quarter, there was a great stir and commotion. Fat, flabby matrons—old hook-nosed men—Jewish youths and maidens—Jewish boys and girls, rushed out from their pavilions of old and renovated clothes—threw up the windows—and appeared upon the roofs. The whole street was walled and paved with what is called by sentimentalists the monumental face. There was a shout and a cry of—

"'De Old One! De Old One!'

"I saw him coming down the street; I saw him as clearly as I now see Mr. Brown. He was very tall, very old, very bent. Upon his shoulders there was a sack, and in his hand a staff; but he walked on looking directly before him, and heedless of the inquiries which were addressed to him on every side, of '*How much for his hat?*' '*A noo pair for de old shoes, and five and shiksh!*' '*Would he shell anyt'ing?*' It was unnecessary for me to ask questions. I knew who the old man was who was advancing towards me at a pace which would have puzzled the late Captain Barclay. I knew but too well that I saw before me

"THE WANDERING JEW.

"I drew back as he was about to pass me, but what was my astonishment to find that when he came to where I stood, he paused in the monotonous impetuosity of his career, and glaring at me with a horrid glassy stare which froze the very marrow in my bones, groaned out in a voice deep and hollow as the moan of the sea in a subterranean cave—

"'KLO! KLO! ANY OLD KLO?'

"I stood amazed and silent; my feet were rooted to the ground. Again he addressed me, but this time there was mockery in his tone:

"'KLO! KLO! ANY OLD KLO?'

"Fain, fain would I have declined to hold any dealings with him, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Even thought seemed paralysed in my brain. Again he addressed me, but this time not as I fancied wholly without menace:

"'KLO! KLO! ANY OLD KLO?'

What had I to do with garments—old or new? Could I but understand the meaning of the mysterious apparition. The old Jew, after a moment's pause, added:

"'*Komm mit me!*'

"In an instant I was inspired with superhuman force, and followed my grim conductor without a word of remonstrance. The spell was on me, and I must needs obey. I believe the crowd shouted at us as we passed along; but I was in no humour to notice their outcry, nor to take advantage of the offers for commercial intercourse with which my ears were greeted on all sides.

"We passed out from the busier quarters, and soon found ourselves involved in those solitary streets of tall warehouses with bridges passing from side to side, which run along the river banks, and at length reached the water's edge. The full moon gave splendour even to the waters of the Thames—and the tiers of shipping threw up their delicate traceries of spars and rigging between us and the sky.

"When is this walk to end?" I said, at length.

"'For me—never!'

"But why this speed? Why this mad haste?

"'Why this shpeed? Why this hashte? I vill tell you whoy, ma tear. My wife ish behind!'

"Your wife?

"'Yesh! my woife, de Wandering Jewess. She have been chasing me for well-nigh nineteen hundred year. Undershtand you now why I run?'

"I do! I do!

"'Sometime my Shalome catch me; sometime she catch me not—but I know when she is at hand. Shalome is very shtout, and heavy to move—but she run me down at last. I have a few hours before me yet. We will shmoke a pipe together, and have a little talk. Will you shay seven and nine for your coat? No—not buy, neither shell? Very coot, but you come mit me to de Jews' Ball, here hard by, to-night. Shalome was at Amshterdam tree day back. I may eshcape her yet. I have a word for your private ear. I am de only man in de vorld who have been married two hundred and sixty-six toime. Ha! Ha! to say nothing of my good Shalome, who ish always after me for pigamy. Ha! Ha! Would you make friendsh mit de poor old

"'Wandering Jew?'"

Awful and mysterious Being! Bestower of two hundred and sixty-six plain gold rings! What unfathomable depths of connubial experience must lie behind those dim orbs, which although opaque when the old man gazed listlessly up at the moon, which gazed down as listlessly upon him, yet, when he was under excitement, emitted a glare such as that which would proceed from two bull's eyes held in the firm grasp of two guardians of the public peace. Two hundred and sixty-six other men might know the story piece-meal, but here was one human intelligence which contained it all. They might form a tesselated pavement of knowledge—here was the perfect slab. At length, I said,

"Two hundred and sixty-six wives—awful!

"'*Beshides Shalome!*' murmured the ancient man, who by this time had seated himself on his sack, and lighted a pipe. The river was steadily flowing on, as it had flowed while as yet the wealth and power of the world were concentrated on the vast star-lit plains of Assyria; or by the banks of the yellow Nile, when the fourth Psammetichus had taken his pastime in his golden galley on its turbid stream; or when by Tiber's edge, the great Roman fell beneath the daggers of Freedom's Masquerade; even so it flowed now—now when the Waterman's Steamers were in the habit of conveying the ephemeral lords of the human race from London Bridge to Cheyne Walk during the pleasant summer months; and I sate gazing on it as it ebbed down to the sea.

"'Jew,' at length I gasped out, my curiosity overpowering my fears, 'Jew, didst thou ever *love?*'

"'Ha, ha, ha! I am alwash in love, that is my cursh, but alvays mit de wrong party. See here my two hundred and shixty-shiksh ringsh. I did love them all a little while, and then they vexsh de poor old Jew, and he love them no more. See there two hundred and shixty-shiksh ringsh, say at ten shilling a piesh—dirt sheap for de monish—dat is one hundred and thirty-three poundsh shterling. I have got dem all, and I vood not part mit dem for two hundred and shixty-shiksh millions shterling. All—I have got dem all—but ma tear woife Shalome's; when he get that one, de poor old Jew will be at resht: but Shalome's finger is very fat. Love! Has de poor old Jew ever loved? Ha! ha!'

"With these words this mysterious being rose from his seat, and, to my amazement, began pacing round in a circle at a rapid walk—sometimes looking down to his own feet—sometimes casting a worn and wizard look upwards at the moon. For some time he continued this exercise in a monotonous way. Still the river flowed on, and then, in sepulchral tone, he chanted rather than sang, the following words. Never!—no, never, whilst reason maintains its hold, will they be effaced from my burning brain!

"'Ikey come from Down Easht,
A long time ago!
And every time he veel about
He call—Old clo!
Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veel about
He call—old clo!'

When he arrived at the words which may, without much impropriety be designated as the chorus, the ancient man executed a strange shuffling dance, not very dissimilar from the one in which the British mariner in moments of unusual hilarity is wont to shadow forth his soul's emotions. He continued:

"'He love the sheksh mit all his shoul,
De brown, de black, de fair,
But of dem all, from pole to pole,
De gal mit shandy hair,—'

He paused, and added, in shrill recitative, "'*Whoop! makes the poor old Jew to call—*

"'Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veel about
He call—old clo!'

"A change had come over his mood. There was somewhat of despondency tinged with defiance about the tone in which he delivered the next strophe. The river flowed on:

"'Of all de ladish in de land,
His woife's de one he fearsh;
Shalome chase him up and down
For eighteen hundred yearsh.
Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veel about
He call—Old clo!

"'Husbandsh all—vot appensh next,
Ven de pair ish gone to ped?
Shalome she is werry wexed,
And voshes Ikey's 'ed!
Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veel about
He call—Old clo!'

"Forbear, Jew, forbear! Not even your age—your wanderings—your woe—give you a right thus to torture a human heart. But is not your punishment exceptional as your crime? Are we all destined to equal sorrow?

"'Ikey can't de shecrets shing
Of dose etarnal hallsh;
But when you've bought de veddin-ring,
Ma tear, look out for squallsh!
Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veels about
He calls—OLD CLO!'

"But is there no help, Jew, no relief? Will Mrs. Robert Bircham be either by my tortured side throughout eternity, or chasing me—her panting victim—from star to star?

"'She vill! exshept you teal mit poor old Ikey. De shecret is in de buzshum of de Wandering Jew. Vot vill you shay now? Or shall ve teal after de pall to-night? Moin heart is light. I vill tance and shing. You musht come mit me to de pall.'

"Impose your own conditions, awful being—I accept them at once.

"'Ve shall shee. Ve shall shee.'

"Nay! trifle with me not. Have you such a secret? Husbands will erect statues to you wherever men live together in human habitations. *Have you such a secret?*

"'Yesh.'

"The November moon floated sadly over the grim human suffering and the eternal woe. Notice, oh, reader, the river still flowed on. Tremendous thought!"

(To be continued.)

THE STATESMAN.

HIS HEALTH.

"THE health of the Statesman!" some may say.

"Well: the health of public men is of importance, certainly; but they constitute a scarcely appreciable element in the mortality of the country."

Estimated by mere number—by the list of dead statesmen within any fixed term of years—this is true. But the lives of other men are bound up in those of rulers, for safety or destruction. Not only may one minister cause the loss of thousands of men by war, and another save tens of thousands by domestic improvements; but the lot and life of a multitude of citizens depend on the length or shortness of the rule of a great minister,—that is to say on his living or dying. Not only, therefore, is it very interesting to study the chances and liabilities of the health of public men, but it is also highly important. So few statesmen who have long wielded power die exactly like other men, or might not have been expected to live longer than they do, or to die differently—that they are certainly not a class to be omitted in any sanitary studies, however small their numbers may be.

Our study must be of British statesmen, to answer any practical purpose. On the continent, hitherto, the work and the anxieties of rulers have been of a different kind from anything seen or understood in England. In despotic politics, the ministers are simply the servants of their sovereigns, charged with definite business of a certain kind and amount; and outside that business, having only to obey orders, and to bear all consequences of their acts in their own persons, in favour or disgrace at court. If they are the masters of their sovereigns, they become virtually sovereigns, and subject to the liabilities of that function.

In revolutionary government the administrators have abundance of anxiety and responsibility; but their term of office is short, and their course of action so empirical and precarious that their occupation is rather an accident in their lives than its main pursuit. The constitutional governments of the continent are too recent to afford types of statesmen under that *régime*.

In the United States, again, all political offices are held for a short time. Men may and do devote themselves to politics for life; but no man is in office for many years together, except in the legislature; and the parliamentary function occupies much less of time and thought where the legislature has jurisdiction over only five subjects, than in England, where the whole political structure and its workings are under the charge of parliament.

In America each sovereign State manages its own affairs, in so easy a style that there is hardly room for statesmanship; and the Government at Washington is concerned only with the few interests which belong to the States in federal union. Thus, though we may find there some illustrations of the effects of political life, we cannot reason from them to the effects of political life in England, where the conditions are essentially different.

The conditions have changed very much in England, in course of centuries, and half and quarter centuries. When English Statesmen were responsible to the king or nobody, they lived a different life from their successors who had a parliament to manage, and from those more modern successors who are responsible to parliament in a fuller sense than at any former time. Ancient statesmen had an easier life of it—in all respects, perhaps, but that of dependence on the favour of the monarch. Modern statesmen have more wear and tear to endure, with less showy and more rare rewards, but not less substantial and heart-felt satisfactions. The anxieties to which they are subject are different from those of old times; and so are their maladies and modes of living and dying. It may, indeed be doubted whether the life of the British statesman of the nineteenth century has ever been lived in any former time or other country. The vocation is as peculiar as the character and function of the English aristocracy which usually furnishes the supply of statesmen.

Our public men who have risen to high office, being derived hitherto from the aristocracy, have had a classical education more or less thorough. They have passed through some one of our great schools, or perhaps from the training of a private tutor, to the University. Men of their quality of mind are sure to have done a great deal at college; for the idlers and mere pleasure seekers are not the stuff of which statesmen are made. Their studies are, to the real great men, a store of health, as well as capacity, laid by unconsciously to meet future needs, and ward off future dangers. In fostering and gratifying their love of classical lore, they were unawares obtaining that breadth of view, that depth of insight into human nature and affairs, that robustness of spirit which grows out of large experience of other than familiar modes of thought, and that serenity of intellect and temper which go far to secure a sound mind in a sound body. It is of immense importance to the orator to know the best oratory of other nations and ages: it gives an inexpressible charm to the utterance of a scholar that the philosophy and poetry of all times are breathing through his thought and speech: but there are richer blessings than these in high literary training. The ripe scholar, who is familiar with the life and thought of remote ages, and has nourished his mind upon the choice remains of their best men and best times, is too strong to be moved by transient influences which alarm and disconcert men who know nothing beyond their own time and circumstances. The superficially-educated public man, of whose quality much was seen in the successive revolutions in France, and a good deal is constantly seen in the United States, is easily agitated,—is always either suspicious or liable to surprise, and fluctuates in his views and purposes, unless he find a stand-point for some particular question on some clear ethical principle. He has no support beyond the men and the incidents immediately about him. On the other hand, the scholar is familiar with the principles of liberty in all their forms; he knows the inevitable

issues of despotism; he possesses the convictions and the experience of various races and many ages, and reinforces his own mind by any amount that he may need of the immortal store laid up for us in Greek and Roman literature. Hence the calmness and dignity of a long series of great ministers in England, compared with the stolidity of the agents of Czars and Kaisers, or the screaming passion of revolutionary office-holders, or the big talk and solemn alarms, and petulant sensitiveness common in the Capitol at Washington.

Thus in early life have our great statesmen provided themselves for the future strife of political existence with inexhaustible supplies of calm and natural and elevating pleasure, and with an expansion of mind able to render them masters of most situations in which they can be placed; or, at worst, masters of themselves in any position. When we have honoured the greatness of Lord Grey, carrying his Reform Bill through a political tempest almost unequalled in fierceness and duration, we follow him into his home and study. He must have been more or less chafed in the House, however calm was his bearing; and now, alone, and deep in the night, he charms away his troubles before he sleeps with his Horace, or some other poet beloved in his youth. Pitt used to forget all cares of empire when he indulged for an hour in a play of Aristophanes, or when he and Canning read Lucan or recited Horace under the trees at Wimbledon. It was so with Fox under cares less creditable than those of state. When two friends followed him home, believing him in a suicidal mood from losses at play, and entered his study two minutes after him, they found him lying on his back on the hearth-rug,—not cutting his throat, but deep in an Ode of Horace. He had thrown off his coat, and taken up his book, and proved himself a robuster man than his friends gave him credit for. It is true Pitt died broken-hearted; but public affairs were never too much for him till he gave up the only chance of health by giving up temperance and prudence in his personal affairs. His debts worried him; and port wine killed him. The habits of his class and time were against him. Pitt could bear everything before he was harassed by debt and weakened by the maladies which grow out of excess in wine. The account of Fox must be somewhat different. The wonder is, not that he died dropsical at fifty-seven, but that he lived so long in reckless habits of wine, play, and debt. In these men scholarship could have no more than an ameliorating effect. To see its true operation, we must study the fine examples which modern history presents of aged statesmen who have triumphed over care and irritation, and kept their freshness of mind and serenity of mood to the last.

Another consequence of our great statesmen being generally drawn from the aristocracy is, that they become early trained and inured to hard official life. The first step taken by any Pitt or Grenville, when a rising young man choosing a political career, was to go into parliament, and the next was to enter a public office in some working capacity. There were plenty of idlers, no doubt; but, as I said before, I am now speaking only of the efficient men.

Their minds thus became familiarised with large affairs and with the diligent transaction of business, while their habits were early formed on the observances of political life; on the work and hours of parliament, and the incessant application required by the administration of government. While the homely middle-class family was uneasy at being out of bed after ten or eleven o'clock, our public men formed the habit of taking their sleep when they could get it. Some appeared at places of public amusement after the House was up: some supped at their club: one, as we know, used to sit down by his own fire, with two or three new quarterlies and half a dozen pamphlets, and then and there empty all these into his own brain, and the contents of two full decanters into his own stomach;—sometimes, we are told, not going to bed at all, but shaving and dressing for breakfast, and appearing in the law-courts, ready for business. It would perhaps be difficult to find three men in the whole nation who would not soon be killed, or driven mad, by such defiance of the laws of health. Nothing, of course, can justify it: but the lives of public men show us that the conditions of health range more widely than we are accustomed to suppose. One member of a recent cabinet cannot do his work unless he has eight hours of undisturbed sleep in the twenty-four; while another can sleep, like Lord Clyde, anywhere and at any moment, and may never need more than five hours altogether. It may be doubted whether men's appetite for sleep does not differ as widely as their appetite for food. There can be no doubt, however, that the late hours of the modern House of Commons are a sin and a folly. Among the six hundred members there must be many who cannot suit their brains and nerves to such arbitrary arrangements as those which involve sittings after midnight. However convenient the practice may be for the dispatch of business, and however difficult it may now be to change it, the objection remains incontrovertible, that midnight debates are violations of the laws of the human constitution.

What are the special dangers to health of the class of statesmen, over and above those belonging to parliamentary life, with its irregular hours?

Judging by observation the perils are chiefly those which belong to moral anxiety.

It may be a question whether the old method of ruling the empire, or the new system of increased responsibility to parliament, involved the greater anxiety. In times when ministers made their own parliaments, and told them little more than was convenient to themselves, they had more responsibility, and less solicitude about the sayings and doings of parliament. What the wear and tear of the older time was, we partly learn from what Lord Liverpool said, towards the close of his career. He declared, in his own house on Wimbledon Common, that for twenty-five years of official life he had never for one day looked at *that*—pointing to a heap of official letters—without a qualm of apprehension, and a reluctance to break the seals—so keen was his sense of the probability of some misfortune having happened in some part or another of our empire, or our relations with other empires. Lord Liverpool had not

the temperament of genius, with its keen sensibilities; and he stood the siege of state cares for an unusual length of time: but at last he was found on the floor, in a fit of apoplexy—politically dead. On the other hand, a later statesman has said two things, at different times, which, put together, constitute an awful disclosure. One day he said that there was no living without office, after having once held it. "Everything palls," he said, "and the restlessness is intolerable, and admits of only one cure." On another occasion, he said that an honest man enters upon office resolved against being disturbed by the newspapers, in regard to intended government measures, because Ministers must understand their own circumstances and plans better than anybody outside can understand them. But by degrees the anxiety grows. The antagonism does its work, sooner or later: till at last the Minister looks upon his pile of morning papers with as much dread of learning their contents as Lord Liverpool could feel at sight of his letters. The obvious reflection is that, if such be the life of a statesman, there can be no compensation for its sufferings.

This, it may be said, is a matter of individual taste and opinion. Moreover, it may be remarked that this is no affair of ours at this moment. But I am not so sure of this. As the study of the statesman's health involves that of his sufferings in his calling, so it also involves the cause of those sufferings. As the wear and tear of moral anxiety destroys his health and shortens his life, it comes within our present business to inquire into the nature and the necessity of that anxiety.

It is said, on occasion, that nothing wears a man down so certainly and rapidly, in a position of responsibility, as conscientiousness. This is probably true of the keen kind of conscientiousness which belongs to a delicate moral organisation. But the higher order of conscientiousness which works truly because it is robust, is the best known sustainer of the nerves and regulator of the brain. This will hardly be denied by any one. While it may be supposed, on the one hand, that the ambitious statesman who defies scruples, by his moral obtuseness escapes the sufferings and perils which better men undergo, it appears, on the other hand, that the advantage rests at last with the best patriot;—with the statesman who is harassed by no personal aims, and tormented by no weak misgivings. Having ascertained his own aims, and explored his means, he commits himself to a well-considered policy, hoping that it will succeed, and resolved that it shall be no fault of his if it does not. A man who can thus form his design, and pursue it through whatever may befal, setting his face up the mountain, and climbing steadily, in spite of the voices, is hardly the man to sink down with shattered nerves, or to wear away to a shaking spectre before the eyes of the nation.

After the deaths of Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, we were told that the average life of an English Premier was six years. This must mean six years of continuous office, without any relief. Of course, a sum of six years, divided by intervals, is altogether a different affair. Six years seems a sadly short time for the possession of the prize of a whole life's work. But, again, if we consider what it is to be charged with the destinies of a nation, and in a manner of many nations, without respite for six years, we cannot wonder at any consequence of such a strain. For the Prime Minister there is no holiday. In the comparatively easy days of ministerial and manageable parliaments, Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool could only go down to Bath when apprehending a fit of the gout,—merely transacting their business there with less convenience than at home. From the real pressure they had no escape whatever; and no Prime Minister ever can have it. The nearest approach to relief is an ever-increasing openness with parliament, and a growing publicity about the affairs which happen during the recess. It is not often that a nation meets with a statesman as buoyant and full of spirit as Lord Palmerston in his old age. It is a commoner thing to see our ministers wearing old before their time,—with shaky hands, stooping shoulders, anxious countenances, or petulant tempers. Sometimes a hardly-pressed statesman sinks under the first attack of illness, without a chance of rally. Sometimes a suicide occurs. Only too often we have heard of some subordinate member having died of brain-fever after the passage of some act committed to his charge: and again, of two or three brothers of a brilliant family being carried off in succession by the combined fatigue and fever of toil and political ambition. These are heavy costs for our being well served. Is there nothing to be done to save them?

The days of port wine and hereditary gout are passing away. Our Premiers have still gout occasionally: but it is wearing out under the more temperate habits of our time,—more temperate as to wine. Can nothing be done to reduce the other kinds of intemperance—excess in passion or feeling—under which the brain sooner or later gives way?

Prudence in personal habits may do much. Avoiding long fasting and late full meals is one point: securing a sufficiency of sleep is another. The effect of ten minutes' sleep in bringing down the pulse of a worried man can be certified by many a good wife, who stands between her husband and the whole world for that length of time (if she cannot get more) every afternoon. Let horse exercise be a daily duty. Then let holiday be made conscientiously, when possible. Let the shooting-season be made much of, and the Premier be heard of from the stubbles with satisfaction by every good citizen. Let Easter, Christmas, and all the feasts, and the Derby-day, and all holidays, be laid hold of for the refreshment of the over-tasked mind.

When all is done in the way of these external precautions and provisions, no good will ensue if the interior of the case be a bad one. If ambition enters into it, more or less, eating care enters with it. For every gratification, ambition pays the price of a hundred cares: whereas any heart-breaking discouragement is scarcely possible for a statesman who is sincerely and devotedly the servant of his country, and the well-wisher of every interest in it. If he can work towards his

end, he must obtain more or less success: and if he is precluded from doing it, he yields up the responsibility to others, and still contends, for the satisfaction of the struggle. A steady will and a calm temper are almost certain of success in a good cause; and without the destruction of the winner.

We give up the great soldier on the battle-field, and the noble sailor at sea, in the moment of victory. We do so because amidst fire and slaughter we have no choice. It need not be so in the field of political administration. There a man need not do and die. He may do and live: and this is his duty, no less than his privilege. A calm mind disperses other foes than those of political conflict: it keeps disease at arm's length. And when the mind is at the same time full of noble aims, and the heart of rational hope, while the intellect is kept equably at work on the highest order of business, it would seem that the statesman should rather outlive his contemporaries than sink before them, as the rational man outlives the imbecile, and the benevolent are young and gay when egotists are wearing out. The higher the man and his work, the stronger his vitality. Such is Nature's clear intention. It ought not to fail in such an order as that of statesmen in a progressive age of the world.

Harriet Martineau.

A SPANISH MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

In most European countries, a ministerial crisis is a most exciting announcement!

How it quickens the pulse of thousands! Grasping ambition, pride of place and of power, envy, hatred, jealousy, party spirit, and vanity in some; and the noble virtues of love of country and the country's weal in others, all tend to quicken the life-blood, sending it rushing to the heart and brain, impelling each individual to acts and deeds according to his political principles, or lacking these, at the dictate of his passions for the attainment of his personal objects. Now, after such a semi-tragical commencement to the political heading of "Ministerial Crisis," my readers will be astonished that my anecdote is anything but grave or politic—it is simply ridiculous, but, nevertheless, a fact.

A few years back, when that arch intriguer Christina virtually governed Spain, and her royal daughter, though nominally she had ceased to interfere in politics or with the palace, one ministry had been dismissed and another substituted according to her direction and selection.

Now it so happened that personally some, and especially one, of this new ministry were distasteful to the queen, who had objected to their nomination, but eventually acceded to the wishes of her mother. She knew the uselessness of combating her mother's will, alas! to the cost of her own connubial happiness! so gave herself up to her life of love, of ease, and of pleasure, till an opportunity should arrive of ridding herself of this incubus on her happiness.

The new ministry were installed, and the newspapers after a few days announced, "they enjoyed the entire confidence of H. M." On the present occasion most of them had just had a private audience of the queen on affairs of state, and were now seated in friendly chat, for the queen is full of repartee and fun, and is fond of gossip.

A short time previously a coolness had existed between the queen and the Duque de Rianzares, and after the quarrel was made up, the portrait of the duke was presented to her by Rianzares and Queen Christina; and was, at their suggestion, hung up in the private audience chamber where they were now assembled. This picture had been an eyesore to all the Spanish nobles, whose pride could ill brook that the portrait of one of ignoble birth should be hung up in a semi-official apartment where foreign ambassadors and people of note were received by H. M. At last one of them ventured to remark that it would be more in honour of H. M.'s ancestry of "kings of long descent" that the portrait of the Duque de Rianzares should not be in that room, but transferred to one of the private apartments.

"Quite right, quite right," answered the queen, "it shall be taken down. Do you think you could get it down at once?" addressing one of the ministers.

"Certainly, if your Majesty wishes it;" and he mounted a chair, and he and his colleagues lowered Rianzares.*

"And now," said the queen, "put it into the fire and burn it."

"Pray don't let your Majesty do so; all we interceded for was change of place."

"Never mind, never mind; do what I say. I did not order it to be placed here: I don't care to have it in my private apartments. Burn it." And she watched with a malicious smile the flames as they consumed the handsome, though heavy features of her mother's husband.

The ministers took leave: and soon after, V. de la V., who had not been with his colleagues, begged and obtained an audience.

"What do you suppose is smouldering there?" the queen asked. "It is the portrait of the Duque de Rianzares. The ministers advised me to have it taken from this room, and when they got it down they burned it." She laughed a hearty laugh at the game she was playing.

V. also took his leave: and soon after the duke himself came to learn all the political news, to transmit it to Queen Christina. His eye, directed by personal vanity, sought, as usual, his own handsome face in its lofty position, and with inquiring astonishment looked at the queen for an explanation.

"Ah, you miss your portrait! Well, you must know that V. de la V. has just left, and he said all the nobles were indignant at your portrait being in this room, and begged it might be taken down. I was obliged to accede, as he said it was contrary to etiquette to have any here but my own ancestry; but when he took it down, he threw it into the fire, and it is burnt."

The rage of the duke knew no bounds: politics

* How different from the court etiquette in Philip's time, whose death was caused by imbibing the fumes of a charcoal brazier; the man whose duty it was to remove it could not be found, and the nobles who were present considered it too far beneath their dignity to do a servant's duty. So the already ailing king was suffocated.

were forgotten in his offended dignity, and he rushed from the palace, and sought the minister whom the queen had accused. In vain poor V. de la V., with all the eloquence for which he is famed, protested his innocence, and endeavoured to persuade him that he was not present when the deed was done. At last he persuaded him to accompany him to the other ministers, and learn from them the truth of the story. It was told as it occurred. They could not deny having advised her Majesty to transfer the picture from the semi-official to her private apartments; but this in itself was gall to his pride, and he left them in high dudgeon.

He then proceeded to his own palace, and detailed his grievances to Queen Christina. The deed was done, and would be known all over Madrid on the morrow.

Christina's love for the duke had been true and intense: a slight to herself she might forgive, one to him, never. So the ministry were summarily dismissed.

The queen exulted in having gained her wishes, in getting rid of the distasteful ministers, and was all the better pleased that it should be with the additional gusto of humiliating the duke, and annoying the Queen Mother.

This story may be relied on. SOY YO.

ANA.

STRANGE is the origin of the name Macpherson, though now as common among the canny Scots as Williams or Bowen in Wales, or as hops or cherries in Kent. During the reign of David I. of Scotland, it appears that a younger brother of the chief of the then powerful clan Chattan espoused the clerical life, and in due course of time became Abbot of Kingussie. His elder brother, whether he fell in battle or died in his bed, somehow or other died childless, and the chieftainship unexpectedly devolved on the venerable abbot. Suiting the action to the word, or rather suiting his convictions to his circumstances, the monk procured from the Pope the necessary dispensation, and the Abbot of Kingussie became the husband of the fair daughter of the Thane of Calder. A swarm of little Kingussies naturally followed, and the good people of Inverness-shire as naturally called them Mac'Phersons, *i. e.*, "*the sons of the parson.*" After this, who can say, "What's in a name?"

IT has generally been remarked, as a thing without precedent, that the late Duke of Wellington and three of his brothers should have enjoyed the honours of the Peerage at the same time: but a similar instance is, or rather was, to be found in the family of Boyle two centuries ago, when the three younger brothers of the Earl of Cork were severally ennobled as Lords Boyle, Broghill, and Shannon, to say nothing of the youngest of the family, Robert Boyle, the great philosopher, who frequently refused the sweets of both office and title, but whose fame has outlived that of all his coronetted brethren.

THE following peerages, held by distinguished individuals, are now without heirs apparent or presumptive, and must therefore cease with the lives of their present holders:—Palmerston, Lyndhurst, Broughton, Ellenborough (earldom), Panmure, Cranworth, Dalhousie (marquisate), Canning, Eversley, Overstone, Wensleydale, Glenelg, Clyde, and Kingsdown.

ONLY FOR SOMETHING TO SAY.

"NOT engaged? I'm so glad. Will you talk with me, then?
An oasis for me in this desert of crowd:
Blest be the blindness of dancing men,
And Laurent for playing so loud!
And so you came with the Ardesley set?
Do you talk with them as you talk with me?
Do those men listen and never forget,
And never again be in fancy free?
I scarce remember'd you, fair as you are,
And you'll beam as brightly when I am gone,—
Careless that thoughts of a vanished star
Make a starless night so lone.
I may take one flower before I go,—
One little bud to tell of the giver?
O yes, it will die in a day, I know,
But the memory—never—never!"
An innocent spirit that knew not pain,
A sweet sunny brow that was stranger to sorrow,
May ponder and dwell on such words again,
Half-glad, half-sad, to-morrow.
Nay, bonny bird, never pine. Among
The fairest and gayest be fair and gay,
Spite of homage wrung from a flattering tongue,
Only for something to say.

"That last valse yours, sir? Certainly, no.
Have I not kept the very next two?
And should I have kept and remember'd them so
For any one else but *you?*
Oh, I'll not praise you for dancing in time,
And talking better than all the rest;
But because it is so I think it no crime
To like *you* for a partner best.
Why did you look, when I danced with Sir John,
With a look as black as a storm of thunder,
And now put your drawing-room manners on,
And your brightest face, I wonder?
Well, will you take me to have some tea?
Dear, how fresh it is on the stair!
You're not too engaged to stay with me
A minute or two in the air?"
A look that had scorned the tenderest guile,
A heart that deem'd itself stern and strong,
Is bent to the light of a Psyche smile,
And chain'd by a syren-song.
Ho, there, Sir Knight, unconquer'd yet,—
Rover so long, are you caught to-day
In the soft snare set by a clever coquette,
Only for something to say?

'Tis a glorious prowess, in sooth, with a word
To wound the trusting, and tame the proud,
Even as a leaf by a breath is stirr'd,
A spray by a dew-drop bow'd.
And so the battle goes bravely through,
And heart gets harden'd as tongue flows free,
And swells the blazon, "I conquer you,
Lest you should conquer me."
Fight on, brave souls, 'tis a noble strife—
Play on, rosy lips, 'tis a merry game—
Tourney for tourney, and life for life,
Weapons and lists the same.
Since language was framed but to hide the thought,
(Moral as deep as the proverb is old),

Since daily the delicate miracle's wrought,
Hourly the legend told,

You will surely own it an idle creed,
Frivolous gallant and faithless maid,

That forbids the victim to suffer and bleed,
For one vain hour's parade;
You will surely deny by the evident token

Of trophy on trophy won day by day,
That hearts may be broken by light words spoken,—
Only for something to say. Ralph A. Benson.

POSTSCRIPT.

On closing the first Volume of "Once a Week," its Projectors distinctly pledged themselves, in consideration of its rising promise, to make the most of the opportunities for its further and complete development.

Not only is it their conviction, founded on a knowledge of their efforts, that they have already done this; but they have a surer proof that these efforts have been properly directed, in a circulation which is now steadily on the increase.

In the meantime, an unlooked-for opportunity has arisen in the promised remission of the Paper Duties, and the Projectors desire to convert this opportunity also to the advantage of their readers.

But, instead of waiting until these Duties shall be actually remitted, it is their intention to anticipate the probable reduction in the price of paper, and to extend their Miscellany by six pages of letter-press weekly, commencing from the 28th instant.

Exclusive of these six pages they will avail themselves of the same occasion to gratify the wish expressed by so many of their subscribers for a complete wrapper to each weekly number.

And they further hope so to use their extended space as to afford increased gratification to a widening circle of readers.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

See p. 356.

A CAPTURE. CHAPTER XV.

THE three youths were standing in the portico when the Countess appeared among them. She singled out him who was specially obnoxious to her, and sweetly inquired the direction to the village post. With the renowned gallantry of his nation, he offered to accompany her, but presently, with a different exhibition of the same, proposed that they should spare themselves the trouble by dropping the letter she held prominently, in the bag.

"Thanks," murmured the Countess, "I will go." Upon which his eager air subsided, and he fell into an awkward silent march at her side, looking so like the victim he was to be, that the Countess could have emulated his power of laughter.

"And you are Mr. Harry Jocelyn, the very famous cricketer?"

He answered, glancing back at his friends, that he was, but did not know about the "famous."

"Oh! but I saw you—I saw you hit the ball most beautifully, and dearly wished my brother had an equal ability. Brought up in the Court of Portugal, he is barely English. *There* they have no manly sports. You saw him pass you?"

"Him! Whom?" asked Harry.

"My brother, on the lawn, this moment. Your sweet sister's friend. Your Uncle Melville's secretary."

"What's his name?" said Harry, in blunt perplexity.

The Countess repeated his name, which in her pronunciation was "Hawington," adding, "That was my brother. I am his sister. Have you heard of the Countess de Saldar?"

"Countess!" muttered Harry. "Dash it! here's a mistake."

She continued, with elegant fan-like motion of her gloved fingers: "They say there is a likeness between us. The dear Queen of Portugal often remarked it, and in her it was a compliment to me, for she thought my brother a model! You I should have known from your extreme resemblance to your lovely young sister."

Coarse food, but then Harry was a youthful Englishman; and the Countess dieted the vanity according to the nationality. With good wine to wash it down, one can swallow anything. The Countess lent him her eyes for that purpose; eyes that had a liquid glow under the dove-like drooping lids. It was a principle of hers, pampering our poor sex with swinish solids or the lightest ambrosia, never to let the accompanying cordial be other than of the finest quality. She knew

that clowns, even more than aristocrats, are flattered by the inebriation of delicate celestial liquors.

"Now," she said, after Harry had gulped as much of the dose as she chose to administer direct from the founts, "you must accord me the favour to tell me all about yourself, for I have heard much of you, Mr. Harry Jocelyn, and you have excited my woman's interest. Of me you know nothing."

"Haven't I?" cried Harry, speaking to the pitch of his new warmth. "My Uncle Melville goes on about you tremendously—makes his wife as jealous as fire. How could I tell that was your brother?"

"Your uncle has deigned to allude to me?" said the Countess, meditatively. "But not of him—of you, Mr. Harry! What does he say?"

"Says you're so clever you ought to be a man."

"Ah! generous!" exclaimed the Countess. "The idea, I think, is novel to him. Is it not?"

"Well, I believe, from what I hear, he didn't back you for much over in Lisbon," said veracious Harry.

"I fear he is deceived in me now. I fear I am but a woman—I am not to be 'backed.' But you are not talking of yourself."

"Oh! never mind me," was Harry's modest answer.

"But I do. Try to imagine me as clever as a man, and talk to me of your doings. Indeed I will endeavour to comprehend you."

Thus humble, the Countess bade him give her his arm. He stuck it out with abrupt eagerness.

"Not against my cheek." She laughed forgivingly. "And you need not start back half-a-mile," she pursued with plain humour, "and please, do not look irresolute and awkward—it is not necessary," she added. "There!" and she settled her fingers on him, "I am glad I can find one or two things to instruct *you* in. Begin. You are a great cricketer. What else?"

Ay! what else? Harry might well say he had no wish to talk of himself. He did not know even how to give his arm to a lady! The first flattery and the subsequent chiding clashed in his elated soul, and caused him to deem himself one of the blest suddenly overhauled by an inspecting angel and found wanting: or, in his own more accurate style of reflection, "What a rattling fine woman this is, and what a deuce of a fool she must think me!"

The Countess leaned on his arm with dainty languor.

"You walk well," she said.

Harry's backbone straightened immediately.

"No, no; I do not want you to be a drill-serjeant. Can you not be told you are perfect without seeking to improve, vain boy? You can cricket, and you can walk, and will very soon learn how to give your arm to a lady. I have hopes of you. Of your friends, from whom I have ruthlessly dragged you, I have not much. Am I personally offensive to them, Mr. Harry? I saw them let my brother pass without returning his bow, and they in no way acknowledged my presence as I passed. Are they gentlemen?"

"Yes," said Harry, stupified by the question. "One 's Ferdinand Laxley, Lord Laxley's son, heir to the title; the other 's William Harvey, son of the Chief Justice—both friends of mine."

"But not of your manners," interposed the Countess. "I have not so much compunction as I ought to have in divorcing you from your associates for a few minutes. I think I shall make a scholar of you in one or two essentials. You do want polish. Have I not a right to take you in hand? I have defended you already."

"Me?" cried Harry.

"None other than Mr. Harry Jocelyn. Will he vouchsafe to me his pardon? It has been whispered in my ears that his ambition is to be the Don Juan of a country district, and I have said for him that, however grovelling his undirected tastes, he is too truly noble to plume himself upon the reputation they have procured him. Why did I defend you? Women, you know, do not shrink from Don Juans—even provincial Don Juans—as they should, perhaps, for their own sakes! You are all of you dangerous, if a woman is not strictly on her guard. But you will respect your champion, will you not?"

Harry was about to reply with wonderful briskness. He stopped, and murmured boorishly that he was sure he was very much obliged.

Command of countenance the Countess possessed in common with her sex. Those faces on which we make them depend entirely, women can entirely control. Keenly sensible to humour as the Countess was, her face sidled up to his immovably sweet. Harry looked, and looked away, and looked again. The poor fellow was so profoundly aware of his foolishness that he even doubted whether he was admired.

The Countess trifled with his English nature; quietly watched him bob between tugging humility and airy conceit, and went on:

"Yes! I will trust you, and that is saying very much, for what protection is a brother? I am alone here—defenceless!"

Men, of course, grow virtuously zealous in an instant on behalf of the lovely dame who tells them bewitchingly she is alone and defenceless, with pitiful dimples round the dewy mouth that entreats their guardianship and mercy!

The provincial Don Juan found words—a sign of clearer sensations within. He said:

"Upon my honour, I'd look after you better than fifty brothers!"

The Countess eyed him softly, and then allowed herself the luxury of a laugh.

"No, no! it is not the sheep, it is the wolf I fear."

And she went through a bit of the concluding portion of the drama of Little Red Riding-Hood very prettily, and tickled him so that he became somewhat less afraid of her.

"Are you truly so bad as report would have you to be, Mr. Harry?" she asked, not at all in the voice of a censor.

"Pray, don't think me—a—anything you wouldn't have me," the youth stumbled into an apt response.

"We shall see," said the Countess, and varied her admiration for the noble creature beside her with gentle ejaculations on the beauty of the deer that ranged the park of Beckley Court, the grand old oaks and beeches, the clumps of flowering laurel, and the rich air swarming summer.

She swept out her arm. "And this most magnificent estate will be yours? How happy will she be who is led hither to reside by you, Mr. Harry!"

"Mine? No; there's the bother," he answered, with unfeigned chagrin. "Beckley isn't Elburne property, you know. It belongs to old Mrs. Bonner, Rose's grandmama."

"Oh!" interjected the Countess, indifferently.

"*I* shall never get it—no chance," Harry pursued. "Lost my luck with the old lady long ago." He waxed excited on a subject that drew him from his shamefacedness. "It goes to Juley Bonner, or to Rosey, it's a toss-up which. If I'd stuck up to Juley, I might have had a pretty fair chance. They wanted me to, that's why I scout the premises. But fancy Juley Bonner!"

"You couldn't, upon your honour!" rhymed the Countess. (And Harry let loose a delighted "Ha! ha!" as at a fine stroke of wit.) "Are we enamoured of a beautiful maiden, Señor Harry?"

"Not a bit," he assured her, eagerly. "I don't know any girl. I don't care for 'em. I don't, really."

The Countess impressively declared to him that he must be guided by her; and that she might the better act his monitress, she desired to hear the pedigree of the estate, and the exact relations in which it at present stood towards the Elburne family.

Glad of any theme he could speak on, Harry informed her that Beckley Court was bought by his grandfather Bonner from the proceeds of a successful oil speculation.

"So we ain't much on that side," he said.

"Oil!" was the Countess's weary exclamation. "I imagined Beckley Court to be your ancestral mansion. Oil!"

Harry deprecatingly remarked that oil was money.

"Yes," she replied; "but you are not one to mix oil with your Elburne blood. Let me see—oil! That, I conceive, is grocery. So, you are grocers on one side!"

"Oh, come! hang it!" cried Harry, turning red.

"Am I leaning on the grocer's side, or on the lord's?"

Harry felt dreadfully taken down. "One ranks with one's father," he said.

"Yes," observed the Countess; "but you should ever be careful not to expose the grocer. When I beheld my brother bow to you, and that your only return was to stare at him in that singular way, I was not aware of this, and could not account for it."

"I declare I'm very sorry," said Harry, with a nettled air. "Do just let me tell you how it happened. We were at an inn, where there was an odd old fellow gave a supper; and there was your brother, and another fellow—as thorough an upstart as I ever met, and infernally impudent. He got drinking, and wanted to fight us. Now I see it! Your brother, to save his friend's bones, said he was a tailor! Of course no gentleman could fight a tailor; and it blew over with my saying we'd order our clothes of him."

"Said *he* was a ——!" exclaimed the Countess, gazing blankly.

"I don't wonder at your feeling annoyed," returned Harry. "I saw him with Rosey next day, and began to smell a rat then, but Laxley won't give up the tailor. He's as proud as Lucifer. He wanted to order a suit of your brother to-day; but I said, not while he's in the house, however he came here."

The Countess had partially recovered. They were now in the village street, and Harry pointed out the post-office.

"Your divination with regard to my brother's most eccentric behaviour was doubtless correct," she said. "He wished to succour his wretched companion. Anywhere—it matters not to him what!—he allies himself with miserable mortals. He is the modern Samaritan. You should thank him for saving you an encounter with some low creature."

Swaying the letter to and fro, she pursued archly: "I can read your thoughts. You are dying to know to whom this dear letter is addressed!"

Instantly Harry, whose eyes had previously been quite empty of expression, glanced at the letter wistfully.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, do."

"It's to somebody I love."

"Are you in love, then?" was his disconcerted rejoinder.

"Am I not married?"

"Yes; but every woman that's married isn't in love with her husband, you know."

"Oh! Don Juan of the provinces!" she cried, holding the seal of the letter before him in playful reproof. "Fie!"

"Come, who is it?" Harry burst out.

"I am not, surely, obliged to confess my correspondence to you? Remember!" she laughed lightly. "He already assumes the airs of a lord and master! You are rapid, Mr. Harry."

"Won't you really tell me?" he pleaded.

She put a corner of the letter in the box. "Must I?"

All was done with the archest elegance: the bewildering condescension of a goddess to a boor.

"I don't say you must, you know; but I should like to see it," returned Harry.

"There!" She showed him a glimpse of "Mrs.," cleverly concealing plebeian "Coggleshy," and the letter slid into darkness. "Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said Harry, wondering why he felt a relief at the sight of "Mrs." written on a letter by a lady he had only known half an hour.

"And now," said she, "I shall demand a boon of you, Mr. Harry. Will it be accorded?"

She was hurriedly told that she might count upon him for whatever she chose to ask; and after much trifling and many exaggerations of the boon in question, he heard that she had selected

him as her cavalier for the day, and that he was to consent to accompany her to the village church.

"Is it so great a request, the desire that you should sit beside a solitary lady for so short a space?" she asked, noting his rueful visage.

Harry assured her he would be very happy, but hinted at the bother of having to sit and listen to that fool of a Parsley; again assuring her, and with real earnestness, which she now affected to doubt, that he would be extremely happy.

"You know, I haven't been there for ages," he explained.

"I hear it!" she sighed, aware of the credit his escort would bring her in Beckley, and especially with Harry's grandmamma Bonner.

They went together to the village church. The Countess took care to be late, so that all eyes beheld her stately march up the aisle, with her captive beside her. Nor was her captive less happy than he professed he would be. Charming comic side-play, at the expense of Mr. Parsley, she mingled with exceeding devoutness, and a serious attention to Mr. Parsley's discourse. In her heart this lady really thought her confessed daily sins forgiven her by the recovery of the lost sheep to Mr. Parsley's fold.

The results of this small passage of arms were that Evan's disclosure at Fallowfield was annulled in the mind of Harry Jocelyn, and the latter gentleman became the happy slave of the Countess de Saldar.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF MATRIMONY.

THE WANDERING JEW.

(Continued from p. 346.)

"AT length I roused myself from my despondency, and looking at the old man, who had again filled his pipe, and was smoking moodily by the river's bank, said:

"'But how is it, Mysterious Being, that you are able to exercise so terrible a fascination over the minds of successive generations of young and beautiful females? Pardon me for the abruptness of my observation, but to my eyes, Jew, you are somewhat unlovely, and destitute of those personal attractions which in all ages have been supposed—'

"'Ha, ha, ha!' replied the Wanderer.

"'—which have been always supposed, I say, to exercise a certain influence over the hearts of ladies. Is it not so?'

"The Jew cast a heavy purse up in the air, and catching it once, twice, and thrice, pronounced the word, '*Shettlementsh!*' and relapsed into his tobacco dream.

"'Jew!' I said, somewhat sternly, 'whatever my own sufferings may have been, I will not sit here, and hear the sex so maligned. I draw a broad line of distinction between the young girl and the grim matron conscious of her awful powers. What is the meaning of novels in three volumes, illustrative of the tender passion, if the scenes so eloquently described by the authors do not touch some responsive chord in the human heart? What is the use of POETRY?'

"'Don't know, and can't shay,' replied the Jew, 'exshept it acts like gin. Werry likely so. But, ma tear, you've no notion of the amount of good bottled-up PROSHE in de female bresht. It's the men—worsh luck—who do the potry part of the biznesh. Do you shuppose now, ma friend, that when you've been sitting up at nights writin' of verses, and that short of ting, that the young 'ooman they are meant for is doin' the same?—not a bit of it. She's having a tidy little shupper, or putting away her tings, or trying the new ponnet on before the glass—and a thinkin, that plue becomes her sweet pretty face petter than pink. And when Penjamin is valking up and down shnivelling in de shnow, to catch a look of his shveetheart's shadow upon the vinda-blind, think you Sarah would like to join him in the shlop? She put her little feet on the fender—she wrap her fat white shoulders up in a silken gown—she purr into the red fire like a little kitten, and shay, "Ah, Penjamin catch such a cold—he'll want so many pocket-ankerchers to-morrow, Penjamin will. How funny are de men!" That is the thought of the Hidden One.'

"'Even so, Jew; but would you deprive men of the one small grain of consolation in their long and unhappy lives? Better to be self-deceived—better the terrible awakening—than not to have known the generous frenzy, the Divine Folly—if you will—of First Love!'

"'Ach!' replied the Wanderer. 'So shays Ikey, even after the shad experiensh of 266 wives besides his tear Shalome!'

"As I hesitated what to reply, I was surprised to see the marks of deep feeling evinced by my strange companion. Hot tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks—he removed his pipe—and sang, whilst his thoughts were busy with the Past:

Oh! for the good old time
When Ikey in his prime
Sang a song of true love at his shveetart's toor!
Love's fever ran so high,
He thought that he must die,
Unless his sorrow's burden on her buzzim he could pour!

He vos so shad,
But yet so glad,
The Jew vos!
Oh, for the good old time!

"'Wanderer,' I replied, 'I respect your sufferings, but your verses are not worth much. Mean you then to tell me, as the result of an experience now spread over well-nigh nineteen centuries, that women are invariably, or even as a general rule, admitting but of few exceptions—mercenary?'

"'You can gammon de young 'uns if dey have not been well prought up—but petween twenty and forty, ma tear, which is a woman's real life, look to yourself in de pargain. They know the value of every yellow hair in their shweet heads to a fraction. Now you try it on: now just try. It's what you can give them—where you can place them—they care for—not you. De husband, ma tear, is just the fifth wheel in de hackney coach. Mind you musht never say this—it is one of the Jew's shecrets, else they will call out: "Oh! de nashty, nashty man, and kickle at you—so.'

"'But, Jew, I know of exceptions.'

"'Aha! and I know of little shildren mit six legs and three heads in spirits of wine. Dere are some at Leyden.'

"'Is it then a delusion from first to last? Why are our mortal frames impregnated with such a passion if it is destined but to lead us on from deception to deception, and terminate—as you give me cause, Jew, to apprehend—in eternal woe? For I would not have you ignorant of the fact—and I suppose that here I may breathe my secret in safety—that if I am destined to a more lasting union with my Caroline—I allude to Mrs. Robert Bircham—the prospect is not agreeable. Perhaps you can tell me, Wanderer, is suicide possible beyond the grave?'

"'Don't know, and can't shay. I've tried it often enough, even here. I've chawed strychnine like sailors chaw 'bacco:· I've quenched ma thirst with a cool pint of prussic acid: I've let off revolvers at my head—tied myself up to lamp-posts—thrown myself from de Monument at de foot of London Bridge—and skiffed over Niagara: but it was no use, ma tear, I always found a fresh woife a-vaitin for me at te pottom—*for my punishment was not to cease.*'

"'Unhappy Being! But has not your long experience of the sex helped you to such knowledge as may enable you to live with them at least—in peace? The serpent-charmers of India handle the gilded but deadly snakes with impunity. Van Amburgh passed a tolerably peaceful existence amongst Royal Bengal Tigers, and Hunting Leopards. The untameable Cruiser in Mr. Rarey's hands became gentle as a Quakeress. Surely eighteen centuries of continuous husbandry might have suggested some means of handling even such a sorrow as this?'

"'Yesh—ma tear—if I could practishe what I could teach. I have a shecret which could make all husbands comfortable.'

"'Oh! Jew, Jew—and will you let the knowledge die with you?'

"'Tie mit me! Tie mit me! Ikey cannot tie—but if I gave it out at Charing Cross nobody would ever use it, ma tear. I cannot use it maself. I have made 266 mishtakes besides Shalome—and I shall make another yet to-night. Dat is my cursh. Most hushbandsh, I can tell you, have settled the question for life within a month of the ring-day. But see the moon is high—the pall is pegun—we must pe off, or the fairest partners will be engaged!'

"'Partners, Jew!—Partners!' I yelled, rather than spoke. 'Before I "request the honour"—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! May my hand be withered if I ever put on straw-coloured glove again! Let us rather go to the reptile-house in the Zoological Gardens, and have the pythons, and boas, and cobras out for a lark. Let us spend the night safely at least. Partners, Jew!—Partners!'

"'Yesh! Partners—de pretty little tears is vaiting for de Old Jew. I feel again ma purple youth bubbling in my veins. How they glide about the floor, like sunpeams which have sucked the violet-peds dry—glancing here, and glancing there. How their soft white dresses fan my heart as they whirl by in the frenzy of the tance. How the touch of the yellow-haired Miriam drives the blood like a cataract back upon my heart!'

"'By George! Ikey,' I remarked, in amazement at the altered tone of my companion, 'that's rather strong. I think the best service I can do you, as a friend, is to get you locked up for the night at the nearest station-house, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.'

"'No, no! To de pall—let us go to de pall. Miriam is there—Miriam, whose yellow hair floats around her like a sunrise. This time there is no mishtake. She will be my comfort and my choy. She will make the old man amends for all his sorrows. I have made two hundred and shixty-shiksh mishtakes (beshides Shalome), but I have found my tove at last. The thought of her is pleasant to me as the thought of water in the Desert, or of the vine upon his cottage to the storm-tossed seaman off the Cape. To de pall!'

"It was clear to me that this hapless Being was again under the influence of the Curse. He was preparing for himself a fresh disappointment, and to add yet another to the two hundred and sixty-six rings which marked his previous failures in this direction. It was, however, idle to reason with him—perhaps the terrible thought of his lawful wife might yet avail.

"'Jew!' I said, 'think of Salome! You have told me yourself that it was written in your destiny that she should join you to-night.'

"'That for Shalome!' replied the Wanderer, striking his staff violently upon the pavement. 'I vill tear her hag's limbs asunder! I vill put her between two feather-beds, and cast her into the Thames mud by the mouth of the Great Sewer! I vill tie her to the screw of an outward-bound steamer for New York! I vill —'

"'But, said you not that there was a way by which you could get rid of her without resorting to measures which even I—husband as I am—must admit to be extreme?'

"The Jew paused in his frenzied demonstrations, and as he gazed at me his venerable but passionate lineaments were steeped in the moonlight. He then gave me two slow, deliberate winks, one with his left, the other with his right eye (not a feat easy of accomplishment), and added in his old way:

"'Yesh, ma tear, I have de shecret which will free you from your eternal Caroline; but ve vos to teal after the pall, yes, to teal! Would you trick de poor old Jew out of his Secret?'

"Even in the very midst of his storm of passionate excitement, the poor old Hebrew's cautious and bargaining spirit had not deserted him. I was again baffled and foiled. Before I had time to push the discussion any further, the old man had shouldered his pack, and moved away rapidly, with a yell rather than a cry of

"'Klo! Klo! Any Old Klo!'

"I was still under the influence of the fatal spell, and was constrained to follow where he led. Through dull, monotonous piles of brick-work we passed along. We glided rapidly through streets where shell-fish appeared to be the sole sustenance of the inhabitants; indeed, as far as they were concerned, and from what I saw, I should be

to name periwinkles as the staff of life. We sed out into more lighted quarters, where the abitants dealt in nautical instruments and ss beads. I could now comprehend how it was t the soft desires of the dwellers in the Polyian Archipelago were satisfied. Establishnts of considerable importance were devoted the sale of barley-sugar—yellow and red; and hriving business was evidently driven in mutton s and cranberry tarts. We passed the estaihment of MOSES AND SON—the TAJ MAHAL of s quarter. It was indeed a glorious vision, plendent with floods of gaslight, while a banner m the top floated in defiance of all opposition. s strange thing was—as far as I could gather m a hasty glance which I cast that way, as I owed the Jew in his swift career—that there re no customers in the shop, although the fact ndoubted that the firm drive a thriving trade. ng other nameless streets we passed, sometimes the gaslight, sometimes in the dark, until I ame aware that we had become members of a dually-increasing crowd, all advancing in one ection, and evidently intent rather upon ughts of pleasure than of business. We came last to the establishment where the Jews' Ball s to be held. I had supposed that the beautiful ngs who were the chief attraction of the place uld have been mainly dark-haired, slim as palmes, and of appearance generally suggestive of Eastern origin. It was not so. The prevailing ire was dumpy: the hair of the Jewish maidens st commonly light, and their complexion rather than dark. However much the eye might be iated with Hebrew beauty, I cannot say that senses were gratified as we entered the dazzling ls where dancing had already been kept up for me with considerable spirit. It seemed to me to be a somewhat unfortunate arrangement, t Jewish matrons in such numbers were present the scene of enchantment—for who would care pluck a rose-bud of Sharon if these were the -blown flowers in their pride of bloom? I had been long in the room before I noticed that, as he fairer sex, so of the men, there were three four types—and upon one or other of these few es they seemed to have been made by the en. There might be shades of difference disguishable by more practised eyes than mine, I could not make them out. The company, both sexes, were for the most part decidedly of rt stature. Another of the noticeable features his entertainment was, that everybody danced l talked, and pranced and laughed with everyly—there was no exclusiveness in Houndsch.

'It was not, however, to describe the ball that ent there. My other object is known to you

Although I had darkly speculated on such issue before as a possibility, yet I had now been olutely informed by the Mysterious Jew, that ess I could obtain possession of a secret known him alone, the tortures which I had endured, l was still enduring, upon earth, would be conued for ever. Eternal Caroline was before me, ind me, around me, above me, beneath me—rywhere CAROLINE! The Being who could iver me was actually in the room—willing, as he said, to deal—in a few minutes I might be delivered from my burden, but my Deliverer seemed to be given up to the very toils from which I sought to escape. Yes! there he is, executing a dance, which bears to a common polka the relation which a hurricane bears to an ordinary breeze, and floating round him there is a net of yellow hair. In its silken meshes the Wanderer has been caught for the two hundred and sixty-seventh time. Hapless Being! his case is beyond the reach of art. I see it in the vulture-like look with which he devours the charms of the yellow-haired Miriam. It is an awful sight to see all that suffering, and experience, and wisdom subjugated—though but for an hour—by a foolish puppet, whom I or any bystander, not being in love with her, can easily enough perceive to be the ordinary mixture of coquetry and commonplace. Ah, Ikey, Ikey! when the dream has passed away, and you see her again with your pulse at 63°, you would as soon think of writing verses upon the slit in a Post-office, as upon what you now call her ruby lips: the silken tresses which delight you now will seem to you then but as a pound of tow: the accents which now fall upon your ear soft as the laughter of the angels, you will then deem senseless and irrelevant babble: and you will become painfully aware that her tiny feet would be better employed by the horticulturist for the purpose of keeping his gravel-walks in order, and for the destruction of insect life, than in trampling upon your poor old heart!

"I thought I would yet endeavour to save him for his own sake, and followed the pair about the room, trying to catch the eye of my aged friend. In vain: the Wanderer either would not brook interruption, or was in reality so entranced with the charms of his captivator, that he did not notice my well-intended attempts. By this time a change had come over the spirit of the music; in place of the mincing and mopping polka, with its emphatic beats, the orchestra struck up a *galop*, and poured forth a wild strain which seemed to rouse the dancers to madness. It went ill with the Jew—it went ill! The yellow-haired Miriam threw her head back upon her shoulder, whilst with nervous grasp he swept her through the crowd, pouring forth, as I conceived, wild protestations of affection the while. The lady was as cool as if she had been partaking of early shrimps at Gravesend, and could I am very confident, have instantly named the result arising from the arithmetical espousals of 7 and 9. What is this? She becomes more attentive. As they pass me by, I hear him hissing into her ear:

"'Shixty — sheventy — a hundred tousand pounds? Would you have rupies? Would you have emeralts? Would you have tiamonts, Miriam of my shoul?'

"'Not tiamonts, tear, but *you*. I hate de foolish young men.'

"'I vill cover you mit gold, peautiful lily of the valley.'

"'Ven you are mine, Ikey, life will be gold to me—but vere is your broberdy?'

"'In Govermment shecurities, my wild kazelle. I am teep in Intian shtock.'

"'Ikey of my heart! it shtands at 35 premium.'

"'It does! it does! my mattening turtle-tove! Miriam of my poozum, you will be tenter mit de old man. I feel like a leetel shild. I vould veep and pour out gold in your lap, my yellow puttercup.'

"'Do not veep, my Ikey—but ish it not funny, now? I vood have dat leetel ring—because, you know, it would come from you! Are the shtones real, Ikey—you would not tesheive your trusting Miriam?'

"These sentences had, of course, only fallen on my ear in a fragmentary way, as the enamoured couple swept past me in the dance. With the last words they stopped just in front of me, and the Wanderer drew from his gnarled finger a diamond ring, which he handed to the fair-haired Miriam, with the remark that it was worth eight hundred pounds. The lady put it to her lips in, as I supposed, graceful acknowledgment of the generosity of her aged lover. It was not so. I found that, by the application of her tongue to the gems, this invaluable young person was able in a moment to make a shrewd guess whether the diamonds were real or fictitious. The result of the test seemed to be satisfactory, for the tender Miriam's eyes swam with affection whilst she pronounced the jewels to be 'all right,' adding that she doted on the dear old man with all the fresh warmth of her ingenuous and virgin heart. The Wanderer, overwhelmed with this proof of the young lady's disinterested affection, blubbered like a child, and I almost feared that he would proceed to bless her in true patriarchal fashion. It was high time for me to interfere, so I tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"'Wanderer! what was it you told me by the river's edge to-night whilst the stream flowed on? Such folly as yours might be excusable in ordinary men, but you have had 266 warnings. Wretched man, is all experience thrown away? There will be a terrible to-morrow to the frenzy of to-night.'

"In place of evincing any gratitude for my well-timed interference, the Jew turned on me with the fury of a wild beast at bay, and poured forth on my devoted head all the choicest vituperations of his picturesque vocabulary. The gentle Miriam called me 'a nashty man,' adding that I was but as dirt in the highway—indeed, I am not sure that she did not make use of a still more forcible expression. She would stamp upon me—she would tear my eyes out, and carry them to the ravens in Leadenhall Market. The Angel had become a Fury; but the Wanderer did not draw from the fact the necessary inference for his own security. At last he turned round in an emphatic way, and whispered some words, which I could not catch, in the ears of the bystanders. Was he giving instructions to have me conducted to the nearest pump? For the anticipated ducking I cared but little; but if I was forcibly torn away from his presence, what became of my chances of solving the great Caroline enigma—the sole object of my life? Well, if they attack me I suppose I must defend myself; but I am sadly outnumbered, and it seems just possible that some of the hook-nosed, beetle-browed, glass-eyed men around me are honorary members of the Prize Ring.

"To my great surprise I found, in place of the anticipated attack, a greeting from the crowd, who had gathered round me with so warm an interest that I was at a loss to comprehend its meaning. Every one would shake hands with me—the ladies claimed me as their partner for the ensuing dance—the gentlemen thrust upon me offers of liquor to an unlimited amount. Whatever may have been the words pronounced by the Wanderer, he had evidently succeeded in investing me with the character of an illustrious stranger—unless, indeed, all this seeming kindness was a mere mockery, and a prelude to violence. I knew not what to say; but at length threw myself on the protection of a portly Jewess covered with gold ornaments, who seemed to exercise some kind of authority amongst the crowd. I offered her my arm, which she accepted, and led me away to a distant part of the room, where six young ladies were standing together, of various degrees of corpulence, but all showily dressed—all covered with gold rings and collars, and all with the same keen, eager, Jewish look. To them, after a preliminary whisper from their mother, I was successively presented—LEAH, SALOME, ESTHER, MIRIAM, SARAH, and the little KEZIAH. How yellow and luscious they were!—how they fawned upon me, and flattered me—and pawed me! It was a similar scene to that which occurs in a West-End ballroom when a young Baronet, with a well-ascertained £20,000 per annum, and family diamonds, trusts himself amidst its fascinations—but in a grosser and more natural form. It was clear to me that there was some mistake—and the more so when the amiable lady who had contributed these six fair creatures to the common stock of humanity informed me, with a fat smile, 'that her coot man EPHRAIM—EPHRAIM MOSS—who was in my line, was eager to make my acquaintance, and to admit me to the joys of his family circle. There were besides her three sons—AARON, and JOSEPH, and BENJAMIN, who were panting to be friends with me!' Whatever doubts I might have entertained as to the pursuits or amusements of many of the gentlemen present, there could be none that these three young gentlemen, either professionally or for their diversion, entertained habitual relations with the P. R. The gristle of AARON'S portentous nose had been well smashed on to his face—JOSEPH MOSS had lost one eye in his martial struggles—and so many of BENJAMIN'S teeth had been knocked down his throat, that his speech amounted to little more than a kind of slobbering whistle. The three brothers were short and bow-legged—and the biceps muscle in each was most formidably developed. I received from them three friendly but terrible grasps, as the result of which my right arm was actually paralysed. What could it all mean? In vain I protested that, however gratified I felt by the attention of this amiable family, I was quite unconscious of doing or being anything which gave me a right to their kindness. It was of no use. JOSEPH winked at me with his one eye—AARON put his finger to his broken nose, and BENJAMIN standing in the attitude of a bull-dog ready for work, whistled out 'I was shly—werry shly

—but it was always coot to be shly in pizziness.' So far from losing in his esteem the young gentleman actually assured me that I was the gainer by my reserve. I was forced into a seat between the fat Leah and the fatter Esther—Salome and Miriam toyed with my watch-chain, and asked me "what prishe those coots fetched at Vienna?' whilst sweet Sarah (I can state, with some confidence, that the young lady must have weighed at least fourteen stone) asked me 'if I had a shveethart in Germany?'—and the little Keziah pulled my hair, as she thought, playfully, but the tears started into my eyes with pain. Aaron stood on guard behind me on one side, and Joseph on the other, whilst young Benjamin was in front, and had effectually cut off my retreat. Mrs. Moss meanwhile leered lovingly at this touching family scene. Where was it all to end? Alas! I was soon to receive information upon the point.

"An old Jew—a thin Jew—a small Jew—a Jew with spectacles—a most ill-looking, and abominable Jew, was soon seen hurrying to the corner of the room where I was toying in silken dalliance with this galaxy of Hebrew fair ones. No sooner had he cast his eyes upon me than he called out:

"'An imposhtor! An imposhtor! ma tears. That ish not Ishaak—de son of my old friend Isshacar Grunne, de great rag-merchant of Vienna, who is coming to England to take him a woife. An imposhtor, ma tears, a very apominable imposhter inteet. Avay mit him, poys!'

"It was idle for me to protest my innocence of all complicity with the deception in which I had borne so prominent and so innocent a part. The young ladies in chorus protested that I had told them jointly and severally that I was Isaac Grunne, and when I ventured to controvert, or contest the statement in the most delicate manner, Aaron hit me a blow behind which sent me staggering into Benjamin's arms. 'Did I call his shisters liars—a low peasht!' Benjamin hit me back! 'What did I mean by tumbling up against a shentleman?' Joseph hit at me right and left, without wasting any time in preliminary observations. In the twinkling of an eye I was hustled and pummelled to the head of the staircase. I saw there seated on a bench the Wanderer with the fair-haired Miriam reclining upon his breast, and playfully counting the contents of a purse with which, as I presumed, he had just presented her. I had not, however, much time for observation. There had been a pause, during which Aaron held me by the collar—Joseph had taken up a position a little below on the first landing—his brother Benjamin descended to the second, which was only divided by a straight flight of steps from the street. When these preparations were completed, there was a cry—

"'Go a'ed, Haaron!'

"—and a kick. I flew into space—and then a

kick; I flew further into space—a third kick, and yet further; but this time I was landed in the street, and there were no more kicks.. Three such, indeed, were enough for the lifetime of any man.

"Even in the midst of my unmerited sufferings I resolved not to lose sight of the great object of my visit to the ball. What were these kicks, after all, so that I procured for myself immunity from the presence of Mrs. ROBERT, when I had shuffled off this mortal coil?

"I took up my station in an archway which commanded a view of the entrance of the scene of festivity, for surely at length the Wanderer would come forth with his 267th Bride, and I would summon him to keep his word, and reveal the SECRET.

"I watched for hours, and at length my patience was rewarded. I saw the Ancient Man step forth into the light with the fair-haired Miriam on his arm. He was bending over and arranging her shawl round the delicate form of the Hebrew Maiden, lest the night-wind should blow on it too roughly. They paused in expectation, and the Wanderer looked down the street. It was borne in on my mind that he was waiting for a cab. There followed the rumble of wheels which announced the approach of the vehicle in question. Now, or never, was my Time. I advanced to where the Mysterious Being was standing. He regarded me with a benevolent smile, a contrast to his behaviour during the Ball when I had endeavoured to save him—but in vain—from the talons of the hunting Leopard who was now bearing him off to her den.

"'Young man,' he said at length, in solemn tone, 'you meant me vell—and perhapsh I vosh hard upon you. Never you meddle mit true-love knotsh again—but now I vill tell you the shecret vithout revard. Yesh! it ish true—vunsh married—alvaysh married. The Fatal Ring binds you to all time, and throughout Eternity, unlesh—but I vill put you, my love, firsht into de cab."

"It was strange. The top of the cab was piled high with luggage, and as the Wanderer was about to open the door, the fattest and oldest Jewess—as I think the world ever saw—put her face to the window, and said:

"'Ikey, don't be a fool! Come along home mit me!'

"'Shalome, ma tear, Shalome!'

"'Don't be a fool, Ikey, come along!'

"Never shall I forget the look of horror in the Wanderer's face, whilst he continued to pour forth the expressions of welcome, and winked at me—the traitor!—to offer my arm to the yellow-haired Miriam.

"'Shall I take a sheat by de triver, ma tear? You are shtout, and in good case; there may not be room for both inshide.'

"The lady threw open the door, and beckoned the Wanderer in. He obeyed with a passive frozen obedience. The eyes of the ancient Jewess were indeed awful as she glared at us in the moonlight. But when the Wanderer had squeezed into the cab, and the lady had pronounced the terrible word—'*Home!*' driven to despair, I rushed to the window, and clasping my hands in wi entreaty exclaimed:

"'The SECRET, Jew, the SECRET!'

"Scarcely had the words passed my lips, whe I became aware that a portentous female har and arm were thrust from the window of the ca and I received a box on the ear worthy of such a instrument. I fell senseless to the ground.

* * * * *

"When I recovered my senses it was gr morning, and I was lying indeed on the paveme in a remote street near the river—but of t Wandering Jew, or his awful consort, I ha never been able to recover a trace.

"Was it reality? Was it a dream? Is CAR LINE my fate for ever?—for ever?"

THE G.C. CLUB AGAIN.—3.45 A.M.

THERE was a short silence when GLOOMY B had brought his sad history to a conclusion. T Club was puzzled. On the whole the gener idea was that our friend had been the victim some strange delusion, to be accounted for the magnetic influences which had been so lo playing round his nervous system. He persiste however, in his statements, and mentioned t exact spot where he found himself when he awo from his strange stupor, or swoon. His wat and purse were both gone, and surely, as well remarked, these could not have disa peared solely by spiritual agencies. It h always been his opinion that the fair-haired Miria had removed them from his possession lest th might fall into dishonest hands, and had be unable to return them on account of the dif culty about the address. On the other han the bulk of the Members were distinctly opinion that the peripatetic Phantom, know under the name of the WANDERING JEW, w the mere creation of the superstitious imaginati of the Dark Ages. Would it be pretended th the FLYING DUTCHMAN—a similar instance—w merely a Hollander in connubial difficulti ever out on one cruising ground or another order to avoid his *placens uxor?* More than thi the supposition involved in the eternity of t connubial tie—so at least the majority a peared to think—was so absurd as to dispro itself. The usual result of argument followe GLOOMY BOB was confirmed in his own opinio —the Club, the same. Our poor friend was l to his despondency, and to the awful anticip tion of an eternal Caroline. However, whe was medicine to be found for this disease mind?

The hour had now arrived when the G.C. —like so many ghosts in so many Hamle —must return to their penitential fires. T jollity had become ghastly. There was a kin of reckless tone about the final orders give to the Acolytes which did not seem to be ind cative of tranquil minds. A brief consultatio was held as to the best method of commenci the great national undertaking which the Clu had taken in hand. Each Member would, course, contribute his own mite of connubi information to the common stock, and whe these materials were before the Committee, the

uld take counsel as to the best method of lising them for the common benefit. It was, wever, clear that yet more definite results uld follow, if the Committee would investigate a philosophical spirit — the origin, rise, and gress of the British Matron. What of Board- Schools for Young Ladies? Surely that s a subject of sufficient importance to deserve most anxious investigation. The Chairman, . BROWN, was of opinion that if the suggestion eived the approval of the Members, it would well if he and another Member of the nmittee were at once to betake them- es to Helmston, as it was a well-ascer- ied fact that that delightful watering- ce was the chosen training-ground, where only the thews and sinews of the future tish Matron were strung and knitted for the im- ding struggle—but there it was that at the ishing School she received the last instructions n the ablest Professors of the science of hus- d-taming. The undertaking was surrounded h difficulties; for how was the deputation to a access to these establishments, guarded as y were by the vigilance of the sternest and t experienced Duennas in the civilised world? uld Mr. JOSIAH MEEK,—the only Member of Committee, besides the Chairman, who at this nent could effect his escape from the conjugal nicile—be instructed to apply for the situation BUTTONS at one of these institutions? He was a ll, whiskerless husband, of boyish appearance, ough at bottom a very sad dog. Should Mr. WN who, on the other hand, was a gentleman he most fatherly and portly appearance, pre- himself boldly before the Principals, alleging three nieces had been consigned to his charge, a Australia or British India, with instructions lace them in some establishment where their es would be cultivated and refined — their ds disciplined in those useful arts which con- ite the stock of female education in this ntry—but, above all, where scholastic training combined with the comforts of a home? Every aber had his suggestion—and these suggestions e so numerous and so various that the G. C.'s e at last driven to the conclusion that all points etail must be left to the direction of the two lemen who had undertaken this anxious duty, n present on the spot.

hese matters being settled there was a rising— a shuffling. The members stood round in a e with their pipes in their mouths, and made serable intonement in grand chorus of the old of "*Sweet Home*"—but when they came to famous passage of—

rough pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam,
t go where we can, there is no place like HOME,"

they did wink at each other to be sure. The ain falls for awhile. The famous G. C. Club is as the baseless fabric of a vision to the general d.

HELMSTON.

STRONG breeze from the south-west incom- ed the promenaders on either cliff in this romantic watering-place on the morning which followed the night on which had occurred the disgraceful orgies which we have feebly endea- voured to commemorate. From Tadmor Square to the Pie-House—from the Pie-House to Jones's Drain, where the gusts were most tremendous— from Jones's Drain to the Jetty—from the Jetty to the Blockade Station, the wind reigned supreme, and tyrannised over the drapery of the fair beings who were not to be deterred by the eventualities of an untoward gust from gladdening the hearts of the human race by the brightness of their presence. What fascinating Spanish hats secured by veils dexterously tucked under dainty chins! What suggestions from Balmorals surmounted by petti- coats of brilliant red! How the fair creatures were flattened one way as they walked east, and another as they struggled west! How the un- principled boatmen endeavoured to decoy the visitors into their nauseating craft, under the wicked pretext that now or never was the time for a sail! How squadrons of long-suffering horses trotted up and down, mounted by angelic beings of every age, and—may I say?—volume! How solemn and reserved was the aspect of the riding-masters, careful of their important charge! How the young gentlemen jogged each other as they fought their way along the Esplanade, and exchanged jokes with reference to the various members of the angel-interest whom they passed as they were were clutching hold of their Mandarin hats! How sailors carried huge cod-fish about with their fingers in the gills—and how the stout nurses thrust the perambulators, heavy with babies, over the corns of testy old gentlemen, who did not keep their tempers! What a pleasant day it was at Helmston!

Such incidents are common to many watering- places; but about Helmston there is one pecu- liarity. Just as you see gangs of seafaring men about Portsmouth or Plymouth—or long columns of gloomy, unwholesome-looking youths in black costume, threading their way like files of black beetles about the streets of Rome—or groups of artillery men at Chatham—in the same way the distinctive feature of Helmston at certain hours of the day is the solemn promenade of the "Board- ing Schools for Young Ladies." How confi- dentially the taller and more charming creatures in front of these flying columns are conversing together! How the middling-sized ones gabble! How the smaller and youngest recruits appear to be poking fun at the passers by! How the two governesses behind—one probably a French lady (accompanied by a more favoured parlour-boarder, who seems old enough and imposing enough to have an affair of the heart upon her hands already) —cast glances of mild reproof at the horrid Light Dragoons, who allow their incendiary glances to fall for a moment upon their timid flock! How strong they are in their weakness—and what a lot they always seem to have to talk about! Are the Doves pecking at a poor Assistant Governess? —or indulging in rosy dreams of the Future— when more permanent dolls are delivered over to their mercies? It is difficult to found any theory upon such scraps of conversation as a hasty man can pick up, with all his ingenuity. Stand

intently gazing at the gyrations of the sea-gulls, or walk back fast, as if you had forgotten your pocket-handkerchief, and all you will gather from the lips of the fair and youthful Vestals in frilled trousers will be such scraps as "*I'm sure I told Miss—*" or "*Oh! Mary Jane, you naughty!*" Surely a Cuvier in the Social Sciences would be puzzled to re-construct the entire fabric of these beautiful young lives from such meagre fragments as these.

Boarding School Helmston was out emphatically for an airing! Amongst the various schools, the pupils in charge of the Misses Fitzchauncey were distinguished by their general correctness of demeanour and the variety of their accomplishments. The establishment was situated in Metropolis Crescent, and united in itself the two functions of the ordinary seminary and the finishing school. The seminary was out a-walking. The finishing school was at home. The finishing school never walked in its public capacity. The finishing pupils were six in number. They went

Caspar! (See p. 364.)

out for airings in carriages when they had mastered the exceedingly difficult art of getting into one. A fly was kept in the back-yard for their instruction in this matter—just as the model ship has been set up behind Greenwich Hospital for the benefit of the young sailors. Then they had regular rides on horseback with a riding-master all covered over with military medals in attendance;—and professors of callisthenics, and music, and dancing, and water colours, and poetry, and the exact sciences, were never out of the house. But when all this was done, little was done. It was for her tutelage and education of the latent energies and capabilities of the female mind that Miss Harriet Mountchauncey, the elder of the two sisters, was so widely celebrated. The professors instructed the young ladies in the various arts and sciences, but Miss Harriet Mountchauncey fitted them for empire.

I love precision in all things, and so here are the names of the six finishing pupils with a few marginal notes.

1. Miss Sophia Sparrow, 16 years of age, short, plump, auburn-hair, restless, and given to the fidgets; parents, eminent solicitor and lady —resident in Dorset Square.
2. Miss Theresa Tilly—tall, languid, dark-hair —tendency to thrust her left shoulder out of her dress—exceedingly indisposed to early hours; romantic in appearance—but in truth as matter of fact as a Dutch cheese. An orphan—Guardian, Mr. Thomas Jago, of Montague Place.
3. Miss Selina Tender—fair, blue-eyed, sentimental—her mother—widow of a General Officer, resident at Cheltenham—reluctant to receive her daughter home. The fair Selina spent a large portion of her existence in tears,

and read more novels on the sly than any young lady of her age.

4. Miss Jane Sprott—stout—underhung—cast in her sweet eye—a romp—a distressing girl—full of practical jokes, and with a soul equal to apple-pie beds—neither dark nor fair—nothing particular about her appearance but the points named.
5. Pretty Lucy Trimmer—the despair of Miss Harriet Mountchauncey—from a hopeless simplicity of character, which, as that lady frequently told her, would eventually prove her ruin.
6. Letitia O'Rourke—such a specimen from the County of Roscommon—dark-browed—black-hair, and plenty of it—blue eyes—frank; and generally gushing, but with brogue enough to knock you down. How she did despise Sophy Sparrow—a low girl!

Miss Harriet Mountchauncey had summoned the bevy of fair young creatures to her private room—and as the day was windy—and unpropitious, as this lady was pleased to observe for the display of the more delicate capabilities of the sex—she proposed to put them through a course of General Fascination. Then they were to be required to answer Examination Papers, the result of Miss H. M.'s long experience of human life—but just as she had begun with—

"*Ladies, my dear pupils, are delicate creatures—unlike that rough and disagreeable creature man—whose subjection, however, should be the daily and hourly object of their lives. Their sensibilities are extreme. Their feelings, like the unpremeditated harmonies of the vocal songstress of the leafy woods*——"

A tap was heard at the door, and a Being—was it a man?—was it a boy?—was it the Talking Fish in the Page's costume?—entered the apartment with a note *in his hand!!!* and offered it to Miss Harriet Mountchauncey's acceptance. That lady instantly assumed the demeanour of a Judge who has put on the Black Cap.

"Caspar! how often have I told you—how often must I tell you again, that all epistolary communications addressed to a lady, and delivered into the hands of a lady by a *man-servant*"—(words would fail to express the calm intensity of contempt with which Miss H. M. pronounced these last words)—"must be brought under her notice upon a silver vehicle. Nor does it alter the case that the *billet*, or *poulet*, note, or letter is sent from a lady to a lady. The masculine hand is equally impure. The lady equally requires the protection of the silver vehicle. Caspar, I will not see that you have that letter in your hand. I will not be aware of its existence, until it is submitted to my inspection on the proper vehicle. Begone, sir,—you know your duty!"

The anomalous Caspar stumbled out of the room upsetting a chair in his way—an accident which elicited from Miss H. M. a triumphant "*There! There!*" When the door was closed upon him, Miss H. M. continued to improve the occasion:

"Ladies, my beloved pupils are sacred things—physically weak; but, morally, of tremendous power. In your future establishments be careful to surround yourselves with all the protection that the graceful majesty of *etiquette* can throw around you. Treat, for example, such a painful incident as the one we have just witnessed as what it really is—a treasonable act against feminine dignity. The Spanish Court in old days knew the value——"

Here Caspar re-entered, bearing the note upon a huge silver salver. Miss H. B. removed it contemptuously from the vehicle, and, with a quiet "Wait," proceeded to inform herself of its contents.

"I see, my dear young friends, that a person is about to call at Mountchauncey House with the view of seeking admission to its precincts for three young ladies—his (the person's) nieces. I must leave you for a brief space in order to receive the person in a suitable way. During my absence, my sweet loves, you will employ your time in throwing upon paper your ideas of how 1200*l.* per annum—a paltry stipend indeed!—can be best employed for securing the felicity of a family."

Miss Mountchauncey disappeared, leaving Caspar still standing in the middle of the room with the silver salver in his hand. The odd thing was, that although dressed in a page's dress, Caspar, upon closer inspection, proved to be a man of middle-age—perhaps more. He was without whiskers, his collar was turned down, and tied with a ribbon. The Mountchauncey livery was bottle-green, and the Mountchauncey buttons upon Caspar's uniform were innumerable. There was a strange seriousness about his face: he had seen, known, and suffered much. For the half minute after Miss Mountchauncey had quitted the room the young doves remained unfluttered; but when it might reasonably be inferred that there was no chance of her return, how they started up, and swarmed about Caspar like young butterflies! How playfully, with the exception of sweet Theresa Tilly, they pulled his hair! and how Sophia Sparrow applied a bottle of salts to his nose! and how, when poor Caspar was in the act of sneezing, Jane Sprott tilted the silver vehicle out of his grasp! Poor Caspar was fairly driven beside himself at this last outrage, and said:

"Ugh! you tiger-cats, let me go, or I'll wop some of you. If the gentlemen out of doors only knowed half as much as I do about you, precious few of you would be conducted to the haltar!"

Chorus of doves. "We'll tell, we'll tell."

Caspar. "Tell the old girl as much as you like. Do you think she'd find another full-growed man to put on these togs—one who hates you all as I do—eh? I only stops here to plague you—and if ever I goes avay, it'll be to set up as a lady's hundertaker!"

Gamma.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

The Knight-Adventurer.

Rajah Brooke.

Half a century ago it was taken for granted that the Knight-Adventurer was a lost type of character in the civilised world. It seemed to be adapted to those ages in which men were becoming acquainted with the globe we live on—preparing

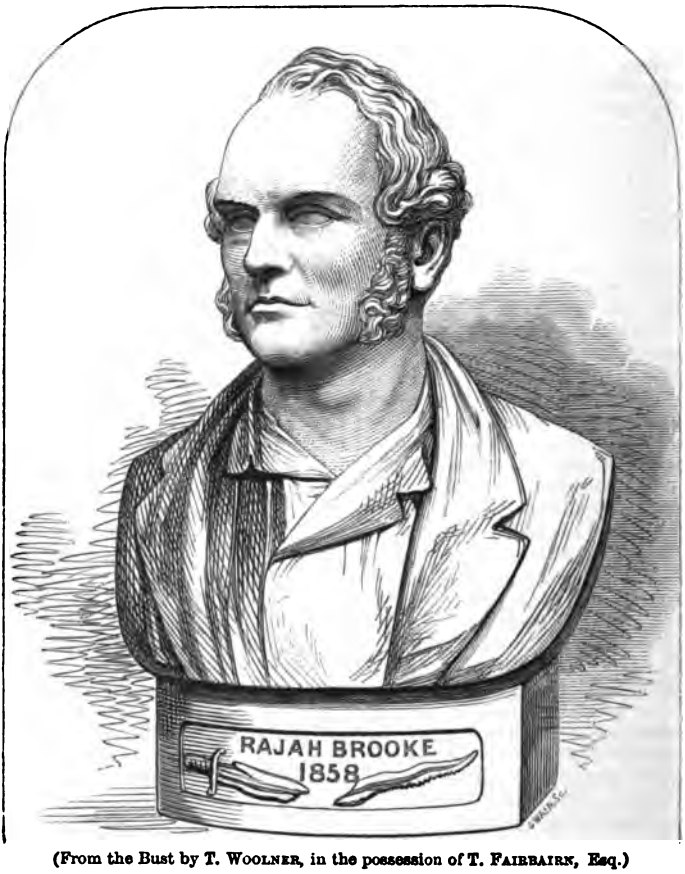
to learn that it was a globe, in the first place. It seemed to fit into the history of our race in an age when soldiers were led to the coast of Portugal as to the bounds of creation, and told with awe to awe-struck listeners, on their return, how they had seen where the ocean poured over into hell, and had with their own eyes beheld the flames shooting up from the fiery gulf which surrounds our world. When a gorgeous sunset thus impressed the imagination of men on their travels, the age was sure to be one of exploration and wild adventure; and there could not but be a succession of adventurers till the rovers had at least sailed round the globe, and ascertained its great continents and main seas. The old mystery being cleared up to this point, the character of mere adventure would merge by degrees in that of travel and speculation for some definite purpose, till it assumed a thoroughly business-like aspect. So the matter seemed to be settled half a century ago. There were Christian missionaries in many wild regions of all continents, and all the world honoured them. There were men devoted to geographical discovery, and an enthusiastic sympathy attended them, whether struggling with the Ice-king in his Polar strongholds or with the fiery demons of the Desert, dealing sunstrokes and launching the simoom among tropical sands. Then more and more scientific objects arose; and more and more men went forth to accomplish them. Art also bethought itself of roving for subjects; and, where Burckhardt could make no notes but under cover of his burnouse, and knew that to show a scrap of paper would be destruction to his aims, if not to himself, artists now sit to sketch, even in the heart of Edom, and have only to choose their model figures out of the crowd that is admiring them. One painter is in despair at the colouring of the desert at Tadmor or the Great Oasis: and another suffers under the same chagrin among the Altai mountains, and on the steppes of Tartary. But the artists, and the *savans*, and the missionaries, all go on business: and we had given up the idea of any man roving in unknown and perilous places for pleasure, or without any reason at all. In our century, however, an adventurer of the mediæval type has appeared—in a way very puzzling to some good people, very painful to a few others, and inexpressibly delightful to the genuine heart of Old England, which still enjoys sending forth St. Georges to fight dragons. Our Knight-Adventurer has been abundantly maligned in his time, as a singular specimen of any type of character always is. He was an "Ugly Duck" (as Andersen has it) to the last to some very literal-minded men who are now gone; and there are some left who cannot help being convinced that a man who goes among barbaric tribes, and becomes a ruler over some, and makes war upon others, must be a mammon-seeker or a man-hunter—a buccaneer who should not be countenanced by respectable society; but, on the whole, the hero has met with recognition. The Sovereign has honoured him; Parliament has repeatedly rebuked his accusers by rejecting their charges; and he has the noble following which attends upon all Representative Men.

It is possible that Sir James Brooke's cast of mind may have been more or less determined by his being born on the other side of the world, and near the tropics, though his parents were English. His father was in the Civil Service of the East India Company; and a very business-like Englishman he seems to have been, having no notion of young men wandering about the world without knowing exactly what they aim at. The mother sympathised with her son, as the mothers of heroes usually do. When he did not see his way to the enterprise he had set his mind upon, he was wont to open his mind to his mother as they paced the garden-walk at South Broom, or sauntered by the brook among the wild flowers, which he remembered under the palms in Borneo. His "loved mother" was his nearest and dearest friend as long as she lived—a fact, by the way, which ought to have had some weight with the most prosaic of his critics. A man can hardly be devoured with the thirst for money and blood who has a "loved mother" for his bosom friend.

From these parents he was early separated for a time, as the children of the Company's servants necessarily were fifty years ago. He went from school to school in England, not gaining much learning, it appears, nor probably much praise from the masters. Putting together the grammar of his compositions before he had cultivated his literary tastes by study, and the short time he was at certain schools, and his known roving propensities, and his peculiar laugh when his old school-mates claim the honour of intercourse with him at Norwich and other schools, one has an impression that he was perhaps a naughty boy,—fond of running away, and more given to Robinson Crusoe than the Latin grammar. His domestic and friendly correspondence in after life is perfectly charming,—in expression as well as in sense and sentiment; but all task-work with the pen, all formal statement to meet official eyes, or be read by the public, betrays the secret of the failure of the grammar-school part of his education. What appearance he made in his parents' eyes when they renewed acquaintance with him on their return to England, we do not know. He was then fourteen; and we can easily imagine that he might be the pride and joy of his mother's heart. His frank, healthful, eager, thoughtful face; his activity of frame; his guileless speech; his tenderness of heart;—all these things won everybody who came near him; and his father, we must hope, among the rest. The doubt was about his steadiness. It is a pity his father could not know that he would live to manifest a pertinacity like that of Columbus in pursuit of his enterprises—a pertinacity in action, I mean; for he has been wont to say, in letters to his intimates, that he would throw up all his objects, and fix himself for life beside some lake, or in some mountain in Italy or Switzerland, or in some retreat in England, and leave the struggle of life to other men. If Columbus had written as many letters as James Brooke, we might have found this sort of dream among the rest,—a dream of seclusion and repose haunting the harassed and disappointed man, who cannot make other men see the ground of his confidence. And if we had not seen Brooke's letters, we should have supposed

him to be, through every hour of his life, as unremittingly bent on his object as Columbus himself. The pertinacity was the practical state of his mind, as long as it retained its full vigour: and yet his father was not unreasonable in distrusting his steadiness, before it became manifest that this was a man who must have his own way.

At sixteen he went to India as a cadet. Here he showed himself a born-soldier, as people say. He so distinguished himself in the first Burmese war as to receive the thanks of Government. He was severely wounded—shot in the lungs—and thereby transferred from the beaten way of Indian soldiership to his own wild path of life. He was ordered home to be nursed; recovered, travelled over a great part of Europe; embarked for India; was wrecked in the Channel, and so delayed by the accident as to reach India after his leave of absence had expired. No doubt he might easily have got his appointment renewed; but he preferred letting it go: and for the next eight years he seemed to lead an idle roving life. It was a somewhat different case from this. It was during those years, between 1830 and 1838, that he formed and matured the conception of his enterprise, and strove earnestly, but in vain, to embark in it. He thought, he studied, he waited, he worked with tongue and pen, to bring about a relation between himself and some of the Malay tribes whom he perceived to have been depressed and corrupted by Dutch misgovernment, and by our desertion of them in the surrender of Java to Holland. In passing among the islands of the Eastern archipelago, his poet's soul was first touched with the beauty of the scenes in which men were living; and next, his generous heart was moved by the evidences that those men were not what they had been. Traces of a higher ancient civilisation met him in all directions; and the cruelty and vileness of Dutch rule abundantly accounted for the deterioration of the people. It is well that Brooke ultimately wrote an account of his observations and his views; and that a portion of his statement was published early, and the whole at a later time; for it enables us to understand his projects, and secures him from the charge of mere thoughtless roving, out of which a scheme of action might or might not grow. He went out at last, not to do business in science, art, commerce, or gold-digging; nor yet as the sport of accident. He had a general notion of establishing an understanding with some Malays,



(From the Bust by T. Woolner, in the possession of T. Fairbairn, Esq.)

in Borneo or Celebes, or wherever the chance seemed most favourable; and the object of the understanding was to improve the people, so as to render them wiser and happier in themselves, and better allies for Europeans. He had far-reaching convictions of the political and commercial benefits which England might derive from the elevation of the native character; and he had his own convictions as to how that elevation might best be achieved: but he went forth as free to follow the lead of events as any knight-errant who ever laid the rein on his steed's neck in an unknown land, and merely watched to see whither he was carried.

His two main convictions as to what should be done with the Malays make the difference between his project and those of many predecessors. In this age of commerce, we propose a commercial establishment in new countries, and trading relations with their peoples. Brooke showed cause for his belief that a territorial establishment of some sort—wherever it might be, and however small—was indispensable to any actual union with the nations. Trading would be mere trading to the end of the chapter, if the foreigners had no participation in the more intimate interests of the people. Together with this must be taken the other point of doctrine, that the improvement of the natives must proceed from and advance in themselves, and not by means of colonisation by a superior race. Such colonisation depresses a native population: or, if it partially improves them, it is by altering their character, and making them imitators of the teachers who have intruded themselves. Brooke's idea was of going to work in the opposite way—by strengthening and elevating the characteristics of the people; by encouraging their original powers and fundamental thoughts and distinctive feelings, under the operation of new knowledge. It is not to be wondered at if his father thought such notions very unpractical, and a poor reason for spending money on a vessel and crew, and precious time in paying visits to Malay tribes.

In 1838, the father was dead, and the son had laid out a portion of his inherited property in the purchase of the renowned Royalist—the yacht which bore through the Eastern seas the flags and colours which she had the privilege of carrying, like a man-of-war. Brooke's first voyage in her was an experimental one, to prove the vessel and crew. As for himself, he was seen to be a born sailor as well as soldier. On the 7th of December, 1838, he sailed for Singapore, where he might learn what point to select for the opening of his enterprise.

His letters during this six months' voyage show what was the activity of his mind—observing and recording phenomena in natural history, speculating in theology, learning the grammar of Eastern tongues, and proving his administrative powers in the management of his ship's company. Hitherto his existence had been the poet's dream—henceforth it was the poet's life. For nearly twenty years we can follow its course, from his night-watching in the wilds of the ocean for the Southern Cross, and his passing visits to every shore where he might gain light for his great purposes, to his return home, a prince over a devoted people, and a conqueror in every conflict with calumny and persecution, but too much worn out for further action. It may be doubted whether a more beneficent, disinterested, and soul-stirring career was ever run by any great captain in the warfare of human life.

From Singapore we see him entering the Sarāwak river, on his way to Borneo Proper. It is amusing to think now that he had to explain to his own relations and friends where Sarāwak was—viz., "thirty-five miles in the interior of Borneo." Here we first see the Santobong peak, with its crest of cliffs and straggling trees; and the wooded hills, and white beaches, fringed with casuarinas; and the wild hogs and grey pigeons; and the paddy-fields; and the cottages raised on piles and canopied with palms; and the mild and easy-going people, capable of reverence, and love, and thought, and discussion, but not very fond of work. "My people are gentlemen," Brooke is fond of saying; and he found this out early, and experienced the advantage of it in leading them up to a higher social elevation.

We see him introducing himself to the rulers of these people, and soon attaching himself to them by his ever ready affections. We see him preparing for the first great step,—extinguishing the piracy which precluded any advance in civilisation, by destroying the fruits of industry, breaking up security and order, and encouraging bad passions. Here the born-soldier came out again,—as on several occasions since. We see the humane and thoughtful friend of depressed races pursuing war like a pastime,—chasing the pirates to their landing places, hunting them to their retreats, shooting and drowning men, sinking and burning boats,—in short, making a thorough clearance in each expedition; and yet we see that this is the same man, only doing a different part of his work. He is removing obstructions to his great object; and, in his spirit of fidelity, he makes the removal as complete as possible. Home-staying men, of a narrow and prosaic cast of mind, and a suspicious habit of temper, have not been able to conceive that one man could present two such different aspects: and, as the energy of his war-making was indisputable, they have assumed that this was the real thing in him, and the civilising object a sham. Taking for granted, all the while, that the usual recompense of enterprise, as they understand it, must be in his mind's eye, they denounced him as pursuing the pirates for the sake of the head-money up to that time allowed by Government to the destroyers of pirates. To the satisfaction of all men, this barbarous practice of Government grants of head-money is done away; but Brooke's name and fame could never be implicated with it, while it was notoriously true that he had spent his patrimony in the service of his Dyaks, and that he could at any time have enriched himself by permitting the Chinese, with their advantage of industry, to take their own way with the natives. By merely abstaining from interference, he might have levied great wealth in a short time. It is his sufficient defence from charges of mercenary ambition, that he steadily encouraged the Dyaks, and repressed the Chinese, while

promoting industry on every hand. The crowning proof of the distinctness and steadiness of this policy was seen in the fidelity of the Dyaks when they rallied round him and his settlement, and brought both off safe from the attack of the Chinese in 1857, when they burned his dwelling, massacred some of his household, and hunted him for his life. One of his most inveterate enemies at home exclaimed, on reading the news, "We have clearly mistaken the man. The devotedness of the Dyaks at such a time, when his fate was in their hands, speaks trumpet-tongued in favour of his government."

What was that government? Brooke at once showed himself the born-administrator, no less than soldier and sailor. His government was a perfect success throughout its whole term. It was not the military despotism which was the natural resort of the adventurers of the Middle Ages, who ruled with the strong hand what they had gained by the strong hand, and portioned off their dominion among their followers, made ministers without any qualities of statesmanship. Brooke went alone among the Dyaks, not as a conqueror, but to live among them, in order to be at their service. His opinions as to their welfare were at their call; and his time, and his faculties, and his experience; but he desired them to govern themselves, so far as to agree on the objects and principles of government. They were ruled through their own reason, enlightened by his, and not by his will. I doubt whether anything like this was ever seen before, since Europeans began to go among barbaric tribes.

One instance will suffice to illustrate his principle and method. Hitherto it had been a matter of course for the European ruler to stimulate and command the industry of the natives, whether to enrich themselves or to improve the condition and aspect of the territory. The people were made to work, and generally on task-work appointed by the Government. Nothing of the sort took place under Brooke's administration. He did everything possible for the protection and encouragement of industry; and there he stopped. He did not want the people to enrich him; and he left them free to choose whether to enrich themselves. He chastised their piratical enemies, and made the rivers safe, and promoted trading; but, as the Dyaks are not fond of labour, he acquiesced in their tastes, and countenanced the native arrangement by which the Chinese immigrants did the hard work, and the Dyaks enjoyed their ease and dignity. "My Dyaks are gentlemen," was in his mind amidst the provisions of his government, as well as in conversation with Europeans. In like manner he encouraged these gentlemen clients of his to discuss the rules and methods of justice, law, and executive government. They decided on the institution of courts of justice; they held counsel on new laws; and they distributed the offices of government, under his sanction. His advice and information were always at their disposal; but they had to ask for the one and the other. In the coolness of the morning, he was always to be found on a public walk by the river side, where he could be consulted by all comers: and many a time did midnight overtake some group of which Brooke was the centre, gravely discussing the affairs of the commonwealth, or speculating on the great questions which interest men of all races in all ages, or narrating the facts of European or Eastern life.

Certain hours of the day were his own; and in them he became perfectly acquainted with the contents of every book in his library; that library destined to be burnt in the revolt of the Chinese, and to be replaced in time by the honourable sympathy of our universities. While he was perplexed by pecuniary needs, and resolved not to tax the people as long as a shred of his own property remained; while he was in a perpetual doubt about the intentions of the Court of Borneo, and in constant expectation of piratical assaults, his people were advancing from day to day in comfort, security, enlightenment and social discipline. His one measure of severity—the making the national custom of taking heads punishable with death—was becoming intelligible to the people, whose instinct of head-taking was yet too strong to be at once extirpated, and all else was promising, when the clouds gathered which were to keep the sunshine from him for the rest of his life.

It is not my business to discuss the policy of England in regard to the Eastern Archipelago. If the advice of Sir Stamford Raffles did not avail to prevent our consigning that important region of the globe to perdition and the Dutch, it might be hardly reasonable to hope that Brooke's information and counsel would avail to use the remaining opportunity. It is enough to refer here to the one thing which determined the fate of Brooke and his enterprise; the vacillation of the English government. The British flag once protected Sarāwak; and great was the benefit to the community, native and European, and to their friends and their enemies. We had once a settlement at Labuan, and Brooke was the Governor; and then again, the government drew back. At one time there was every reason to hope that British protection would give us the benefit of the harbours of Borneo for refuge and for trade; and of the coal which abounds there, exactly in the best place for our steamers; and of the best telegraphic centre that could be desired, for the sake of Australia, China, and India, all extending on different sides: and the anxious hopes of Brooke rose high; and then again they were dashed by some apathy or some mysterious reluctance on the part of government; or overthrown by a mere change of administration. Through all this he carried on his rule as if the fate of his people depended on himself. He came triumphantly out of an inquiry into his character as Rajah of Sarāwak, which could never have been countenanced by any government which understood the man. The result confirmed his influence in his dominions; and the revolt of the Chinese, as I have said, was the occasion of proving what the relation between himself and his people really was. Long before this, the wife of the Missionary Bishop M'Dougall had written an anecdote of the obeisance of a Dyak before the portrait of his "great Rajah," and had borne witness "how deep in the hearts of the natives lie love and reverence for Sir James Brooke:" and now the love and reverence came out in action, so

as to move and convince the hardest and most sceptical of the objectors to greatness when manifested in its own ways and not in theirs.

Rajah Brooke is in retirement in England now,—incapacitated by the break-down of his health from returning to his real home in the East. His plans and method of rule are carried on, in a spirit of devout fidelity to him, by relatives and friends; and we may hope that his services will never be lost among the Dyaks, as assuredly the tradition of them will never be.

As for his place in his own country and its history, he is in himself a marking incident in his century. We have in him one more representative of an order of men who had seemed to have passed away, while yet there is no retrograde character about him and his work. We have in the American Filibuster not only a retrograde but a corrupted specimen of the adventurer of the Middle Ages. Walker, in Nicaragua or in Mexico, is a base imitation of the old buccaneer. He not only oppresses and pillages, as the old buccaneers did, and seizes towns and territories like colonising sea-rovers of old; but he does these things under a guise of cant, by means of followers whom he has swindled into the enterprise, and for the sake of extending the area of negro-slavery. Rajah Brooke bears no relation to such a specimen of depraved buccaneering. He gave himself to Sarāwak, instead of seizing Sarāwak for himself. He did not grasp at the reins of government, but put them into the hands of the natives, and showed them how to guide their course. He sacrificed his fortune for them, instead of extorting one from them. It has been the world's wonder what sort of Christians Cortez and his comrades supposed themselves to be: and the world now sees what sort of a Christian a Knight-Adventurer may be. For the sake of this spectacle we may rejoice that that antique class has had one more Representative Man. INGLEBY SCOTT.

LOST IN THE FOG.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

In one of the summer months of the year 185—, application was made to a great London Insurance Company to insure the life of Mr. Andrew Macfarlane, of Raw Material Street, Manchester, for a very heavy sum. Mr. Macfarlane was not a young man, being described by himself as between forty and fifty, and the sum was of such an unusual amount, that the Company thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution; they therefore stipulated upon seeing the gentleman personally, and having him examined by two of their own medical men in their own office in London, in addition to the usual preliminary investigation. Mr. Macfarlane accordingly appeared one morning, looking a most robust and healthy middle-aged gentleman, with a fine, broad, ruddy, close-shaven face, and iron grey hair: the examination was pronounced satisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Macfarlane was a more than usually healthy person, and the policy was granted without delay.

One morning in November of the same year, London was shrouded in one of its densest fogs. That combination of smoke and vapour to be met with in its full perfection in no other part of the globe, pervaded street and river, Fog had reigned supreme over the metropolis the whole of the previous day, and had become so thick at night that foot-passengers had great difficulty in finding their way along the streets; the crossing of a wide street or square looked like diving into some dark and unexplored expanse, all landmarks were swept away, the lamps were scarce visible one from another; experienced Londoners found themselves turning the wrong corners, and the cabs and other vehicles had no chance of reaching their destination, save by adhering to the curbstone.

That November morning the newspapers bore witness to the dangers of the previous day in many a lengthy catalogue of accidents. As morning broke the fog seemed likely to rule another day, but as the sun gained strength he brought with him a fresh breeze, and the fog lifting, like a vast curtain, once more disclosed to the persecuted Londoners the features of their lost city.

Light was pretty well established when a party of river-men were seen carrying the body of a drowned man up the steps of London Bridge. On coming to the top with their ghastly burden, a gentleman in a dark beard and moustaches, who had been watching their movements over the parapet, came up, and looking steadily at the dead man's face, exclaimed:

"Good God! it's poor Macfarlane!"

The men stopped; a crowd was present in an instant, as if by magic; and in scarcely less time the tall and unperturbed hat of a policeman was to be observed, calm and stationary above the swaying multitude.

"Do you identify this body, sir?"

"I do."

"Your name and address, if you please, sir?"

"I will go with you to the station, if you please."

"The body will go to the dead-house, sir; perhaps you would have no objection to go there with me, first, and witness my removal of the valuables on the person of the deceased."

The gentleman accordingly accompanied the party, saw the contents of the pocket removed, and the body examined casually. There were no marks of violence upon it, and there was little doubt that it represented one of the victims of the fog, an opinion pretty freely expressed by the bystanders.

The pockets produced little or nothing leading to identification; a watch, with a chain attached to it, a locket containing hair, and ornamented with a blue cross, a purse with money all in sovereigns, a pocket-handkerchief marked in cipher, and a bunch of keys told little.

The next proceeding was to the station-house; the sergeant on duty heard the facts, took possession of the property; put certain questions; took down the gentleman's name and address—"Mr. Woodley, of Liverpool, now at the Covent Garden Hotel"—and informed him that he would be required at the inquest.

"I shall consider it my duty to attend; but, in the meantime, I must communicate this intelligence to my poor friend's wife; they came to town only the day before yesterday."

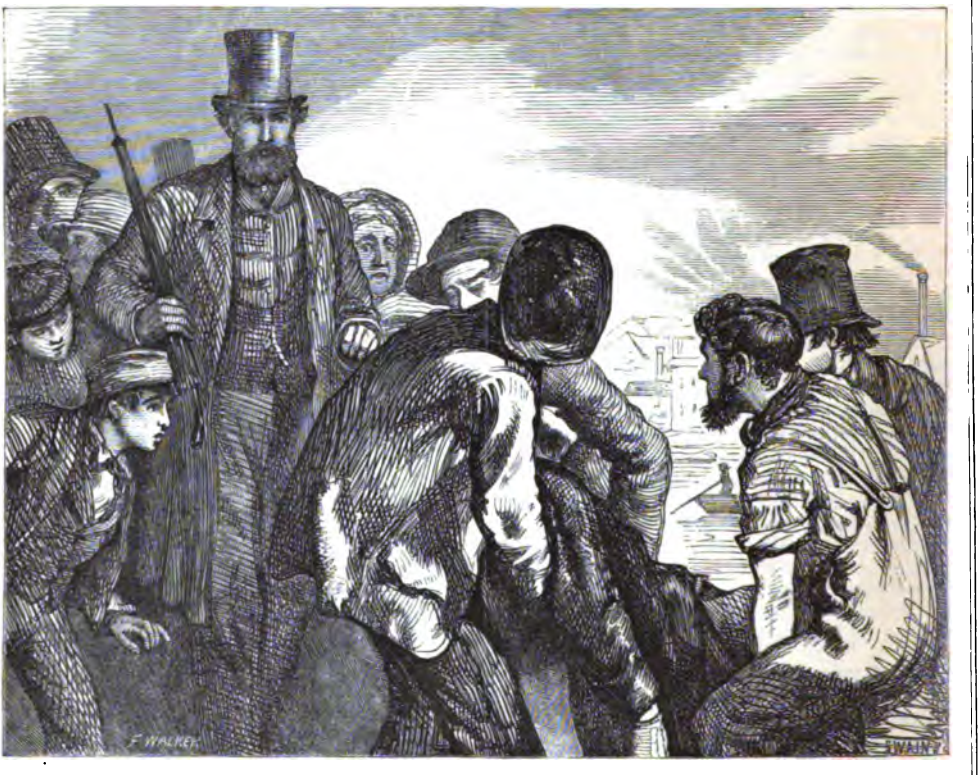
"Her attendance will be necessary, sir."

"Very well; but first I must see how she bears this cruel shock."

At the inquest, after the evidence of the finding of the body, Mr. Woodley stepped forward and deposed that he was well acquainted with the deceased, Mr. Macfarlane, of Manchester, that he and his wife had come to London on a visit only a few days previously; that he had seen the wife—who was so dreadfully affected by the shock her nervous system had sustained by this sad event; that she was dangerously ill, and totally incapable of giving evidence, of which fact he handed in a doctor's certificate; he held in his hand, he said, the marriage certificate of the deceased, which he would produce if the jury desired to see it; that he had managed to procure from the distressed lady a list of the articles on Macfarlane's person when he left home yesterday on business, since which time he had not been heard of until witness brought the sad intelligence of his untimely fate.

The divisional surgeon deposed that there were no marks of violence upon the body.

The coroner, in summing up, merely observed to the jury that it was evident this unfortunate per-



son had been drowned in the Thames; there was no reason to suppose that he had met his death by any foul play, nor was the supposition of suicide warranted; the unfortunate man had, it appeared, gone out yesterday in the full enjoyment of his usual health, strength, and intellect; they were all aware that in the dense and dangerous fog that has prevailed, accidents were extremely likely to happen, especially to persons unacquainted with London: it must therefore be presumed that deceased had, by some means unknown to them, fallen into the river; the body had been satisfactorily identified by a most respectable witness, who had moreover brought from the widow a list of articles, which tallied exactly with those found on the body; they had heard of the sad condition of that unhappy lady, and there appeared to him no necessity for adjourning the inquest for her presence, nothing therefore remained for them but to give their verdict according to the facts.

"Found drowned" was accordingly recorded.

The coroner observed that the body ought to be buried immediately, and ordered it to be given up to Woodley. He then made out and forwarded to the registrar the necessary information as to the cause of death, and the finding of the jury.

In due time the insurance company received application on the part of Helen Macfarlane for payment of the sum insured,—a regular assignment of the policy from her late husband was produced, and her claim was further supported by a copy of the entry of the registrar-general. The company felt some little hesitation at first, and postponed payment for further information. They desired to see Woodley, but on its being shown that that gentleman had quitted England, after

due investigation they felt that they could not dispute the evidence, and paid the money.

CHAPTER II.

In that wilderness which lies west of Brompton, at the time we speak of, there existed a Lilliputian cottage, wherein dwelt George Richardson, lately managing and confidential clerk, now junior partner in a merchant's house in the city. One evening, in Noverber, 185—, home came George by the buss, and startled his little wife by announcing that he must start on a secret mission to Leghorn the next day, events of importance connected with the business had occurred there requiring the presence of one of the partners, and the lot had fallen upon him as the junior in respect of age as well as of position in the firm. A steamer was to leave the river the next evening.

"Therefore," said George, "get my things ready, and I will take them with me to the office to-morrow morning, for I shall not have time to return here."

"Shall I not see you again after you leave home to-morrow morning?" asked Bessie Richardson, anxiously.

"No, darling, you must wish me good-bye, then."

Bessie's face put on a disappointed look.

"Why, you silly girl, the parting must come sooner or later, and why not in the morning as well as the evening?" said he, smoothing her hair caressingly.

Bessie did not see the force of this reasoning. To a woman a good-bye is no good-bye at all, unless it occurs at the very last moment.

However, it could not be helped it seemed, so the little woman bustled about, and got his things to rights, and stood in the little dining-room with the tears welling up into her eyes. The next morning, when the cab drove up to the door, there was a thick fog, and Bessie felt alarmed, as women do at a parting, with a vague, undefined dread of some calamity.

"How soon shall I hear from you, George?"

"In a month, I hope; but it may be six weeks, or even more, so don't be uneasy. I will write, you may be sure, the first opportunity, and I may be back myself before my letter."

"I wish you were not going in this fog."

"Foolish girl!" kissing her. "The steamer won't start in a fog; don't alarm yourself about that. Besides, it's only the morning frost; when the sun gets up, it will be bright and clear."

She bore the parting better than could have been expected; for, truth to tell, she did not mean that to be the final one. In her secret little heart she had determined to make an expedition to the City, and have the real good-bye at the proper time, and she was looking forward joyfully to the surprise and pleasure it would be to George. So she put up a cheerful face to his, and returned his last nod from the cab with a smile.

But when, as the day advanced, the fog, instead of clearing, increased in density, and she perceived that her journey to the City was impracticable, then the reality of the parting first came full upon her. It was their first separation, and the suddenness of the thing, and the distance, and the uncertainty of the post, and finally the breaking up of her little plan for a final and overwhelming good-bye, overcame her, and she retired to her room, and was no more seen for several hours.

By afternoon, the fog was so thick in the City and on the river, that Richardson felt certain the steamer would not start. "However," thought he, "I will have my trunk taken down, see the captain, and sleep on board, if necessary, to be ready directly he is able to get under weigh."

George had literally to feel his way through the narrow lanes to the river; by-and-by he found the wharf gates, but all beyond was a blank, save where some red spots of lights, looking strangely high and distant, told him of lamps enveloped in the misty cloud. Confident, however, in his knowledge of the place, but in reality deceived in all its bearings, on he went, till, in a moment, his foot trod only on the empty air, and he fell headlong—a splash—and the black river closed over him—one struggle to the surface—a desperate attempt to strike out in his thick great coat and water-logged boots, and George Richardson was swept away by the remorseless tide only to be yielded up a corpse.

A month passed away. Bessie was daily expecting the promised letter; but the postman passed the door, or only knocked to bring any other but the looked-for envelope. George would surely be at home himself, and allay her anxiety by his presence in a day or two. Did he not say he might return before a letter could reach her?

Six weeks, and no letter. Bessie became really anxious; away she went to the senior partner: he was somewhat uneasy himself; but, so far from adding to her anxiety, he assured her there was yet no cause for alarm. They had expected to hear before from Richardson certainly, but it was quite possible his voyage might have been longer than they calculated. His letter might have miscarried, or he might be at home himself any day; in short, the good old man almost reassured the poor little wife, and she went home more tranquil in her mind than she had been for many a day.

Two months had now elapsed, and it could no longer be concealed that there was grave cause for apprehension; but forasmuch as poor Bessie on every trifling occasion—to wit, when George travelled by railway—pictured to her mind the most awful accidents, or if he was half-an-hour late for dinner, felt a calm certainty that something had happened, so did she now resolve that nothing could be wrong, in proportion as real reasons for alarm increased, insomuch that as they became almost certainties to the reflecting masculine mind,—so did they diminish to this unreasoning little woman. In fact, she dared not admit the idea into her mind; she resolutely excluded it, stedfastly clinging to that lightest bubble of hope in her sea of doubt, and resolved that darling George would be restored to her arms in good time. It could not be in Nature or in Providence that one she loved so well should never look upon her face again. So her heart reasoned.

At length, however, arrived the steamer itself without Richardson. It was then ascertained that no one answering his description had sailed

in her. His trunk, purposely left undirected in order to maintain the secrecy of his journey, was found on board. The members of the firm were now fully convinced that some fatal accident had happened to him. They sent for Bessie's brother, and begged him to break the matter to his sister, promising on their part to leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery that hung upon her husband's disappearance.

We purposely pass over the horror, the incredulity, and the despair that followed one another in poor Bessie's mind when the facts broke with full force upon her. The feelings of the bereaved wife must be sacred.

Meanwhile the partners set every engine at work to discover the truth. Detective officers came to and fro, examined and cross-examined with ceaseless activity, following up the scent like hounds. The facts by degrees unfolded themselves, and it became evident that Richardson must have been drowned that night of the fog on his way to the ship.

But what became of the body? More restlessness of detectives and further circumstances were relieved of their veil of mystery. A drowned man had certainly been found the very morning after his disappearance. The body was traced to the inquest, the records of that inquiry looked up, and all doubt removed that the remains there represented as those of Macfarlane were in reality none other than those of poor Richardson. There was no possibility of direct identification at this distance of time, but a record of the articles found on the body (which had been given up to Woodley) had been preserved at the police-office, and were identified by the wretched wife as the contents of her husband's pockets on the fatal day. But who and where was Woodley? What interest could he have in falsely swearing to the body? Was it a conspiracy or a mistake? More tracing of evidence; and now was found a memorandum in the registry, that the insurance company had asked for information concerning the deceased, and received a copy of the entry. This was a fresh clue: a light broke in upon the darkness which had hitherto surrounded the inquiry. The insurance company was communicated with, and, after having investigated the facts, came to the irresistible conclusion that their client Macfarlane had undoubtedly given evidence of his own decease, and was, in the society of Mrs. Mac— who had completely recovered from her indisposition—enjoying a good slice of the company's capital in some foreign country. J. F. C.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Public attention has been deservedly drawn of late to the very important fact that the industry of this great country is practically closed to the educated element of Englishwomen. Beyond the mere servile occupations, to the English lady who has been tenderly nurtured, but who is reduced to distress by misfortune, there remains, indeed, a sorry choice of professions, descending in very rapid steps from the governess to the sempstress. The boys of a large family may, and do, push their fortunes in the world in a hundred directions. The girls, on the contrary, find every door shut against them. To them, as a class, delicacy of eye and hand are gifts with which the Almighty has endowed them, but which we Britishers steadily ignore. We allow our women to toil in the fields, and to do the work of brute beasts in coal-mines; but when it comes to tasks for which the delicacy of their organisation is particularly adapted, we find no place for them in our industrial economy. Nay, it is boldly asserted, that their employment would only result in displacing the labour of the other sex. If this were a valid objection, our argument would be at an end. But it must be evident to all, that Nature herself has drawn the line between male and female labour; it is a nice question of physical power. When we see half a dozen stalwart young men selling ribbons in a mercer's shop, there is a palpable waste of power, and we feel almost inclined to ask for only one hour of the old days of the press-gang. On the other hand, when we see women in the fields, bent double with hoeing in the mid-day sun, we feel that they are overtasked. The Anglo-Saxon, it must be remembered, is not like a French tradesman, who is content to sit and smoke in his thrumb night-cap, whilst his wife does the work. He must be doing, and if not at home, he pushes out to the new empires he has conquered and built up by his energy. With the better class of educated women, however, it is far different. In the first place, it must be remembered, that there are many hundred thousands in excess of the young men, an excess which every year will probably increase as our male population swarms out in increasing numbers to our colonies. The females of the mere working-classes are amply provided for in our great manufactures and in domestic service; but the question is, what shall be done with the young daughters of our respectable households. The time inevitably comes when the bread-winner that has sustained them in comfort is called away; probably leaving but little provision behind him, and the happy little circle is broken up, and its members have to commence a fierce struggle face to face with the hard world. According to Mrs. Grundy there are but two situations which young ladies so situated can possibly seek—that of governess, or nursery governess, according to the nature of the education they possess. Even here the "market" is fearfully overstocked. If they answer an advertisement for a situation, the advertiser meets them with the chilling fact, that she has already received a hundred applications before luncheon-time. It is clear that the first thing to be done is to educate this tyrant society, this terrible Mrs. Grundy, who rides upon our shoulders as pitilessly as ever the Old Man of the Sea did upon those of Sinbad.

If it were not considered such a horrible thing for an educated woman to do for money what she may do for amusement with applause, the difficulty would be at an end, and it would speedily be discovered that in the field of intelligent labour the female organisation would be enabled to work harmoniously beside that of the other sex, and, in many cases, to rival it. With regard to the higher class of occupations, there can be no doubt that the closed door is gradually giving

way. We see light between the chinks, and before another half century it will be open wide. Let us take the art of design, for example. Up to the present time, no woman ever dreamed of initiating even in needlework anything beyond punching holes in cambric and then sewing them up again. Take the piece of embroidery out of your sister's work-box, good reader, and see what you can make of it—if there is head or tail, form of beauty, rectilinear or curvilinear, to be found in it, your sister must be a *rara avis*. Our mothers and grandmothers, as we know by those prized pieces of silk and worsted work which still hang on the walls and fade gradually away in gloomy corners of upper bedrooms, were not an atom in advance of ourselves. How could it be otherwise? Art culture, as a matter of national education, is only just beginning to be recognised. In the Great Exhibition of 1851, we suddenly discovered that we were utterly deficient in both form and colour; but since then we have gone to work with a will. In every important manufacturing town in England there is now a Government School of Design, spreading a love of art over the entire country, and educating the eye in the appreciation of all beautiful forms, and practising the hand in their reproductions. These schools are attended by fully as many ladies as gentlemen. The visitor need only visit one of these schools to be convinced that intelligent female labour in these admirable establishments is educating itself for scores of occupations entirely new to this country. As it is, we are indebted to the French for all our first-class designers. Most of the great manufacturers interested in the production of articles in which there is an Art-element, employ a French designer at a very high salary. We have no hesitation in saying, that in future the Schools of Design will supply native artists for these posts; and not only in designing for our textile fabrics, but in modelling for the goldsmith, and the statuary, female labour—through this door opened ready for them by the Government—will speedily flow in. We have heard many intelligent men doubt the female aptitude for the fine arts; and, certainly, as long as we could only point to the works of an Angelica Kauffmann, it was difficult to gainsay them; but Rosa Bonheur has cleared away that difficulty, and has proved that the female brush can paint with the vigour of Snyders and the poetical grace of Landseer. The reason why they have not hitherto challenged the men in the field of art is plain enough.

They have never been trained. The young girls of the upper ten thousand are indeed taught drawing at finishing schools by some wretched drawing-master; instructed in the production of sickly rose groups, or set pencil landscapes, in which the usual formula is half a dozen woolly trees, a church spire, of course, and three crows to enliven the vast expanse of sky. Here we see the blind, indeed, leading the blind. The daughters who do not go to finishing schools have never been taught even how to make a straight line. Yet watch them working at the schools of design. Intelligent young girls, whose dress betokens the struggles of the homes from which they issue, after a year's study handle the crayon with a freedom and boldness that at once dissipates the notion that art is not for them. The secret of their success is, that they have adopted drawing as a profession. How many thousands of respectable young girls there are in this country predestined to labour for their bread; whose parents know that they must do so; yet we find them left utterly untrained for any really useful purpose in life. The curate, with his proverbially large family of girls, brings up his fair family to present poverty and to the prospect of bitter struggles to sustain life when he is gone. They may some of them marry, but the chances are against them; some of them will, in all probability, descend to the posts of nursery governesses, or of female companions. If that terrible Mrs. Grundy would only cease to tyrannise as she does, why may not this fair family determine with woman's courage to prepare to do woman's work? The means even of the curate would suffice to give them admittance to the schools of design, and then Rose may take wood-engraving as a profession. The abolition of the paper duty will give an immense impetus to literature, and artistic labour such as hers will be in great demand; and Mary, why should she not be a modeller for the jeweller? and Kate, why should she not enter the field of art as a painter? We can imagine a family thus working at their different art tasks with somewhat more satisfaction than in reading insipid novels, or embroidering fierce brigands in worsted work, in which the coarseness of the canvas causes that delightful man's nose to ascend in a series of well-defined steps. In the one case they would work with the feeling of real artists, and therefore their labour would be a labour of love, and we may add, of profit also.

Mr. Bennett, who has laboured so earnestly to open the manufacture of watches to women, told us an anecdote the other day, which illustrates at once the difficulties women have to contend with (from the other sex, we are sorry to say) in making their way into a sphere of labour hitherto considered sacred to the men, and the success that attended their courageous efforts. Three young ladies, after a preliminary training at the Marlborough House School of Design, applied to him for occupation in engraving the backs of gold watches. Although perfect strangers to this kind of work, in six months, he tells us, they became as practised artists as a mere apprentice would have been in six years. At the end of this time, when they were making each three pounds a-week by their labour, the men in the shop struck. These "foreigners," as they were termed, must go, or *they* would; and Mr Bennett was obliged, sadly against his will, to comply with their wishes. These brave girls, however, were not to be beaten; they immediately turned their attention to engraving on glass, and are now employed at this delicate employment, and earn as much thereat as they did before at watch engraving. What these young girls did, thousands of well educated young ladies may do also. And yet, despite Mrs. Grundy, we dare maintain that to engrave a watch, or to embellish the crystal for our table, is quite as elevated an occupation as to see that Master

Tommy's nose is properly wiped, or that his linen is duly cared for.

We have instanced the decoration of watches and of glass as mere instances in point. The delicate female hand, the most beautiful and pliant instrument in the world, once thoroughly educated, the whole world of design is opened to her, and the field of her labour is almost boundless. There is scarcely an article of home manufacture in which we have advanced much beyond the rude old Saxon style. Every article of household use, as far as design is concerned, has to be reformed, and will be, as our tastes advance. Why, then, should not the trained female artist hasten to share the work with her brother artist?

But why need we stop at the fine arts, when we look around for employment for *intelligent* female labour? We trust Clerkenwell will not demolish us, for alluding to watchmaking as an art that seems to demand the exercise of the female hand. "I cannot get on without the woman's hand," says John Bennett, in a letter to the "Times," and he very justly points to the Swiss watch, which is now rapidly taking the place of the English second-class watch. He calculates that no less than 200,000 of these watches are imported or smuggled annually into England, whilst 187,000 is the whole produce of English watchmakers. In order to discover the reason of their very cheap and beautiful production of watches, he determined to go to Switzerland himself, and the reason was soon apparent. He found that no less than 20,000 women were employed in Neufchâtel alone in making the more delicate parts of the watch movement,—not cooped up in squalid courts as the men are in Clerkenwell, but in their own cottage homes on the slopes of the Jura, overlooking the beautiful Lake Leman.

The foundation of their art, it must be remembered, is their intellectual culture; every woman thus employed is well educated; if she were not, her fingers would lack that subtle intelligence so necessary to the calling of a watchmaker. The manner in which the labour is divided is also remarkable. Every workwoman and workman (for the labour of the former, instead of superseding that of the latter, only calls it into more active existence for the production of the heavier work,) selecting exactly that portion of the watch-movement which he and she can do best. They have also a decimal standard gauge for all the different portions of the wheel-works; in this manner all the parts are interchangeable, just as those of the Enfield rifles are with us. Our great London watchmakers are too high and mighty to descend to this levelling process; consequently we hear of Frodsham's size, Dent's size, or Bennett's size, but of no standard size that all watchmakers can work to. Moreover, among these rural districts, where one would think that manufactures were carried on in the most primitive manner, we find on the contrary, the greatest system possible prevailing in this particular trade. In consequence of every workman and workwoman being registered, together with the exact nature of the work they do, any of the wholesale manufacturers, by using the telegraph, can procure, within a few hours, the details of the watch-movement to any extent. The facilities in this metropolis, which is a kingdom within itself, for such an admirable division of labour and concentration at will of its products at the command of the watchmaker are very great; the labour also is but too plentiful were it only trained.

Mrs. Grundy would doubtless turn up her nose at intelligent and educated Englishwomen directing their attention to a mechanical trade, forgetting that shirtmaking also is a mechanical trade, and that the needle and thimble are as much tools as the fine implements used in watchmaking; nay, and much coarser tools, too. In Switzerland 20,000 women in this trade earn on an average fifteen shillings a-week, which goes as far in their country as double that sum would in London. Here, then, is another occupation that, to intelligent women, would prove a perfect mine of wealth, and most heartily we trust that Mr. Bennett will be successful in his attempts to open it to the intelligence of women. It is in vain that we sing the Song of the Shirt, and get up annual subscriptions for down-stricken sempstresses. It is in vain that we hold midnight tea-meetings to tempt Lorettes from their evil courses; as long as we shut young women out from honourable means of employment, so long will their labour be a drug in the market, and their degradation but too facile a matter to the tempter.

A. W.

POSTSCRIPT.

On closing the first Volume of "Once a Week," its Projectors distinctly pledged themselves, in consideration of its rising promise, to make the most of the opportunities for its further and complete development.

Not only is it their conviction, founded on a knowledge of their efforts, that they have already done this; but they have a surer proof that these efforts have been properly directed, in a circulation which is now steadily on the increase.

In the meantime, an unlooked-for opportunity has arisen in the promised remission of the Paper Duties, and the Projectors desire to convert this opportunity also to the advantage of their readers.

But, instead of waiting until these Duties shall be actually remitted, it is their intention to anticipate the probable reduction in the price of paper, and to extend their Miscellany by six pages of letter-press weekly, commencing from the 28th instant.

Exclusive of these six pages they will avail themselves of the same occasion to gratify the wish expressed by so many of their subscribers for a complete wrapper to each weekly number.

And they further hope so to use their extended space as to afford increased gratification to a widening circle of readers.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XVI. LEADS TO A SMALL SKIRMISH BETWEEN ROSE AND EVAN.

LADY JOCELYN belonged properly to that order which the Sultans and the Roxalanas of earth combine to exclude from their little games, under the designation of blues, or strong-minded women: a kind, if genuine, the least dangerous and staunchest of the sex, as poor fellows learn when the flippant and the frail fair have made mummies of them. She had the frankness of her daughter, the same direct eyes and firm step: a face without shadows, though no longer bright with youth. It must be charged to her as one of the errors of her strong mind, that she believed friendship practicable between men and women, young or old. She knew the world pretty well, and was not amazed by extraordinary accidents; but as she herself continued to be an example of her faith, we must presume it natural that her delusion should cling to her. She welcomed Evan as her daughter's friend, walked halfway across the room to meet him on his introduction to her, and with the simple words, "I have heard of you," let him see that he stood upon his merits in her house. The young man's spirit caught something of hers even in their first interview, and at once mounted to that level. Unconsciously he felt that she took, and would take, him for what he was, and he rose to his worth in the society she presided over. A youth like Evan could not perceive that in loving this lady's daughter, and accepting the place she offered him, he was guilty of a breach of confidence; or reflect that her entire absence of suspicion imposed upon him a corresponding honesty towards her. He fell into a blindness. Without dreaming for a moment that she designed to encourage his passion for Rose, he yet beheld himself in the light she

had cast on him; and, received as her daughter's friend, it seemed to him not so utterly monstrous that he might be her daughter's lover. A haughty, a grand, or a too familiar manner, would have kept his eyes more clear to his true condition. Lady Jocelyn spoke to his secret nature, and eclipsed in his mind the outward aspects with which it was warring. To her he was a gallant young man, a fit companion for Rose, and when she and Sir Franks said and showed him that they were glad to know him, his heart swam in a flood of happiness they little suspected.

This was another of the many forms of intoxication to which circumstances subjected the poor lover. In Fallowfield, among impertinent young men, Evan's pride proclaimed him a tailor. At Beckley Court, acted on by one genuine soul, he forgot it, and felt elate in his manhood. The shades of Tailordom dispersed like fog before the full south-west breeze. When I say he forgot it, the fact was present enough to him, but it became an outward fact: he had ceased to feel it within him. It was not a portion of his being, hard as Mrs. Mel had struck to fix it. Consequently, though he was in a far worse plight than when he parted with Rose on board the Jocasta, he felt much less of an impostor now. This may have been partly because he had had his struggle with the Demogorgon the Countess had painted to him in such frightful colours, and found him human after all; but it was mainly owing to the hearty welcome Lady Jocelyn had extended to him as the friend of Rose.

Loving Rose, he nevertheless allowed his love no tender liberties. The eyes of a lover are not his own; but his hands and lips are, till such time as they are claimed. The sun must smile on us with peculiar warmth to woo us forth utterly—pluck our hearts out. Rose smiled on many. She smiled on Drummond Forth, Ferdinand Laxley, William Harvey, and her brother Harry; and she had the same eyes for all ages. Once, previous to the arrival of the latter three, there was a change in her look, or Evan fancied it. They were going to ride out together, and Evan, coming to his horse on the gravel walk, saw her talking with Drummond Forth. He mounted, awaiting her, and either from a slight twinge of jealousy, or to mark her dainty tread with her riding-habit drawn above her heels, he could not help turning his head occasionally. She listened to Drummond with attention, but presently broke from him, crying: "It's an absurdity. Speak to them yourself—I shall not"

On the ride that day, she began prattling of this and that with the careless glee that became her well, and then sank into a reverie. Between whiles her eyes had raised tumults in Evan's breast by dropping on him in a sort of questioning way, as if she wished him to speak, or wished to fathom something she would rather have unspoken. Ere they had finished their ride, she tossed off what burden may have been on her mind as lightly as a stray lock from her shoulders. He thought that the singular look recurred afterwards. It charmed him too much for him to speculate on it.

The Countess's opportune ally, the gout which had reduced the Hon. Melville Jocelyn's right hand to a state of uselessness, served her with her brother equally: for, having volunteered his services to the invalided diplomatist, it excused his stay at Beckley Court to himself, and was a mask to his intimacy with Rose, besides earning him the thanks of the family. Harry Jocelyn, released from the wing of the Countess, came straight to him and in a rough kind of way begged Evan to overlook his rudeness.

"You took us all in at Fallowfield, except Drummond," he said. "Drummond would have it you were joking. I see it now. And you're a confoundedly clever fellow into the bargain, or you wouldn't be quill-driving for Uncle Mel. Don't be uppish about it—will you?"

"You have nothing to fear on that point," said Evan. With which promise the peace was signed between them. Drummond and William Harvey were cordial, and just laughed over the incident. Laxley, however, held aloof. His retention of ideas once formed befitted his rank and station.

Some trifling qualms attended Evan's labours with the diplomatist; but these were merely occasioned by the iteration of a particular phrase. Mr. Goren, an enthusiastic tailor, had now and then thrown out to Evan stirring hints of an invention he claimed: the discovery of a Balance in Breeches: apparently the philosopher's stone of the tailor craft, a secret that should ensure harmony of outline to the person and an indubitable accommodation to the most difficult legs.

Since Adam's expulsion, it seemed, the tailors of this wilderness had been in search of it. But like the doctors of this wilderness, their science knew no specific: like the Babylonian workmen smitten with confusion of tongues, they had but one word in common, and that word was "cut." Mr. Goren contended that to cut was not the key of the science: but to find a Balance was. An artistic admirer of the frame of man, Mr. Goren was not wanting in veneration for the individual who had arisen to do it justice. He spoke of his Balance with supreme self-appreciation. Nor less so the Honourable Melville, who professed to have discovered the Balance of Power, at home and abroad. It was a capital Balance, but inferior to Mr. Goren's. The latter gentleman guaranteed a Balance with motion: whereas one step not only upset the Honourable Melville's, but shattered the limbs of Europe. Let us admit that it is easier to fit a man's legs, than to compress expansive empires.

Evan enjoyed the doctoring of kingdoms quite as well as the diplomatist. It suited the latent grandeur of soul inherited by him from the great Mel. He liked to prop Austria and arrest the Czar, and keep a watchful eye on France; but the Honourable Melville's deep-mouthed phrase conjured up to him a pair of colossal legs imperiously demanding their Balance likewise. At first the image scared him. In time he was enabled to smile it into phantom vagueness. The diplomatist diplomatically informed him. that it might happen the labours he had undertaken might be neither more nor less than education for a profession he might have to follow. Out of this, an ardent imagination, with the Countess de Saldar for an

interpreter, might construe a promise of some sort. Evan soon had high hopes. What though his name blazed on a shop-front? The sun might yet illumine him to honour!

Where a young man is getting into delicate relations with a young woman, the more of his sex the better—they serve as a blind; and the Countess hailed fresh arrivals warmly. There was Sir John Loring, Dorothy's father, who had married the eldest of the daughters of Lord Elburne. A widower, handsome, and a flirt, he capitulated to the Countess instantly, and was played off against the provincial Don Juan, who had reached that point with her when youths of his description make bashful confidences of their successes, and receive delicious chidings for their naughtiness—rebukes which give immeasurable rebounds. Then came Mr. Gordon Graine, with his daughter, Miss Jenny Graine, an early friend of Rose's, and numerous others. For the present, Miss Isabella Current need only be chronicled among the visitors: further—a sprightly maid fifty years old, without a wrinkle to show for it—the Aunt Bel of fifty houses where there were young women and little boys. Aunt Bel had quick wit and capital anecdotes, and tripped them out aptly on a sparkling tongue with exquisite instinct for climax and when to strike for a laugh. No sooner had she entered the hall than she announced the proximate arrival of the Duke of Belfield at her heels, and it was known that his Grace was as sure to follow as her little dog, who was far better paid for his devotion.

The dinners at Beckley Court had hitherto been rather languid to those who were not intriguing or mixing young love with the repast. Miss Current was an admirable neutral, sent, as the Countess fervently believed, by Providence. Till now the Countess had drawn upon her own resources to amuse the company, and she had been obliged to restrain herself from doing it with that unctuous feeling for rank which warmed her Portuguese sketches in low society and among her sisters. She retired before Miss Current and formed audience, glad of a relief to her inventive labour. While Miss Current and her ephemeræ lightly skimmed the surface of human life, the Countess worked in the depths. Vanities, passions, prejudices, beneath the surface gave her full employment. How naturally poor Juliana Bonner was moved to mistake Evan's compassion for a stronger sentiment! The Countess eagerly assisted Providence to shuffle the company into their proper places. Harry Jocelyn was moodily happy, but good; greatly improved in the eyes of his grandmama Bonner, who attributed the change to the Countess, and partly forgave her the sinful consent to the conditions of her love-match with the foreign Count which his penitent wife had privately confessed to that strict Churchwoman.

"Thank Heaven that you have no children," Mrs. Bonner had said; and the Countess humbly replied: "It is indeed my remorseful consolation!"

"Who knows that it is not your punishment?" added Mrs. Bonner; the Countess weeping.

She went and attended morning prayers in Mrs. Bonner's apartments, alone with the old lady. "To make up for lost time in Catholic Portugal!" she explained it to the household.

On the morning after Miss Current had come to shape the party, most of the inmates of Beckley Court being at breakfast, Rose gave a lead to the conversation.

"Aunt Bel! I want to ask you something. We've been making bets about you. Now, answer honestly, we're all friends. Why did you refuse all your offers?"

"Quite simple, child," replied the unabashed ex-beauty. "A matter of taste. I liked twenty shillings better than a sovereign."

Rose looked puzzled, but the men laughed, and Rose exclaimed:

"Now I see! How stupid I am! You mean, you may have friends when you are not married. Well, I think that's the wisest, after all. You don't lose them, do you? Pray, Mr. Evan, are you thinking Aunt Bel might still alter her mind for somebody, if she knew his value?"

"I was presuming to hope there might be a place vacant among the twenty," said Evan, slightly bowing to both. "Am I pardoned?"

"I like you!" returned Aunt Bel, nodding at him. "Where do you come from? A young man who'll let himself go for small coin's a jewel worth knowing."

"Where do I come from?" drawled Laxley, who had been tapping an egg with a dreary expression.

"You, Ferdinand Laxley!" said Aunt Bel. "How terribly you despise our curiosity!"

"Aunt Bel spoke to Mr. Harrington," said Rose, pettishly.

"Asked him where he came from," Laxley continued his drawl. "He didn't answer, so I thought it polite for somebody to."

"Your solitary exhibition of politeness tempts me to thank you expressly," said Evan, with a two-edged smile.

Rose gave Evan one of her bright looks, and then called the attention of Ferdinand Laxley to the fact that he had lost a particular bet made among them.

"What bet?" asked Laxley. "About the profession?"

"A stream of colour shot over Rose's face. Her eyes flew nervously from Laxley to Evan, and then to Drummond. Laxley appeared pleased as a man who has made a witty sally: Evan was outwardly calm, while Drummond replied to the mute appeal of Rose, by saying:

"Yes; we've all lost. But who could hit it? The lady admits no sovereign in our sex."

"So you've been betting about me?" said Aunt Bel. "I'll settle the dispute. Let him who guessed 'Latin' pocket the stakes, and, if I guess *him*, let him hand them over to me."

"Excellent!" cried Rose. "One did guess 'Latin,' Aunt Bel. Now, tell us which one it was."

"Not you, my dear. You guessed 'temper.'"

"Oh! you dreadful Aunt Bel!"

"Let me see," said Aunt Bel, seriously. "A young man would not marry a woman with Latin, but would not guess it the impediment. Gentlemen moderately aged are mad enough to slip

their heads under any yoke, but see the obstruction—— It was a man of forty guessed 'Latin.' I request the Hon. Hamilton Everard Jocelyn to confirm it."

Amid laughter and exclamations Hamilton confessed himself the man who had guessed Latin to be the cause of Miss Current's remaining an old maid; Rose, crying: "You really are too clever, Aunt Bel!"

A divergence to other themes ensued, and then Miss Jenny Graine said: "Isn't Juley learning Latin? I should like to join her while I'm here."

"And so should I," responded Rose. "My friend Evan is teaching her during the intervals of his arduous diplomatic labours. Will you take us into your class, Evan?"

"Don't be silly girls," interposed Aunt Bel. "Do you want to graduate for my state with your eyes open?"

Evan objected his poor qualifications as a tutor, and Aunt Bel remarked, that if Juley learnt Latin at all, she should have regular instruction.

"I am quite satisfied," said Juley, quietly.

"Of course you are," Rose snubbed her cousin. "So would anybody be. But mama really was talking of a tutor for Juley, if she could find one. There's a school at Bodley, but that's too far for one of the men to come over."

A school at Bodley, thought Evan, and his probationary years at the Cudford Establishment uprose before him, and therewith, for the first time, since his residence at Beckley, the figure of Mr. John Raikes.

"There's a friend of mine," he said, aloud, "I think if Lady Jocelyn does wish Miss Bonner to learn Latin thoroughly, he would do very well for the groundwork, and would be glad of the employment. He is very poor."

"If he's poor and a friend of yours, Evan, we'll have him," said Rose: "We'll ride and fetch him."

"Yes," added Miss Carrington, "*that* must be quite sufficient qualification."

Juliana was not gazing gratefully at Evan for his proposal.

Rose asked the name of Evan's friend.

"His name is Raikes," answered Evan. "I don't know where he is now. He may be at Fallowfield. If Lady Jocelyn pleases, I will ride over to-day and see."

"My dear Evan!" cried Rose, "you don't mean that absurd figure we saw on the cricket-field?" She burst out laughing. "Oh! what fun it will be! Let us have him here by all means."

"I shall certainly not bring him to be laughed at," said Evan.

"I will remember he is your friend," Rose returned, demurely; and again laughed, as she related to Jenny Graine the comic appearance Mr. Raikes had presented.

Laxley waited for a pause, and then said: "I have met this Mr. Raikes. As a friend of the family, I should protest against his admission here in any office whatever—into the upper part of the house, at least. He is not a gentleman."

"We don't want teachers to be gentlemen," observed Rose

"This fellow is the reverse," Laxley pronounced, and desired Harry to confirm it; but Harry took a gulp of coffee.

"Oblige me by recollecting that I have called him a friend of mine," said Evan.

Rose murmured to him: "Pray forgive me! I forgot." Laxley hummed something about "taste." Aunt Bel led from the theme by a lively anecdote.

After breakfast, the party broke into knots, and canvassed Laxley's behaviour to Evan, which was generally condemned. Rose met the young men strolling on the lawn; and, with her usual bluntness, accused Laxley of wishing to insult her friend.

"I speak to him—do I not?" said Laxley. "What would you have more? I admit the obligation of speaking to him when I meet him in your house. Out of it—that's another matter."

"But what *is* the cause for your conduct to him, Ferdinand?"

"By Jove!" cried Harry, "I wonder he puts up with it: I wouldn't. I'd have a shot with you, my boy."

"Extremely honoured," said Laxley. "But neither you nor I care to fight tailors."

"Tailors!" exclaimed Rose, indignantly. There was a sharp twitch in her body, as if she had been stung or struck.

"Look here, Rose," said Laxley; "I meet him, he insults me, and to get out of the consequences tells me he's the son of a tailor, and a tailor himself; knowing that it ties my hands. Very well, he puts himself hors de combat to save his bones. Let him unsay it, and choose whether he'll apologise or not, and I'll treat him accordingly. At present I'm not bound to do more than respect the house I find he has somehow got admission to."

"It's clear it was that other fellow," said Harry, casting a side-glance up at the Countess's window.

Rose looked straight at Laxley, and abruptly turned on her heel.

In the afternoon, Lady Jocelyn sent a message to Evan that she wished to see him. Rose was with her mother. Lady Jocelyn had only to say, that, if he thought his friend a suitable tutor for Miss Bonner, they would be happy to give him the office at Beckley Court. Glad to befriend poor Jack, Evan gave the needful assurances, and was requested to go and fetch him forthwith. When he left the room, Rose marched out silently beside him.

"Will you ride over with me, Rose?" he said, though scarcely anxious that she should see Mr. Raikes immediately.

The singular sharpness of her refusal astonished him none the less.

"Thank you, no; I would rather not."

A lover is ever ready to suspect that water has been thrown on the fire that burns for him in the bosom of his darling. Sudden as the change was, it was very decided. His sensitive ears were pained by the absence of his Christian name, which her lips had lavishly made sweet to him.

He stopped in his walk.

"You spoke of riding to Fallowfield. Is it possible you don't want me to bring my friend here? There's time to prevent it. One intrusion is enough."

Judged by the Countess de Saldar, the behaviour of this well-born English maid was anything but well-bred. She absolutely shrugged her shoulders and marched a-head of him into the conservatory, where she began smelling at flowers and plucking off sere leaves.

In such cases a young man always follows; as her womanly instinct must have told her, for she expressed no surprise when she heard his voice two minutes afterwards.

"Rose! what have I done?"

"Nothing at all," she said, sweeping her eyes over his a moment, and resting them on the plants.

"I must have uttered something that has displeased you?"

"No."

Brief negatives are not re-assuring to a lover's uneasy mind.

"I beg you—be frank with me, Rose!"

A flame of the vanished fire shone in her face, but subsided, and she shook her head darkly.

"Have you any objection to my friend?"

Her fingers grew petulant with an orange-leaf. Eyeing a spot on it, she said, hesitatingly:

"Any friend of yours I am sure I should like to help. But—but I wish you wouldn't associate with that—that kind of friend. It gives people all sorts of suspicions."

Evan drew a sharp breath.

The voices of Master Alec and Miss Dorothy were heard shouting on the lawn. Alec gave Dorothy the slip and approached the conservatory on tip-toe, holding his hand out behind him to enjoin silence and secrecy. The pair could witness the scene through the glass before Evan spoke.

"What suspicions?" he asked, sternly.

Rose looked up, as if the harshness of his tone pleased her.

"Do you like red roses best, or white?" was her answer, moving to a couple of trees in pots.

"Can't make up your mind?" she continued, and plucked both a white and red rose, saying: "There! choose your colour by-and-by, and ask Juley to sew the one you choose in your button-hole."

She laid the roses in his hand, and walked away. She must have known that there was a burden of speech on his tongue. She saw him move to follow her, but this time she did not linger, and it may be inferred that she wished to hear no more.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CONGRESSES OF EUROPE.

Dr. Johnson defines a Congress to be "an appointed meeting for settlement of affairs between different nations;" and this description — like most of those given by our great lexicographer — is no less simple than true. Accordingly, to the superficial observer of human affairs, a Congress must appear the most artless thing in the world. What more natural indeed than that two races of people who quarrel, or are inclined to do so, should try to come to an agreement by naming arbitrators on either side, and leaving to them the settling of their dispute? There is nothing apparently more simple; and yet, unfortunately, history does not inform us of its having been acted on generally. The word Congress does not occur in the annals of Europe till about the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the ambassadors of the Pope, the Kaiser, the kings of France and of Arragonia, and other princes, assembled at Cambray to devise the best scheme for despoiling the flourishing republic of Venice. To make war, therefore, was the first object for which the plenipotentiaries of various States met together in council; and it did not seem to occur till long after to the rulers of Europe, that the same instruments might be employed for making peace. It was left to the most awful war which desolated the modern world to bring in its train this novel method for the settlement of international affairs. That great historical event commonly known as the Thirty Years' War, may be said to have originated the idea of a Congress in the sense in which the word is now generally used.

The Thirty Years' war was only eighteen years old, but nearly three millions of lives had already been sacrificed, and the whole of Central Europe, from the Vistula to the Rhine, and from the Alps to the Baltic Sea, was devastated by armies, when the first overtures of peace were made at the same time by three of the belligerent parties, the Pope, the Kaiser, and the King of Spain. The ambassadors of these three powers, for this purpose, assembled at Cologne in 1636, under the presidency of the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Ginetti, and issued to the other participants in the struggle invitations to meet at the same place. But nobody came; the idea of a peace-congress being entirely new to the political mind of the rulers of Europe, and even suspected by some as a snare to entangle them into fresh aggressive alliances. France, above all, held the proposed Congress at Cologne to be, as her prime minister expressed it, "un piège pour la séparer de ses alliés;" and to prevent any possible evil effects, the same statesman invited Sweden to a counter meeting at Hamburg, where, after some delay, the representatives of those two powers met in 1638. Seeing this, the Kaiser, and King of Spain gave up their meeting at Cologne, and began treating separately with France, Sweden, and the Princes of the Empire; but as this did not lead to any result, fresh negotiations for a general European peace-meeting were attempted through the medium of a small and independent northern power, Denmark. Thus passed on several years, marked, like all the preceding ones, by uninterrupted carnage; and it was owing more to sheer exhaustion than to diplomatic reasoning, that at last nearly all the belligerent sovereigns consented to have their affairs settled by diplomatic interference. To this effect a preliminary treaty was signed at Hamburg, on December 25th, 1641, under the mediation of the King of Denmark, in which it was fixed that the long hoped-for Congress should

take place at the two towns of Münster and Osnabrück, in Westphalia, both to be declared neutral territory for the time being. It was out of a remnant of mistrust between the opposite parties of the war that two places were chosen instead of one; but to destroy the appearance of this inimical spirit, it was settled at the same time that these dissevered assemblies should unite in their deliberations. The 25th March, 1642, was appointed to be the solemn day of opening for the great international meeting. Thus the curtain appeared at last to unroll before the first real Congress of Modern Europe,—

THE CONGRESS OF MÜNSTER AND OSNABRÜCK.

Difficult as had been the travail hitherto, it was not yet to be finished. The 25th of March, 1642, came, and not a single commissioner made his appearance either at Münster or Osnabrück. The possibility of arranging political and religious dissensions in this novel manner seemed not to be believed as yet at any of the European Courts, and suspicion was still as rife as ever. On the part of the people, however, the cry for peace had by this time become all-powerful; it was twenty-four years now since the most hideous war that the world had seen since Attila's times had begun to ravage Europe, threatening the destruction of all civilisation. The princes themselves at last dared not to turn a deaf ear to this unanimous cry; and, overcoming their mutual distrust, it was once more settled by another solemn treaty that the Congress should commence at the appointed places on the 11th of July, 1643. This time—to set a good example to their brother plenipotentiaries—the ambassadors of the Kaiser, Count von Nassau-Hadamar and Dr. Volmar, arrived as early as the middle of May, 1643, at Osnabrück; but they had to wait seven months before a commissioner from any of the other belligerent parties appeared on the spot. It was not till the beginning of the month of December that the Swedish envoy, John Oxenstierna, son of the famous Chancellor, took up his quarters at Münster; and not till April of the year following that the French, Spanish, and Papal ambassadors appeared. Suspicion, pride, and continued unbelief in the capabilities of a Congress were the main causes of this renewed delay. The last-named motive became curiously visible on the arrival of the French and Spanish commissioners at Münster. Both were ordered by their respective Courts to make their appearance at the seat of Congress on the same day; and great, therefore, was the perplexity of the two noble gentlemen as to which should take precedence of the other. To solve this difficulty, the French commissioner finally hit on a luminous idea; he engaged twelve horsemen, armed with sharp scimitar-like swords, and gave orders that they should precede his coach, and in case the Spaniard should attempt to "devance" him, cut the ropes of the horses on his carriage. This device, which for some time was kept a strict secret, was eminently successful; for, being informed of it in a semi-official manner on the morning of the eventful day, the Spanish ambassador at once resolved not to ride into town at all, but to walk on foot rather than risk his dignity.

By the end of the year 1644, the different plenipotentiaries at last arrived at the two seats of Congress. Both towns were crowded to suffocation with the numerous followers whom these gentlemen brought in their suite. Never before had Europe seen such a brilliant assembly of statesmen. There were on the part of the Kaiser of Germany Count Nassau-Hadamar and Count Trautmannsdorf, together with the Aulic councillors, John Crane and Dr. Isaac Volmar; on the part of France, Count D'Avaux and Seigneur de la Roche-des-Aubiers, the latter secret agent of Cardinal Mazarin; on the part of the Pope, Fabio Chigi (who became afterwards Pope himself under the name of Alexander VII.); on the part of Spain, Count Guzman de Peneranda and Joseph of Bergaigne; Archbishop of Cambray; on the part of Sweden, John Oxenstierna and Baron d' Oernholm; on the part of Denmark, Justus Lippius and Dr. Langerman; on the part of Portugal, Louis de Castro and Count Andrada Leitao; on the part of the Netherlands, Willem de Ripperda and Adrian van Stedum; on the part of Venice, Count Aloisio Contareno; on the part of the Duke of Savoy, Claude de Chabot, &c., &c. Besides these representatives of greater States and their assistants, there were some fifty or sixty more envoys from the smaller princes of Germany, among them Adam Adami, the learned historian of the Congress; and even deputies from the thirteen cantons of the Swiss Republic. The whole civilised world soon began gazing with wonder and astonishment at this galaxy of distinguished men, curious beyond expression, whether they would succeed in solving the great and unusual task which they had undertaken.

The commencement was not very promising. First, there arose disputes, extending over months, relative to dignity, rank, and precedence; and when these, at last, had been settled—thanks to the hearty efforts of a few commoners, men like Dr. Volmar, Crane, and Adam Adami—new quarrels began respecting the order in which the successive propositions should follow each other. This, also, at length was satisfactorily arranged, after an interval of another six months, and now, at last, the real work of the Congress was commenced. The manner in which the affairs were treated was as following. The French, in the first instance, remitted their proposals in duplicate copies to the Papal Nuncio and the Commissioner of Venice—the one residing at Münster and the other at Osnabrück; and these commissioners having taken cognisance of the papers made them over to the representatives of the Kaiser and of the Princes of the Empire. Next came the turn of the Swedish ambassador, who followed another mode of procedure by having his proposals (written in Latin, on elegant parchment,) carried direct, by a solemn deputation, to the imperial envoy, and distributing copies afterwards to the commissioners of the various states. Other forms, equally slow and stiffened with etiquette, were adopted by the rest of the envoys of the belligerent powers, all of whom had the right of making proposals; and it, therefore, was by no means astonishing that, under these circumstances, the transactions should have been spun out to an

inordinate length. To give an example of this extreme caution in deliberating, a few dates may suffice. On June 1, 1645, the first French proposal was sent in to Count Nassau-Hadamar, to which a reply was returned on December 17 of the same year, more than six months after. To this communication an answer was given by Count d'Avaux, March 7, 1646, provoking a fresh reply from the Imperial Commissioner, under date August 31 of the same year, which second message left the two parties further from each other than ever they were before. Mediators, appointed by both of them, now intervened, and sent in a report on September 10, 1646, which concluded that the Kaiser's envoy should take the initiative in making further proposals. In consequence of this decision, Count Nassau-Hadamar forwarded a project of treaty in June, 1647, and was met by a counter-project of the French, three months after, which again left affairs as they had been at the beginning. In short, the deliberations threatened to be endless; and, worst of all, now, after more than eleven years of parleying, dating from the first proposals at Cologne, the war was raging as fiercely and the future seemed as hopeless as it had been at the day when Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus were crossing swords on the field of Lützen. To judge from the beginnings of this great Congress, it did not appear as if meetings of the kind had much chance in substituting for the future the force of reason for the force of arms.

However, to us now, who look through the vista of two centuries at the meeting of Münster and Osnabrück, this delay, long though it was, will not appear surprising, seeing that this first of modern European congresses had to solve problems more gigantic than any which had ever before occupied the attention of statesmen and philosophers. A religious as well as political war of unheard-of duration had shaken the whole of Central Europe to its very base; and to rebuild the tottering edifice of states was clearly a task of Herculean dimensions. That the work was finished successfully in the end, though after long and wearisome toil, is, on the whole, to be reckoned as something marvellous, and as a high proof of what congresses are able to do. And it is most remarkable that, in this instance, as well as in succeeding ones, the ultimate success was owing not so much to the *ensemble* of the statesmen and diplomatic personages who had met together, as to the energetic perseverance of a few among them who, with a clear and distinct object before their eyes, were determined to carry it through a thousand difficulties. Of the hundred or more commissioners present at the Congress of Münster and Osnabrück, not more than one-tenth seemed to have been really inclined for peace, or to have had *bonâ fide* instructions to conclude it; and among this minority there were, as it turned out, not more than two persons energetic enough as well as willing to meet the host of silent or open adversaries. But these two men, backed as they were by public opinion, proved, in the end, strong enough for the intrigues and secret influences at the round tables at Münster and Osnabrück, and were enabled to demonstrate, after all, the case of word *versus* sword. From the first commencement of the Congress, Count Trautmannsdorf, one of the imperial envoys, and Dr. Volmar his colleague, had shown themselves determined—as it afterwards appeared, somewhat against the will of their own master,—to make an end of the sufferings of war at any price and under every circumstance; and, after more than five years of hard labour, they had the satisfaction of gaining their object. A glance at the nature of this labour will show the merit of such work. The Thirty-Years' War, as is well known, commenced in a struggle between the Protestant and Catholic states of Germany; it was protracted first by the interference of the King of Sweden, who took the part of the Protestants; next by that of the King of Spain, who assisted the Catholics; and, finally, by the intervention of the French, who did not declare strictly for either faction, but had a strong desire of fishing in the troubled waters of European politics. Four points, therefore, had of necessity to be settled at the Congress—namely, first, the relative position of the Catholic and Protestant states of Germany; secondly, the demands of Sweden on the Empire; thirdly, the demands of Spain; and, lastly, the claims of France. Thanks to the unwearied exertions of the two commissioners already named, and in spite of the active resistance of some and the passive objection of other members of the Congress, all these questions came to be finally arranged by the middle of the year 1648, after unbroken deliberations extending over more than three years. The four questions were, leaving out details, to be settled in the following manner. The Protestant and Catholic states of the Empire to be on a footing of perfect equality, and all past offences to be extinguished by a complete amnesty on both sides, extending to princes as well as subjects. Sweden to receive the sum of 5,000,000 of thalers, equal to three-months' pay of an army of 34,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, and to have besides the towns of Bremen and Verden and a part of Pomerania. Spain to remain *in statu quo ante bellum;* and France to have part of Alsace and the other Austrian dominions on the left bank of the Rhine. Finally, the independence of Switzerland and of the Netherlands to be publicly acknowledged. These stipulations, after having received the consent of the respective governments, were signed and sealed at Münster and Osnabrück on the 24th of October, 1648. On the morning of that day the French and Swedish ministers, accompanied by the commissioners of most of the other states, rode in solemn procession to the palace occupied by the imperial envoys at Osnabrück, and appended their signatures to the instrument of peace; this being accomplished, the ambassadors of the Kaiser, in their turn, proceeded to the residences of the representatives of France and Sweden, and went through the same formality. At noon on the following day, peace was proclaimed by heralds through the streets of Münster, Osnabrück, and Cologne, and for weeks following public rejoicings were held in the principal towns of Germany and Holland in celebration of the happy event. A picture, by Van der Helst, pronounced by Sir Joshua Reynolds to be "the first

picture of portraits in the world," and as excelling its companion, the "Night Watch" of Rembrandt, represents the City Guard of Amsterdam feasting in honour of the occasion, and is known as the great attraction of the Amsterdam museum. Down to the present day the *Peace of Westphalia*—the title under which the work of the Congress of Münster and Osnabrück is generally known—is blessed by countless thousands, as having put an end to the most terrible series of carnage which has ever devastated Modern Europe.

The value of meetings like that of Münster and Osnabrück for the settlement of international affairs now became evident to the whole of the civilised world; and before long congresses were reckoned among the recognised modes of political and diplomatic action. Above all, the northern states eagerly adopted this method of terminating their differences, and in less than thirty years after the conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia five such assemblies came to be held in different towns of Germany, Prussia, and Holland. These, however, were of local rather than European importance; and the second real great Congress of Nations did not take place till 1712, when the important Spanish War of Succession required a solution as imperiously as the Thirty-Years' War of the century before. The new theory of the Balance of Power, inaugurated at Münster and Osnabrück, seemed likely to be overturned by the protracted struggle between Louis XIV. and the chief of the House of Hapsburg; and in order to readjust the edifice on which all the enlightened statesmen of the day intended to establish the future peace of Europe, another great meeting of politicians had to be assembled—a meeting known to history as

THE CONGRESS OF UTRECHT.

The political aspect of Europe at the period preceding this meeting, may be sketched, in its chief outlines, as follows. King Charles II. of Spain, dying without direct heirs, had left his crown by will to the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., who thereupon assumed at once the government of the vast empire, consisting, at that time, not only of the Iberian peninsula, but of the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, the Duchy of Milan, and various large and important transatlantic possessions. The young and feeble duke being merely the nominal ruler, and Louis XIV. evidently the real sovereign of this vast empire, such an acquisition naturally could not pass without arousing the jealousy of all the other States of Western Europe, who already were beginning to feel themselves completely overwhelmed by the growing preponderance of warlike France. To remedy this state of things, and to restore the Balance of Power, the Kaiser of Austria, Leopold I., was the first to take up the sword, pleading some anterior rights of his son, the Archduke Charles, to the crown of Spain, and being seconded in this demand by treaties of alliance with England and Holland, the latter of which States was but too willing to throw off the supremacy of the Court of Madrid. So the war began: Austria, England, and Holland, on the one side; France, allied with the Elector of Bavaria, and some minor German princes, on the other. At first Louis XIV. had decidedly the better of the struggle, his army driving that of the Kaiser everywhere before them; but the arrival of two great military chieftains, each of them worth an army in himself, soon changed the fortunes of the French king into a series of disasters. Marlborough and Prince Eugene had no sooner appeared on the field of action, than the fortune of war began to turn, setting in soon with such might against France, that proud Louis XIV. saw himself compelled to sue for peace in the most humiliating manner. Through his foreign minister, the Marquis de Torcy, who himself went to Amsterdam to negotiate, he offered not only to give up the whole of the Spanish monarchy, but even Alsace and other parts of the actual territory of France; and to furnish, besides, secure guarantees for future peace. This was in the spring of 1709, after the War of Succession had been raging for about eight years, extending over the whole of Spain, Italy, Germany, and Holland. France was very much weakened at this time, and the nation grew clamorous for peace; but the allied Powers being far less exhausted, and feeling themselves in the ascendent, believed themselves to be justified in refusing the conditions offered by De Torcy, in consequence of which Louis XIV. most reluctantly had to begin the struggle again. Fortune now favoured him anew, if not on the field, at least in the Cabinet; for the Duke of Marlborough having got into disgrace at home—and, more than that, the crown of Austria falling, by the death of Kaiser Joseph I., suddenly and unexpectedly on the head of Archduke Charles, the Pretender to the Spanish throne—England as well as Holland at once became favourably inclined to France. The whole policy of Europe had, indeed, become changed by the accession of Charles; for, instead of the preponderance of France, it seemed that it was now that of Austria which was chiefly threatening the Balance of Power. Consequently, in less than a month after the death of Kaiser Joseph, overtures for peace were made to Louis XIV., both by Great Britain and Holland; and the preliminary conditions having been accepted by the French monarch, at the beginning of 1711, a general meeting of the belligerent powers was fixed to take place in the course of the same year. Austria, of course, having everything to fear and nothing to gain from a pacific settlement, was strongly against the proposed meeting, but could not well prevent it; even an embassy of the famous Prince Eugene to London having failed to influence the English Cabinet. On the contrary, the harmony between England, France, and Holland seemed to increase by these and other aggressive movements of the Kaiser; and, in spite of the reluctance of the latter, it was finally arranged that the great Congress should open its sittings in the town-hall of the ancient city of Utrecht, in Holland, in the month of January, 1712.

To prevent any recurrence of the scenes witnessed at Münster and Osnabrück, all questions as to precedence, etiquette, and the general mode of transacting business, had been carefully arranged beforehand for this meeting at Utrecht.

The plenipotentiaries were to sit promiscuously at a round table, without any order of rank, birth, or age; and it was particularly settled that none of them should be allowed to ride in a carriage with more than two horses to the townhall. These points being satisfactorily arranged, the Congress was solemnly opened on January 29th, 1721, by a speech of the Bishop of Bristol, Chief Commissioner of Great Britain, in which the envoys of all the Powers were particularly and earnestly entreated to conduct the negotiations without the least loss of time. This desire was in some measure fulfilled; for, already on the 11th of February following, the French commissioners sent in their propositions, which were at once, however, rejected as unsatisfactory. It was now the turn of the Austrian ambassadors, who had meanwhile arrived at the Congress, to make counter-proposals; which they did, but these also were not accepted by the other Powers. Things were in this state when a curious little affair, as futile as unimportant, but characteristic of early Congress life, threatened for the moment to upset all negotiations for peace. The ambassador of the Netherlands, Count von Rechtern, on the 27th of July, was passing in his carriage the house of the French envoy, M. de Menager, when the servants of the latter, who were standing at the door, uttered some offensive words against the Dutch footmen. This was construed into a personal offence by Count von Rechtern, who thereupon demanded from his colleague the punishment of the offenders. The demanded satisfaction not being given, the quarrel spread among the French and Dutch lackeys; and on one occasion a gentleman in plush, of the latter nation, treated a valet in the establishment of M. de Menager to a box on the ear. The ambassador reported the insult at once to Paris, and Louis XIV., in return, sent orders to his plenipotentiary to break off all negotiations until reparation of the heinous offence had been made by the Government of the States-General. It was intimated at the same time that nothing less would be accepted than the immediate recall of Count von Rechtern. The Dutch Government, naturally unwilling to make such a sacrifice on account of so trifling an affair, at first flatly refused; and it seemed for the moment as if the peace and welfare of the whole of Europe were to be given up to the offended honour of a French *valet de chambre*. Fortunately, Count von Rechtern, a man of sound good sense, resolved immediately, in order to prevent further difficulties, to ask for permission to retire; and this being given, the affair at last was allowed to drop. Meanwhile, however, the work of the Congress had been stopped for nearly six months, solely on account of this trumpery quarrel.

The British commissioners, who had more pressing instructions for hastening on the desired peace than any of the other envoys, were greatly irritated at this unwarranted delay, and to make up for lost time, they soon after directed a kind of ultimatum to the French, Dutch, and Austrian plenipotentiaries, submitting final propositions. To these the first two powers assented; but the Kaiser being as reluctant as ever to come to terms, it was determined finally to leave him to his fate, and to make peace without him. This was assented to, after renewed debates, by the rest of the commissioners, and the conditions of peace having now been agreed on with comparative ease, the instrument embodying them was ready to be signed on the 11th of April, 1713. On that day all the plenipotentiaries present at the Congress, with the sole exception of those of Austria, assembled at the residence of the British minister; and the parchment containing the Peace of Utrecht was successively signed by the ambassadors of England, France, Savoy, Portugal, Prussia, and the Netherlands. Travellers, curious in these matters, may still see the ancient building—now called the House of Loo — in which this ever-memorable act was accomplished.

The chief stipulations of the Peace of Utrecht were as follows. Spain—the cause of the whole war—was to remain with Philip of Anjou, but completely separated from France; and Naples and Sardinia were to fall to the Kaiser. The Duke of Savoy obtained the Island of Sicily, and several smaller territories in Northern Italy; and Great Britain received Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and sundry more or less important French transatlantic possessions, among others the immense districts of New Caledonia and Newfoundland in North America.

Austria, as was foreseen, did not accept these conditions of peace, and the war between the Kaiser and France therefore continued uninterrupted after the conclusion of the Utrecht negotiations. But it did not continue with the old severity and bitterness. The French and Austrian generals—Marshal Villars and Prince Eugene—contented themselves with watching each other across the Rhine, and were nothing loth when after a twelve months so passed they received orders from their respective sovereigns to meet personally for the purpose of concluding peace. Both of them lost no time in obeying this command; and as if to show the world that military commanders could do, if necessary, the work of peace better than diplomatists, they no sooner met than they agreed. On the 6th of March, 1714, after only a few weeks' negotiations, all the conditions of peace had been settled, whereupon a couple of soldier-clerks were ordered to copy the rough draught out on legible parchments. This task having been fulfilled under the personal superintendence of the two chieftains, Marshal Villars and Prince Eugene signed the documents between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 7th of March, by the light of a stable-lantern, and then sank into each others arms, full of joyous enthusiasm at having been enabled to crown their victorious career by this work of union. The peace so concluded did not alter anything in the position of the European states as fixed by the Congress of Utrecht, and was, in fact, only the necessary supplement of its labours.

The next important assembly of peace-plenipotentiaries to which we come in the history of Europe, was the meeting which took place from 1797 till 1799, between the commissioners of Republican France and the envoys of the different states of Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and

other countries of Northern Europe, a meeting known as the

CONGRESS OF RASTADT.

If judged merely by the number of states represented, this Congress cannot take rank with the meetings of Munster, Osnabrück and Utrecht; but, nevertheless, it has become famous in the annals of the world through the importance of the political questions discussed at it, as well as by the tragic end of several of its participators. The Assembly at Rastadt, besides, stands as the first international tribunal between revolutionary France and the rest of continental Europe. The fiery drama of 1789, first sneered at by kings and princes, and then combated in the field, was now allowed to plead its own cause at a solemn meeting of legitimate ministers. England had taken the initiative in this diplomatic intercourse with the French Republic, by sending, towards the end of 1796, a plenipotentiary to Paris, to treat for peace with the Directory.

The mission of Lord Malmesbury, however, came to nothing, chiefly on account of the incompleteness of the instructions received previously from the British government; and the noble envoy had the mortification of seeing his passport returned to him with the notice of leaving France within forty-eight hours—"*pour demander les pouvoirs suffisans.*" This diplomatic failure of England seemed to serve as an immediate lesson to the other great antagonist of the Republic, the Kaiser of Austria. No sooner had Lord Malmesbury quitted his post than Queen Caroline of Naples, "Prime Minister of the House of Hapsburg," asked and obtained an interview with a pale little man—the commander-in-chief of the French army in Italy—and in a very few hours settled with him the preliminaries of a definite peace at the Castle of Campo Formio. General Bonaparte had received no particular "*pouvoirs*" from Paris for such a settlement, nor had Queen Caroline from Naples; yet the two came to very definite arrangements regarding the distribution of large portions of territory with millions of inhabitants.

It was only to save the appearances of any wilful encroachment on the final decision of their respective governments that the two negotiators, in a final paragraph, arranged the holding of a little Congress for the ratification of their arrangements, and fixed it to take place within a month at Rastadt, in the Duchy of Baden. Communications to that effect being made to the different states of Germany, they hastened to send their envoys to the appointed place, and before the month was over, the assembly was complete, with the exception of the French ambassadors. These gentlemen, or rather citizens, Messrs. Treilhard and Bonnier d'Arco, regicides both, and the same who had negotiated in a rather haughty manner with Lord Malmesbury a short time before, arrived only about three weeks later; and, as if to show their contempt for the other princely commissioners, took up their quarters at the château of the Margrave, destined for the representatives of the Kaiser and some German sovereigns who had come *in propiâ personâ* to the Congress.

This breach of good manners, however, seemed to make no impression on the imperial and other commissioners, who, with great politeness, vacated their own apartments, contenting themselves with some narrow rooms in an upper floor. The plenipotentiaries thus present were,—on the part of Austria, Count Francis George von Metternich (father of *the* Prince Metternich lately deceased, and grandfather of the present Austrian ambassador at Paris), and Count Louis von Cobenzl; on the part of Bavaria, Baron von Rechberg, and Count Preysing; on the part of Saxony, Count Loeben; on the part of Sweden, Count Fersen; on the part of Prussia, Count Goertz and Herr von Dohm; on the part of Denmark, Baron von Rosenkranz; and various other noble envoys, too numerous to mention, from the rest of the German States. Russia also was invited to send a plenipotentiary; but Czar Paul I. refused, using, it is reported, a strong expression regarding the Gallic members of the Congress. The deliberations were opened on the 9th December, 1797, by a short speech of M. Bonnier d'Arco, who, like the Bishop of Bristol at Utrecht, enjoined the commissioners present to do their duty without loss of time. It was also desired by the same speaker, that sittings should only take place when convoked by the ambassadors of the Republic, whose secretary, Baron de Münch, was to keep the protocol and communicate it, at the end of every debate, to the secretaries of the other ambassadors, who were to wait, in all humility, in an adjoining room. The further modes of transacting the work of the Congress were likewise arranged by the Republican commissioners, and were very different from those employed at the meetings of Utrecht and Osnabrück. Certain propositions had to be made in turn by all the commissioners, but the reply to them by the rest of the plenipotentiaries was not to be waited for, but had to be given during the sitting itself in writing, to be entered textually in the protocol. At the end of every sitting, the votes so given were to be summed up by the French commissioner, and to be formed in the shape of an *arrêté*, under the assistance of the Imperial envoy. This summing up was next to be submitted to a final vote at the following sitting, and the decision so come to was to be the final resolution. It was hoped that by these means, which were somewhat in imitation of the modus followed in the French government councils, the deliberations of the Congress would be greatly accelerated; but the ultimate success in no wise fulfilled this expectation.

But this perhaps was owing not only to the forms employed, but to the manner of their execution. The French plenipotentiaries, at almost every sitting, made use of the most acrimonious language towards their brother commissioners, and not unfrequently, openly insulted them. This was particularly the case on the occasion of the news of the taking of Rome and the deposition of the Pope, arriving at Rastadt,—an event which was celebrated by the envoys of the Directory in long orations during the sittings, to the great disgust of Count Metternich and other pious representatives of Roman Catholic Powers. Under these circumstances, and with the want of mutual goodwill on both sides, there was not much progress made in the negotiations. Still more were

these embarrassed by the succeeding news of the victorious march of French armies into Italy and Switzerland, and the rumoured preparations for a descent of the Republican troops on the coast of Great Britain. With every despatch announcing the conquest of a town or a county beyond the Alps, the demands of Messrs. Treilhard and Bonnier d'Arco increased in importance; and they, who would have been content at first to treat on the basis of the Campo Formio preliminaries, and to return part of the left bank of the Rhine to Germany, were ultimately not satisfied with even the river frontier, but required important portions of territory on the eastern side. Their demands at last became so exorbitant, that the Austrian commissioners thought themselves justified in openly complaining to the French government, the result of which was that M. Treilhard was recalled, and M. Jean Debry, an ancient member of the Convention, sent in his stead to Rastadt. The French commission was further increased by M. Robergot, who was to act as assistant to the envoys, and M. Rosenstiel, French consul at Elbing, and formerly an employé in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who was to be the general interpreter. Hitherto their complete ignorance of the German language had exposed the Republican plenipotentiaries to many misunderstandings, which it was thought hereby to prevent. This change seemed to be at first very successful in accelerating the negotiations; and already was the draught of a complete treaty of peace drawn up between the plenipotentiaries, when suddenly the news reached Rastadt that the Czar of Russia had declared war on France, and that a body of 25,000 Russians, commanded by Prince Ferdinand of Wurtemberg, had already crossed the frontier and arrived, November 26, 1798, at Brünn, in Moravia. On this, the French commissioners, in a note dated January 3, 1798, demanded the immediate interference of the German Diet, declaring that if Russia were allowed to occupy the territory of the empire without being seriously opposed by troops, this would be regarded as a breach of neutrality, and, as a first consequence, the Congress would be broken up immediately. The message spread general consternation among the envoys of the smaller German States, all of them sincerely desirous of peace; and they replied that they would remit directly the demand in question to the Diet. The deliberations thus hung for some time, no movement being made on either side until the 7th of April, 1799, when Count Metternich announced to the plenipotentiaries that he had been recalled from the Congress, and that it had been resolved at the same time by the Emperor, his master, to annul everything done and concluded during the meeting. On the following day the same minister forwarded a note to the French ambassadors, advising them to leave the seat of Congress as soon as possible, seeing that actual hostilities had already begun, and that consequently their personal security could not be further guaranteed. To this note the envoys of the Republic paid no attention, but continued treating, in the absence of Prince Metternich, with the representatives of the other German States; and it was not until the 25th of April, after several of their couriers had been seized by Russian troops, that they at last decided on quitting Rastadt. To do so in complete security, it was arranged that they should be accompanied across the Rhine by a troop of horsemen under the command of Colonel Barbaczy, commanding the Austrian depôt at Gernsbach, who was to see them from their own residence into the territory of France, not many miles distant. The 28th of April was fixed for the day of departure, and accordingly, early on the morning of that day, everything was ready for the purpose. However, M. Bonnier d'Arco declared that he was not then prepared to start, but had to arrange a few more private affairs, in the completion of which the whole day was occupied. As late as nine o'clock in the evening the French ambassadors at last departed, alone, and unescorted. They had scarcely proceeded a thousand yards beyond the walls from the town when they saw themselves surrounded by a number of armed men, some of them in the uniform of hussars, others dressed like peasants. The ambassadors were sitting in separate carriages, Jean Debry in the first, Bonnier in the second, Robergot in the third, and Rosenstiel in the fourth. M. Jean Debry's carriage was a little ahead when they were attacked, and its occupant found time to escape by throwing himself into a ditch, where, owing to the darkness of the night, he remained unperceived. Bonnier d'Arco, however, was killed on the spot, as well as Robergot,—the latter in the arms of his wife. As to Rosenstiel, he was severely wounded, but escaped with his life, by his presence of mind in throwing himself on the ground, simulating a corpse. He and Jean Debry crept back late at night into Rastadt, where the Prussian ambassador took them under his special protection.

The authors of this horrible assassination were never known. The police pretended to make the strictest investigations; but the war which immediately followed, the impotency of the civil authorities, and the general lawlessness of the period, according to official reports, prevented all chance of success. Since then numberless books have been written on the subject, without, however, throwing more light on the whole mysterious affair. The most generally accredited opinion among historians now is, that the real authors were the delegates of some smaller German Powers, who, being drawn into forbidden intercourse with the French envoys at the beginning of the Congress, and dreading the publication of their correspondence, bribed a number of freebooting soldiers and other rabble to steal the papers which Bonnier and Debry were carrying with them into France. No orders were given for their assassination, nor even for violence on the persons of the ambassadors; but the excited bravos, some of them fresh from the late wars, and seeing nothing but hated foes in their victims, overstepped the command, taking life as well as property. This is one probable version: another, mentioned by Schoell,* is, that the French Directory itself had a hand in the crime, and committed it for the purpose of getting up a national agitation against

* "Histoire abrégée des Traités de Paix," v. 187.

Germany, Austria, and Russia. Thus much is certain, that the government of France for the time being was the only party that got an advantage from this assassination, for the news of it created a boundless excitement throughout the Republic, so that hundreds of thousands of volunteers kept on rushing to the standards to revenge the foul crime committed on the national representatives of their country.

For fifteen long years the legions of Republican and Imperial France swept, whirlwind-like, from one point of Europe to the other, unchecked by treaties, peace meetings, and diplomatic action of any kind. At the end of this period, however statesmanship got the upper hand again over swordmanship; and, as if to revel in its victory, produced the most brilliant meeting of peace negotiators the world had ever seen, namely, The Congress of Vienna. FREDERIC MARTIN.

(To be continued.)

THE HEAD MASTER'S SISTER.

CHAPTER I.

"HOORAY! Frank! it is all right, you are an honourable member of the first eleven now. Jones and Staveley wanted to stick in that ass, Middleton, because he is in the sixth, and one of their set, and pretended they must have him for a long-stop; but Fox and I stuck up for you, and we have pulled it off. I expect you will be second bowler in our match with Harrow."

"Well, you are a brick, Herbert—a genuine Bath, and no mistake," replied Frank Ainslie to his friend's communication; and in the excitement of the moment he delivered the Lexicon which he had been using, after the fashion of a round-hand ball, at a plaster cast of Homer,—a recent purchase of Herbert's,—on which it took fatal effect, reducing it to smithereens.

"You are an ungrateful card, and no mistake," said Herbert, holding up one smithereen, consisting of the left eye, and a fragment of the nose and chin of the great bard.

"'Pon my soul, I am very sorry, but I did not think my hand was in. But about the match: I hear Harrow has a strong team this year."

"They have two or three pretty bats, and their bowling is decidedly good; but they don't work well together in the field. Altogether, I think the odds are in our favour."

"Mr. Ainslie to Mr. Hardlines," said a servant, knocking at the door at this moment.

"What's up now, I wonder?" said Herbert.

"Haven't an idea," replied his friend, taking his departure. "No row, that I know of."

Mr. Hardlines' countenance, always solemn in

its expression, was more gloomy than usual, as Ainslie entered his study.

"Ainslie," he said gently, "you must prepare yourself to hear some bad news. Your father is dangerously ill. You are to go home directly. If, as we must hope, your father should soon recover, I hope you will return to us as soon as you can leave him, for you have been doing very well lately, especially in mathematics: Mr. Angles spoke of you to me the other day, as being one of his best pupils. But again, before I say goodbye, I must caution you to prepare yourself for the worst; it is even possible that you may not find your father alive. Do not stay to pack up anything, as the post-chaise will be here immediately. I must go into school now. Goodbye."

CHAPTER II.

THERE are few positions which are actually more wretched than that of a traveller upon a journey, which has been occasioned by the sudden illness of a friend. The reflection of how powerless man is to contend with the twin giants, Time and Space, is forced upon him in a thousand forms.

The express-train may bear him on its wings, but still he ejaculates, as he watches the long line of trees rushing past him, "No further yet!" He cannot turn his attention to anything. Each train into which his thoughts fall, leads to the same terminus. "How is he now? When shall I be there?"

When Frank Ainslie arrived at home, his father was dead.

I am now about to confide a secret to my readers. Their knowledge of it, I feel certain, will not cause Frank to fall in their estimation; for I know they would not suffer the disgrace of the father to extend to the children: but as Frank now occupies a respectable position in society, I must make it a point of honour, that they should communicate it to no one more prejudiced and less enlightened than themselves.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," Mr. Ainslie, senior, was a bank director.

Need I add, that he died insolvent.

When the faithful biographer has the opportunity of selecting from many thousands the individual upon whom he shall confer immortality, he can scarcely be blamed if he chooses some one whom it is pleasant to write about, rather than not. Acting upon this principle, I will mention at once that Frank Ainslie was as clever, agreeable, and good-looking a young fellow as you could find on the fifth form at Eton; and, I can assure my readers, that is saying a great deal. In fact, he was a young man whom you would have felt great pleasure in taking to Mrs. Cramvilles, if that lady hinted to you that she was likely to be short of beaux on her next Wednesday. If Jones introduced him, I know he would consider himself entitled to the reversion of a dinner for his trouble,—but then, a modest estimate of his own performance is not Jones's forte.

With the qualifications at which I have delicately hinted, and plenty of money,—for his father was liberal as well as charitable (two qualities which are not necessarily concomitants either in the hearts of bank directors or anybody else),—Frank found his way into the best set at Eton, and was looking forward to a pleasant future,—Cambridge in two years, with some of his old set, and the new friends the university always brings; and then chambers in the Temple, and the bar.

It was some trial for the nerves of a young fellow of seventeen with these prospects, when a respected uncle with a large family informed him that he had not a halfpenny in the world, and the sooner he did something to get one, the better! But Frank had the pluck which enables a man to stand up against that swift and nasty bowler, Misfortune, without much padding.

So he answered his relative with a simple, but appropriate interrogative, "All right. What shall I do?"

"I think I might be able to get you into Mr. Grierson's office."

"Stockbroker, isn't he?"

"Yes; a first-rate man upon 'Change."

"Thank you, I am very much obliged. If you will allow me, I will take a walk for an hour or two, think it over, and give you my decision when I return."

"Very good; so be it then; but I do not think there is anything better for you."

And Frank set off, and walked very fast, and thought a great deal; both which operations I have found, from personal experience, have a tendency to produce thirst. Frank was by no means exempt from the weaknesses incident to humanity; so when he had just completed four miles and a quarter, an eligible inn meeting his eye, it occurred to him that some malt would be restorative, and he proceeded to have some accordingly. Perceiving a cheerful-looking sanded parlor, he thought some bread and cheese would meet his taste, and while the waitress brought him food for the body, he took up the advertisement sheet of the "Times" for his own mental recreation. Under his peculiar circumstances, he received that document with greater favour than it usually obtains from travellers, and he immediately began to peruse it with diligence.

He had gone through eleven columns and a half, when his attention was attracted by the following:

TO GENTLEMEN READING FOR THE UNIVERSITIES. — Board, residence, and tuition are offered to a gentleman who would be inclined to assist an M.A. with his junior pupils. Address, M.A. Slopcombe, Devon.

"The pink ticket!" ejaculated Frank. "I must go there, read hard for two years, go up to Cambridge, get a scholarship, and try if I cannot live upon it. It has been done before, and, by Jove, it shall be again!" And in the excitement of the moment he folded up the paper, and was putting it in his pocket, when the landlady modestly suggested that it might be wanted again. Frank, however, easily obtained permission to cut out the particular advertisement in which he was interested.

His uncle did not coincide with his views, and told him frankly he could give him no assistance, except in the manner he had proposed: but

Frank was determined, answered the advertisement, forwarded a testimonial from Eton, which proved perfectly satisfactory, and concluded the engagement.

Then, by disposing of his watch, his studs, rings, pins, two guns, and a few other articles with which he determined to dispense, he managed to realise about eighty pounds; and with that capital he commenced the world, and started for Slopcombe.

CHAPTER III.

THE Rev. H. Martin was the head-master of the Slopcombe Grammar School,—a school which had been once endowed, but whose revenues had gradually disappeared under the administration of a series of dignified trustees. It still possessed a large house, which head-masters found a convenient receptacle for as many private pupils as they could get. A few boys attended from the town occasionally, in virtue of their rights as citizens of Slopcombe; but a system of judicious snubbing on the part of the master, and of bullying on the part of the private pupils or boarders, who always outnumbered them, and between whom and the town-boys a traditional feud was carefully preserved, usually brought their education to an untimely close. As these young gentlemen paid nothing, and occasionally wore corduroys, we must fear that their defection was not duly regretted either by the master or the private pupils.

"Martin," wrote Frank, in a letter to Herbert, "is a very nice fellow, good scholar, good temper, supports my authority,—is, in fact, generally jolly. The only wonder is, however he could have married Mrs. M."

Ah, Frank! as you grow older, that constantly recurring problem of social life, "What could have induced Brown to marry that woman?" and its still more frequent phase, "What could Mrs. Smith have been thinking of when she accepted that brute?" will often defy your utmost efforts to supply a solution. We doubt if even Mr. Justice Cresswell could invent a formula general enough to take in a tithe of its cases.

In this particular case, our own private opinion is, that Martin drifted into it, as England did into war under the ministry of Lord Aberdeen.

Mrs. Martin was a woman with a shrewish tongue, an exaggerated opinion of her own dignity, and a most painful habit of fancying things which had no existence except in her own imagination. Anything which she could not understand,—and her intellectual capacity was not extensive,—she construed as a personal insult. Ainslie did not at all answer to her idea of what an usher ought to be, for in that light she persisted in looking at him, although her husband explained the peculiarity of his position, and wished that he should be treated as a gentleman: because Frank looked and acted like one, she was pleased to consider that he gave himself airs, and must be kept well down.

Her views on this subject were illustrated by a hundred petty annoyances, which for a long time rather amused Frank, than otherwise; but at last, as they lost their novelty, they became rather a bore, and Frank began to think about changing his quarters, when

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream.

How strange it is, that in a house in which there are already more than twenty people, the arrival of a little fair-haired girl of seventeen should make such a wonderful difference. Yet, after Mr. Martin's youngest sister, Clara, had been there a week, all Frank's ideas of departure were gone so entirely, that he could scarcely conceive he had ever entertained them.

Slopcombe is situated in rather a pretty part of Devon, and there were two or three places in the neighbourhood which it was absolutely necessary that Clara should see.

As Mr. Martin was discussing with his sister what day they should go to Eveleigh, which was to be their first excursion, she immediately suggested that he should give the boys a holiday and take them too.

"But you would not really like it," he replied; "I am afraid they would bore you awfully."

"Indeed I should, better than anything; it will be such fun."

Mr. Martin was pleased, and readily gave his assent. Who can refuse anything to a pretty little sister? I fear, however, that Clara was not very sorry when Mrs. Martin decided that the distance would be too great for her to accompany them, especially as there were several visits which it was absolutely necessary for her to pay.

Eveleigh was about five miles from Slopcombe, so Mr. Martin drove his sister over in the pony-chaise, and Frank Ainslie and the boys joined them there. Frank was a great favourite. When he first arrived, his youthful charges tried the series of experiments which the advent of a new master usually provokes, but almost all were failures. Fresh from Eton there were very few dodges to which he was not up, and superior knowledge even of mischief is always respected. But the incident which perhaps tended to establish his position most was the following. A hopeless little sneak (some are always to be found even in the best regulated establishments), told Frank one day of some paltry offence which another boy had committed. "When I had found this out, as I certainly should have done," said Frank, "I should have given the offender twenty lines. *You* will now learn a hundred for telling tales of your school-fellow." Cricket received such an impetus from his arrival, that the Grammar School challenged the town club—an invitation which that association declined with scorn, saying that they did not play with boys; a judicious evasion on their part, as they would certainly have been beaten if they had.

They had a delightful walk to Eveleigh, the elder boys roaming in twos and threes, and the younger ones crowding round Frank, with reference to a wonderful story which he related for their especial edification.

The pony-chaise passed them just as they came in sight of their destination, and they greeted its occupants with three cheers; whether the remembrance that the cold meat and apple-pie were contained in the same vehicle may have given

additional vigour to their shouts, is a point we will not attempt to investigate.

The little church tower of Eveleigh rises from a low cliff some twenty feet above the level of the sea, and with a spring tide and a westerly wind its windows are often darkened by the showers of spray. Far on the deep it is a landmark to the hardy fishermen of that stormy coast; and many must have thought of their forefathers sleeping peacefully beneath its yew-trees' shade before they found their own last resting-place in the treasure-house of the deep.

By its south side the clear waters of the Eve flow gently till they mingle with the sea some

hundred yards lower down, for it wants three hours to high water.

> Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
> Thy tribute wave deliver,
> No more by thee my steps shall be
> For ever and for ever,

quoted Frank from our greatest lyric poet, whatever the hydra-headed race of Scotch reviewers may say to the contrary.

Aloud he quoted them, for it is not enough that the eye should see and the mind grasp, the ear must hear them as well, or the beauty of their rhythm is lost. He believed himself alone, or rather he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to reflect whether he was alone or not. The elder boys were wandering along the shore, the younger ones constructing castles of sea-sand, in which they might bid momentary defiance to the rising tide. So he leant over the low churchyard wall, and dropping a few wild flowers dreamily into the stream beneath, he partly said and partly sung the beautiful words, lingering fondly over each cadence as it left his lips.

"You are not applying those words to yourself, I hope," said a sweet voice behind him.

"And why do you hope so, Miss Clara?" said Frank, looking with his dark eyes steadily into her blue ones, and thereby causing the lids to be dropped over the same.

"Oh! it is so beautiful. I am sure you would like to see it again. I was just looking for a spot from which I could sketch the church."

"Then, if you will allow me, I think I can show you the exact position from which it will make the best possible picture—that is, if you will not mind crossing the river. There is a boat a little higher up; then you can have a little bit of the stream in the foreground, and as much sea and sky as you like in the distance."

"Thank you, I shall be very much obliged; for what has become of my brother I have not the remotest idea."

"Oh, he has gone with Abbott to hunt for sea anemones."

And they were ferried across the little stream; and when Clara saw the promised picture, she owned it could not be praised too highly.

"I am sure *you* draw," she said.

"I have had very good masters, and I am very fond of it," replied Frank; "but I have had no time since I have been in Devonshire."

For he had kept the resolution he made when he first saw the advertisement, and had been working hard at mathematics during the few hours his school duties left him.

As Frank had conducted Miss Martin to a spot at some distance from the rest of the party, of course it became absolutely necessary that he should remain there to take care of her; so he fetched her some water in a shell, arranged her colours, and even mixed her an invaluable grey for the middle distance, with which she was unacquainted, and devoted himself to fulfilling all the *petits soins* a lady artist can require from an accomplished cavalier.

Miss Clara Martin found she had made a great mistake. When she had seen Frank before, she had been led, by the silence which he always maintained in Mrs. Martin's presence, into the belief that he was very shy. Accordingly, with feminine good nature, she had determined this afternoon to draw him out, which she found very easy; also to patronise him, which she discovered to be extremely difficult. The first two or three sentences which Frank spoke shook her resolution a little; but she was a young lady who was tolerably decided in her views, and after a short interval she resumed her *rôle:*

"I wish you would give me your opinion upon how I am getting on. I am sure you must be a good judge."

These words were spoken in a tone which at once conveyed the impression that she thought she was paying him a compliment by making the inquiry.

If these events had happened five years later, Frank would probably have said to himself, "That's your little game, ma'am, is it?" As civilisation was not sufficiently advanced to enable him to put his thoughts thus into language, he concealed them, and replied:

"Do you wish for a candid criticism?"

"Of course I do," replied the young lady, rather indignantly.

"Well, then, the trees appear to me to have rather a blue shade, whilst the green seems to have communicated itself unfairly to the water."

Clara was of an impetuous disposition, and as she heard this, and her eye convinced her there was the faintest possible ground for the criticism, her brush (filled with brown madder at the moment) went from the left-hand corner of the drawing to the top in a graceful curve.

"I am sorry you did that," said Frank, "for I was only in fun; but now you have spoilt it. I will tell you what was really a fault: the church tower would have looked too new, and the moss is made too apparent for a view taken from this distance, and is green instead of grey."

"I will tell you what, Mr. Ainslie, I am quite determined upon, and that is, that you shall do me another drawing for the one you have made me spoil—directly, too—so sit down."

"You won't like it as well as your own, if I do."

"I am not sure of that," said she, laughing, for she began to feel there was some justice in the way she had been treated. "Now begin."

And Frank took the brush and commenced a sketch, not of the elaborate character Clara had attempted, but rough in the extreme. At first she smiled, for there appeared a probability that the paper would soon be covered with a series of smudges; but by degrees a wild beauty sprang out from the chaos, and she saw the scene, not steeped in sunshine, as she looked upon it now, but wrapped in storm, the calm sea lashed to fury, the gentle river a rushing torrent, the old church alone unaltered.

"I saw it like that once," said Frank, "and I shall never forget it."

"Nor shall I," replied Clara; "thank you very much for the picture, and my lesson."

"What lesson?"

"Oh, my drawing lesson, of course," replied Clara, with an emphasis which belied her words.

And now it occurred to them that it was full time they returned to the other side of the stream.

They found the party assembled, and enjoying a game of prisoner's base, with the exception of the anemone seekers, who were still absent, as they strolled a little away along the shore to meet them, still speaking of Millais and Tennyson as they went.

Oh Poetry and Art, how much is owed to you even by the humble worshippers at your outer gate! How often does it fall to your lot to strike the key note which shall vibrate through two hearts, to be joined hereafter in harmony for ever.

Mr. Martin and his two companions returned at last; Ringwood had slipped from a rock and sprained his ancle, it was this which had detained them so long, for he had become very lame. Clara immediately offered him her seat in the pony chaise, saying that she could walk very well. As she declined undertaking to drive the pony, which was rather spirited, her brother agreed to the arrangement.

And a beautiful walk home they had: even the ordinary houses of Slopcombe looked pretty, when they reached the top of the hill, and saw them bathed in the light of the setting sun. Here Clara just became sufficiently tired, to be glad to avail herself of the support of Frank's arm.

Before they reached the old school-house their friendship was cemented, and placed on a firm footing. Be assured, my youthful readers, that a long day in the country will do more in this way, than seven evening parties, at the most moderate computation.

Clara gave a little laugh to herself, while she was taking off her bonnet, as she thought of the *shy* second master. Curiously enough she quite forgot to show the sketch she had admired so much to Mrs. Martin, or even to her brother, though she locked it up carefully in her little rosewood desk, and looked at it very often herself.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the next week Clara and Frank saw a great deal of each other. Mrs. Martin seldom came down to breakfast, and Clara took her place. Mr. Martin took his in his study; and the

senior pupils came down at any time they liked, between the hours of eight and ten; during which period Miss Clara sat ready to pour out tea and coffee with exemplary patience. Frank's work did not begin till ten, so he did all he could to prevent the time from passing heavily, and we are bound in justice to own, that he was generally successful. The end of the September quarter was drawing near, after which there was a week's holiday.

On the 28th there was a town-ball, to which the boarders at the grammar-school were always admitted, and Mr. Martin told Frank that as he was not going himself, he wished him to go with them. To this Frank had no objection, especially as Clara was going, so he immediately engaged her for the first two dances. When the long-looked-for night came, Mrs. Martin decided that she would honour the Slopcombe ball with her presence, in order to chaperone her sister-in-law.

When the two ladies had taken their seats at the upper end of the room, Clara immediately began to write on her engagement card.

"What! Are you engaged for any dances already?" inquired Mrs. Martin, for they were very early.

"The first two."

"May I ask, to whom?"

"To Mr. Ainslie."

"Goodness gracious, my dear Clara, surely you could not think of such a thing!"

"Why not?"

"What, dance with the usher! I am sure your brother would be very angry with me, if I allowed such a thing for a moment. I am very sorry, but I cannot hear of it."

At the word usher, poor Clara's memory reverted to the assistant in a village school, from whom she had received instruction in writing, at the age of eight, and who, to the best of her recollection, had previously failed in business as a cobbler.

"But," she said, at last, "if I do not dance with Mr. Ainslie, I must sit down for the rest of the evening."

"Oh, no; you must not think of that, it would do your brother so much harm in the town; there are so many people to whom we must be civil. Stay, here he comes, never mind, I will manage it for you," and she rose as Frank came, and said in her sweetest voice, "Would you be so kind as to take a little note for me to Mr. Martin? something is forgotten of great importance." And she scribbled two or three words with her pencil.

"Will you excuse me, Miss Clara," said he, "for I think the dancing is going to commence?"

Clara bowed assent, for she was really unable to speak.

Frank made his way with some difficulty through the crowd of amateurs at the door, who were occupied in criticising the ball-dresses as they issued from the carriages, and with rapid step he hastened to the school-house, and then to Mr. Martin's study.

During the absence of the rest of the household in "the halls of dazzling light," that gentleman was making himself as comfortable as existing circumstances would permit.

The room was already hazy with the fumes of Cavendish, a decanter of port was conveniently placed on a little table by his side, and he was carefully cutting the leaves of a new novel. Frank felt grieved at disturbing him by presenting the ominous missive. To his surprise, however, it only had the effect of provoking a shout of laughter, for it ran as follows: "That wretched boy Johnson has forgotten his gloves. Perhaps as you have had the trouble of bringing it, you would not mind giving it to the housekeeper."

That lady was not to be found, so Frank had to hunt through all the drawers himself, the contents of which soon became a confused mass under his manipulation, as Mrs. Snuffles the housekeeper found to her cost the next morning. At last he found a pair, guided to them principally by a faint smell of turpentine "which hung round them still," which he thought might be near the size. When he returned to the ball-room he found the much-maligned Johnson in bran new kids, radiant as his own, and Clara just commencing the second dance with a young man in a yeomanry uniform.

At the end of this, he asked her for the third, but she was engaged for several dances—she did not know how many. Clara was so disgusted with everything at the moment that she could not find the words she wished to soften her refusal. Frank only saw she did not mean to dance with him, and the intention of the pretended message. Frank sat down thoroughly wretched,—he felt that he was despised, and by one—now, for the first time, he owned it to his heart—whom he fondly loved.

He cared not so much for the insult of the moment; it was the insight he fancied it gave him into the inner recesses of a heart of which he had thought so differently. How long he sat, heedless of everything as the dancers whirled past him, he never knew; but, at last, as the rooms filled, a lady sat down so close to him, that he started, and became aware that he was almost the only gentleman who was sitting.

He rose and leant against the doorway, and tried to take an interest in the passers by. It was written of old "a great city is a great solitude;" but in city or country there is no loneliness like that of the ball-room which one enters as a stranger. I know nothing so likely to foster misanthropy in a young man as remaining long, under these circumstances, without a partner. The very beauty and light-heartedness of the women seem to assume the shape of a personal injury.

What right have they to be happy when you are miserable? Why does that pretty girl in pink dance with that young donkey, who does not even know how to pilot her safely through a polka? What can that angel in blue see in a little muff, who does not seem to understand a word she utters, and who evidently has nothing to say for himself: whilst you, oh, accomplished reader! who have waltzed in every capital in Europe, and have every topic of the season at the tip of your tongue, stand partnerless, because you happen to have quarrelled with one steward and don't know the other?

Towards the close of the evening one of these functionaries, struck by Frank's handsome face and melancholy expression, asked if he could introduce him to a partner, but it was too late, and Frank only said,

"Thank you, I would rather not dance."

Whereon that gentleman put him down for a puppy, in which we trust he erred. The ball finished at last, and the party returned home. Clara had only sat down once. Ought she not to have been happy?

The next morning the school broke up for their short holiday. Frank had been intending to go upon a walking tour, but a letter from Herbert altered his intentions. It informed him that a competitive examination was to be held in a fortnight for twenty direct commissions in the artillery—mathematics to form the principal subject of examination. Herbert was going in—would not Frank try his fortune also? If so, his father would be happy to see him at their house in town at once. It was the commencement of the Russian war. If Clara had danced with him the night before, I think England might have lost a soldier, so that must form part of her claim to forgiveness. As it was, his decision was immediate. Fortunately his engagement with Mr. Martin had only been made for a quarter, terminable or not, according to the wishes of either party; so he informed that gentleman, that circumstances had occurred which prevented his having the pleasure of remaining at Slopcombe; and then he began to pack up. He would have liked to have said goodbye to Clara, but she had gone out to spend the day, and he did not like to wait till the next; so he returned to town.

His recent devotion to mathematics did him good service, for he was third on the list of successful candidates. Herbert also obtained an appointment, but he was not so high up. A fortnight afterwards, and exactly one month from the night of the Slopcombe ball, he sailed for Varna.

CHAPTER V.

More than five years have elapsed since the end of our last chapter. "Many changes have we seen" in that period, not only in the great events of which the whole world takes note; but also in the fortunes of a single family. The easy-going, scholarly, good-tempered Martin is no more; and Clara, after having refused one or two good offers, no one could conceive why, has at the age of two-and-twenty accepted the situation of governess at Lord Morningthorpe's.

Again our curtain draws up upon a ball. It is at the earl's house in Mayfair. The earl supports the ministry, and has come to town early. It is Lady Morningthorpe's first reception this year. From a quiet corner, half-hidden by the curtains of a bay-window, Clara watches the *élite* of London fashion.

But Clara was always fond of dancing, and as she watches the waltzers whirl past her, she cannot help wishing to be among them.

The balls at which she had been, not a very great number, seem to pass in review before her. At last her thoughts revert to one at Slopcombe, and she sighs as she thinks of one whom she had seen there, sitting alone and friendless as she sat now. The face rises before her as clearly as if there was a mental daguerreotype of it within—never to be effaced. The face as she remembers it, she will never see again. But her reverie is interrupted by a tall, dark, bronzed officer in a splendid uniform, who stoops over her, and says in a clear, though deep voice:—

"Miss Clara Martin, may I have the pleasure of dancing the next two dances with you?"

She looks at him with surprise. His left arm is suspended in a sling, his black hair does not quite cover the mark of a sabre-cut as well as his black beard conceals the lower part of his face—he wears five medals on his breast—but more than these he bears that which none but the brave with the brave can share, the noblest decoration the nineteenth century has seen—one beyond the reach of ordinary knights-bachelors—the Victoria Cross.

Clara tried to speak but could not. A faint suspicion dawned upon her mind, but she was unable to give it utterance.

The officer saw her difficulty, and said, "Do you know, Miss Clara, that I consider I hold a promise of yours for two dances, which has never been performed yet?"

"Mr. Ainslie?"

"No, not Mr. Ainslie," he replied; "but"—seeing her start—"Frank Ainslie, now, as ever, very much at your service."

"And you have been wounded," she said, softly.

"About a score of times, more or less. My arm is well now, but the doctor says I must continue the sling a little longer."

"And is that the Victoria Cross?"

"Admirably guessed! Is it the first you have seen?"

"Yes; you must tell me how you won it."

"Well, I was fortunate enough to rescue a lady from some sowars at Ramlehgunge. She was in the middle of a troop of about a dozen. I rode at them, sabred two, and got this slash; put her in front of me, and got away. They gave chase. Fortunately, my mare was thorough-bred, and carried the extra weight as if it had been nothing. I dropped five of our pursuers with my revolver, one by one; the rest gave in, after they had put a ball in my left arm."

"And as you are Mr. Ainslie no longer, what may be your present title?"

"If I must announce myself officially, then, Captain Frank Ainslie, K.-Companion of the Bath and V. C. But, you know, I am still longing for the performance of your promise. You do not know how often I have thought of it."

And so they danced together, at last.

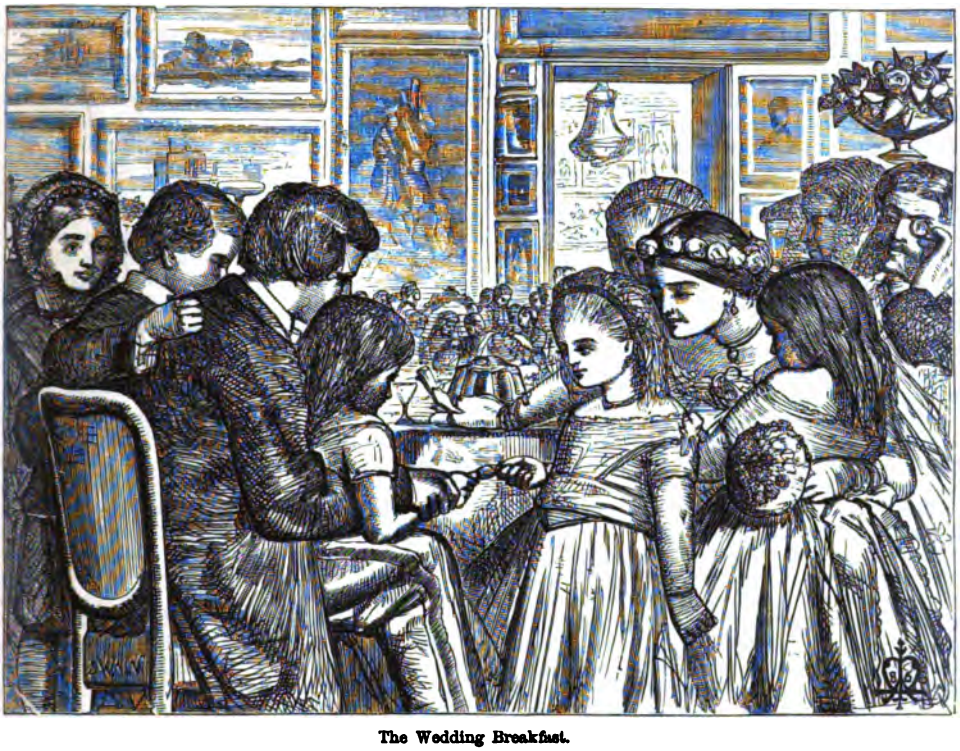
And immediately there was a perfect furore about the beautiful blonde that Frank was dancing with, and much wonder as to where she had sprung from; and Lady Morningthorpe received petitions from thirteen young gentlemen for an immediate introduction; so, if Frank had not taken the precaution of engaging her for two more dances, he would not have seen any more of her that evening.

But he would have seen her the next morning, if only to tell her something about the Alma and Inkermann.

And the next, if only to tell her how he was sent to India immediately after the fall of Sebastopol.

Two more would have been the least he could have allowed himself to give an account of the relief of Lucknow.

And nothing could have prevented the next being fully occupied by his inquiry whether she would share with him any future campaign that



The Wedding Breakfast.

the wheel of fortune or the Emperor Napoleon might render necessary; and—receiving a satisfactory answer thereto.

P.S. Lady Morningthorpe insisted on being allowed to give the wedding-breakfast.

N.B. It is my private opinion that if such a campaign should take place, Frank will not fight any the worse for being married.

Herbert Vaughan.

PASTIMES OF PEACE AN EXERCISE FOR WAR.

The rapid and healthy growth of the volunteer movement in our land bids fair to restore to us an institution from the decay of which we have long suffered. Play—honest, physical, hard play—has been, of late, far too much neglected by our adult and youthful population, and with the inevitable results. At thirty we are very apt to give up boating and cricketing, while a tramp over the brown stubbles after the partridges and a gallop over the breezy downs with the hounds, are luxuries obtainable but for a few months in the year, even when they come within the means of a working family man. To the vast majority they are, of course, unattainable, and to such, physical pastime, consequent upon the martial duties we have voluntarily undertaken, has become an admirable substitute for the physical play which we have given up from necessity or neglect. In our hearing the other day a barrister, of mature age and considerable practice, was dwelling, with unmistakable relish, upon the benefit he was deriving from the evening-drill to which he was subjected as a conscientious effective of one of the metropolitan rifle-corps. He had shouldered a rifle from a sense of duty, and already he was more than rewarded by his enjoyment of that hearty, physical play for which the healthy muscles never lose their relish.

Again, let us look at the physical pastime of those of us who were boys but yesterday. Of late years the business of life has increased immensely, while its recreation has been decreasing in an inverse ratio. The mind is taxed in a hundred ways unknown to and unthought of by our sires, and the strain is felt from the highest to the lowest worker in the land. The progress of the age has been everywhere to substitute mechanical for manual labour; and while an almost perfect system of locomotion compels us to dispense with pedestrian exercise, the wondrous development of machinery almost as completely supersedes manual exertion.

Nor is this all. With—and it may be in consequence of—these great changes, has arisen an ardent desire for knowledge, to which all classes alike yield. So that, in addition to a vast and daily-growing increase of mental labour for business purposes, we tax the mind with the acquirement of that information which we need to elevate us intellectually to the level of the age. And this tax is, in almost every case, levied upon our already reduced physical recreation. Mechanics Institutions, Young Men's Associations, Scientific Clubs, all admirable in their way, may yet be injurious to the youth of our towns in inducing them to neglect the body's weal, and so throw out the economy of that system the regularity of which depends so entirely upon the perfect well-being of all its component parts.

It may be thought that our remarks upon the decay of physical pastime will not apply to the rural population of our land, whose daily manual labour must sufficiently exercise their muscles and develop their physical growth. But, fortunately for that self-defensive movement which is stirring us so deeply, the lack of physical pastime is just as strongly felt in country as in town. Any one with the least experience of rural England must often have regretted that the honest healthful play, to which we have before alluded, has been allowed to die away.

Stroll through any of its villages on a summer-evening and take note of the group of men and youths you may see lounging round the pump in awkward contortions of ease, or through the red-curtained windows of the public-house, smoking, drinking, gambling, breathing air morally and physically impure; and say whether they had not better be upon the village-green wrestling, leaping, quarrelling if they will. Ask the drill-sergeant or the man-of-war's boatswain, whether he draws his better and more promising lads from the mural or rural districts of England, and we shall be surprised indeed if his answer does not upset your conception of the muscular strength and physical superiority of the ploughmen of merry England over their "Town" brethren.

Nor must it be thought that, after the hard labour of the day, the agricultural workman needs absolute repose of the muscles. Physical labour by no means incapacitates for physical play. From the study of the most abstruse science the student turns for relief, and with redoubled zest, to the delights of poetry, although they, too, are mental, and call into action similar organs. So the wearied ploughman would gain rather than lose strength and freshness by the physical pastime of the evening, which would rouse into action qualities of hardihood, emulation, and endurance, seldom required in the daily labour of his life.

Concluding then that such a pastime for peace, which should be part of and fitly tend to a sterner exercise for war, would be beneficial to the physical welfare of all of us, of every class and age, but few words are necessary to convince our readers of its national importance. The present defensive movement, to become of real and lasting benefit to the state, must permeate through every class, and settle, finally, into a recognised pastime of peace. A few months or years may see the clouds, that at present appear to threaten our national safety, broken and dispersed, and an almost absolute security restored to us. When such a time comes happily, if the nation does not disarm as rapidly and completely as she is now arming, it will, we firmly believe, be owing mainly to her having, in the meanwhile, made of the rifle a national toy, and of martial exercise a national pastime.

Such play, with such a meaning in it, has never been long neglected in our own or any other land, without consequent peril. The wisest men of old knew its importance, and not only advocated but practised it.

King David thought it worth his leisure while to instruct the youth of Judah in the use of their national weapon—the bow; in free Greece the olive-crown of the athlete and the poet were alike honoured, and Pindar commemorated the triumph of mind and of valour with equal impartiality. As it was a bad day for Grecian independence, when its youth neglected the gymnasia for the barbers' shops and the baths, and began to be critical about the cut and folds of their white toga, — so it was a bad day for Saxon England when her sons left their martial sport for the revel and excess in franklins' halls or village ale-houses. Old chronicles are rife with remonstrances and anxious fears upon this point, and sure enough they were but too literally verified when the Saxon went down before the Norman shaveling on Hastings' field.

It may not be amiss for us to remember that the Anglo-Saxon rallied from revel and ale-house to meet with that defeat, and to struggle for two hundred years before he could force upon his victors the language and institutions of his race. Again, let us compare old Roger Ascham's definition of an English youth with that of Etherege, remembering the while that the brave schoolmaster's lads grew to be the men who laughed at the Spaniard's beard and blew his vaunted Armada to the winds, while the latter stood idly by to see England become the pensioner of France. Says mincing Etherege, "My complete gentleman should dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters and an agreeable voice for a chamber:" outspeaks the brave old dominie, my English lad shall "ride comely, run fair at tilt and ring, play at all weapons, shoot fair in bow or sure in gun; vault lustily; run, leap, wrestle, swim." He will have him able to "dance comely, sing, play of instruments cunningly;" but it must be only when he can "hawk, hunt, play at tennis, and all pastimes generally which be *joined with labour*, and so contain in them some fit exercise for war."

We come now to consider how best this pastime of peace and exercise for war can be combined and cultivated among us. If, as we have before said, the volunteer movement is to be anything more than a temporary expedient, the pastime of our lads should be so directed that it should lead them naturally to, and fit them effectively for, the use of arms in later life. With our public schoolboys such a pastime would soon become most popular. The youthful population of town and country would be more difficult of access, but if nothing dies quicker, nothing at least spreads faster than a

martial spirit, and if we can but catch it at its red heat, and form it into an institution, the rest may be safely left to its own intrinsic charms. Practical details come awkwardly from an unprofessional pen; but surely there are no towns, and but few villages, wanting in some war-veteran who would gladly shoulder his walking-stick and instruct the youth of his neighbourhood in the rudiments of his old profession.

If we were to go so far as to advocate the regular military training of our lads, their early enrolment into bands, and their instruction in the use of the rifle, we should most probably injure a good cause by over zeal. But we will not deny that we regard such a development as probable and desirable, and we are prepared to show that it is not without good precedent. With the exception of America there is no nation which owes more to the individual skill of its citizens in the use of the rifle than Switzerland. The respect which a true Swiss has for that weapon dates from his youth. He puts aside his holidays to public exhibition of his skill in its use, and devotes many a leisure hour to private practice with it. By the borders of his lakes—behind the wooden village-houses—in the thick soft pasturage at the foot of the hills in which the dun cows browse, fetlock deep, you catch sight of his rifle-target; indeed, his chief social fault is, that he is a little too prone to the use of his favourite weapon in his Cantonal disputes, and that he is not always content to wait for the blue or white coat, against which he may sooner or later legitimately level it.

Steaming down the lakes of Zurich in the autumn of 1858, we were attracted, soon after passing Rapperschwyl, by the distant smoke of musketry and the glistening of bayonets on the far shore. The steamer's course was at once directed towards it, the engines were stopped, and as we stood off the shore, crew and passengers leant over the bulwark, and with equal interest watched the progress of the mimic fight. We were yet too far off to recognise the combatants with any distinctness, but we could see the plan of the battle, and that its chief fury raged about an old stone tower at the top of a little hill of vineyards, that sprung up abruptly from the lake's edge. This tower was evidently the key of the enemy's position, while their right rested upon the vineyard wall, their left upon a little knoll of trees. The whole line came into engagement as we looked on, and while the wings had enough to do to hold their own, the one gun which formed the whole artillery in action, was brought to bear upon the tower. The spit, spit of the skirmishers' rifles, the roll of the platoon firing, the heavy boom of the one gun, were plainly audible, until in time the wings seemed to waver, they fell back, and the whole line advanced at a run, their bayonets flashing out brightly in the sunshine. At this juncture we steamed away, leaving the defenders of the old tower making a last obstinate but, no doubt, ineffectual resistance.

Sipping our coffee in the salle à manger of the Belle Vue Hotel on the very margin of Zurich's fair waters, on the evening of that same day, we were attracted by the glare of many lights, and the sound of many voices without. Making our way into the open air, we found the blue lake lit up by several blazing rafts of flame, while the streets and quays were bordered with cressets of fire; and, at intervals, handfuls of rockets were thrown up into the clear sky as though to taunt the noble comet then in its glorious zenith, into a more grand and beautiful display. Attaching ourselves to an obliging bourgeois — "grossier comme un Zurichois," say the guide-books; but who believes them?—we are told that these festive preparations are intended to welcome home the warriors we had seen fighting on the lake's border.

"They are disembarking, just now," says our companion, and we hurry over the bridge and along the quays to meet them. Quite a crowd, for a continental city, is waiting on the wide Platz, and along the line by which they must pass. They are some time forming under the green acacia trees, but at last the drums roll out a brisk march, the bayonets are seen glistening through the murky air, and forward they march. And then these warriors prove to be the boys of Zurich and the neighbourhood, from sixteen years of age down perhaps to ten—dressed in a neat pretty uniform, armed with a rifle, proportioned to the bearer's strength and age, and each wearing a sprig of green in his shako—who have been out for a day's play on the lake's border. Play, you will say, with a very deep and practical purpose in it; remembering, as they very likely do, how often in the French revolutionary wars this home of theirs was taken, squeezed, and flung away, by the various combatants.

It is evident that the lads are weary and foot-sore, but they bear themselves manfully, the boy officers, with their little swords drawn, tripping along the line, and dressing up the ranks briskly. As they march along, quays, bridges, and streets, are illumined with blue and crimson lights, which throw a picturesque glare upon the quaint German houses and the old towers of the cathedral in which Erasmus's preaching helped to secure the freedom of thought and action for which these lads of Zurich may some day have to fight. At the Stadthaus the young troops halt, more coloured lights are burnt, a few words are addressed to them from one of the windows, their arms are grounded on the stone pavement with a crash, and the weary Kadetten disperse to their homes. That it is not altogether an English sight is the reflection which occurs most readily to the English mind; but we have since thought that if our battles are as likely as theirs to be fought upon home ground, the sooner such a sight becomes familiar among us the better.

The adoption of such pastime in England; would not be without its attendant difficulties, but we can scarcely think them serious, far less insurmountable. Brighton would, no doubt, look aghast at Dr. Swych, if that worthy pedagogue should propose to lead out for a few summer days' martial training upon the Downs, those young gentlemen whose exercise in dreary file has so often excited our sympathy and, it is to be feared, contempt. But we feel sure that Dr. Swych's young gentlemen would gain immensely, if only by becoming English boys for one week in the

year, and that they would return to their Plutarch and Euripides with a zest and freshness which would surprise Dr. S. beyond measure. Conceive, too, with what novel and unbounded delight a week under canvas in the Windsor Home Park would be received by Eton. Why it would more than compensate it for the loss of its Montem. And we believe it would not be long before such an example would spread, and our English greens and commons would witness a wholesome revival of that manly pastime of peace which has fitted Englishmen so well for the stern exercise of war.

Nor would such a revival be without other, if secondary, importance to society. That so little sympathy exists just now between class and class is owing less to un-English pride on the one side, or unmanly reserve on the other, than to a want of opportunities of intercourse and labour-fellowship from which appreciation and mutual dependence would surely spring. The pastime which we recommend would soon attract our youth from hall and cottage alike. Show us the true English lad of any class, who will be able to refrain from taking part in play of this nature, established as it should be on our country commons and village greens. Before the spirit of honest emulation there engendered and fostered, the frostwork of conventionality will melt and disappear. The young gentleman will soon be piqued to owe his rank and position not so much to the accident of birth as to well-won superiority in physical pluck and strength. Should he succeed, a more willing and hearty respect will be conceded him. Should he fail, he will learn to respect his victors as superior to him in some respects at least, while they will admire and appreciate his generous self-denial. Such a pastime of peace which shall be at the same time an exercise for war, will knit future squire and yeoman, apprentice, master, and man in an honest, hearty fellowship which would surely be a sufficient recommendation for its speedy adoption, were other and more important ones wanting.

W. J. Stewart.

OUR PECK OF DIRT.

"What a fellow you are, Routitout, can't you let us enjoy our breakfast in peace?" good-humouredly remarked handsome Fred, as he balanced on his fork the bright purple end of a polony at a bachelor's breakfast-party.

Now old Routitout wasn't a bit of a curmudgeon, but when he took up any subject nothing could induce him to let it go until, like a puppy with a new rug, he had tugged it to pieces. The report of the debate in the House of Commons on the adulteration of food had, unluckily, just caught his eye, and accordingly he went into the subject, with which he was really well acquainted, with as much gusto as Tom Sayers, a week ago, went in at the Benicia Boy.

"It's all very well to say, 'I don't care for adulteration,'" he authoritatively exclaimed, "but you must: this breakfast-table is built up of adulterations; take that polony you think so spicy, what will you say to finding your toes rotting off in a month or two, like an old post in damp ground?"

"Come, that won't do, old fellow, why should we take in the dry rot with German sausages?"

"My dear boy, that is precisely what you must take your chance of, if you will eat these poison-bags without inquiring; why, in all probability, that sausage is made from putrid meat—you may always suspect bad meat where there is high seasoning, and there are hundreds of instances on record of people rotting away at their extremities, from eating these putrid German sausages."

We all looked up; Bob Saunders in his amazement spilt a spoonful of yolk down his handsome whiskers, and there was a general pause. There is nothing like opening a conversation with a startling fact, and this old Routitout knew full well, and proceeded to take instant advantage of the sensation he had created.

"Fact!" said he, "here is an account" (pulling an old German newspaper out of his pocket) "of three German students who gradually rotted away from eating putrid sausages at Heidelburg."

"Well, they may keep their polonies for me," said Bob, "I stick to eggs; what can you make of them, old fellow?"

"Why in all probability, the one you are eating ought to have been by this time a grandfather. Laid in some remote village of France this time last year, it has lain ever since pickled in lime water. The antiquity of your London eggs is marvellous. They come over here by the million at a time, and you don't suppose the Continental hens hold monster meetings to suit the time of the exporter?"

"I wish you would turn the conversation," Bob replied. "I taste the lime quite strong, and must wash it down with a cup of coffee."

"Bean-flour, you mean," replied his tormentor, "and possibly something worse. Just turn it over in your mouth again, and see if there is a saw-dust smack in it. The fine dark Mocha you get in the New Cut, for instance, is adulterated with mahogany sawdust."

My friend, Ned Allen, a bit of a heavy swell, who affected to admire now and then a plebeian thing, struck in here in his lisping way:—

"Well, I musth declare the finesth cup of coffee I ever tasthted was at four o'clock in the morning at an itinerant coffee-stand after Lady Charlotte's ball—'twas really delicious!"

I saw old Routitout's eye twinkle, as much as to say, 'now thou art delivered into my hands.' "Fine body in it, eh! Such a 'horsey-doggy' man as you should have recognised the flavour of, &c., &c."

"Good God! what can you mean?" exclaimed Ned.

"Oh! nothing, nothing; no doubt you felt a sinking after that old skinflint's supper, and wanted some animal food."

"Animal food in coffee, prepostwous!"

"Ah! my dear friend, I don't like to disturb your equanimity, but it is a noted fact that the strong coffees used by the itinerant coffee standkeepers get their flavour from the knackers' yards. There are manufacturers over in the Borough, where they dry and pulverise horses' blood for the sake of adulterating cheap coffees; and then the cream, how do you think they could give you such luscious

cream in your coffee at a penny a cup?—why, simply enough, they thicken it with calves' brains. If you don't believe me, read 'Rugg on London Milk,' and see what he found in it with his microscope."

"Well, I'm safe, then," I interposed, "as I never touch anything but the best green."

"That's just the mistake you reading men always make," he replied. "I dare say you innocently believe that green tea is made of the young tender leaves of the plant, but the real truth is, it is black tea painted—painted and bloomed like a worn-out old hag."

Old Routitout dipped his huge fist into the caddy and took out a handful of young Hyson, and held it side-ways to the light on his open hand: "Do you see that beautiful pearly green colour, that's called the glaze—a mixture of turmeric and Prussian blue. Think, my dear fellow, of the dose of poison you have been regularly taking every night and morning; perhaps you can now account for that dreadful nightmare you had last night. Old Sarah, the first and great Duchess of Marlborough, used to say that she was born before nerves came into fashion; and she never said a truer thing, for green tea came in about her time, and 'the cup that cheers, but not inebriates,' began to do its deadly work upon us Britons."

"Do the Chinese drink green tea?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied, "the real young sprouts of the shrub, but not the glazed abomination sent over here;—that is manufactured by them expressly to suit the barbarian."

"But is there no tea wholesome?" we all cried in astonishment.

"Yes," retorted old Routitout, tartly, "your good strong Congou at 3*s.* 4*d.* is generally pure; black tea is mostly pure unless you happen to get some old tea-leaves redried. There are people who go about to club-houses to collect old tea-leaves, not to brush carpets with, but to recurl and dye, and sell again. If you happen to take a cup that tastes like hay, be sure that there has been a resurrection from the teapot. Hundreds of tons of it are made in London yearly."

"Have an anchovy, Bob?"

"They ain't anchovies," interposed our old friend. "Do you think they can afford to give you real anchovies at a shilling a bottle? I tell you what they are, though, Dutch fish coloured and flavoured to suit the market; that strong red paste in which they swim is bole armenian, a ferruginous earth. You *must* eat your peck of dirt before you die, you know."

"My dear Mr. Routitout," interposed a quiet gentlemanly man of our party, "take a pinch of snuff to restore your equanimity."

Our quiet friend might just as well have trodden at that moment on the tail of a puff adder.

Old Routitout took a pinch with a mock serenity, and said, "Yes, if I wished to be poisoned. Do you ever feel a weakness in your wrists, my dear friend, eh?"

"Good gracious me! no, sir!"

"Well, then, if you will only persist long enough in taking this kind of snuff, you will gradually find your hands fall powerless at the wrist, like the fore-paws of a kangaroo."

Here was another sensation, and we all looked for some explanation.

"You think you are taking nothing but powdered tobacco," said our old friend, glaring at the snuffer, "but I tell you there is either chromate of potash, chromate of lead, or red lead in it to give it a colour, and you get saturnine poisoning as a consequence."

"Come, take a pickle?" archly interposed that incorrigible Bob, determined to rile our tormentor, "the vinegar won't disagree with you."

"You are verdant enough to suppose that is the natural colour of the vegetable, I suppose?" retorted old Routitout, harpooning a gherkin with his fork.

"To be sure I am, my Diogenes," that youth replied, "come, get out of your tub and descant."

"Then give Diogenes a steel fork, a knitting-needle—anything of bright steel will do to touch this verdant lie, and show you the ugly venomous thing it contains. Now, let that knife remain in the jar for an hour, and perhaps we shall learn the secret of these verdant pickles. The very vinegar is falsified."

"While you are about it you may as well attack the whole cruet-stand!"

"Nothing easier in the world. That prime 'Durham Mustard,' for instance, is a delusion and a snare. There's scarcely a bit of mustard that *you can get* pure at any price. This stuff is nothing more than 95 per cent. of wheaten-flour, just a dash of pure mustard, turmeric to paint it up to concert pitch, and black pepper to make it sting; and you have been labouring under the delusion all the while that you have been eating mustard, sir."

"'Pon my honour, I have," replied Bob; "but what about the vinegar?"

"When do you particularly like vinegar?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I like a dash on a native, taken standing at an oyster-stall, just to cool one's coppers after the—opera."

"Just so," said Mr. Routitout, gravely drawing from his pocket a note-book. "I'll let Dr. Hassall have a word with you—this is what he says for your especial comfort: 'We have found some samples of vinegar to consist of little else but sulphuric acid coloured with sugar: it is in low coffee-houses and oyster-stalls that such vinegar is not uncommonly met with.' So you see, my friend, you are in the habit of 'cooling your coppers' with vitriol, sir, vitriol!"

"Now, then," said Bob, not half liking it, "serve out the pepper, my boy."

"Well, pepper—what you call pepper—is mainly flour and linseed-meal, flavoured with D. P. D."

"What in the name of all that is sacred is D. P. D.?"

"Oh, D. P. D. is short for dust of pepper dust—the sweepings of the mills. The manufacturers supply it to the grocers in barrels, so that they can falsify at pleasure."

"Don't forget the soy while you are about it."

"Well, that's nothing more than treacle and salt, so says Hassall, and the fish-sauce nothing

but vinegar and catsup coloured—with what do you think?"

"Can't tell."

"Minute chips of charred deal!"

"Come," I interposed, "after all these disagreeables, allow me to recommend you one of these sweetmeats. What will you have?—a mutton chop, a rasher of bacon, or an oyster all done in sugar—or here's a cock coloured to the life."

"Charming bird, certainly; and so you recommend this cock for a delicate stomach?"

"Well, drop it in your pocket, and I dare say one of the little Routitouts will not make wry faces about it."

"Won't they! I think I know something about this amiable bird. Look at his bright yellow beak—well, that's only chromate of lead, and those blood-red wattles—there is nothing more injurious in their colour than vermilion. Those beautiful stripes of yellow on the wings are gamboge, and the verdant stand on which he is strutting is arseniate of copper, or Scheele's green—three deadly poisons and a drastic purge! Perhaps now you would like one of your younkers to have a suck at this game pullet?"

"Not so bad as that, old fellow!" I replied, furtively dropping out of my pocket a coloured bonbon intended for the little one at home. "A slight indigestion, perhaps, that a dose of grey-powder would put to rights in a day."

"I am very glad you mentioned grey powder—mercury and chalk that should be; for, let me tell you, you may find the remedy worse than the disease."

"Why, do you know, sir," he said, raising his voice, "that they sometimes make this infantile remedy out of the scrapings of looking-glasses?"

"And what are the scrapings of looking-glasses composed of?"

"Why, an amalgam of tin, antimony, and arsenic, as a foil for the mercury. They sell this abominable stuff at 8*d.*a-pound, and if you happen to buy grey powder in a low neighbourhood, you stand a very good chance of getting some of it. Not content with poisoning and loading our food with all sorts of indigestible rubbish, they next proceed to adulterate the drugs we depend upon to cure us."

"Well, upon my word," said Bob, "here we've been jollifying at this elegant *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and eating all the delicacies of the season, when in comes this learned wretch and turns it all into gall and wormwood. Let us see what we've really taken. Why, there's a whole paint-box of paints to begin with—Prussian blue, turmeric, bole armenian—"

"Stop a bit," cried old Routitout, "those preserves look very red,—there's cochineal in them; put down cochineal."

"Very well, cochineal,—blue, yellow, red and scarlet,—four coats of paint for delicate stomachs."

"Now, then, for the minerals; sulphur in the sulphuric acid, lead in my friend's rappee."

"Stop a minute," eagerly interposed Routitout, "again let me examine the knife," and rushing to the pickle-jar he triumphantly returned, "Copper! I told you so—look at the coating on the knife. Copper, by jingo!"

"Very well,—lead, copper."

"And if any of you had happened to have sweetened your tooth with that cock of magnificent plumage, there would have been an addition of mercury and arseniate of copper, a pretty metallic currency to put into your blood's circulation with your breakfast, and then for a gentle alterative to-morrow morning—antimony, mercury, and arsenic, alias grey powder, would be likely to set matters right with a vengeance," and old Routitout laughed a demoniac laugh, "and, stop a bit, you have not done yet—there's lime in the eggs, sand in the sugar, horse-blood in the coffee, and, perhaps, mahogany saw-dust; just throw these little items in to make it 'thick and slab.'"

"Bob," said I, turning very briskly upon our tormentor, "let's wash our mouths out with a glass of beer."

"Here's to you," he said, watching with his clear blue eye the 'beaded bubbles winking at the brim.'

"I dare say now you think that fine head is a recommendation to your tipple. The author of a practical treatise on brewing, however, lets us into a secret; the heading, he tells us, is a mixture of half alum and half copperas ground to a fine powder, and is so-called for giving to porter and ales *the beautiful head of froth* which constitutes one of its peculiar properties, and which landlords are so anxious to raise to gratify their customers. That fine flavour of malt is produced by mixing salts of steel with cocculus indicus, Spanish liquorice, treacle, tobacco, and salt."

"But there's nothing of the kind in pale ale," I replied."

"Well," said he, in a half-disappointed tone, "they used to take about strychnine, though I believe that's all bosh, but you can't deny the camomiles."

"But what's the use of disenchanting us in this way, if tradesmen are all robbers together?" I inquired. "What remedy have we?"

"That's just the thing the House of Commons at this very moment are trying to give you. Mr. Scholefield's bill on the adulteration of food, which was originally intended to hit the adulterator very hard, is emasculated enough, for fear of interfering with trade; but there will be some protection for the intelligent classes, it is true. Any article suspected of being adulterated, may be publicly analysed, and if found to be sophisticated, the guilty party will be liable to a fine: this will lead to the better class of tradesmen warranting their goods as pure, and the middle and upper classes will, in the end, reap the benefit of Dr. Hassall's investigations, and Mr. Scholefield's bill—but as for the poor, God help them! They pay dear for what they have, and never, by any chance, have it pure; and as they can't afford to have suspected articles analysed, they must go to the wall, as of old. We want a little touch of French despotism in these matters. Every drop of milk brought into Paris is tested at the barriers by the lactometer, to see if the 'Iron-tailed cow' has been guilty of diluting it—if so, the whole of it is remorselessly thrown into the gutter—the Paris milk is very pure in consequence. If a tradesman adulterates any

article of food offered for sale, he is first fined, and then made publicly to confess his fault, by means of a large placard in his window, setting forth the exact nature of the trick he has played upon his customers. Imagine some of our leading tradesmen obliged to sit in sackcloth and ashes, and suffer this moral pillory! One or two rogues thus exposed, would have a marvellous effect in keeping the sand out of the sugar, and the burnt beans out of the coffee, &c., &c."

"Now then, old fellow, as you have worked yourself round into a good humour again, take a weed?"

"Not the slightest objection in life, for it's the only thing to be got unsophisticated—there is plenty of bad tobacco, it is true—but we know it is tobacco. There are many tales going, about the fine qualities of British tobacco grown in the Camberwell cabbage-beds—but it's all fudge."

"Come," said I. "Let's take a constitutional in the fresh air after this lecture?"

"Fresh air, indeed," all our old friend's savageness was evidently reviving. "Fresh air with every gully hole sending forth streams of sulphuretted hydrogen, and sulphuric acid, impregnating all the water—where on earth do you find your fresh air?"

Where he would have ended there is no telling, had not Bob slily tempted him with a thumping principe, on which his mouth closed with immense satisfaction to all parties concerned. A. W.

THE LACE-LEAF PLANT AT KEW.

Few of the residents in London able to command occasionally a leisure hour for recreation and enjoyment are strangers to the National Garden at Kew, and few from the provinces make a visit of any duration to London without devoting at least one day to this most agreeable place of public resort; while to many intelligent and scientific foreigners it constitutes one of the attractions by which they are drawn to our shores. The rich and extensive herbarium of Kew; the number and value of the specimens, arranged in admirable order in its museum of economic botany; its magnificent and well-filled palm-house, containing some of the most gorgeous trees of tropical climates; and its smaller, but scarcely less valuable, houses filled with tropical ferns, succulents, aloes, and aquatic plants; all these, not to mention others, amply repay a visit at any season of the year; while the excellent arrangements of the present Director of the Garden are such as to afford to the visitor every possible gratification.

The attraction of the garden is increased by the addition of rare and valuable plants which it is constantly receiving from every quarter of the globe. Many of the most choice and beautiful specimens from foreign countries found in English and even continental collections were first acclimated here, as in the instance of the superb *Victoria regia*, one of the most magnificent of modern additions to our stove aquaria. To this class of plants has also more recently been added a smaller but equally rare and singularly curious plant, which Sir W. J. Hooker designated, on account of the delicate and beautiful open-work structure of its leaves, the *Lace-leaf*, or *Ouvirandra fenestralis*, from Madagascar.

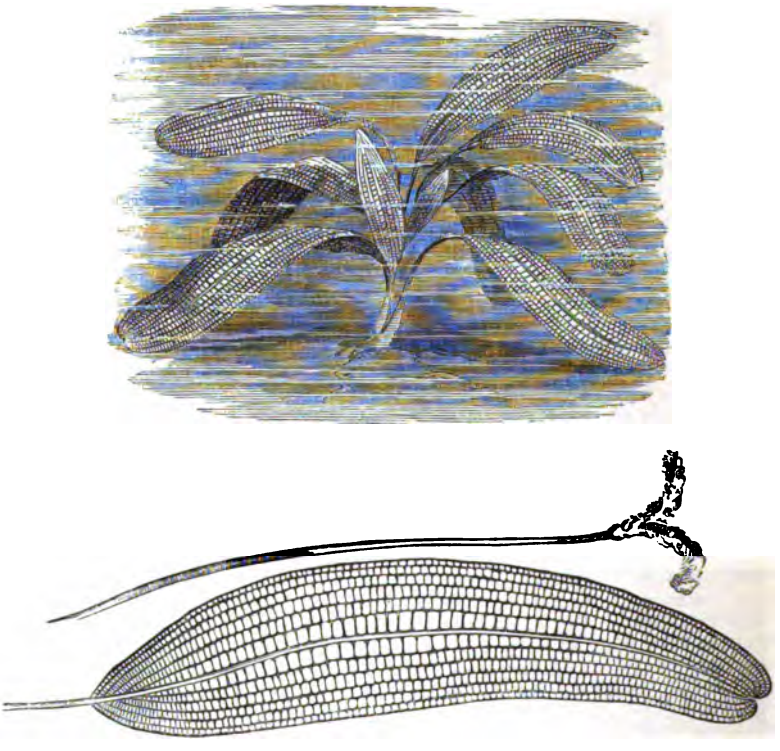
This singular vegetable production, which Sir W. J. Hooker speaks of as "one of the most wonderful and curious of plants," has not, for some years past, been unknown to botanists: dried and other specimens had been brought to Europe, and there was a splendid plant preserved in spirits in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris; but the living plant had not been seen in Europe till Mr. Ellis, on his return from Madagascar, in 1855, brought a number of plants to England. Dr. Lindley had pointed out the plant to Mr. Ellis previous to his visit to the country in which it had been found. A drawing of the plant, made at Mauritius, being shown to the natives of Madagascar, one of them at length recognised in the drawing a plant with the habitat of which he was acquainted, went in search of it, and, after two or three days' absence, returned, having discovered the objects of his search, but failed to procure any of them on account, as he stated, of his apprehensions of the crocodiles, by which the stream was infested, and who it was supposed could scarcely be expected to forego a meal for "the advancement of science." At length the native brought back a lot of nice green healthy-looking plants, which (being deposited in a tub with some of the mud from the bed of the stream) were placed in the ship's hold, where—after narrowly escaping the infliction of the sentence of an ignorant and ill-natured skipper, who had ordered the cook of the ship to pour boiling water upon them—they reached Mauritius in safety. Here a broad-based tub being provided, they were planted in earth, and covered with water, the tub being fitted with a glazed lid, admitting light and excluding sea-water, but opening by means of a hinge to allow fresh water from the shore to be given to the plants at the Cape, St. Helena, and Ascension. Thus carefully treated, they reached England safely in the spring of 1855.

When Sir W. J. Hooker heard of the arrival of a living plant in England, his concern for its preservation scarcely allowed him to feel sure of its safe custody until it should be actually in the aquarium at Kew, where a plant in flower was very soon afterwards placed. Plants were also presented to the Gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, to the Botanic Gardens at the Regent's Park, and to the Crystal Palace. The Lace-leaf plant has since been added to several collections in England, and has been sent to the Continent and to North America. It is also stated in some of the public journals to have been adopted as a pattern for the manufacture of artificial flowers, of which, it is added, large quantities have been made.

The cultivation of the plant has not hitherto been generally successful in England, owing, apparently, to attempts to grow it in water kept at too low a temperature, as it seems to thrive best in water kept at about 80°. The plant at the Regent's Park has been sent back to Mr. Ellis for the recovery of its health, and is understood to be promising well.

Sir W. J. Hooker published a scientific descrip-

tion of this remarkable plant in the London Botanical Journal for January, 1856. In the description there given, after noticing the curious fork-like inflorescence, it is stated that the leaf "seems like a living fibrous skeleton rather than a perfect leaf. The longitudinal fibres, or nerves, surrounded by a portion of parenchyma, extend in curved lines along its entire length, and are united by thread-like nerves or nervelets, crossing them at right angles, from side to side, at short distances from each other. The colour is bright green, and the whole leaf looks as if composed of fine tendrils, wrought after a most regular pattern, so as to resemble a piece of bright green lace or open needle-work. Each leaf rises from the crown on the root like a short, delicate, pale-green or yellow fibre, gradually unfolding its feathery sides, and increasing in size as it spreads beneath the water. It is scarcely possible to imagine any object of the kind more curious and attractive



than a full-grown plant, with its dark green leaves forming the limit of a circle two or three feet in diameter, and exhibiting in the transparent water within that circle leaves in every state of development, as regards brightness, colour, and variation of size. Nor is it less curious to notice that these slender and fragile structures, apparently not more substantial than gossamer, and flexile as a feather, still possess a tenacity and wiriness which allows the delicate leaf to be raised by the hand to the surface of the water without injury." Sir William J. Hooker remarks, in the course of his account of the plant, "We shall be surprised if all who are interested in horticulture do not possess themselves of so curious and beautiful an object. Being entirely aquatic, the leaves even submerged, we cannot doubt but it may be cultivated in glass aquaria, and even in a glass jar placed in the drawing-room, as is done with the *Vallisneria spiralis*, &c."

A second species, with pink-coloured flowers, described by Sir W. J. Hooker as *Ouvirandra Bernieriana*, has since been introduced by Mr. Ellis, who has succeeded in raising young plants of the *Ouvirandra fenestralis* from seed.

Ouvirandra, the native name of the plant, has been adopted by botanists to designate the genus to which it belongs. In the language of the people of Madagascar, the name signifies yam of the water—*ouvi* being the name for yam, and *rano* (to which, for the sake of sound, the *d* is added,) signifying water. It is a useful as well as a curious plant, and is called *ouvi* because the white fleshy root, though small as compared with the yam, resembles it in structure, and is sometimes used by the natives of the country as an article of food.

The plant grows on the lower and hottest portions of the country in the level parts of streams from the mountains, that seem to wash down the soil by which it is nourished. It is found at a depth of from a foot to three feet or more, and it is a singular fact that, however shallow the water may be, the leaves are always beneath the surface,

while, whatever may be the depth of the stream, the flower-stalk always rises above the surface, and the inflorescence is developed and the seeds ripened under the influence of the sun and air.

The conditions under which the culture of the *Ouvirandra fenestralis* has been pursued at Kew have been so favourable, and its treatment so successful, that it has grown remarkably well, attaining a size and exhibiting a freshness and vigour equal to any attained in its native streams. During the summer months it has recently formed one of the choice attractions of the garden, and was, for a time, placed in the house built for the *Victoria regia*, though during the winter it requires the protection of a more sheltered position and more uniform temperature.

The illustration of this beautiful plant is from a living specimen. W. Ellis.

HAIR CUT, SIR?

Ye, who in an utilitarian and investigating age, would seek to trace the advance of luxury, and speculate upon its effects on the manners and morality of men—come and have your hair cut!

Mention not that ancient city of Prince Bladud, suggested by the trivial to such as advance questionable propositions—I said *cut*, not *shaved*. I could write very learnedly, if I chose, of a time when gentlemen had their heads shaved, without any imputation on their sanity, and had other people's hair made up into wigs, plastered up with fat, and floured all over; but it is not of this sort of hair-dressing that I intend to treat.

In my early youth I looked upon the hair-cutter as a sworn tormentor, second only in point of savagery to the family dentist. Our barber was a stout, stertorous man, who operated in his shirt sleeves, and wore a large apron, with a double-barrelled pocket in front, tied round his black satin waistcoat. His hair, which was deeply, unnaturally black, was bestowed in fat, flabby rolls over his neck and ears—his ambition being, as it appeared to me, to make it look as much like a wig as possible. He exercised his art in a stuffy little back shop, in an atmosphere of bear's grease. His implements were not of the choicest description: his comb, which, when not required, was stuck in his greasy hair, had a broken tooth, and a generally washed-out appearance: his scissors had a sharp, angry way of snapping: and his brush (he used but one) was a narrow, oblong affair, all handle, with a blistered back, and low-spirited bristles. When about to become one of his patients, I was seated in a rush-bottomed chair, and covered with a pink checked cloth of dubious cleanliness, which he tucked roughly down my neck, and wound about me in such a manner, that I could not raise my hands to brush away the clippings that he scattered over my face, had my life depended upon so doing. Having me thus completely in his power, he would grasp my neck tightly with wide-stretched finger and thumb, and then, with three dumpy digits of his disengaged hand, would poke my head suddenly on one side, causing the most acute pain to my upper vertebra. He then began snapping his cross-grained scissors about my ears in an abstracted manner. He took delight in combing a lock of hair down upon my forehead close to my eyes. He would then pass one of the blades slowly under it, grazing along the skin, and sharply snap them together, in a way that made me feel hot all over. The clipping process done, he would proceed to dab at my head with his miserable brush, still retaining his former abstracted air—his gaze being intently fixed upon nothing at all on the opposite wall of the apartment. Thus, gazing, would he repeatedly apply the wooden sides of the brush to my scalp, or the low-spirited bristles to my nose and mouth. He never dreamed of apologising for his awkwardness, and snored audibly all the time I was under his hands.

Notwithstanding his having stuffed so much of the wrapper down my neck, as to burst off the button of my shirt collar, he contrived to sow short sharp pieces of cut hair all down my person, even into my boots.

It was not because I was but a "small boy,' that I underwent this treatment. My uncle John was a florid gentleman, six feet one in his stockings, and, moreover, not blessed with the sweetest of tempers,—yet I have seen him surrender himself like a lamb into the hands of our hair-dresser, and have inwardly chuckled at witnessing the wry faces my worthy relative made as his head was poked and knocked about, and his hair tugged at when it got into a tangle. Certainly our hair-dresser had no idea of the "suaviter in modo," and if the comb met with an impediment in passing through our locks, the "fortiter in re" was remorselessly applied.

Years pass on, and I am conscious of a marvellous change that has come over the spirit of hair-cutters. No longer do I look forward with dread to the day when I must go and be clipped. On the contrary, I am glad of any excuse to seek a tonsor. I am shown into a handsomely furnished apartment, and take a comfortable seat in front of a large looking-glass; before me is a toilet-table, or marble slab, covered with perfumes and essences in cut-glass bottles of brilliant hue. A young man glides quietly into the room, bows, and covers me loosely with a snow-white wrapper, which he fastens about my shoulders with the utmost care. The only objection that I can find to the young man, who looks like a captain in the army as represented on the stage, is his pertinacious misapplication of the letter *H*—otherwise, he is better than a father to me; his scissors are noiseless, his touch light as eider-down, he coos soft observations, meteorological and otherwise, which I need not answer, into my ear; he cuts my hair in a way that sends me into a delicious dream, passes his hands caressingly over my extensive bumps of philanthropy, veneration, memory, &c., and only rouses me from the delicious reverie into which his gentle manipulations have thrown me, to inquire if I will be pleased to be shampooed. Of course I will! Anything at thy hands, gentlest of thy race! Thereupon a large tin basin on a stand is wheeled in front of me. It looks unpleasantly like what I met with at my dentist's, but such is my state of dreamy happiness that no unpleasing association arises. I am requested to bend my head, and my military-looking operator

proceeds to apply a soft cool mixture which I do not see; he then cleanses, coaxes, and lovingly fondles each separate lock of hair. This done, I am treated to a warm shower which becomes gradually cooler and cooler, till a cold douche splashes over my sconce, causing me the most exquisite sensations. The more than womanly tenderness with which I am dried baffles description. The shampooing apparatus being removed, I am brushed (not patted on the head with a piece of board stuck over with bristles), but *brushed* with brushes moved with firm but gentle pressure through my hair, which is then parted with earnest care. A pang of regret passes over me whilst this is doing, for full well I know that the delicious operation is drawing towards an end. I would gladly pay double and ask the gentle operator to begin again, but conscience forbids me to revel in such luxury. I am pained to be compelled to tell my velvet-fingered attendant that I do not require any Balsamic Cream of Mesopotamia, or, in fact, anything else for my "'air," and I quit that mansion of blissful sensations, a light-headed but clear-brained man, in just the right mood to turn an epigram or pay a compliment. Albany Fonblanque, Jun.

THE GLOVES.

It was a sunny summer's day,
The flowers deck'd dale and hill;
And gurglingly the streamlet ran
That turn'd the clatt'ring mill.
The murmurous flies of every tint
Flew glittering through the air;
And buzzing bees did from the limes
Their precious treasures bear.

The air was languid, calm, and sweet,
With fragrance overlaid;
The slenderest grass unruffled stood,
The trees no rustle made.
A slumb'rous feeling over all
Its gentle influence shed;
The lark could scarcely warble, as
He floated overhead.

And 'neath a broad far-spreading beech
A lovely girl reposed;
The deep-fringed curtains of her eyes
Serenely o'er them closed.
Her bright brown hair in clusters fell
Upon her healthy cheek;
Her rosy lips were parted as
Some gracious words to speak.

A sunbeam glinting thro' the tree
Play'd on her forehead fair;
And still more bright and glowing made
The glory of her hair.
I stood and gazed upon that face
As beautiful as Love's;
Nor wonder you, if stooping low,
I—won a pair of gloves. J. A. Langford.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XVII. IN WHICH EVAN WRITES HIMSELF TAILOR.

THE only philosophic method of discovering what a young woman means, and what is in her mind, is that zigzag process of inquiry conducted by following her actions, for she can tell you nothing, and if she does not want to know a particular matter, it must be a strong beam from the central system of facts that shall penetrate her. Clearly there was a disturbance in the bosom of Rose Jocelyn, and one might fancy that amiable mirror as being wilfully ruffled to confuse a thing it was asked by the heavens to reflect: a good fight fought by all young people at a certain period, and now and then by an old fool or two. The young it seasons and strengthens; the old it happily kills off; and thus, what is, is made to work harmoniously with what we would have be.

After quitting Evan, Rose hied to her friend Jenny Graine, and in the midst of sweet millinery talk, darted the odd question, whether baronets or knights ever were tradesmen: to which Scotch Jenny, entirely putting aside the shades of beatified aldermen and the illustrious list of mayors that have welcomed royalty, replied that it was a thing quite impossible. Rose then wished to know if tailors were thought worse of than other tradesmen. Jenny, premising that she was no authority, stated she imagined she had heard that they were.

"Why?" said Rose, no doubt because she was desirous of seeing justice dealt to that class. But Jenny's bosom was a smooth reflector of facts alone.

Rose pondered, and said with compressed eagerness, "Jenny, do you think you could ever bring yourself to consent to care at all for anybody belonging to them? Tell me."

Now Jenny had come to Beckley Court to meet William Harvey: she was therefore sufficiently soft to think she could care for him whatever his origin were, and composed in the knowledge that no natal stigma was upon him to try the strength of her affection. Designing to generalise, as women do (and seem tempted to do most when they are secretly speaking from their own emotions), she said, shyly moving her shoulders, with a forefinger laying down the principle:

"You know, my dear, if one esteemed such a person very very much, and were quite sure, without any doubt, that he liked you in return—that is, completely liked you, and was quite devoted, and made no concealment—I mean, if he was very superior, and like other men—you know what I mean—and had none of the cringing ways some of them have—I mean, supposing him gay and handsome, taking—"

"Just like William," Rose cut her short; and we may guess her to have had some one in her head, for her to conceive that Jenny must be speaking of anyone in particular.

A young lady who can have male friends, as well as friends of her own sex, is not usually pressing and secret in her confidences, possibly because such a young lady is not always nursing baby-passions, and does not require her sex's coddling and posseting to keep them alive. With Rose love will be full grown when it is once

avowed, and will know where to go to be nourished.

"Merely an idea I had," she said to Jenny, who betrayed her mental pre-occupation by putting the question for the questions last.

Her Uncle Melville next received a visit from the restless young woman. To him she spoke not a word of the inferior classes, but as a special favourite of the diplomatist's, begged a gift of him for her proximate birthday. Pushed to explain what it was, she said, "It's something I want you to do for a friend of mine, Uncle Mel."

The diplomatist instanced a few of the modest requests little maids prefer to people they presume to have power to grant.

"No, it's nothing nonsensical," said Rose; "I want you to get my friend Evan an appointment. You can if you like, you know, Uncle Mel, and it's a shame to make him lose his time when he's young and does his work so well—that you can't deny! Now, please, be positive, Uncle Mel. You know I hate—I have no faith in your '*nous verrons.*' Say you will, and at once."

The diplomatist pretended to have his weather-eye awakened.

"You seem very anxious about feathering the young fellow's nest, Rosey?"

"There," cried Rose, with the maiden's mature experience of us, "isn't that just like men? They never can believe you can be entirely disinterested!"

"Hulloa!" the diplomatist sung out, "I didn't *say* anything, Rosey."

She reddened at her hastiness, but retrieved it by saying:

"No, but you listen to your wife, you know you do, Uncle Mel, and now there's Aunt Shorne and the other women, who make you think just what they like about me, because they hate mama."

"Don't use strong words, my dear."

"But it's abominable!" cried Rose. "They asked mama yesterday what Evan's being here meant? Why, of course, he's your secretary, and my friend, and mama very properly stopped them, and so will I! As for me, I intend to stay at Beckley, I can tell you, dear old boy." Uncle Mel had a soft arm round his neck, and was being fondled. "And *I'm* not going to be bred up to go into a harem, you may be sure."

The diplomatist whistled, "You talk your mother with a vengeance, Rosey."

"And she's the only sensible woman I know," said Rose. "Now promise me—in earnest. Don't let them mislead you, for you know you're quite a child, out of your politics, and I shall take you in hand myself. Why, now, think, Uncle Mel! wouldn't any girl, as silly as they make me out, hold her tongue—not talk of him, as I do; and because I really do feel for him as a friend. See the difference between me and Juley!"

It was a sad sign if Rose was growing a bit of a hypocrite, but this instance of Juliana's different manner of showing her feelings towards Evan would have quieted suspicion in shrewder men, for Juliana watched Evan's shadow, and it was thought by two or three at Beckley Court, that Evan would be conferring a benefit on all by carrying off the romantically-inclined but little presentable young lady.

The diplomatist with a placid, "Well, well!" ultimately promised to do his best for Rose's friend, and then Rose said, "Now I leave you to the Countess," and went and sat with her mother and Drummond Forth. The latter was strange in his conduct to Evan. While blaming Laxley's unmannered behaviour, he seemed to think that Laxley had grounds for it, and treated Evan with a sort of cynical deference that had, for the last couple of days, exasperated Rose.

"Mama, you must speak to Ferdinand," she burst upon the conversation, "Drummond is afraid to—he can stand by and see my friend insulted. Ferdinand is insufferable with his pride—he's jealous of everybody who has manners, and Drummond approves him, and I will not bear it."

Lady Jocelyn hated household worries, and quietly remarked that the young men must fight it out together.

"No, but it's your duty to interfere, mama," said Rose, "and I know you will when I tell you that Ferdinand declares my friend Evan is a tradesman—beneath his notice. Why, it insults me!"

Lady Jocelyn looked out from a lofty window on such veritable squabbles of boys and girls as Rose revealed.

"Can't you help them to run on smoothly while they're here?" she said to Drummond, and he related the scene at the Green Dragon.

"I think I heard he was the son of Sir Something Harrington, Devonshire people," said Lady Jocelyn.

"Yes, he is," cried Rose, "or closely related. I'm sure I understood the Countess that it was so. She brought the paper with the death in it to us in London, and shed tears over it."

"She showed it in the paper, and shed tears over it?" said Drummond, evidently repressing an inclination to laugh. "Was her father's title given in full?"

"Sir Abraham Harrington," replied Rose. "I think she said father, if the word wasn't too common-place for her."

"You can ask old Tom when he comes, if you are anxious to know," said Drummond to her ladyship. "His brother married one of the sisters. By the way, he's coming, too. Harrington ought really to clear up the mystery."

"Now you're sneering, Drummond," said Rose: "for you know there's no mystery to clear up."

Drummond and Lady Jocelyn began talking of old Tom Cogglesby, whom, it appeared, the former knew intimately, and the latter had known.

"The Cogglesbys are sons of a cobbler, Rose," said Lady Jocelyn. "You must try and be civil to them."

"Of course I shall, mama," Rose answered, seriously.

"And help the poor Countess to bear their presence as well as possible," said Drummond. "The Harringtons have had to mourn a dreadful *mésalliance*. Pity the Countess!"

"Oh! the Countess! the Countess!" exclaimed Rose to Drummond's pathetic shake of the head. She and Drummond were fully agreed about the Countess. Drummond mimicking the lady: "In verity, she is most mellifluous!" while Rose sugared her lips and leaned gracefully forward with "*De* Saldar, let me petition you—since we must endure our title—since it is not to be your Louisa?" and her eyes sought the ceiling, and her hand slowly melted into her drapery, as the Countess was wont to effect it.

Lady Jocelyn laughed, but said: "You're too hard upon the Countess. The female euphuist is not to be met with every day. It's a different kind from the Précieuse. She is not a Précieuse. She has made a capital selection of her vocabulary from Johnson, and does not work it badly, if we may judge by Harry and Melville. Euphuism in 'woman' is the popular ideal of a Duchess. She has it by nature, or she has studied it: and if so you must respect her abilities."

"Yes, Harry!" said Rose, who was angry at a loss of influence over her rough brother, "any one could manage Harry! and Uncle Mel's a goose. You should see what a 'female euphuist' Dorry is getting. She says in the Countess's hearing: 'Rose! I should in verity wish to play, if it were pleasing to my sweet cousin?' I'm ready to die with laughing. I don't do it, mama."

The Countess, thus being discussed, was closeted with old Mrs. Bonner: not idle. Like Hannibal in Italy, she had crossed her Alps in attaining Beckley Court, and here in the enemy's country the wary general found herself under the necessity of throwing up entrenchments to fly to in case of defeat. Sir Abraham Harrington of Torquay, who had helped her to cross the Alps, became a formidable barrier against her return.

Meantime Evan was riding over to Fallowfield, and as he rode under black visions between the hedgeways crowned with their hop-garlands, a fragrance of roses saluted his nostril, and he called to mind the red and the white the peerless representative of the two had given him, and which he had thrust sullenly in his breast-pocket: and he drew them out to look at them reproachfully and sigh farewell to all the roses of life, when in company with them he found in his hand the forgotten letter delivered to him on the cricket-field the day of the memorable match. He smelt at the roses, and turned the letter this way and that. His name was correctly worded on the outside. With an odd reluctance to open it, he kept trifling over the flowers, and then broke the broad seal, and these are the words that met his eyes:—

"MR. EVAN HARRINGTON.

"You have made up your mind to be a tailor, instead of a Tomnoddy. You're right. Not too many men in the world—plenty of nincompoops.

"Don't be made a weathercock of by a parcel of women. I want to find a man worth something. If you go on with it, you shall end by riding in your carriage, and cutting it as fine as any of them. I'll take care your belly is not punished while you're about it.

"From the time your name is over your shop, I give you 300*l.* per annum.

"Or stop. There's nine of you. They shall have 40*l.* per annum a-piece. 9 times 40, eh? That's better than 300*l.*, if you know how to reckon. Don't you wish it was ninety-nine tailors to a man! I could do that, too, and it would not break me; so don't be a proud young ass, or I'll throw my money to the geese. Lots of them in the world. How many geese to a tailor?

"Go on for five years, and I double it.

"Give it up, and I give you up.

"No question about me. The first tailor can be paid his 40*l.* in advance, by applying at the offices of Messrs. Grist, Gray's Inn Square, Gray's Inn. Let him say he is tailor No. 1, and show this letter, signed *Agreed*, with your name in full at bottom. That will do—money will be paid—no questions one side or other. So on—the whole nine. The end of the year they can give a dinner to their acquaintance. Send in bill to Messrs. Grist.

"The advice to you to take the cash according to terms mentioned is advice of

"A FRIEND."

"P.S. You shall have your wine. Consult among yourselves, and carry it by majority what wine it's to be. Five carries it. Dozen and half per tailor, per annum—that's the limit."

It was certainly a very hot day. The pores of his skin were prickling, and his face was fiery; and yet he increased his pace, and broke into a wild gallop for a mile or so; then suddenly turned his horse's head back for Beckley. The secret of which evolution was, that he had caught the idea of a plotted insult of Laxley's in the letter, for when the blood is up we are drawn the way the tide sets strongest, and Evan was prepared to swear that Laxley had written the letter, because he was burning to chastise the man who had injured him with Rose.

Sure that he was about to confirm his suspicion, he read it again, gazed upon Beckley Court in the sultry light, and turned for Fallowfield once more, devising to consult Mr. John Raikes on the subject.

The letter had a smack of crabbed age hardly counterfeit. The savour of an old eccentric's sour generosity was there. Evan fell into bitter laughter at the idea of Rose glancing over his shoulder and asking him what nine of him to a man meant. He heard her clear voice pursuing him. He could not get away from the mocking sound of Rose beseeching him to instruct her on that point. How if the letter were genuine? He began to abhor the sight and touch of the paper, for it struck division cold as death between him and his darling. He saw now the immeasurable hopes his residence at Beckley had lured him to. Rose had slightly awakened him: this letter was blank day to his soul. He saw the squalid shop, the good, stern, barren-spirited mother, the changeless drudgery, the existence which seemed indeed no better than what the ninth of a man was fit for. The influence of his mother came on him once more. Dared he reject the gift, if true? No spark of gratitude could he feel, but chained, dragged at the heels of his fate, he submitted to think it true; resolving

the next moment that it was a fabrication and a trap: but he flung away the roses.

As idle as a painted cavalier upon a painted drop-scene, the figure of Mr. John Raikes was to be observed leaning with crossed legs against a shady pillar of the Green Dragon; eyeing alternately, with an indifference he did not care to conceal, the assiduous pecking in the dust of some cocks and hens that had strayed from the yard of the inn, and the sleepy blinking in the sun of an old dog at his feet: nor did Evan's appearance discompose the sad sedateness of his demeanour.

"Yes; I am here still," he answered Evan's greeting, with a flaccid gesture. "Don't excite me too much. A little at a time. I can't bear it!"

"How now? What is it now, Jack?" said Evan.

Mr. Raikes pointed at the dog. "I've made a bet with myself he won't wag his tail within the next ten minutes. The tail is that animal's tongue. 'Tis thus we talk. I beg of you, Harrington, to remain silent for both our sakes."

Evan was induced to look at the dog, and the dog looked at him, and gently moved his tail.

"I've lost!" cried Jack, in languid anguish. "He's getting excited. He'll go mad. We're not accustomed to this in Fallowfield."

"You've been lonely, I suppose, Jack?"

"Have I? Oh, that's it!" Mr. Raikes ironically laughed, in the pride of a malady that defied penetration.

"Wake up, old boy! wake up!" said Evan.

"The cock bids me do the same at two A.M., punctually every morning, and I comply!" returned Jack. "It's afternoon, now!"

Evan dismounted and gave him a shake, which he endured with the stolidity of a dummy.

"Why, where's old Jack? I've news for you, Jack, capital news."

"Then if you don't want to see me burst—give it me by degrees," Mr. Raikes roared out the latter part of his sentence. "Instil it. Don't remove my brain-pan and put it all in at once."

"The news is this," said Evan; but his attention was distracted by the sight of Rose's maid, Polly Wheedle, splendidly bonneted, who slipped past them into the inn; after repulsing Jack's careless attempt to caress her chin; which caused Jack to tell Evan that he could not get on without the society of intellectual women.

Evan called a boy to hold the horse.

"Have you seen her before, Jack?"

In the tones of tragedy Jack replied: "Once. Your pensioner up-stairs she comes to visit. I do suspect there kinship is betwixt them. Ay! one might swear them sisters. Plainly, Harrington, her soul is prosaic. I have told her I am fain, but that fate is against it. She has advised me to get a new hat before I consider the question. These country creatures are all for show! She's a relief to the monotony of the petrified street—the old man with the brown-gaitered legs and the doubled-up old woman with the crutch. Heigho! I heard the London horn this morning."

Evan thrust the letter in his hands, telling him to read and form an opinion on it, and went in the track of Miss Wheedle.

Mr. Raikes resumed his station against the pillar, and held the letter out on a level with his thigh. Acting (as it was his nature to do off the stage), he had not exaggerated his profound melancholy. Of a light soil and with a tropical temperament, he had exhausted all lively recollection of his brilliant career, and, in the short time since Evan had parted with him, sunk abjectly down into the belief that he was fixed in Fallowfield for life. His spirit pined for agitation and events. The horn of the London coach had sounded distant metropolitan glories in the ears of the exile in rustic parts.

Sighing heavily, Jack opened the letter, in simple obedience to the wishes of his friend; for he would have preferred to stand contemplating his own state of hopeless stagnation. The sceptical expression he put on when he had read the letter through must not deceive us. Mr. John Raikes had dreamed of a beneficent eccentric old gentleman for many years: one against whom, haply, he had bumped in a crowded thoroughfare, and had with cordial politeness begged pardon of; had then picked up his walking-stick; restored it, venturing a witty remark; retired, accidentally dropping his card-case; subsequently, to his astonishment and gratification, receiving a pregnant missive from that old gentleman's lawyer. Or it so happened, that Mr. Raikes met the old gentleman at a tavern, and, by the exercise of a signal dexterity, relieved him from a bone in his throat, and reluctantly imparted his address on issuing from the said tavern. Or perhaps it was a lonely highway where the old gentleman walked, and Mr. John Raikes had his name in the papers for a deed of heroism, nor was man ungrateful. Since he had eaten up his uncle, this old gentleman of his dreams walked in town and country—only, and alas! Mr. Raikes could never encounter him in the flesh. The muscles of his face, therefore, are no index to the real feelings of Mr. Raikes when he had thoroughly mastered the contents of the letter, and reflected that the dream of his luck—his angelic old gentleman—had gone and wantonly bestowed himself upon Evan Harrington, instead of the expectant and far worthier John Raikes. Worthier inasmuch as he gave him credence for existing long ere he knew of him, and beheld him manifest.

Mr. Raikes retreated to the vacant parlour of the Green Dragon, and there Evan found him staring at the unfolded letter, his head between his cramped fists, with a desperate contraction of his mouth. Evan was troubled by what he had seen up-stairs, and did not speak till Jack looked up and said, "Oh, there you are."

"Well, what do you think, Jack?"

"Yes—it's all right," Mr. Raikes rejoined in most matter-of-course tone, and then he stepped to the window, and puffed a very deep breath indeed, and glanced from the straight line of the street to the heavens, with whom, injured as he was, he felt more at home now that he knew them capable of miracles.

"Is it a bad joke played upon me?" said Evan.

Mr. Raikes upset a chair. "It's quite childish. You're made a gentleman for life, and you ask if it's a joke played upon you! It's perfectly maddening! There—there goes my hat!"

With a vehement kick, Mr. Raikes despatched his ancient head-gear to the other end of the room, saying that he must have some wine, and would, and very disdainful was his look at Evan, when the latter attempted to reason him into economy. He ordered the wine; drank a glass, which coloured a new mood in him; and, affecting a practical manner, said:

"I confess I have been a little hurt with you, Harrington. You left me stranded on the desert isle. I thought myself abandoned. I thought I should never see anything but the lengthening of an endless bill on my landlady's face—my sole planet. I was resigned till I heard my friend 'to-lootl' this morning. He kindled recollection. I drank a pint of ale bang off to drown him, and still do feel the wretch's dying kicks. But, hem! this is a tidy port, and that was a freshish sort of girl that you were riding with when we parted last! She laughs like the true metal. I suppose you know it's the identical damsel I met the day before, and owe it to for the downs—I've a compliment ready made for her. Well, you can stick up to her now."

"Will you speak seriously, Jack?" said Evan. "What is your idea of this letter?"

"I have," returned Mr. Raikes, beginning to warm to his wine, "typified my ideas eloquently enough, Harrington, if you weren't the prosiest old mortal that ever hood-winked Fortune. I tell you you may marry the girl: I kick out the crown of my hat. I can do no more."

"You really think it written in good faith?"

"Look here." Mr. Raikes put on a calmness. "You got up the other night, and said you were a tailor—a devotee of the cabbage and the goose. Why the notion didn't strike me, is extraordinary—I ought to have known my man. However, the old gentleman who gave the supper—he's evidently one of your beastly rich old ruffianly republicans—spent part of his time in America, I dare say. Put two and two together."

"You're too deep for me, Jack," said Evan.

"Oh, you can afford to pun," Jack pursued, painfully repressing his wrath at Evan's dulness and luck.

But as Harrington desired plain prose, Mr. Raikes tamed his imagination to deliver it. He pointed distinctly at the old gentleman who gave the supper as the writer of the letter. Evan, in return, confided to him his history and present position, and Mr. Raikes, without cooling to his fortunate friend, became a trifle patronising.

"You said your father—I think I remember at old Cudford's—was a cavalry officer, a bold dragoon?"

"I did," replied Evan. "I told a lie."

Mr. Raikes whistled. "That's very wrong, you know, Harrington."

"Yes. I'm more ashamed of the lie than of the fact. Oblige me by not reverting to the subject. To tell you the truth," added Evan with frank bitterness, "I don't like the name."

Quoth Jack: "Truly it *has* a tang. I should have to drink at somebody else's expense to get up the courage to call myself a sn— a shears-man, say."

Evan had to bear with the sting of similar observations till he begged Jack to tell him the condition of his father, and the limit of the distance between them.

"Pardon me, pardon me," said Jack. "I forget myself."

Even firmly repeated his request for the information.

"He is an officer, Harrington."

"In what regiment?"

"Government employ, friend Harrington."

"Of course. Where?"

"In the Customs—high up."

Mr. Raikes stooped from the announcement to plunge at Evan's hand and shake it warmly, assuring him that he did not measure the difference between them; adding, with a significant nod, "We rank from our mother;" as if the Customs scarcely satisfied the Raikes-brood.

Then they talked over the singular letter uninterruptedly, and Evan, wanting money for the girl up-stairs, for Jack's bill at the Green Dragon, and for his own immediate requirements, and with the bee buzzing of Rose in his ears: "She does not love you—she despises you," consented ultimately to sign his name to it, and despatch Jack forthwith to Messrs. Grist, a prospect that brought wild outcries of "Alarums and Excursions!—hautboys!" from the dramatic reminiscences of Mr. John Raikes.

"You'll find it's an imposition," said Evan, for having here signed the death-warrant of his love, he passionately hoped it might be moonshine.

"No more an imposition than it's 50 of Virgil," quoth the rejected usher.

"It must be a plot," said Evan.

"It's the best joke that will be made in my time," said Mr. Raikes, rubbing his hands.

"And now listen to *your* luck," said Evan, "I wish mine were like it!" and Jack heard of Lady Jocelyn's offer. He heard also that the young lady he was to instruct was an heiress, and immediately inspected his garments, and showed the sacred necessity there was for him to refit in London, under the hands of scientific tailors. Evan then wrote him out an introduction to Mr. Goren, counted out the contents of his purse (which Jack had reduced in his study of the pastoral game of skittles, he confessed), and calculated in a niggardly way, how far it would go to supply Jack's wants; sighing, as he did it, to think of Jack installed at Beckley Court, while Jack, comparing his luck with Evan's, had discovered it to be dismally inferior.

"Oh, confound those bellows you keep blowing!" he exclaimed. "I wish to be decently polite, Harrington, but you annoy me. Excuse me, pray, but the most unexampled case of a lucky beggar that ever was known—and to hear him panting and ready to whimper—it's outrageous. You've only to put up your name, and there you are—an independent gentleman! By Jingo! this isn't such a dull world. John Raikes! thou livest in times. I feel warm in the sun of your prosperity, Harrington. Now listen to me. Propound thou no inquiries anywhere about the old fellow who gave the supper. Humour his whim—he won't have it. All Fallowfield is paid to keep

him secret. I know it for a fact. I plied my rustic friends every night. 'Eat you yer victuals, and drink yer beer, and none o' yer pryin's and peerin's among we!' That's my rebuff from farmer Broadmead. And that old boy knows more than he will tell. *I* saw his cunning old eye cock. Be silent, Harrington. Let discretion be the seal of thy luck."

"You can reckon on my silence," said Evan. "I believe in no such folly. Men don't do these things."

"Ha!" went Mr. Raikes, contemptuously.

Of the two he was the foolishest fellow; but quacks have cured incomprehensible maladies, and foolish fellows have an instinct for eccentric actions.

Telling Jack to finish the wine, Evan rose to go.

"Did you order the horse to be fed?"

"Did I order the feeding of the horse?" said Jack, rising and yawning. "No, I forgot him. Who can think of horses now?"

"Poor brute!" muttered Evan, and went out to see to him.

"Poor brute, indeed!" echoed Mr. Raikes, indignantly; for to have leisure to pity an animal, one must, according to his ideas, be on a lofty elevation of luck, and Evan's concealment of his exultation was a piece of hypocrisy that offended him.

"Poor brute! yes; we're all poor brutes to him now. His coolness is disgusting! And look at me! No hat!"

Mr. Raikes surveyed his garments—thought of his refit, and the shining new hat, flew to the heiress awaiting him, and was soon drawn into pleasanter sensations.

The ostler fortunately had required no instructions to give the horse a good feed of corn. Evan mounted and rode out of the yard to where Jack was standing, bare-headed, in his old posture against the pillar, of which the shade had rounded, and the evening sun shone full on him over a black cloud. He now looked calmly gay.

"I'm laughing at the agricultural Broadmead," he said: "'None o' yer pryin's and peerin's!' There is no middle grade in rustic respect. You're their lord, or you're their equal. So it is. Though I believe he thought me more than mortal. He thought my powers of amusing prodigious. 'Dang 'un, he do maak a chap laugh!' Well, Harrington, that sort of homage isn't much, I admit."

"Eh? where are you now?" said Evan.

"Merely reflecting that these rustics are acute in their way," Jack pursued. "I'm not sure I shan't feel a touch of regret . . . . "

Mr. Raikes rubbed his forehead like one perplexed by self-contemplation.

"I fancy," said Evan, trying to be shrewd, "you're a man to be always regretting the day you've left behind you."

Too deep in himself to answer, if indeed he did not despise his friend's little penetrative insight, Mr. Raikes silently accepted his last instructions about the presentation of the letter to Messrs. Grist, and even condescended to be quiet while the behaviour he was bound to adopt as tutor to a young lady was outlined for him by his companion.

"Even so," he assented, abstractedly. "As you observe. Just as you observe. Exactly. The poets are not such fools as you take them to be, Harrington!"

Evan knitted a puzzled brow at Jack, beneath him.

Jack pursued: "There's something in a pastoral life, after all."

"Pastoral!" muttered Evan. "I was speaking of you at Beckley, and hope when you're there you won't make me regret my introduction of you. Keep your mind on old Cudford's mutton-bone."

"I perfectly understood you," said Jack. "I'm presumed to be in luck. Ingratitude is not my fault—I'm afraid ambition is!"

These remarks appeared to Evan utterly random and distraught, and he grew impatient.

It was perhaps unphilosophical to be so, but who can comprehend the flights of an imaginative mind built upon a mercurial temperament? In rapidity it rivals any force in nature, and weird is the accuracy with which, when it once has an heiress in view, however great the distance separating them, it will hit that rifle-mark dead in the centre. The head whirls describing it. Nothing in Eastern romance eclipsed the marvels that were possible in the brain of John Raikes. And he, moreover, had just been drinking port, and had seen his dream of a miracle verified.

When, therefore, Mr. Raikes, with a kindly forlorn smile, full of wistful regret, turned his finger towards the Green Dragon, and said: "Depend upon it, Harrington, there's many a large landed proprietor envies the man who lives at his ease in a comfortable old inn like that!" it was as the wind that blew to Evan; not a luminous revelation of character; and he gave Jack a curt good-bye.

Whither, with his blood warmed by the wine, and his foot upon one fulfilled miracle, had Mr. John Raikes shot? What did he regret? Perhaps it was his nature to cling to anything he was relinquishing, and he accused his invitation to Beckley Court, and the young heiress there, as the cause of it. Now that he had to move, he may have desired to stay; and the wish to stay may have forced him to think that nothing but a great luck could expel from such easy quarters. Magnify these and consecutive considerations immensely, and you approach to a view of the mind of Raikes.

But he looked sad, and Evan was sorry for him, and thinking that he had been rather sharp at parting, turned halfway down the street to wave his hand, and lo, John Raikes was circling both arms in air madly: he had undergone a fresh change; for now that they were separated, Mr. Raikes no longer compared their diverse lucks, but joined both in one intoxicating cordial draught; and the last sight of him showed him marching up and down in front of the inn, quick step, with inflated cheeks, and his two fists in the form of a trumpet at his mouth, blowing jubilee.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CONGRESSES OF EUROPE.

(Concluded from p. 386.)

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

NAPOLEON being driven to a little island in the Mediterranean, and Louis XVIII. having made his solemn entry into Paris on the 3rd of May, 1814, there followed on the last day of the same month the signing of the Treaty of Paris, which was to serve as a basis for the arrangement of the affairs of Europe. In the 32nd Article of this Treaty, provisions were made for the opening of a Congress at Vienna in the course of the same year, and by further verbal arrangement the opening of the Assembly was fixed for the 1st of November. But so great was the attention with which the whole of Europe regarded this coming meeting of Kings, Princes, and Ambassadors, that the great diplomatic pilgrimage to Vienna began as early as the middle of August, and by the beginning of September the town was so crowded with high and distinguished visitors, that many of them were compelled to reside miles away from it, if not to take up their lodgings in a garret. The great monarchs themselves arrived before the appointed time, for already on the 25th of October Czar Alexander and Frederick William of Prussia made their solemn entry into Vienna, followed by a train of kings, in the persons of the monarchs of Bavaria, of Würtemberg, and Denmark, and a legion of ambassadors, envoys, and representatives of great and little European powers. England sent her Foreign Minister, Lord Castlereagh, his brother, Sir Charles, and Lord Clancarty; France gave Prince Talleyrand, Dolberg, Noailles, and Bernardier; Spain despatched Don Labrodar: Portugal, Prince Palmella; the Netherlands, Herr von Gagern; Denmark, Count Bernstorf; Sweden, the Baron of Lowenheim; Hanover, Count Munster; and Rome, Cardinal Gonsalvi. The King of Prussia brought with him Wilhelm von Humboldt and Prince Hardenberg; and the Czar of all the Russias was accompanied by Counts Rusmovsky, Stakelberg, and Nesselrode, besides a host of minor statesmen. The honours of the presidency of this august assembly of diplomatists fell upon Prince Metternich, one of whose first acts was a proclamation announcing a verification of credentials of all the commissioners present. The result of this so-called verification, which was in reality a secret diplomatic move, was the non-admittance to the Congress of the envoys of King Murat of Naples, the Republic of Genoa, the King of Saxony, and the—by command of Bonaparte—annihilated order of the Knights of St. John. By a further proclamation of the president, the division of labour was ordered to be arranged as follows. The five great Powers,—Austria, England, France, Prussia, and Russia,—were to take in hand the general European concerns, which were to be discussed in separate conferences, aside of the particular committee which had to occupy itself with the affairs of Germany. To the latter were admitted not only the German States, but the representatives of Spain, Portugal, and Sweden, the latter to act as umpires. Next to these two principal divisions for executing the labours of the Congress came the following eight committees, which were to hold sittings whenever time allowed it. A committee for forming a plan of a German constitution; one for the affairs of Switzerland; one for statistical purposes, and to prepare tables of the extent and population of countries and provinces to be transferred or exchanged; one on the Negro question; one on the liberty of navigation of rivers; one for determining the future rank of European powers; one on the affairs of Tuscany, in regard to the Queen of Etruria; and, lastly, one on the affairs of Genoa. The proposal of the Spanish ambassador, to constitute one more separate committee for the affairs of Italy in general, met with an immediate refusal from Prince Metternich. All this being arranged, the real work of the Congress began—or, at least, was *supposed* to begin.

For, during the first two or three months, there was no real business of any kind even attempted, all the more important members of the great meeting being intent only on amusing themselves as much as possible. Through the liberality of the Kaiser, or rather his *alter ego*, Prince Metternich, not merely all the envoys and their numerous suites, but the whole of the hangers-on in the train of princes and diplomatists, were entertained at the expense of the Government, and this army of idlers naturally tried to prolong such delicious state of things to the remotest period by abstaining as much as possible from any sort of business. And even after the conferences had really begun, there were endless interruptions to them by balls, soirées, theatrical representations, and other entertainments, all fully attended by the three great monarchs and their immense train of followers. In the first months of 1815, masked balls in particular became both numerous and highly fashionable. At these fêtes, Czar Alexander, Kaiser Francis, and King Frederick William, were wont to set an example to gaiety by appearing in plain dress, civil or military, and mingling with the crowd like the humblest of their attendants. At other times, however, the same exalted personages and their friends did not despise a domino, or other mark, thus assuming an incognito, which was far from existing in reality. The figures most easily recognised in these masquerades were, according to Capefigue,* the colossal King of Würtemberg, who paid court to the Duchess of Oldenburg, sister of the Czar, and Christian of Denmark, remarkable for his coarse jocularity. Talleyrand was the Mephistopheles of most of these entertainments, and amid all his labours found time to amuse his new master at the Tuileries with descriptions of the various costumes, manners, gallant intrigues, and other adventures of the august and high personages. There was no lack of fair and noble damsels at any of these fêtes, and no want of high-born admirers; but the palm of all the beauties was carried by a lady neither beautiful nor noble, Madame Krüdener, the prophetess of the Assembly. She was the great favourite of the Czar, who, while others would look for partners, and waltz and whirl around in the gilded saloons of the Imperial Hofburg, preferred withdrawing into a corner to gaze into the melancholy eyes of the fair Scandi-

* Histoire de la Restauration.

navian seer. She was usually found by him reclining upon a low divan supported by curtains of crimson velvet, which, we are assured, set off her clear complexion and the dazzling whiteness of her dress to the greatest advantage.

Talleyrand, in his memoir, gives a graphic description of one of such interviews between the prophetess and her august admirers: "On one side stood the Emperor Alexander, attired in a suit of black, with no mark of his high rank save the glittering of brilliants on his bosom. On the other side, leaning backward in the chair with the most perfect nonchalance, sat the King of Prussia. Bergasse and the sombre Jungstilling (two German *illuminés*) sat on a low stool at the feet of the prophetess. All on a sudden deadly silence ensued. Madame started from her seat, her long robe dropping in graceful folds about her person, and the loose sleeves falling back from the extended arms. 'Let us pray!' she exclaimed; and in a moment every person present, from Czar Alexander to the very footman, sank down upon their knees."

The Congress had been assembled already more than four months, but nothing had yet been done for a settlement of the pending European difficulties, which on the contrary threatened to be embroiled more and more, when suddenly, on the 8th of March, the news arrived at Vienna of Napoleon's landing in the Bay of Juan. What a sense of duty had not been able to do before, was now suddenly brought about by the impulse of fear—the plenipotentiaries at the Congress began to work, to work in real downright earnest. The different committee-rooms were filled at once, as if by magic; and after but a few days' deliberation a treaty was concluded between Austria, England, Prussia, and Russia, by which each party engaged to furnish 150,000 men, with the proviso of England being allowed to give money instead of soldiers. In a declaration, issued March 31, the above-named powers further announced to the world that by entering France Napoleon had deprived himself of the protection of law, and therefore was now declared "hors des relations civiles et sociales," an enemy and disturber of the peace of Europe, delivered up to public vengeance.

While these decrees were being promulgated, vast columns of troops kept on moving towards the French frontier, but before even their arrival the fate of Napoleon was decided a second time on the field of Waterloo. The great Congress now saw itself once more undisturbed by outward events to pursue its deliberations. This was done henceforth with more earnestness, the serious intermezzo of the Hundred Days having turned the eyes of all away from balls and masquerades; and before another month was over the fruit of these labours became visible in the gradual sketch of the new map of Europe. This new map, however, looked rather differently from what politicians had expected it to be at the beginning of the Congress. It was then generally thought that the real object of this great meeting was to efface the traces of the revolutionary wars, and to place the whole of Europe in the *status quo ante bellum*. Conformable to this rule, the petty Princes of Germany ought to have been called to take possession of the territories from which they were driven by force; Saxony, Russia, and Bavaria, enriched by Napoleon at the expense of Austria and Prussia, to have been stripped of their spoil; Venice called to resume her independence, again occupying the Ionian Islands and other of her colonies; and the minor Italian States to be once more parcelled out between scions of the Houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon. This would have been in accordance with the professed object of the Congress, defined by Prince Metternich in one of his first speeches as of "strictly reparatory character;" but this did not fully suit the plan of the great Continental powers who had taken the chief part in the struggles against France. They wished to be recompensed for the sacrifices they had made of men and money, and as France was not well able to reimburse them sufficiently in the shape of either cash or territory, another expedient had to be found. Poland and Saxony were discovered to be the most available objects for this purpose; and accordingly the division of these two countries was determined on, after several months' deliberations, between the high contracting powers.

By a secret agreement between the Czar and King Frederick William, the former consented to the incorporation of Saxony with Prussia, while the latter entirely abandoned Poland to Russia. To this however Austria, already startled at the progress of Muscovite power in Europe, showed her dissent, and pointing to the unreasonableness of the spoliation of the King of Saxony, proposed another plan for the enlargement of Prussia. A part of the Duchy of Warsaw was, under the title of Grand Duchy of Posen, to be made over to Prussia, while Austria kept her share of what was known as the province of Gallicia, and Russia received the rest. Prussia besides was to have one-half of Saxony, part of Swedish Pomerania, and several provinces in Westphalia and on the left bank of the Rhine, hitherto under Austria and Holland. The latter country was to be recompensed for this loss by Austrian Belgium and the Duchy of Luxemburgh; and Austria in its turn was to get in exchange the whole of Venice and the province extending to the Lago Maggiore, the Ticino, and the Po, including the territory of Mantua. Thus all was comfortably arranged at the expense of Italy, Poland, and Saxony; and after these and some minor points had been settled, the real secret working at the Congress was at an end, and the more formal public one had to be gone through. This consisted chiefly in the arrangement of the affairs of Germany, which was soon finished, inasmuch as the great powers were unanimous that the "heart of Europe" should remain in a state of dilapidation. Accordingly, it was settled that Germany should receive a federal organisation, with a central Diet, under the presidency of the House of Austria. The members of the Confederation, thirty-five in number, besides the four free cities, Hamburgh, Bremen, Lübeck, and Frankfurt, bound themselves by the new constitution to make no war upon each other under any pretence whatever, but to submit their differences to the Diet. As regards Switzerland, which likewise received a new constitution, three cantons, Valais, Neufchatel, and Geneva, were added to its

territory, so that the Helvetic republic was made to consist of twenty-two cantons, or counties. The interests of Great Britain caused scarcely any discussion whatever at Vienna. Several settlements in the Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, Malta, the Ionian Islands, and Heligoland — minute spoils from France, Holland, the Knights of St. John, Venice, and Denmark—were, as a matter of course, awarded to the arch-enemy of the Corsican conqueror, and main purveyor of the *nervus rerum* during the long struggle.

It will be seen from the preceding, that the chief gainers in the re-distribution of European territory by the Congress of Vienna were the four Continental Powers,—Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Holland. France herself lost nothing and gained nothing in territory at the Congress; but was obliged by the Treaty of Vienna to give up several of her most important frontier fortresses—towards the Netherlands, on the Rhine, and at the Alps—which were delivered into the hands of an allied army of 150,000 men, for the term of three years, in order to consolidate the throne of Louis XVIII. The latter was, even to Talleyrand, the most humiliating part of the Peace of 1815, and remains as a kind of insult which the French nation has scarcely yet forgotten.

Such was the work of the Congress of Vienna, as far as regards the strictly political and diplomatic result. But this was not all. The Congress of Vienna, in fact, consisted of two assemblies—an assembly of more or less responsible ministers, and an assembly of completely irresponsible Sovereigns. While the former were deliberating on a peace among nations, the latter were discussing the bases of a peace among themselves; and the result of the latter consultations was that most singular union known as the Holy Alliance. The first impulse to this compact came from Czar Alexander, who in his turn, it is said, was inspired by the before-mentioned Madame Krüdener. The Autocrat of Russia—all his life long a secret admirer of the German school of mystics, known as the "Illuminated"—had been so struck with the prophetic inspirations of this lady, that he invited her to follow in his suite during the latter part of the war of 1813. Accordingly, Madame Krüdener set out with the Russian army, was present at the battle of Leipzig, and entering France made herself conspicuous by publicly imploring benediction for the Russian arms, at a grand review held by the Czar on the Plaine des Vertus. On this occasion the Imperial coach brought the prophetess from the Château Mensil to the front of the defiling host, where she knelt in prayers, surrounded by the Autocrat and his generals, who were lying prostrate on the ground, overwhelmed with devotion. Arrived at Paris, the "prayer-meetings" were continued with greater ardour than ever, and on these occasions the Czar was inspired with what afterwards became the groundwork of the Holy Alliance. Some German historians assert that the draft of the Act was actually drawn up between Alexander I. and Madame, and that the latter gave it the final touch, entreating her "white angel" to implore God to dispose his allies to give it their heartfelt assent. This, as far as is known, proved no very difficult task; placid Frederick William and good-humoured Kaiser Francis assenting without much ado to the proposals of their mighty brother and ally. Thus the three monarchs signed on the 26th of September, 1815, the Act of the Holy Alliance, the beginning of which ran as follows:

In consequence of the great events by which the last three years were signalised, and especially in consideration of the benefits which Divine Providence vouchsafed to confer on their States, their Majesties, having arrived at the perfect conviction of the necessity henceforth to be guided in their mutual intercourse solely by the sublime truth taught by the eternal religion of God, declare that this present act has no other object except to manifest to the universe their unshaken determination to take no guide, either in their internal administration, or in their political relations with other States, but the precepts of the holy religion,—precepts of justice, charity, and peace, which, far from being applicable merely in private life, ought, on the contrary, to influence still more the works of princes, and guide all their steps, as the sole means of consolidating human institutions, and of remedying their imperfections.

In consequence of which, after some further preamble, the three following articles were agreed upon:

Firstly. The three contracting monarchs, according to the Holy Scriptures, ordaining men to regard each other as brethren, will remain indissolubly united by the bonds of fraternity, look upon each other as compatriots, and hasten to each other's assistance on any occasion; regard themselves in relation to their subjects and armies as family-fathers, and direct them on the same path of fraternity, for the defence of religion, peace, and justice.

Secondly. The same principle shall be maintained mutually among the subjects of the three sovereigns, who will thus be taught to recognise that the only ruler is He to whom alone belongs power, and in whom are all the treasures of love and wisdom.

Thirdly. All persons willing solemnly to accept the sacred precepts of this act, and convinced of how much importance they are for the happiness of nations, will be received with as much readiness as affection into the Holy Alliance.

All the European Sovereigns, except three, successively entered the Holy Alliance. The exceptions were Pope Pius VII., Sultan Mahmud II., and King George IV. The first two declared their positive unwillingness to sign the Act; and the last named notified that he was not allowed to enter the princely union on account of its being contrary to the spirit of the English Constitution.

So passed the Congress of Vienna—the greatest and most important peace-meeting the world had ever seen. Munster and Osnabrück had settled the fate of Germany, Utrecht that of Spain, Rastadt that of France; Vienna fixed for near half a century that of the whole of Europe. It was left to the successor of the prisoner of St. Helena to draw the first important stroke through the political map thus arranged, so as to make it necessary to look to another Congress for the renewed settlement of European affairs. This Congress, already fixed upon once, then indefinitely postponed, and now again spoken of in diplomatic circles, belongs as yet to an unwritten future; but it is certain

nevertheless that, although we know not exactly when and where, this international meeting *must* take place before long. Our age cannot exist without periodical Congresses. As cannons have been called the final arguments of Kings, so Congresses, with still more truth, may be denominated the last arguments of Nations. The latter are the necessary counterbalance of the former—more than ever necessary in our days of rifle guns, Whitworth and Armstrong machinery, and other scientific improvements in the art of men-killing.

FREDERIC MARTIN.

THE SCIENCE OF MATRIMONY.

(Continued from p. 364.)

MOUNTCHAUNCEY HOUSE.

WHEN the young ladies were left alone, I am afraid they did not seriously devote themselves to the arithmetical problem propounded for their consideration by MISS HARRIET MOUNTCHAUNCEY. Some few abortive attempts at the solution of the intricate question of how a family can be supported upon an expenditure of 1200*l.* per annum were indeed made, but there was an obvious tendency in the minds of these fair young creatures to postpone the USEFUL to the BEAUTIFUL, and a total oblivion of such vulgar items as "water-rates," "rent," "butchers' bills," and so on. Miss S. TENDER was of opinion that it would be a good idea to increase her capital by keeping a Fashionable Circulating Library—a speculation from which, independently of the immediate commercial advantages on which she was surely entitled to calculate, she might hope for the collateral privilege of obtaining the earliest sight of the very newest Tales and Romances which issued from the Press; and, possibly, for the acquaintance of those ladies and gentlemen who delighted the human race by such outpourings of genius. Miss SPROTT's notion was, that it would be excellent fun to live in a caravan: a project which involved a total immunity from all vulgar disbursements, and released well nigh the whole of the available income for more pleasurable forms of expenditure. Miss O'ROURKE, if driven to choose between a family residence and an Opera-Box, could not have a moment's hesitation in electing for a sweet little retreat on the Pit Tier, just in face of the Royal Box. On the whole, there was possibly in all the estimates an over-allowance for dress, and a comparative ignoring of the claims of the Laundress and the Dairymaid.

One pupil only had kept apart from the sister-band during the very short time they devoted to the task imposed upon them by Miss Mountchauncey, and this one was little LUCY TRIMMER, whose "hopeless simplicity of character"—as Miss H. M. had often told her, and as has before been mentioned—"would eventually prove her ruin." It was quite in vain that the two ladies, whose system had won for them so widely-extended and so honourable a reputation, attempted to give that hardness and polish to her mind which could alone fit her for the struggle of life. She was detected more than once in making up some little nicknacks for her young brother and sister, who were now on their way home from India, under the charge of their parents. They had been driven from their indigo-plantations in Bengal by the events of the great mutiny; and since she had heard of the proximate arrival of her own people, poor little Lucy had spent her time between laughing and crying—a proceeding so undignified, and for so trivial a cause—that it had brought down upon her head the most severe and cutting rebukes from her excellent instructress. I grieve to say, that, taking a guilty advantage of that lady's absence, little Lucy had drawn from her breast a letter bearing the Bombay post-mark, for the purpose of perusing its contents for the 117th time. It only contained some nonsense about "my own darling child," and "the long years since my pretty Lucy was taken from me," and "thousands of kisses from your loving mother," and other such trivial stuff, utterly unworthy the attention of any person of well-regulated mind. Miss H. M.'s step was heard on the stairs, so Lucy smuggled her literary treasure again into its place of deposit—a proceeding effected in a sly and ignoble manner by thrusting it well down under the little linen collar and blue ribbon which kept all things in their place. Miss Harriet Mountchauncey entered, introducing a gentleman—our old acquaintance—MR. BROWN.

"My loves," said Miss Harriet, "young ladies—ahem!—I have taken the liberty of introducing to you a strange gentleman."

The pupils looked up with a timid start, like fawns aware of the presence of their natural enemy.

"Yes, my sweet young friends, and I am fully conscious of the grave responsibilities I incur in taking such a step; but when I tell you that my reason for venturing to present Mr. Brown to your notice is, that Mr. Brown craves admission to your society, and to the advantages of Mountchauncey House, for three young ladies—his nieces—I am sure you will feel with me that I was not wholly unjustified in the course I adopted not without the maturest deliberation. When he has seen what he is about to see here, Mr. Brown will return to town more than ever satisfied with the result of his negotiations at Mountchauncey House."

The six pupils made six stiff bows.

"And, now, Mr. Brown—be seated, sir—you would probably like to know something of the system which has earned for this establishment a reputation—as I trust—not altogether unmerited."

"Certainly, madam, that was the object of my visit to Helmston."

"Arrived, sir, at the point at which we are, I have no hesitation in furnishing you with the key of the Mountchauncey System. Before my time the usual plan was to keep such fair young beings as the lovely creatures you see around you in perfect ignorance of the ways of the world, where their great and decisive battle was to be fought. I adopt the very opposite course. I point out to them the pit-falls. I suggest the traps. No young lady ever left Mountchauncey House without being well aware of the great—the vast—the enormous—the impassable gulf which divides the ELDER from the *younger* SON. Do you follow me, sir?"

"I do, madam," replied Mr. Brown, with a shudder; "but I should have thought there might be danger in trusting such very edged tools into such very inexperienced hands."

Miss Harriet Mountchauncey looked at him with a smile of commiseration.

"Not under my direction, sir. With a firm hand I draw the fangs from that painted serpent—man, and leave him to wriggle about the floor in his toothless insignificance for the instruction of my pupils. I exhaust the history of what is called a *love-match*—Phew!—to its last results. I show them the slim and whiskered Augustus of three-and-twenty—disagreeable, and forty. I have a trained and well disciplined staff at my command, some of whom are instructed to dun the heroine of one of these love-matches;—Phew!—for their little accounts. A housemaid of unparal-

A Little Drama. The Mountchauncey System.

leled insolence is kept in the establishment for the sole purpose of giving her notice, because three-quarters' wages are due to her, and because no man-servant is kept. A room is maintained in a permanent state of squalor up-stairs which is her future home. It then becomes her duty to feed seven Sunday-school children, who have been kept purposely fasting for twenty-four hours on small and insufficient rations of cold mutton. The children cry, and ask for more—but they cannot have it. It is not there—more cold mutton does not exist for them. This is the moment I select for introducing the page of the establishment—do not be alarmed, sir—he is hideous and fifty! I have gone so far as to allow him to smoke a filthy pipe—and to drink a horrible glass of hot rum and water, with his clumsy feet on the hob in the pupil's sacred presence—that I may say with full force—behold, my love, the destiny of THE POOR MAN'S WIFE,—behold, and tremble!"

"A sad picture indeed, madam; but does not sometimes mutual affection gild and sanctify even so sorrowful a spectacle as the one which you have so graphically delineated?"

"Never, sir, never—except in immoral works

of fiction written for the express purpose of bringing curates, half-pay captains, starving barristers, and other such low wretches into vogue. But I have only shown you yet one side of the picture. When the misery of this foul apartment is at its height—a flyman, paid by the job (he is not on our permanent staff), is instructed to inflict upon the door of Mountchauncey House one of those long and sonorous salutations which announce the proximate advent of the wealthy—the happy—the aristocratic! A former fellow pupil at Mountchauncey House calls upon the miserable woman whose sufferings I have just described to you. Her dress is in the last style of fashion. In winter she wears an Indian shawl given to my sister, Miss Belinda Mountchauncey—to whom you will shortly have the honour of being presented, by our late uncle, Major-General Roger Mountchauncey, C.B.—she is accompanied by two children — her latest cherubs—in velvet tunics—one bears an ivory Noah's Ark—the other a humming top in blue enamel. They enter the apartment of the Poor Man's Wife whilst the Irish Housemaid is in the act of giving notice—and the husband is inflicting corporal chastisement upon one of the hungry and howling children, whilst the lady is hanging upon his arm, and imploring him to desist. The Rich Man's Wife glides into the room like the glorious sun, with two beauteous satellites in attendance. She does not appear to notice the misery around her, but the Poor Man's Wife feels that she has taken it in to the last potato-paring. She converses about her trials—Lady Boldathers has ignobly tricked her out of a box on the Grand Tier at the Opera, on which she had set her heart—Sir Eustace has spent so much at the last contest for the county, that she must deny herself a tiara of sapphires and diamonds which would have suited her complexion exactly. At the last Queen's Ball, Lord Glittergarterville—the Gold Stick in waiting—did not pay her all the deference to which she was entitled—and Oh! but it was hard to be slighted by a Gold Stick; She then compliments her friend upon the healthy appearance of her children;—asks where she attends service?—for, after all, life with its vanities passes away like a shadow!—refers to the old happy days at Mountchauncey House, when they two had started in life upon equal terms;—gives a little tract of an elevating and soul-purifying character to each of the hungry, dirty children;—remembers that it is Opera Night,—and that Sir Eustace had requested her to meet him at Hunt and Roskell's—it might be a surprise,—men are such odd creatures;—and so the Rich Man's Wife glides out of the room to her jeweller's—leaving the Poor Man's Wife to the remains of the cold mutton, and her meditations. This is a general outline of the little drama which I cause to be rehearsed in fifty forms for the instruction of my pupils. What think you of the Mountchauncey system, Mr.—a—a—ahem—Brown?"

"I have no doubt, madam, that it is forcibly efficient—but under it I do not exactly see what is to become of the poor men."

"They must remain, sir, in their odious insignificance, and go to sea, or fight the battles and do the dirty work of the country generally; unless, indeed, they have sufficient energy to take their coats off and go to the diggings, and bring back such a sum of money as any lady would consider it worth her while to spend for them."

"But surely, madam, even with a view to the advancement of your amiable pupils in life, it is scarcely politic to announce boldly that their sole object is to contract a wealthy marriage?—for even the poor fools who have balances at their banker's, and estates in land, are so ridiculous as to desire some small share of affection for their own sakes."

"I waited for you there, sir. If I may say so without an abuse of speech, that consideration is the second key-note of my system. Miss Selina Tender, I am a half-pay Commander in the Navy—my name is Smith. I am leaning over your chair—my eye seeks yours in vain—I request you to breathe forth your soul in music."

Miss Selina Tender (moving her head about in a discontented way). "Oh! I can't sing to-night—my head aches; my throat is sore; I have been singing all the morning; I hate singing before strangers; I won't!"

Miss Harriet Mountchauncey. "I am a Lincolnshire Baronet; age twenty-two—a long minority; slate-quarries in Wales—highly recommended by your estimable aunt—my hair is red—I am freckled—short and stout. I ask you if you can't give us a song?"

Miss Selina Tender (with an inspired look). "Ah! Sir John, I divined that you were a fellow enthusiast. Music is indeed the language of the soul. I never sing but to please *one* whose soul is touched with kindred fire. Yes! I will sing for you, but upon one condition—now mind, upon one condition," (archly shaking her sweet finger at the slate-quarries, and making eyes), "that is, that you must turn over the leaves for me. Oh! what it is to me to spurn the earth in company with a kindred soul! Shall I begin with Beautiful Star?"

With these words, Miss Selina—giddy thing!—ran over to the piano, and delivered herself of the following inspired composition:—

The Beautiful Star.

(Cantabile e con molta simplicità.)

Beautiful Star! Beautiful Star!
Angel of Night, in thy radiant car!
With none to love me how sad thy gaze,
Pour on my heart thy balmy rays!
Scenes that are brightest may charm awhile,
The world may woo me with heartless smile!
I am not loved here—so I love afar—
And my love is for thee, thou—Beautiful Star!

As I muse on the treasures of love I bear,
They are scatter'd like dreams on the perfumed air;
Shall my aching spirit ever know
Passion's entrancing ebb and flow?
O yes! I *could* love—that must not be!—
Earth holds no rapture like that for me.
Let me pass to the world where Spirits are,
And my love be for thee, thou—Beautiful Star!

"Now, sir, what do you suppose would be the effect of that entrancing melody upon the soul of that young and aspiring Lincolnshire Baronet? Would he not, sir, feel that he was loved for his own sake, and that he must be a brute indeed, if, after having excited so maddening a passion in the virgin heart of a young, ingenuous girl, he was to refuse to crown her innocent flame? Every pupil who leaves Mountchauncey House is instructed how to play out a final card of this suit. A little extra bandoline gives a damp and sickly appearance to the hair—nothing is simpler than to bring the rest of the physiognomy into harmony with the once glossy, but now damp and faded tresses. When the gentleman is about to call upon his last visit, let the door be opened before he knocks—let the young lady be found in a darkened room, singing to herself in a disconsolate way some melancholy song. That expedient has never been known to fail, sir. A gentleman who owned a large river-frontage at Melbourne, and who had spent half his life beating bullocks with a big whip, was brought down upon his knees and to a sense of his situation by a little simple melody. He implored for forgiveness, and he was forgiven. He escaped from all the anxieties of life shortly afterwards, leaving his disconsolate widow his universal legatee and sole executrix."

"Did he though, poor man!" said Mr. Brown. "But I presume, madam, you do not confine your pupils to the arts of poetry and music; you give muscle to their souls by enforcing upon them the study of the severer sciences?"

"Quite right, Mr. Brown, quite right. Though how a gentleman made the discovery! Well, well. You are quite right; *dancing* is the great corrective and tonic of the mind. You never yet heard of a professional dancer marring her fortune by the ill-timed indulgence of sentiment. Dancing, in fact, hardens the a-hems and the heart."

"But, madam, just in the same way that it develops the a-hems, may it not also develop the heart?"

"No, no; certainly not. The a-hems are developed and hardened—the heart is contracted and hardened. There is the difference. Then at Mountchauncey House we practise the science of arithmetic in a very complete manner, and the young ladies are carefully instructed in the relative values of securities.

"I think these are the chief points which occupy our attention; and I can only assure you, sir, that the excellence of the Mountchauncey system is proved by the results. There is not an instance of a pupil from this establishment who has married otherwise than well."

"That is all, madam, that I desired to know; and now nothing remains but that I should make a few inquiries of a more common-place, but still indispensable, nature."

"You allude, sir, to commercial considerations? Those lie in the department of my sister, Miss Belinda Mountchauncey, to whom I will now do myself the honour of presenting you."

With these words Miss H. M. rose; Mr. Brown bowed, and took his leave of the young ladies.

HAPPY JONES.

WHEN Mr. Brown returned to his hotel from Mountchauncey House, he found a telegram conceived in these terms:

> KNOCKER TO BROWN.
>
> *London—Helmston.*
>
> Happy Jones—communication—twins—come off at once. Be here to-day by 3·30 P.M. train. Immediate.

The telegram evidently required his instant presence in London—but where was Mr. Meek? When last seen, he was observed to be riding a tall chesnut horse in the direction of Putrid-canonbury with five ladies—he the only gentleman of the party. He was riding in front between two ladies—three ladies behind constituted the rear guard. What was to be done? There was only half-an-hour until the departure of the train, and here was poor Meek cantering away towards destruction — surrounded by his natural enemies, and rather liking it than not. With the instant decision of a man of superior intellect, Mr. Brown determined that either Mr. Meek would return to the hotel, or he would not. He resolved to provide against either contingency. He called for pen, ink, and paper,—directed Boots to pack up his bag, and summon to the door the swiftest fly in Helmston—told the waiter to bring him his bill, and a glass of draught Bitter Ale, and set himself down to carry out the literary portion of his scheme. First, he would deal with the alternative that Mr. Meek would return to the hotel to dine off the joint at 5.30, as arranged. Here was the result:

The Britannia, Wednesday, 2·55 P.M.

Dear Meek,—I am summoned up to town by our mutual friend, Knocker, on business connected with a certain Mrs. Jones, which will not, as it seems, admit of any delay. I shall be down to-morrow by early train, but, at any rate, you will hear of me by telegraph. Meanwhile—rash and unguarded man!—what are you about? You are on the verge of a precipice. Beware! I have heard of the manner in which you are employing your morning. Do not put me off with vain pretexts to the effect that you are merely engaged in philosophic investigation. Meek! it is not so, and you know it! Dalilah was too much for Samson — a man of considerable energy. You are not a man of any energy at all—what can one Meek do against five Dalilahs? Tremble, and fly!

Here are my final directions. On receipt of this you will partake of a heavy dinner with as much Guinness's Stout, and as little wine as may be. You will then betake yourself to the smoking-room of the Britannia, and remain there until 11·30 *p.m. You will then be conducted by Boots—he is a man upon whom I can place reliance—to your bed-chamber. At* 7·45 *a.m. Boots will call you—see you tubbed, shaved, dressed, and breakfasted. At* 9 *a.m. he will deposit you in a lively yawl*—THE BOUNDING BROTHERS, *which will at once put out to sea, with directions to lie off and on Helmston, until*

a particular signal is made from my bedroom-window in the upper storey of the Britannia; that signal will be the display of a pair of Top Boots. When you can make these out in a line with the tall chimney of Robb's Bath, you are safe, and may land. I will be there.

Your affectionate friend,
DAVID BROWN.

P.S.—Wind and weather must not be taken into account. You would be safer on the Goodwins at half-ebb, with a strong gale from the S.W., than where you are.

This letter was sealed, directed to Josiah Meek, Esq., and entrusted to Boots. Mr. Brown guarded against the second contingency—namely, that Mr. Meek would not return to the hotel—by composing a short melo-dramatic, yet explicit advertisement, which was to be inserted the next day

Beautiful Star. (See p. 414.)

in a prominent portion of the *Helmston Shaver*. Thus it ran:

J.M. is implored to return at once to his mourning friend D.B. All will be forgotten, and forgiven. A letter is lying for J.M. at the B. Beware! Beware!

Boots was instructed to carry this note at once to the office of the *Helmston Shaver*, and Mr. Brown jumped into the fly, which conveyed him to the railway station, and the train in due course deposited him at the great terminus in London. Mr. Launcelot Knocker was waiting for his friend on the platform, and before he allowed him to speak a word, he crammed him into a Hansom cab, with the directions of St. John's Wood Chapel —and double fare for speed. As the two friends were driving along, Mr. Knocker explained to Mr. Brown that the existence of the G. C. Club had in some mysterious manner—upon which point he did not attempt to offer any explanation—come to the knowledge of a certain Mr. Jones, resident at No. 3, Olive Branch Row, St. John's Wood. This gentleman, as it appeared, was largely interested in the discussion of all matrimonial questions, but he was directly opposed to the doctrine of the G. C. Club. He placed—after a very long, and very convincing experience, the height of human felicity in Connubial Bliss. He was, in fact, the gentleman who had acted as "The Times" Correspondent, when the great question of how to support a family in comfort on the sum of 300*l.*

per annum was under discussion, under the famous signature of HAPPY JONES. He was now happier than ever, as his family had largely increased since the date of the controversy, and requested that a Deputation from the Club would call upon him at his house, and the sooner, the better; as he, Mr. Jones, was in confident expectation of the occurrence of another interesting event. Let the G. C.'s, if they would avoid the reproach of unfounded scurrility and malice, come and witness with their own eyes the spectacle of an Englishman's happiness!

The Hansom Cab soon reached York Place, and turned into St. John's Wood Road. There was indeed something suggestive of family bliss in the little detached cottages, each of which stood apart in its little garden. A bachelor would not dare to thrust his unseasonable nose into a region so sacred to family joys. The pavement on either side was thronged with Perambulators. Whenever any of the little doors which afforded entrance to the little gardens were opened, you saw inside swarms of lovely children engaged in their blessed sports and pastimes. At one house there was standing a cart, which contained a huge Rocking Horse—with a ticket upon it of "*A surprise for Freddy*"—heavy, middle-aged gentlemen were drawing near to their blissful bowers—some bearing Noah's Arks; some, paper bags containing Tops and Bottoms from Robb's in St. Martin's Lane—others, bottles of Dolby's Cordial, a specific for children during Teething. The region was bright, sunshiny—and fresh. There was a twinny and prolific feeling in the air.

On—on! to No. 3, Olive Branch Row. There was no mistake about the house. On the front door, which opened into the road, a board was hanging out, with the inscription—

NO NOISE,

PUSH THE DOOR!

When you did so, you found yourself in a garden which was divided off into little gardens with little labels denoting that the little patches were severally the property of—1, JEMMY; 2, STEPHEN; 3, MARY; 4, JANE; 5, ADOLPHUS; 6, SOPHY; 7, LOUIS NAPOLEON; 8, CATHARINE ANN; then there was a double patch, with the names of (9, 10,) WILHELMINA—TOM; and, finally, 11, RICHARD. The brass knocker on the green door was tied up with a white kid glove. As the cab drove up a stout middle-aged gentleman was standing on the trottoir, in a suit of plaid dittos and a Panama hat, and was thrusting his fist energetically in the face of a Savoyard, who was grinding upon his organ just under Mr. Jones's window the tune of "*Il segreto per essere felice.*" Although a man of benevolent appearance, he was now much excited, and was expressing a wish that Savoy might soon pass under the stern rule of the French Emperor, whose first act, as he trusted, would be a treaty with England for the extradition of Savoyards. As the gentlemen drove up, they inquired of him whether this were Mr. Jones's residence.

"Yes, gentlemen, it is—I am Mr. Jones!"

"We are the G.C.s."

"Welcome, gentlemen! but at what a moment you are come! Here, you scoundrel! here's a shilling—and go to the devil! What a moment! nurse tells me we may look for twins."

Mr. Jones introduced them into the garden, where he was surrounded by his eleven existing olive branches—two of them being offered to his paternal embrace by a deputy nurse. At this moment a stout friendly-looking female face was thrust out from the window up-stairs over the door amongst the passion-flowers.

"A boy! a boy, sir!"

"Hurrah!"

"A girl! a girl, sir!"

"A mistake?"

"No, sir!—twins."

"Hurrah! Tell Mrs. Jones to keep it up."

Mr. Jones added, after a pause (during which no fresh announcement was made): "And now, gentlemen, will you walk in, and hear from me how an Englishman with a numerous family can enjoy perfect felicity on 300*l.* a-year."

THE INDIAN MAIL.

THE sun was going down behind the Rock, as a thrill passed through the huge frame of the Asia, marking the first revolutions of the screw which was to impel the good ship through the waters of the Atlantic on the last stage of her homeward voyage.

The passengers on board were not numerous. The first northward rush of the refugees from the Indian Mutiny was long since over, and the return of the officers who had done their work had not yet commenced, for the little garrison in Lucknow was still unrelieved. It was a time of pause, not of doubt, for the crowning victory at Delhi had proved that of the Englishman's Raj from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin the end was not yet. But there was still plenty of stern work to be done in any case, even if the hot fever fit of rebellion should subside as quickly as it had risen into frenzy. One of the minor results was that very few passengers were on board the Asia as she steamed away on the night of which we are speaking, from under the heavy shadow of the Rock of Gibraltar across the Bay of Algeçiras and out into the Straits.

The white houses of San Roque soon faded in distance. Ceuta, too, on the African coast, which had been so anxiously looked for on the run from Malta, was now shut out. The far distant peaks of the Atlas Range might still be seen bathed in the rays of the setting sun. In latitude thirty-six degrees, the twilight is but of short duration, and the night dews begin to fall heavily almost before the sun has disappeared. The Asia kept on her way, and before she was well abreast of Tangier, day had changed into night. Shoals of porpoises were playing about, casting up the phosphorescent water as they rolled and tumbled in their sport. When Cape Spartel marked the entrance to the great Atlantic, now and again from the bulwarks of the Asia whales might be seen, and as they rose, plunged, and dived, and the water broke in streams from their backs, you would have taken them for gigantic black wheels in revolution. As a contrast to the uncouth performances of these sea monsters, it was pleasant to watch the millions upon millions of small fry shooting about many

feet below the surface of the water. Each one of the millions was like a tiny ray of silver light darting about in the depths of the sea, and the whole display like an exhibition of fireworks at the court of King Neptune for the amusement of the Ocean Nymphs.

Amongst the passengers was Mr. Samuel Trimmer, an indigo planter, from Bengal, accompanied by his wife and two children—a boy and girl respectively—with a native bearer and nurse, or Ayah. The eldest daughter, Lucy, was now a pupil at the celebrated Boarding School and Finishing Establishment kept by the Misses Mountchauncey at Helmston, of which we already know something. The district of Bughumpore, in which Mr. Trimmer had carried on his industrial operations, had been over-run by the mutineers, and the lives of the Trimmer family had only been saved by the attachment of one or two of the native servants to Mrs. Trimmer, and in last resort by the courage and resolution of the lady herself.

Mr. S. Trimmer was not what is called a bad man, nor had he originally been deficient in that ordinary amount of physical nerve and dash which incites men to face danger boldly when they cannot help themselves. The sun of Bengal, however, had baked his original gifts out of him, and left him stranded on the quicksands of the most overwhelming indolence which ever oppressed the soul even of an Anglo-Bengalee. Poor Mrs. Trimmer's chief difficulty at the moment when she was called upon to save her children by effecting a timely retreat into the jungle, where they might await, in comparative safety, the advance of a small British detachment—of which they had received advice—was to induce her husband to put on his socks; he could not understand what all the fuss was about. He was quite sure the mutineers would never take the trouble to come all the way to Trimmerobad for the mere pleasure of cutting their throats: it was so confoundedly hot; after dinner now, in the cool of the evening, he might be induced to entertain the question; but really it was too much to expect of a hard-worked man like him to risk a sun-stroke in the full heat of the day, just because Mrs. Trimmer was always foreseeing and foretelling calamities which never happened. Of course it was a different thing at Meerut, at Delhi, at Cawnpore, at Lucknow. Had he been in any of the places named, Mr. Trimmer would cheerfully have recognised the presence of danger: he would have loaded his revolver, mounted his war-horse, and cried "Ha, ha!" in concert with that spirited animal—there where the braying of the trumpets was the loudest. Under existing circumstances, Mr. T.'s programme was—a nap, tiffin, a nap, a light dinner, forty winks, and a cool ride into the jungle. Had this little arrangement been acted upon, another wink might have been added to the conventional estimate of forty, and that forty-first wink might have been of some duration.

Mrs. Trimmer, who was a small, pale woman, who looked as if she had been overboiled, and who under all circumstances—save her general conduct of the business and the entire control of the family arrangements—was a quiet and submissive wife enough, now got up a little mutiny on her own account, and caused her lethargic husband to be carted off into the jungle with her other belongings. She had never intended nor wished to play so imperial a part in the concerns of Trimmer & Co.; but as years passed on, the conviction was gradually forced upon her mind that the huge mass of humanity to which she had sworn respect and obedience was little better than an emphatic impostor. The wife thereupon took the reins of government into her own hands, but in a quiet and unobtrusive way, leaving outsiders to the belief that she simply took charge of minor points of detail that Mr. Trimmer's mind might be left undisturbed to evolve those mighty commercial projects with which his brain was overwhelmed in calm and undisturbed serenity. Mrs. T. even went so far, that she persuaded her large husband that he really was a very remarkable man, but that it would be mistaken economy to waste his gifts upon the petty vexations, and hopes, and disappointments of business, when, by a single prolific thought, he might strike out fresh channels running with liquid gold, or good bills at two months' date.

So far of the antecedents of the Trimmer family. It is better just now not to meddle too much with the Trimmer Chronicles—even with that portion of them which may be regarded as black letter, and which referred to their Indian career. Let us get back to the deck of the Asia, and there we shall find Mr. Trimmer lying upon a pile of cushions; and, arguing from the absolute repose of his body, we may suppose that his mind is grappling with a commercial combination of a more abstruse kind than usual. The two children are playing on the deck, to the immense delight of the two native servants, and Mrs. Trimmer is quietly looking on; but her thoughts are with the little girl from whom she has now been separated for six years, and whom she is now so shortly to see again.

"I wonder, Samuel, if we shall find Lucy very tall? She must now be sixteen, and that is just the age at which girls shoot up."

Mr. Trimmer gazed at her with a lack-lustre eye. Why would she disturb his calculations?

"Eh?—hum—yes—shouldn't wonder, Martha—growing's nearly the only thing in the world that doesn't give one any trouble. What a trouble talking is. I wonder when this fatiguing journey—will be over—makes me quite ill to think—of that wretched engine bumping up and down; just wrap the shawl round my feet—there's a good woman."

Mrs. Trimmer did so. An old wizened civilian paused in his steady pacing of the quarter-deck to speak with her. The poor little woman discharged all her duties in so unobtrusive a manner, and kept the children so well out of mischief, that she had won for herself the respect of Mr. McDunner, who was not generally an admirer of the fair sex.

"In three days, madam, at furthest, we shall be at Southampton, and" (with a sly glance at the vast meditative form of Trimmer) "you will be relieved from all the anxieties of the journey."

Mrs. Trimmer was not the woman to hold her peace when a slight was cast upon her husband, so she quietly replied:

"I shall be glad of it, sir, for my husband's

sake more than my own. Twenty years of hard work up-country in India have told upon him, and so it will be a glad day for me when he is in reach of proper advice, and is sheltered from the chill evenings of these northern climates. Hadn't you better put an extra shawl round your chest, Mr. McDunner?"

The old civilian was very open to attentions of this kind, for he really had been badly hit in the liver, and he liked to talk about people's insides, and their ailments, and all that sort of thing. So he began to descant upon the superior advantages of the climate of India, which, but for certain little drawbacks in the nature of hot seasons, sand-storms, liver complaints, &c., &c., constituted, in Mr. McD.'s opinion, an earthly Paradise, in which he would have loved to disport himself throughout the whole of his earthly career. The night, however, fell deeper on the great heaving Atlantic as they were conversing, and the time had come when the children must be put to bed, and then the passengers were to have their tea, and there was to be a little card-playing, and certain interviews with the steward connected with the subject of slight stimulants; and then the lights would be put out by authority, and the Asia would cut her way past Cape St. Vincent, and abreast of Lisbon, and so from Finisterre to Ushant; and then, in a few hours more, to the Isle of Wight, and the Southampton Water, and all old familiar faces, and sights, and sounds.

The real business was to get Mr. Trimmer on his legs, and fairly in motion.

"Hallo! you sailor—lend me a hand."

That was the first stop, but the point—as cricketers would say—didn't always come clean off the bat, for it would occasionally happen that the blue-jacket whose aid was invoked would give such a pull as would have materially aided in getting up the ship's anchor. Then Mr. Trimmer would be shot unduly forwards, and would have to be brought to his bearings. When this was accomplished, he would stand for a few moments, smiling placidly, like an athlete who had just accomplished a serious gymnastic feat. Then he had to be set in motion, and persuaded to trust himself to the perils of the "companion"—and at this point mistakes would occur, if he was encountered on his downward passage by an ascending deputy-steward with a tray. Altogether, it was not a trifling matter to get Mr. Trimmer transferred from his couch on deck to the couch below, on which he was to resume his commercial calculations.

All this labour fell mainly upon Mrs. Trimmer's shoulders, and very daintily and carefully she accomplished it—throwing round her vast husband a sort of placid halo of invalidism, and by the mere tenderness of her watchful eye checking any undue tendency to hilarity amongst the bystanders. Most of them were quite prepared for any practical joke upon the hard-thinking Indigo Planter, but no one would have dared to be guilty of disrespect to him in the presence of his wife. This evening, Mr. Trimmer's transfer to the regions below was effected without further accident than a stoppage on the companion, which terminated in a dead lock between that gentleman and a certain Mrs. Duncan Mulligat, and in the signal discomfiture of the lady named.

So Mr. Trimmer was at length landed on his couch, and then his wife turned her attention to the two little children who were duly prepared under her own inspection for their night's rest, and instructed by her to offer up their prayers for the big planter, and for sister Lucy, who was now waiting for them on the shores of England. An hour or two more passed away and there was silence in the chief saloon—broken only by the snore of an uncomfortable sleeper—and the Asia kept proudly on her way past St. Vincent towards the English coast.

How bright the night is in those southern seas—and how solemnly the great moon seems to hang just over one's head; and when the evening dews have fallen, how warm the air is, as one paces the deck, with the sound of the rushing waters falling fitfully on the ear. Far as the eye can reach around, nothing but water—water—everywhere reflecting the myriad stars with which the firmament is studded. The Asia held steadily on her way, and below were the sleepers dreaming of their English homes.

The night was so fair, and the sea so calm, that with the exception of the helmsmen, who at long intervals relieved each other at the wheel, the duties of the vessel seemed to be carried on drowsily enough. All that was necessary was to let the Asia have her own way, and she would take the shortest cut to the Southampton Water.

All things were proceeding so quietly as this, and it might have been two hours past midnight, when a small puff of smoke ascended from the fore-part of the Asia. What could it be? The smoke became a jet, but still the occurrence did not seem to attract any attention—until, at last, the smoke caught the eye of the officer of the watch, who ran forward, and commanding silence, rushed below to see what was amiss. Before he returned many startled figures made their appearance on deck in the forward part of the vessel, and a cry was raised of—"FIRE! FIRE!"

The Asia was on fire—she was far out at sea—and not a sail was in sight.

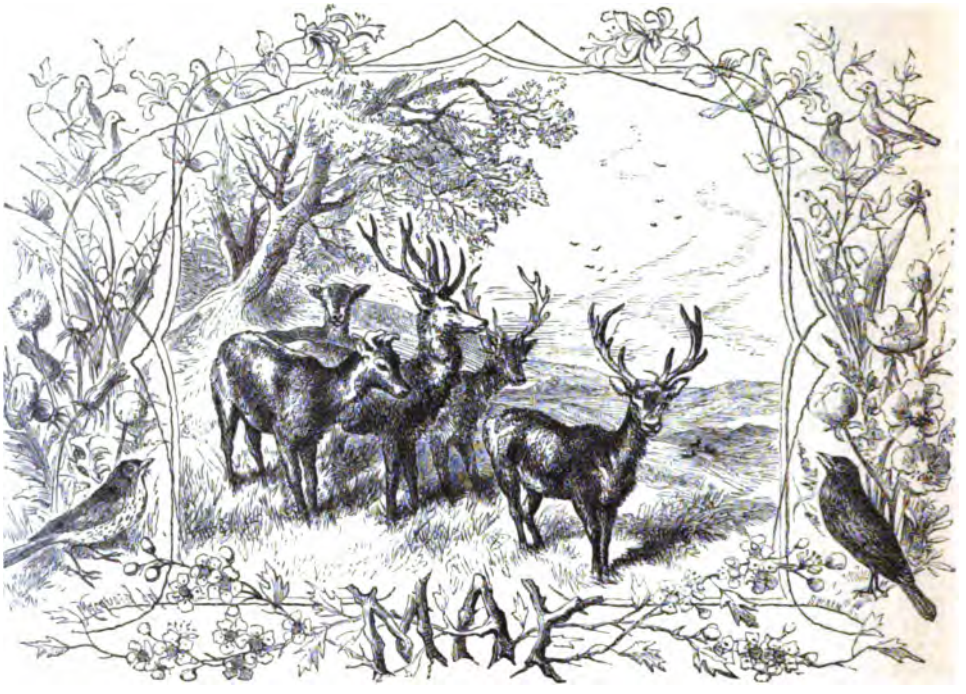
Little Lucy Trimmer just then was fast asleep in her white nest at Mountchauncey House, and her hand was under the pillow resting on the letter with the Bombay post-mark. GAMMA.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

AT a period when the Shaksperian drama was in vogue among the play-going classes, it became necessary to withdraw *King Lear* from the stage. The unhappy condition to which the then Sovereign of this country was reduced, made it objectionable to present upon the boards a British king in a state of mental aberration. The play was set aside. Upon one occasion, when the Prince Regent was likely to visit Covent Garden, there was a discussion in the manager's room as to the performance the Prince would like. Hook was present. "He leaves it to yourself," said Theodore.—"How do you mean?"—"Why, the Court has given you a *congé de Lear*."

THE MONTHS.



We do not live in a part of the country where antique customs are still kept up on Mayday: so I have had my homage of the day pretty nearly to myself for some years past.

There was a time when my wife and I were still almost boy and girl, when we observed every festival that led us out into the country, at any season: but the extreme early rising of Mayday would give the busy and tired mamma a headache, and spoil the whole day for more than herself,—so I have been accustomed to go forth alone in the dawn, when the month of May is three hours old. I had observed, the night before, that others than myself had been watching the barometer; and when I crept quietly down stairs in the dim light, I found the hall door unfastened, and my daughter Jane waiting for me in the porch. It was a pleasant surprise to begin with. Bell had intended to make a third: but she was too sleepy when the time came. In the olden days, when doors were fastened with a latch, she would have been made a prisoner, with a nail driven in above the latch. Such was the fate of sleepy maidens on May-mornings,—to be shut in till their brisker acquaintances came back from their Maying.

As we went along under the hedgerows towards the pasture-fields, we thought of all the people we knew who were keeping May anywhere. They are not many now; but there are a few old-fashioned places in England in which there are still traces of old Roman observances: and the flowery festival of Mayday is one of these. Hoops and triangles are covered with flowers which must be still in the dew; and when they are hung up in public they make the day one long game at ball, every boy, and almost every passenger, trying to throw a ball over the garland, and catch it on the other side. Then, in Catholic countries abroad, there are worshippers in the dim, chilly churches at this hour, celebrating acts of grace and glory which signalise the day. In Ireland, there are whole districts where the inhabitants have their heads full of the pranks of the fairies on May-eve, in dread of the evil-eye; and there is perhaps never a Mayday which does not break on some watcher in the woods around Killarney, looking for the apparition of O'Donoghue flitting across the lake. In the calmest moment, when the lake is like glass, a great wave suddenly rises, and behind it appears the armed rider, plumed and scarfed, and his helmet glittering in the morning light, as he guides his horse right across the lake. We, however, had no rare sights to see. We wanted to hear the loudest clamour of birds; and that is to be heard in the open country at day-break in May. We wanted to get among the flowers where they are most profuse: and the place in which to look for them is the meadow by the river side. There might be more in two or three weeks; but the grass would then be either so tall as to hide the blossoms, or the wild-flowers would have been in part cropped with the grass; for the kine would soon be all abroad in the meadows,—calves and all.

For a mile through the lanes we had met nobody; but, as we came near Widow Wilson's farm-yard, we found that some people were up as early as we. The dash and hiss of the milk in

the pail was audible in the road; and the cows were already proceeding in a line to the meadows after being milked. We turned in, and found the milkmaids (for the widow still commits the task to female hands) filling their last pails; and we could not but go a little further and see what the produce of five-and-forty cows looked like.

What an ocean of milk it was,—the mixture of the past night's and this morning's! What a moist place was the cheese-making room, though the morning sun shone in warm, and lighted up every damp brick in the paved floor, and every flake of curd in the great tubs! The widow was there helping; for the supply of milk was now increasing daily, she said, and she must make cheese while the grass grew thick. We saw the curd set, and accepted a draught of whey; and then we were off towards the meadows again, taking a short cut through the widow's garden and paddock.

As soon as the gate of the paddock was shut behind us, we found ourselves ankle-deep in herbage and buttercups, crowfoot and daisies, and dandelions, and all the meadow-blossoms of the spring,—even columbines growing in the dryest places, and by the river side the buckbean and water-violet, and in places the yellow iris, and long margins of flowering water-grasses. Our shadows stretched like prostrate obelisks before us, as the still low sun struck on us warm from behind: and if Jane had come out for May-dew, this was the place, for almost every spear of grass bore its diamond. If she did not collect the dew, she gathered the flowers by handfuls. There was a full chorus of birds; for we had both those of the furrow and the pasture, and of the hedge-rows and woods. From one direction the breeze brought the coo of the woodpigeon, and from another the call of the cuckoo in the trees in the avenue; while the larks sprang up all round us, and the sedge warbler was in the clump by the river, and the reed warbler was somewhere about the banks. The rooks were in full caw from the park, and the thrushes from the hedgerow trees. Jane had never heard anything like this before, for she had never been out so early at the same season. The woods at a later hour were full of music; but the merry din of a May-sunrise is something much more lively.

We had been seeing the sulphur butterfly for some time: but now we met with other kinds. A handsome tortoiseshell opened and shut its wings on a tall rush; and two little white ones chased each other over the cowslips.

On we went from field to field, intending to return by the sunny side of the park woods: but as we proceeded, we saw a symptom of danger to the widow's beautiful pastures which sent us back by nearly the same way, that we might warn her, if she was unaware, how fast the herbage was failing. The cows had been so lately turned out into the fields that we could see very well what was growing there. The buttercups were in inordinate quantity, and so were the dandelions: but we were more sorry to observe the spread of the ox-eye daisy. The acrid buttercups, and the choking stalks of the ox-eyes were excluding just so much sweet herbage: and where ox-eyes and ragwort and other pernicious weeds grow unchecked, they soon infest the whole country round.

We found the widow aware, to some extent, of the mischief: but what could she do? "Ill weeds grew apace," as everybody knew; and who could help it? I told her what I had seen in another county last June; a mail-road bordered by pastures which for fifteen miles were ruined, or fast going to ruin, from the prevalence of this very pest, the ox-eye daisy. Whole fields contained actually nothing else; and others were powdered thick with it. In one large meadow I saw heaps of something white dotting the whole surface; and I supposed the pasture was going to be limed: but as I passed it, I saw that the mowers were in it, and that these heaps were hay-cocks, so called,—but containing perhaps a tenth part of grass to nine parts of ox-eye daisies.

Mrs. Wilson was evidently shocked at this; and she wanted to know what could be done. All I could tell her was, that I had seen a man wading through his tall meadow-grass when it was more than kneedeep, to pull up an ox-eye daisy here and there, rather than let it go to seed. The damage to the grass was a trifle in comparison, he said, to the danger of the spread of the weed. He had hard work to keep it down, while his neighbours let it grow freely on their land; but wife and children cut it up by the roots every spring, and found it answer. Where it has usurped the whole soil, there is nothing to be done but to root up and burn the whole surface; and every day's delay is a wrong done to the country round. I was sorry to carry bad news among the cheese tubs: but the widow thanked me, wished she had sooner known the worst, and must see what could be done. There was no trusting the herdsmen in such matters. They insisted that buttercups made the cream rich; and that the stiff stalks of the worst weeds were better for the cows than grass itself.

We had no longer the lanes to ourselves on the way home. The boys were out bird-nesting for an hour or two before school; and some were peeping into every hedge, while one or another might be seen in a tree within the belt of wood which surrounded the park. Of course they met with abundant success; for an experienced practitioner like myself and these boys could not go five yards among the trees without seeing a nest on or within the trunk, or on some bough. It was too early for nestlings; but we were shown more than one cap-full of speckled eggs, blue, brown, pink, and white. Then, as we turned a reach of the river, we saw a gay group below among the willows. They were the renters of the osier bed which lies in that bend of the stream; and they were going to have a day of osier peeling. Women and children, in red and blue, looked well among the sallows; and there was a little faggot of peeled rods already.

Perhaps it might be their husbands and fathers that we heard at work in the woods above, and could see at intervals. They were barking the oaks and larches that we saw last week marked for that method of destruction. It is a somewhat dreary sight—the bare, shining, yellow tree, in its flayed condition lying prostrate, with its sprays

full of swollen buds: but it is a process that I can never help watching. Many an hour have I spent in seeing the bark removed, and set up in rows in the woods, and in helping to make larch poles, or faggots from the small boughs of the oaks. I would fain have stepped up to the wood now, to see what was doing; but we were really so hungry that breakfast was more important than the most picturesque group in the fleckered sunshine of the wood.

Just in the climax of our hunger, near our own door, we met our carpenter, who is a great lover of sport, with a basket which we knew so well that we guessed at once what was in it—fish of some kind.

"Eels, most likely," Jane thought. My hope was that it might be tench or perch; but it was something better—even trout! Here was the first offer of trout this season, and I could not reject it. I should soon be providing our table with trout once a day, at least, Sundays excepted; but I had not thought of beginning yet; and the boys would be jealous if I did not keep the freshness of the year's sport for them in their Whitsuntide holidays. So we would condescend to eat trout of other folks' catching at present; and the carpenter was sent on to order a dish of his speckled prey to be got ready for our May-day breakfast.

It was a luxurious breakfast certainly—the sunshine and still air justifying our sitting with the glass-door open to the garden. The laburnum on one side cast its small waving shadows on the carpet, and the rich scent of the lilacs floated in. The white globes of the Guelder-rose hung over the grass; and the great wild-cherry on the green slope looked as if it had been powdered over with blossom. A bright golden line under the garden wall, and golden patches about the rockery, showed that the punctual yellow poppies were in full blow. The pale pæony made a good contrast with them, and the deep-coloured one would soon make a better.

The little thicket of rhododendrons, intermixed in front with graceful azaleas, pink and maize coloured, would be the grand show of the garden through the month: but we were just as fond of some old friends among the flowers with whom we had been intimate before our grand new acquaintances, from east, west, and south, had condescended to make themselves at home in middle-class gardens. We hailed the first honeysuckle which nodded to us from the porch the other day, just as heartily as if we had not beautiful climbers from the whole range between California and Japan, running a race up to my chimney-tops. Nobody can be more thankful than we are for the treasures which have been brought to England from all the gardens of the world; but, if they were all to die off in one night, I could be still content with our great honeysuckle on the porch, and with the mingled scent which is, to my sense, unmatched—that of the brier-rose and clematis growing close together. We have not got them yet: but we shall see some of our climbing roses shining forth from the ivy before the month is up. Meantime, we have still plenty of wall-flowers: and the stock gillyflowers, and star of Bethlehem, and star of Jerusalem, and Solomon's seal, and bachelor's button, and yellow lily, and monkshood, with some remaining tulips, and an early poppy or two, will carry us on till the full rose season. Our lily-of-the-valley is always spoken of by us apart from the crowd of common flowers. We have a shady place for it—a bed of leaves in a moist nook, where it flourishes as finely as in its own islet in the river: and some morning soon, I doubt not, I shall find beside my plate at breakfast a half-blown spike lying within its pair of cool leaves, and just sending forth its first faint perfume.

Our breakfast—trout, eggs, early grass butter, thick cream, radishes, flowers with their buzzing bees and stealing fragrance—must come to an end at last. But the morning was not like ordinary mornings. We could not feel it to be a common working-day. In the afternoon we would have a long stroll. During the morning there was a good deal of basking on the lawn, loitering in the orchard to admire the last of the blossoming, and watch how the fruit was setting, and close up any loose clay about the grafts, and make war against a host of insects.

Little Harry must have his Mayday early, as he could not join in our long walks. It was an old promise that he should have a cowslip ball when the season came round. The cook had hinted at cowslip-wine, and the nursemaid at cowslip-tea. I forbade the wine, and consigned the tea project to those who might like to drink it; but the ball was unexceptionable. Mamma and Bell went down into the meadows with the child, and Jane and I saw no more of them for some hours.

They had been well entertained. They had seen the water-meadows irrigated for the first time this season; the sluice opened at the top of the gentle ascent, and the little streams glistening in their tiny channels, as they flowed down to the drain below.

They saw the Squire's bailiff measuring and marking, with his assistants, at different places between the higher and the lower grounds. There was to be more draining, and more irrigating; and the appearance of the natural springs, showing themselves after the rains in winter, had been carefully noted, in order to utilise them in the new works.

Harry seldom had one indulgence without its leading to another. He came home full of mamma's promise that, when the glow-worms came, which would be within this month, he should sit up late, to go and see them in the lanes. We were to hear the nightingale on the same occasion, if possible. Harry might also see a bat, and feel a cockchafer knock against his face; and perhaps catch under a tumbler some of the beautiful moths which were already beginning to find their way in at night, and whirl and hover round the lamp. What living creature is there more beautiful than some of those moths, of whose life the main idea seems to be burning themselves to death!

Jane and I got out the telescope, for its service of the year,—its use on every fine day till the days should be too short and dim. By it we overlook the hill range as if we lived upon it. This was just the day for finding out what had

happened since we last looked, in the October shooting season. The stackyards seemed to be perfectly empty now. The farmyards were in course of clearing and cleaning, evidently, from the carting of manure, and other tokens. As the eye wandered over the ins and outs, the ups and downs, of the range, it met with several groups of spring labourers,—men and women setting potatoes in a field; lads mowing grass.

"Mowing grass!" exclaimed Jane. "Cutting the grass in May?"

Even so; but it was not for hay, of course. At that hill-farm there is a good deal of stall-feeding; and the cows are not permitted to spoil the pastures with perpetual grazing. The farmer told me that to make hay was the most wasteful use of his pastures; and next, to graze them. He obtained from twice to three times the amount of produce out of them by cutting the grass for stall-feeding, as by the other ordinary methods; so here were the farm lads mowing in May.

After watching another group, and plainly seeing every stroke of work they did by the vivid sunlight, I called Jane to observe what would be the probable fate of Widow Wilson's weedy pastures. Jane saw, but could not clearly understand, except that something was burning. There was only a thin, blue smoke, and an occasional spark of fire; but a careful kind of burning it clearly was. The men had a bad pasture in hand,—mossy, or more likely, heathery; for the gorse and broom were resplendent beyond the fences. The work was that of paring and burning. The long, serpentine lines of sods (twisted, in order to stand better) had been pared some time before, and were drying; more were being brought up from the plough, which we traced by its white horse when the dark one could not be followed; and at the top of the enclosure a boy was spreading the ashes from the heaps which had burned out.

"Must the gay meadow that we saw this morning be bleak and bare, like that?" asked Jane.

"I fear so, unless the most pestilent weeds can be got rid of by a desperate effort at once. We must take this matter of weeds more to heart before we can boast of ourselves as a model agricultural nation. Before the month is out we shall be seeing all the village children blowing dandelion heads for a match, just as Harry would do here if we would let him. It is a pretty play; and I don't like stopping any play; but one must not let the winged seeds of obstinate weeds be sent floating in all directions in mere sport."

We took our stroll before sunset because the spring woods are most beautiful in the fullest light, as at midsummer the dimmest hour is the sweetest. In May there are strong lights in the very thickets, from the thinness and translucency of the foliage. The forms of the trees and the colouring of their bark, and the mosses and ferns it bears, are as distinct as in winter in the checkered glow; while the young foliage affords a thousand tents of green light for birds, bees, and butterflies. We peeped up into these canopies as we went: we found the brambles blossoming below, and blackthorn already whitening in the banks, reminding us of the coming treat of the hawthorn clumps and hedges. We hunted for orchids in a very successful way. We walked along the chesnut avenue, and calculated that its noble flowering would be in its prime when the boys came home for Whitsuntide. We declared the gold-green of the oaks, intermixed with dark firs, the most splendid foliage of all,—notwithstanding the autumn crimsons, yellows, and scarlets which appear in sheltered nooks of a hill country. We anxiously compared the oak and the ash, under all aspects, as the prospects of the summer are popularly believed to depend on which comes into leaf first. We joyfully agreed that the oaks will certainly be out first.

In the park, we found the keeper announcing his decisions about the deer;—as to which of the bucks should be fattened for the table, as he had not taken enough for his master's hospitality and friendships. There would be some killing in a few days, he told us, and possibly some of the inferior joints would be consigned to the butcher for sale. Venison was never more costly, the long and hard winter having exhausted the fodder, and left the deer in the poorest plight.

We hoped the other dainties of the season would abound, to console great men's hearts in London;—the turtle, the salmon, sturgeon, lobsters, and turbot; and the spring geese, and all good things that cooks and corporations can tell of. Meantime, we cared more to see the deer peeping over the knolls, and stealing out from among the ferns, or scampering across a sunny slope, than to taste the finest haunch. We longed more for the first swallow (about which a domestic wager was depending), the first swarm of bees, the first bathing expedition, the evening row on the still mere, with our lines set for pike, and the moonlight float on its surface, listening to the nightingale till midnight; or, if it would not favour us, making out with our own songs, though rather shy about singing, because the sound is carried so far, and so perfectly, over still water.

These pleasures, and rook-shooting, and angling expeditions for the boys, and pony-rides and rowing-matches without end, and attendance upon the rifle-drill on the common, which would become a regular evening amusement during the four months of longest days, seemed to afford a goodly prospect for the Whitsuntide holiday. The bailiff, who has a privilege of advising his neighbours, agrees, except in the particular of bathing. He tells us—

> They who bathe in May
> Will soon be laid in clay:
> They who bathe in June
> Will sing a merry tune.

We agree, however, that all depends on the season; and prudent people may, for that matter, bathe without catching cold in every month in the year, if their skins are more familiar with water than most people's were when that old rhyme was made. Some other old rhymes are perhaps truer: as—

> A swarm of bees in May
> Is worth a load of hay;
> A swarm of bees in June
> Is worth a silver spune;
> A swarm of bees in July
> Is not worth a fly.

We must cherish our garden-plots, then, and hope that the lime-flowers will abound on the lawn, and the thyme in the kitchen-garden, and the wild flowers on the moorland, that our hives may be full, and all ready for the first swarm when the boys come home.

SPIRIT PAINTING.

CHAPTER I.

"Standish, by all that's acceptable!"

"Frank Markham, by all that is hairy! Why Frank, man, where do you spring from, after being lost to the world for years?"

"I have been completing my education as a painter, my dear Alf. Last of all I come from my studio in Brompton, and before that from Jerusalem, where I have been painting a big picture; and if you will look for it next year at the Academy, your weak mind will be astonished to find all my Jews with blue eyes and unobtrusive noses, which, after all, is the most frequent type out there. And now, Alfred, what of you during the four years I have been travelling;—married?" (I knew Alfred had been in love for years.)

"Yes; my uncle, Sir James, is dead, and I have been married these three years and more. And some day, Frank, you must see my little son."

"And his mamma," interrupted I. "Why, *Sir* Alfred, have you forgotten the old agreement that I was to take your wife's picture. Luckily, I have waited so long that I can now introduce the young heir too."

So it was all arranged; and soon after (it was in the pleasant month of August) I found myself on my way to Garton. It was a quaint and castellated house, consisting mostly of several octagon towers. There was a fine view of the sea from the hall-door; indeed you had not many hundred yards to go to find yourself on the edge of the cliff, against which, at high tides, the sea impatiently beat, as if longing to undermine it all. I found myself alone on arriving at Garton; both Sir Alfred and Lady Standish were out; but, as I returned from a short ramble on the shore, I found Lady Standish just alighting from her carriage at her own door.

"Mr. Markham, I presume," she said: and apologising for the absence of Sir Alfred, she led the way to a bench in the garden, where we sat talking for some time.

I remembered how Alfred used to rave to me about his Isabel's wonderful hair, in the days when I was his confidant; he used to declare it would puzzle me when I came to paint it, being the true "blue-black" which was so rare and beautiful. I smiled to myself now, as I glanced at Lady Standish's head, for I could see nothing peculiar

in her hair; it was fine dark hair, but very much like anybody else's. So much, thought I, for lovers' rhapsodies! I was examining her attentively, as we sat talking, and approved what I saw very much. She was handsome, with a regular style of beauty, and a slightly disdainful expression about the lips, which I fancied deepened as Sir Alfred by-and-bye came out of the house to us, and began overwhelming me with apologies for having mistaken the day of my arrival.

"And have you seen the boy?" asked Alfred eagerly. "Oh I must fetch him to you, he is just gone into his tea; he has been with me all the afternoon. Now, Markham, you *must* admire him." And off he ran to the house.

"Sir Alfred is mad about the child," said Lady Standish to me, as we watched his retreating figure. "I believe he considers it quite perfect, and thinks of nothing else."

"An amiable weakness, we must allow," said I, smiling.

"Must we?" said she. "I am afraid I should never consider any *weakness* amiable, at any rate in a man."

"You would not expect any very great decision from Alfred's chin, would you?"

"You are a physiognomist?" she asked, in answer.

"I could scarcely be a painter without having a little knowledge of the science," I replied. "I am going to study you for the next two days if you will allow me; for I should like the picture to be a picture of *you*, not only of Lady Standish the outer."

She turned and gave me her first smile, which made her face positively beautiful for a moment; but the next it faded, as Sir Alfred reappeared, carrying his son.

"I must go in," she said, hurriedly; and passing them without a word, she left her husband to show off the child to me, which he did with the greatest delight: indeed he might well be proud of the handsome little fellow, though I certainly thought he looked delicate.

I thought Sir Alfred and his wife the most melancholy examples of married lovers I had ever come across—how sad, I mused, if so much love can so degenerate by custom. I knew how madly Alfred had been in love, and I saw there was much about her that might have warranted it when her manner to him had not that blighting bitterness, almost insulting to a man. It was at times difficult, as I often found, to keep up the ball of conversation at dinner. She talked well, and was evidently clever, but the moment he joined in the discussion, on whatever subject it might be, she instantly closed her lips and retired from the field.

It was after one of these rather awkward pauses, that to introduce a new subject, I one evening brought forward some sentiment about the sea:

"You must love it dearly, Lady Standish, for I believe you have lived near it all your life, have you not?"

"*Never* till I married, and I dislike it particularly," was her reply, and gathering the lace shawl she wore round her fine figure, she rose and left the dining-room.

"I thought Lady Standish used to live near here in your uncle's time," I said to Standish.

"It was not *that* Isabel I married," said Sir Alfred, rising, and going to the chimney-piece, against which he leant his head as he spoke. "The manœuvres of others, and my own lamentable weakness, against which you, Markham, so often warned me, separated us."

Then the next moment, as though to console himself, he began talking about his boy. Certainly never was any one more wrapped up in another, than Standish in that child; a frail tenure of happiness, I used to think, as I was drawing his pale oval face. His very beauty had a warning in it, those strange spiritual eyes, in a child, with the dark rims under them, predicted anything but a long or easy life. Meantime I seemed to have a talent for introducing disagreeable subjects: one evening, Alfred Standish, approaching a side-table uttered a sudden exclamation, then correcting himself said angrily, as he took up a vase with some passion flowers in it:

"Who brought these flowers here?"

"I did," said I, looking up from the sofa where I was lounging exhausted with the day's labours; "I brought them for Lady Standish, thinking she might like the novelty of them. I have not seen any in your gardens: they are passion flowers, Lady Standish, and the place where I found them would make a picture in itself—they were the sole remains of civilisation in a deserted house, about five miles from here, along the cliff; it seems partly pulled down. Who lived there, Alfred?"

"I—What does it signify? I am sure, Isabel—Lady Standish does not care for those flowers."

"You are mistaken, Sir Alfred," replied Lady Standish, for once looking full at him with her clear liquid eyes. "I like them very much, and am much obliged to Mr. Markham."

Before her hand could touch the flower I extended to hers, Sir Alfred had snatched it from me.

"I *can't bear* the sight of them," he said—then as if ashamed of his impetuosity, he walked to the other end of the room.

"Let us have some music," said Lady Standish, calmly, after following him with her eyes, in a disdainful questioning manner, for a moment; but I thought her hand shook as she turned over the music in the portfolio, and her full deep voice was more passionate than ever, as its rich cadence swelled on my ear. There were tones in her voice that quite surprised you with their pathos. When she was about to retire for the night, she said: "I forgot to tell you, Sir Alfred, that the Bruces were here to-day, and I asked them to dinner next week. We owe the county a feast, so we may as well get over them all at once. I fixed Friday week, the 20th."

When I came back from opening the door for her, I found Alfred as pale as death.

"Is it not astonishing, amazing," he said passionately, "how some women love to wound and hurt you. Was there no other day she could have fixed for her company than this one—this 20th. She knew how I *must* feel it."

"Is it an anniversary then?" I asked.

"Markham! it is the day *she—my* Isabel destroyed herself—for my sake."

He remained silent for some moments, not appearing to heed my expressions of regret at having involuntarily introduced so painful a subject, but after a while, endeavouring to recover himself, he asked me to come to his private room.

"I want to show you her picture, that you may see what you *might* have painted."

He took it from a secret drawer in his desk. It was no photograph, none of those soulless things, giving the most unnatural of all expressions, a fixed one; it was a miniature, beautifully painted, the artist had felt what he represented in his own soul, and so passed it on to yours. The globular under eye-lid, the short upper lip, spoke of a very sensitive character, the heavy brow of a melancholy one; there too was the *blue-black* hair of which I had heard so much, in which was placed the only ornament in the picture, a passion flower.

"It was her favourite flower: you can imagine that I can bear to see no one else wearing one;" Standish said, and then all his fortitude deserted him, and he gave way to one of those bursts of despair to which you sometimes see rather weak people abandon themselves. I soothed him as well as I could, and far, far into the night remained talking to him, and hearing from him many details of the past I had never heard before —perhaps, if Lady Standish guessed half these regrets for the dead, her evident alienation from her husband was partly justifiable, or at any rate, comprehensible. On the other hand, Alfred seemed to have reason almost to accuse himself as the cause of the death of his first love, a report of his intended marriage to the lady chosen by his mother and uncle, after his separation from her, seemed to have turned her brain, and there was too much reason to fear she had died by her own hand.

CHAPTER II.

In spite of my late vigil with Standish, I rose very early next morning, having a good deal of work to do on Lady Standish's picture before our next sitting. I took care to remove the occasion of the previous night's discomfort from the drawing-room by carrying the passion flowers down to my studio with me. The room given up to my painting was on the ground-floor in the end tower which formed the corner of the house, and had a separate entrance. I was working away steadily at Lady Standish's portrait, thinking, I must confess, less of the features before me than of Alfred's sad history, which had procured me a sleepless night—for I was really much attached to him—when the light in the room seemed suddenly to diminish. I thought the morning had turned very cold, and the sun gone in; when, looking quickly up, I saw that a lady had entered the room, and now stood by the door, which she had closed after her. She was dressed wholly in dark violet, and a large shawl of the same material as her dress was draped round her. Her face was almost hidden by a large drooping hat with a long feather, which she wore very low over her eyes.

"Can I be of any service to you, madam?" I asked, advancing to her with my palette still in my hand, as she did not seem about to speak.

"Of the very greatest, sir, if you will," was the reply, in a sweet voice which had the peculiarity of a total want of intonation. "Indeed I am come here to ask you a favour."

I bowed, and renewed my offers of service.

"You will think my request a very extraordinary one. I am come to ask you to take my picture."

As she spoke she removed her hat, and stood motionless before me, as if prepared for my examination. I saw a face, which without having positive beauty, you could not look at once without longing to see it again. Some memory, I know not what, haunted me as I gazed at her. Yet I felt sure I had never seen her before. The peculiarity of her face was her low white forehead, over which the dark hair was tightly drawn. As I looked at her I thought what a splendid Judith she would make, after the sacrifice of Holofernes. Yet there was a look of deep sorrow in her eyes which, when she raised, I saw to my surprise were deep blue—a most uncommon conjunction with such black hair.

"You would not refuse me, indeed you would not," she said, finding I did not immediately reply to her request, clasping her hands in front of her, "if you knew how much depended on it—and I must add to this another petition, strange as you may think it—that you will mention to *no* one my having been here, and if you *do* paint me, that you will show the picture to no one until it is finished—*then* I will release you from the promise of secresy, and you will understand the reasons for it."

The mystery of the affair piqued and pleased me. "I shall be happy," I said, "to accede to your request."

"Thank you—I thank you—you know not how much. Can you begin directly?"

I looked round, somewhat surprised at this great haste. Fortunately, I had brought two ready stretched and prepared canvases, not being sure of the right size for Lady Standish's picture, and placing the one not yet used on the easel, I invited my visitor to take her place.

"What is your idea for the picture?" said I. "Have you any particular fancy or wish?"

"I wish for no ornament," she replied. "Yet stay," looking round, and seeing the passion flowers on the table, "if you will allow me, I will place one of these in my hair."

She did so, and again stood before me. Where had I seen that face before?

"That is a very despairing attitude you have chosen," said I, with a smile, as she hung down her clasped hands and drooped her head a little.

"That is what it should be," she replied. "Oblige me by letting it be so."

It was as well to humour her to her full bent; therefore I began to sketch, and continued steadily at work for the next hour or more, till the sounds of life and resumed animation began to reach us from the house. Then she suddenly looked up.

"I will, if you please, return to-morrow morning at the same hour," she said, and replacing her large hat, she besought me to remember her injunction of secresy, which I promised to do, made me a little inclination of the head, and glided from the room.

Every morning she came again, and the picture grew beneath my hand till I almost loved it. There was something wild and strange about it for all the graceful quiet of the figure before me. I never had so still a model: she never wanted to move, and her very words came from her lips without seeming to make them stir. The subject she liked speaking of best was the Standish child. She never wearied of hearing all I could tell about him; she seemed to forget herself and all else gazing at this picture, and sometimes she would draw me on to tell her of his father's great love for him, which it seemed had almost passed into a proverb in the country. I so often heard people attacking him for "doating" on his boy.

We were discussing this subject as usual one morning, about a week after her first appearance in my room.

"I really believe," I was saying, "Standish makes a perfect idol of that boy!"

"If we have idols, we shall suffer through them," replied my visitor, in her calm, quiet voice.

"Ah! I fear there is only too much truth in that," I answered; "it is not only the heathen who require to have their idols taken away from them. We too—almost every one of us—have something—"

"Frank! who in the name of goodness are you talking to?"

I looked up, and saw Standish's amused questioning face looking in at the open window. To spring forward and place myself between the lady and him was the impulse of the moment.

"What brings you out so early, my good friend?" I said, to parry the question.

"The natural restlessness of the individual, I suppose. Seriously, Frank, who were you talking to? I have heard you morning after morning as I passed the window, but have had too much discretion to look in before, thinking I might disturb you."

"You can't come in—don't come in. Lady Standish never sits so early."

I hastened to interpose, thinking perhaps he was jealous.

"Lady Standish—nonsense—come, who was it, Frank?" and placing his hand on the window-bench, he, to my extreme discomfiture, vaulted in. I looked round in terror at the thought of my visitor's dismay.

"It is not my fault, madam; this is Sir Alfred Stan—"

I was spared the trouble of explanation.

She had disappeared.

"Frank," exclaimed the agitated voice of Standish, "in the name of Heaven, what is this?" He was standing opposite the uncovered picture I had been interrupted in.

"That—oh—a—a fancy—an idea," stammered I.

"Idea! Fancy! Oh, Isabel!" was the reply.

Isabel—the mystery was explained. Yes, I *had* seen that face before, in the miniature: but she, what was she? and what was I? I staggered and sank down on a chair.

"What is the matter, Frank? Nay, are you vexed at my coming in and discovering it before it was finished? Were you doing it for me, old fellow? It was very kind of you. But fancy being able to do that from memory, and only of a picture too! Oh, Frank! can you wonder if that one short look at her picture so impressed her on your memory, that the reality can never, never fade from mine?"

He paused, overcome. What could I say! I gasped for breath.

"It was not all imagination," I began: then remembering my promise to her, stopped. "Alfred, promise me you will not come here again—not before breakfast, till the picture is finished; then—"

"Why, Frank, what is the matter with you? You look so queer, and 'not come here:' what do you mean? You little know the pleasure it is to me to gaze at her."

"But you must not; you must not," I repeated; "at any rate, not till it is finished. Give me air, Standish."

"Why, old man, you are taking it quite to heart! Well, till the picture is finished, I will try and keep away."

I did not close my eyes that night. Had they played me false the whole of the past week, and was it all a delusion; or was she— I could not mould my thoughts into shape. After a sleepless night I rose, still earlier than before, anticipating that it being the day of the great dinner party, the stir in the house would begin more betimes than usual.

Early as I was, *she* was before me. I felt her presence before I opened the door. She was standing in her old attitude before the picture of the child Alfred. She turned slowly to me as I muttered some incoherent greeting—some excuse for our having been disturbed the day before.

"It matters little to me," she said: "nothing matters much; my errand is nearly done."

Once more she placed herself as before; once more I began my work, and now I began to plead with her to make herself known to Sir Alfred.

"He recognised your picture," I urged. "I fear he feels only too much for you as it is—for your unhappy fate; for his sake, for the sake of his future peace, do not hide yourself any longer from him: let him know the truth, and then leave."

"The truth!" she repeated.

"The truth!" echoed another voice; and Standish was again by my side.

"Frank, my dear fellow! what are you talking about! Are you unwell?"

I looked from him to her: she did not move.

"No, Alfred," I said; "but see, your lost Isabel is there!"

"Frank!" repeated Standish, in apparent astonishment, "what *are* you saying?"

"I have promised to keep her secret," I continued, "but you have broken your word, so I must forfeit mine. Have you nothing to say to her!"

I waved my hand towards her. He stared strangely round.

"I see nothing," he said.

"He does not see me," the calm voice of Isabel said, breaking the silence. "He can neither see nor hear me. Tell him from me, the message I come to bring. I come from an unhallowed grave to warn him."

The drops of agony stood on my forehead as I repeated after her that fearful message:

"'This, this is the warning,' I continued, still following her, word for word. 'Beware of idols, of earthly idols, Alfred! For her great love for you she forfeited her hopes of life on earth and peace in heaven. She loved you too much for her peace; too much to live without you; and when she heard your resolution had given way, that you had proved faithless, her brain reeled, and in a moment of madness she destroyed the life she no longer valued. Now she knows how terrible it is to have an earthly idol between the soul and heaven. Now she knows to what it may lead: now that she sees you about to fall into the same error—about to set up for yourself an idol in the shape of the son as she did of the father—she comes to warn you ere it be too late; to tell you *that* is a sin; to remind you if we have idols, we shall suffer through them.'"

"Frank, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself: you will go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, as I paused, almost exhausted with the impetuosity with which I had repeated her words. *She* was calm enough, Heaven knows!

"Hush! she speaks again," I replied, an irresistible power again impelling me to be the interpreter of the, to him, voiceless warning. "She leaves this picture to keep this in your mind; to remind you, not in love, but in warning of one who lost her soul through *idolatry*. Heavens! Standish, she is crying in despair. Alfred! Alfred! do you neither hear nor see her?"

"Dear Heavens, *I* shall go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, pressing his hands on his eyes, then staggering forwards as I would have dragged him towards her, with his hands out.

"Touch her; feel her; it is no illusion!" I almost screamed, as I tore him on. Then the figure I gazed on seemed to fade before my eyes; the colours grew dim; the outlines blurred. There was a passionate wail of "Alfred!" and the whole vanished into mist.

And with an exclamation of horror all my senses gave way; and when, after tossing in delirium for weeks after, I at last rose from the bed which had almost been my death-bed, I smiled to myself to hear them say, too much work and exertion and an over-excited brain, had brought on brain fever.

I knew what it was, and Alfred.

THE SECRET THAT CAN'T BE KEPT.

Time—Christmas, 1660.

Scene—Terrace walk of an old English manor house.

Lady Alice and Lord Halford.

Lord H. Its dreariness had grown into a proverb.
Who knew old Lovel Manor House last year,
Might now suppose a spell had been removed
That bound the spirits of the place in sleep.
All things are altered to their opposites.
And then the change has come so suddenly,
Like bursts of music and the wild hurrah
Of revellers, startling the solemn air
Of some lone sanctuary.
Lady A. What cheerful lives
They must have passed! what moping in the dark!
Lord H. 'Tis the true phrase. Your visit has brought light
To the dark house.
Lady A. Be careful what you say;
There was a dangerous light in't ere I came.
Lord H. But silent as the stars.
Lady A. And yet the stars
Are worshipp'd in their silence! Had they tongues
To fill the heavens with noise, think you would man
Be more enamour'd of their beauty? Silence!
Why 'tis a language in itself—some say
Most eloquent of all—that hits its meaning
Quicker than thought; no sooner thought than spoken;
And spoken sometimes ere the thought is ripe,
Or, ripe, before it should seek utterance.
'Tis not in tongues this language finds expression.
Lord H. No organ else hath like intelligence
Of speech. What is't, pray?
Lady A. Guess.
Lord H. I cannot guess.
Lady A. What say you to the eyes? Nay, 'twas just now
You quoted me the stars—the eyes of Heaven;
And there be men, right noble, too! who swear
Earth's eyes are finer far!
Lord H. I do protest—
Lady A. That's right; but not to me. If you protest
To me, I'll tell my cousin.
Lord H. No—no—I—
Lady A. Why do you turn away? Why don't you look
At me? Are you afraid I'll tell my cousin?
Lord H. Why should I fear?
Lady A. Now, for the life of me,
I can't divine. But sure I am, that were
You *not* afraid, you'd find a voice to speak
To her yourself.
Lord H. What should I say to her?
Lady A. Oh! thou perfection of a reasoning ostrich!
You shut your eyes upon yourself, and think
You've drawn a doom of blindness on the world.
Why, love is writ as plainly in your face,
As an inscription on a tomb: "Hic jacet!"
With a pierced heart below. I never saw
A man so woe-begone in love before;
And I have seen them of all casts and ages,
Although I never was in love myself,
And hope I never may! Look at your sword—
Is that the way to wear a sword, with th' hilt
Thrust out before? Your collar twitched aside;
Ruffles that ne'er were meant for matches; boots
That show their frills at different altitudes:
From head to foot such pensive negligence,
That he who runs may read thou art in love.
Lord H. In love?
Lady A. Ten thousand fathoms deep. You love
My cousin.
Lord H. Pray, let's change the theme. Your uncle
Throws wide his hospitable doors to night
To the whole country side. The motley crowd
Will yield you ample mirth: squires, knights o' the shire,
Lean clerks, fat justices—
Lady A. The clerk may hang,
And the fat justice gutter in his chair.
You shan't evade me thus—you shan't escape.
Confess you love my cousin. Well, deny
It then. You won't commit yourself? You play
At love as gamblers make their books, and hedge
Upon the chance to win, but nothing risk.
Lord H. You do me wrong. I never utter'd word
Of love to her; but, with reserve o'erstrain'd,
Have kept most modest bearing in her sight.

'Tis certain no man ever took such pains
To show that he was not in love.
Lady. A. You love
Her not, then?
Lord H. Must he love not, that shows not love?
Lady A. I've met your sort in town; but that the country
Should quicken such deceit, 'tis really shocking!
One reads of pastoral life, and thinks of men
With hearts hanging out of their button-holes.
Hearts! Well, what fools we women are, to be
So duped. Because you wear an artful look
Of mazed abstraction, drop your eyes, and heave
(Good day to your lusty lungs!) a sigh would fill
A trumpet; then break off, as from a dream,
With cunning talk of incoherent things;
We, trusting fools! must needs believe 'tis love.
My uncle did me wrong to trust me with you.
Lord H. What change has come upon me, I should seem
The thing I scorn? 'Tis but your humour paints
Me thus.
Lady A. And yours to sit the portrait out,
Until the likeness to a hair be perfect.
Lord H. What would you have me do?
Lady A. Be honest. Let
Your tongue tell the same story as your face,
Or teach your face the truth. If ever man
Was utterly devoured by love—that man are you:
So says your face. If ever man
Was arrant hypocrite—that man are you:
So says your tongue.
Lord H. Then is my tongue most false,
And my face true; for never yet man loved
As I do love—
Lady A. My cousin. I was sure
Of't from the first. And here you two have loomed
About like ships at sea i' the dark, afraid
To touch each other, lest you'd both go down!
And all this time you have been standing here,
Loving my cousin fast as your blood beat,
And faster, beating it by throbs, yet not
One word could I, in jest or earnest, wring
From you. Stay here; and stir not, for your life,
'Till I come back. [*Exit.*]
Lord H. 'Twere proper punishment
To sing me in a ballad through the streets!
She'll tell her cousin what a hero 'tis
Who cannot do his wooing for himself!
I wish my eyes that saw her cousin had
Been blind, and my tongue dumb ere it betray'd me.
What little hope I had of Edith's heart
Is gone. That I should talk to others of
My love, and not to her; I, too, who fear'd
To talk with her alone—or look at her.
I hardly know the colour of her eyes!
She'll turn from me in scorn—or laugh at me—
I'll leave the house. They're coming this way. Not
For a king's ransom would I see her now! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter LADY ALICE, *drawing in* EDITH.

Lady A. Now raise your eyes, and look at him. See where
He stands dissolved in grief. Why, you're as bad
As he. Oh! this is piteous work between ye!
'Twill be but proper in you, cousin, now
He has spoken, to give the man an answer:
Thus—if you care not for him, say as much.
If people choose to fall in love with you
Against your will, why 'tis no fault of yours.
Of course, he'll fling himself upon his knees,
And rant like mad; that's nothing—you don't like him—
I see that by the way you tremble—tell
Him so, and there's an end. (*Aside.*) Good speed to both! [*Runs off.*]
Edith. Nay, Alice, listen to me! I'm alone
With him. What shall I do? Was that his foot?
How strange it is. He does not speak—nor stir.

Re-enter LORD HALFORD.

Lord H. (*Aside.*) Now dare I speak to her!
Edith. He's moving.
Lord H. Edith!
Edith. Ah! that's his voice.
Lord H. How shall I sue for pardon?
[*Takes her hand.*]
Edith. (*Aside.*) What's to be done? My lord!—
Lord H. Your cousin—she
Has told you all. Forgive me—
Edith. What should I
Forgive?
Lord H. That I should dare to—
Edith. No—don't speak—
Or think—think—what it is you risk in speaking—
I pray you let me have my hand again.
Lord H. 'Tis free. But I have thought so long—so long
Have feared to speak—
Edith. 'Tis better still to keep
Thy thought till thou art more assured.
Lord H. I see
The end. You answer and reject ere I
Have spoken.
Edith. No—not that.
Lord H. Then what the risk
Of uttering my thought?
Edith. The thought that's shut
In darkness in the heart is yet our own;
The spring that prisons it is at our own
Control; but once unlocked our power is gone—
Our being changed—our life's another's; once
Released, it wings into the future, past
Recall, to shape and sway our fortunes to the close.
Lord H. 'Tis love's true mission and abiding power
You paint so well. You make me bold to speak.
To say I love—oh! poor and feeble words!
Say that I breathe, or walk—who should divine
From thence the organic miracle of life?
To say, I love you! were as vain a phrase
To express the vital passion that consumes
My soul. Nay, turn not from me. Let me have
At least your pardon. Thou art too noble not
To yield a frank response.
Edith. It shall be frank.
This feeling has grown up in solitude,
And fill'd an idle waste of years, through which
No rival object rose to test its strength.
Be wise. Go forth into the world. Compare,
Reflect, and then be true, not to thy fancy,
But thyself. Take counsel, stern though it be,
Of time, and a more searching knowledge of
Thy heart.
Lord H. 'Twere but to find thy image there,
Where none but thine can ever entrance make.
Love that has quicken'd in a genial soil,
With each revolving season strikes its roots
The deeper. Time! 'Twill only make me love
Thee more.
Edith. Again—be sure! while yet there's space
To act.
Lord H. It is too late. Never again
Can we be to each other what we were.
I have confess'd, and all is changed between us.
We cannot meet, or speak, as we have done.
I cannot look at thee, and, silent, trace
Sweet mystery in thine eyes, too conscious now

Of love in mine. Oh! banish me, or give
Me hope. You hesitate—
Edith. I know not why
I should. You cannot doubt which way I must
Decide.
Lord H. Oh! music—speak again!
Edith. I felt
This long ago—but hardly look'd for it
So soon. Yet every day it seem'd so near,
And then receded, then return'd again,
Taking distincter form; and now 'tis come,
And will recede no more, and questions me,
And will not be denied. I knew 'twould find
A voice at last! and wondered when, and how,
And often made brave answers in my thoughts.
But now I want them, all my words are gone.

Yet few are needed—none, perchance, you think!
There—for the love thou gav'st, I give thee mine!
Lord H. And I, who need them most, am poorer still.
My words are in my life to come. Years hence,
Should quick resentments chance between us—such
As show most hasty in the most generous,
Casting dark shadows on the blood and temper—
Recall this hour, and erring nature, by
Sweet love rebuked, shall make thee rich amends.
And thou art mine?—my very own!—my Edith!
Mine, come what may? for these are days of change
And license—a dark volume none can read.
Edith. What pledge wilt thou exact of my true faith?
Lord H. This ring!—wear this in token of our compact.
Edith. Place it upon my finger. I accept
The bond heaven witnesses, and none may sever!
Lord H. Within an hour I'll see your father—
Edith. No—
Let this night pass away—our revel chafes him.
To-morrow—or the next day. When the shock
Of company is over, he will be
In better mood to hear thee.
Lord H. 'Tis a task
To try love's patience. Think! to-morrow. But
I'll follow thy sweet counsel, as the first
Of a long reign of wishes and commands;
And thou shalt guide me thus to many bright
To-morrows—aye, and next days, too!—made glad
By thy dear smiles. To-morrow then, thy father!

Robert Bell.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XVIII. IN WHICH EVAN CALLS HIMSELF GENTLEMAN.

THE laughable contrast of John Raikes melancholy and John Raikes revived, lingered with Evan as he rode out of Fallowfield, till he laughed himself into a sombre fit, and read the letter again in memory. Genuine, or a joke of the enemy, it spoke wakening facts to him. He leapt from the spell Rose had encircled him with. Strange that he should have rushed into that dream with his eyes open! But he was fully awake now. He would speak his last farewell to her, and so end the earthly happiness he paid for in deep humiliation, and depart into that gray cold mist where his duty lay. It is thus that young men occasionally design to burst from the circle of the passions, and think that they have done it, when indeed they are but making the circle more swiftly. Here was Evan mouthing his farewell to Rose, using phrases so profoundly humble, that a listener would have taken them for bitter irony. He said adieu to her,—pronouncing it with a pathos such as might chance to melt scornful princesses. He tried to be honest, and was as much so as his disease permitted.

The black cloud had swallowed the sun; and, turning off to the short cut across the downs, Evan soon rode between the wind and a storm. He could see the heavy burden breasting the beacon-point, round which curled leaden arms, and a low internal growl saluted him advancing. The horse laid back his ears. A last gust from the opposing quarter shook the furzes and the clumps of long pale grass, and straight fell columns of rattling white rain, and in a minute he was closed in by a hissing ring. Men thus pelted abandon without protest the hope of retaining a dry particle of clothing on their persons. Completely drenched, the track lost, everything in dense gloom beyond the white enclosure that moved with him, Evan flung the reins to the horse, and curiously watched him footing on; for physical discomfort balanced his mental perturbation, and he who had just been chafing was now quite calm.

Was that a shepherd crouched under the thorn? The place betokened a shepherd, but it really looked like a bundle of the opposite sex; and it proved to be a woman gathered up with her gown over her head. Apparently, Mr. Evan Harrington was destined for these encounters. The thunder rolled as he stopped by her side, and called out to her. She heard him, for she made a movement, but without sufficiently disengaging her head of its covering to show him a part of her face.

Bellowing against the thunder, Evan bade her throw back her garment, and stand and give him

up her arms, that he might lift her on the horse behind him.

There came a muffled answer, on a big sob, as it seemed. And as if heaven paused to hear, the storm was mute.

Could he have heard correctly? The words he fancied he had heard were:

"Best bonnet."

The elements undoubtedly had matter for volleys of laughter, for the moment the faint squeal had ceased, they crashed deep and long from end to end, like a table of Titans passing a jest.

Rain-drops, hard as hail, were spattering a pool on her head. Evan stooped his shoulder, seized the soaked garment, and pulled it back, revealing the features of Polly Wheedle, and the splendid bonnet in ruins—all limp and stained.

Polly blinked at him penitentially.

"Oh, Mr. Harrington! Oh, ain't I punished!" she whispered.

In truth, the maid resembled a well-watered poppy.

Evan told her to stand up close to the horse, and Polly stood up close, looking like a creature that expected a whipping. She was suffering, poor thing, from that abject sense of the lack of a circumference, which takes the pride out of women more than anything. Note, that in all material fashions, as in all moral observances, women demand a circumference, and enlarge it more and more, as civilisation advances. Respect the mighty instinct, however mysterious it seem.

"Oh, Mr. Harrington, don't laugh at me," said Polly.

Evan assured her that he was seriously examining her bonnet.

"It's the bonnet of a draggletail," said Polly, giving up her arms, and biting her under lip for the lift.

With some display of strength, Evan got the lean creature up behind him, and Polly settled there, and squeezed him tightly with her arms, excusing the liberty she took.

They mounted the beacon, and rode along the ridge whence the west became visible, and a washed edge of red over Beckley church spire and the woods of Beckley Court.

"And what have you been doing to be punished? What brought you here?" said Evan.

"Somebody drove me to Fallowfield to see my poor sister Susan," returned Polly, half crying.

"Well, did he bring you here and leave you?"

"No: he wasn't true to his appointment the moment I wanted to go back; and I, to pay him out, I determined I'd walk it where he *shouldn't* overtake me, and on came the storm . . . . And my gown spoilt, and such a bonnet!"

"Who was the somebody?"

"He's a Mr. Nicholas Frim, sir."

"Mr. Nicholas Frim will be very unhappy, I should think."

"Yes, that's one comfort," said Polly ruefully, drying her eyes.

Closely surrounding a young man as a young woman must be when both are on the same horse, they must, as a rule, talk confidentially together in a very short time. His "Are you cold?" when Polly shivered, and her "Oh, no; not very," and a slight screwing of her body up to him, as she spoke, to assure him and herself of it, soon made them intimate.

"I think Mr. Nicholas Frim mustn't see us riding into Beckley," said Evan.

"Oh, my gracious! Ought I to get down, sir?" Polly made no move, however.

"Is he jealous?"

"Only when I make him, he is."

"That's very naughty of you."

"Yes, I know it is—all the Wheedles are. Mother says, we never go right till we've once got in a pickle."

"You ought to go right from this hour," said Evan.

"It's 'dizenzy does it," said Polly. "And then we're ashamed to show it. My poor Susan went to stay with her aunt at Bodley, and then at our cousin's at Hillford, and then she was off to Lymport to drown her poor self, I do believe, when you met her. And all because we can't bear to be seen when we're in any of our pickles. I wish you wouldn't look at me, Mr. Harrington."

"You look very pretty."

"It's quite impossible I can now," said Polly, with a wretched effort to spread open her collar. "I can see myself a fright, like my Miss Rose did, making a face in the looking-glass when I was undressing her last night. But, do you know, I would much rather Nicholas saw us than somebody."

"Who's that?"

"Miss Bonner. She'd never forgive me."

"Is she so strict?"

"She only uses servants for spies," said Polly. "And since my Miss Rose come—though I'm up a step—I'm still a servant, and Miss Bonner 'd be in a fury to see my—though I'm sure we're quite respectable, Mr. Harrington—my having hold of you as I'm obliged to, and can't help myself. But she'd say I ought to tumble off rather than touch her engaged with a little finger."

"Her engaged?" cried Evan.

"Ain't you, sir?" quoth Polly. "I understand you were going to be from my lady, the Countess. We all think so at Beckley. Why, look how Miss Bonner looks at you, and she's sure to have plenty of money."

This was Polly's innocent way of bringing out a word about her own young mistress.

Evan controlled any denial of his pretensions to the hand of Miss Bonner. He said: "Is it your mistress's habit to make faces in the looking-glass?"

"I'll tell you how it happened," said Polly. "But I'm afraid I'm in your way, sir. Shall I get off now?"

"Not by any means," said Evan. "Make your arm tighter."

"Will that do?" asked Polly.

Evan looked round and met her appealing face, over which the damp locks of hair straggled. The maid was fair: it was fortunate that he was thinking of the mistress.

"Speak on," said Evan, but Polly put the question whether her face did not want washing, and so

earnestly that he had to regard it again, and compromised the case by saying that it wanted kissing by Nicholas Frim, which set Polly's lips in a pout.

"I'm sure it wants kissing by nobody," she said, adding with a spasm of passion: "Oh! I *know* the colours of my bonnet are all smeared over it, and I'm a dreadful fright."

Evan failed to adopt the proper measures to make Miss Wheedle's mind easy with regard to her appearance, and she commenced her story rather languidly.

"My Miss Rose—what was it I was going to tell? Oh!—my Miss Rose. You must know, Mr. Harrington, she's very fond of managing; I can see that, though I haven't known her long before she gave up short frocks; and she said to Mr. Laxley, who's going to marry her some day, 'She didn't like my lady, the Countess, taking Mr. Harry to herself like that.' I can't abear to speak his name, but I suppose he's not a bit more selfish than the rest of men. So Mr. Laxley said—just like the jealousy of men—they needn't talk of women! I'm sure nobody can tell what we have to put up with. We mustn't look out of this eye, or out of the other, but they're up and—oh, dear me! There's such a to-do as never was known—all for nothing!—"

"My good girl!" said Evan, recalling her to the subject-matter with all the patience he could command.

"Where was I?" Polly travelled meditatively back. "I do feel a little cold."

"Come closer," said Evan. "Take this handkerchief—it's the only dry thing I have—cover your chest with it."

"The shoulders feel wettest," Polly replied, "and they can't be helped. I'll tie it round my neck, if you'll stop, sir. There, now, I'm warmer."

To show how concisely women can narrate when they feel warmer, Polly started off:

"So, you know, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Laxley said—he said to Miss Rose, 'you have taken her brother, and she has taken yours.' And Miss Rose said, 'That was her own business, and nobody else's.' And Mr. Laxley said, 'He was glad she thought it a fair exchange.' *I* heard it all! And then Miss Rose said—for she can be in a passion about some things—'What do you mean, Ferdinand,' was her words, 'I insist upon your speaking out.' Miss Rose always will call gentlemen by their Christian names when she likes them; that's always a sign with her. And he wouldn't tell her. And Miss Rose got awful angry, and she's clever, is my Miss Rose, for what does she do, Mr. Harrington, but begins praising you up so that she knew it must make him mad, only because men can't abide praise of another man when it's a woman that says it—meaning, young lady; for my Miss Rose has my respect, however familiar she lets herself be to us that she likes. The others may go and drown themselves. Are you took ill, sir?"

"No," said Evan, "I was only breathing."

"The doctors say it's bad to take such long breaths," remarked artless Polly. "Perhaps my arms are pressing you?"

"It's the best thing they can do," murmured Evan, dejectedly.

"What, sir?"

"Go and drown themselves!"

Polly screwed her lips, as if she had a pin between them, and continued:

"Miss Rose was quite sensible when she praised you as her friend; she meant it—every word; and then sudden what does Mr. Laxley do, but say you was something else besides friend—worse or better; and she was silent, which made him savage, I could hear by his voice. And he said, Mr. Harrington, 'You meant it if she did not.' 'No,' says she, 'I know better; he's as honest as the day.' Out he flew and said such things: he said, Mr. Harrington, you wasn't fit to be Miss Rose's friend, even. Then she said, she heard he had told lies about you to her mama, and her aunts; but her mama, my lady, laughed at him, and she at her aunts. Then he said you—oh, abominable of him!"

"What did he say?" asked Evan, waking up.

"Why, if I were to tell my Miss Rose some things of him," Polly went on, "she'd never so much as speak to him another instant."

"What did he say?" Evan repeated.

"I hate him!" cried Polly. "It's Mr. Laxley that misleads Mr. Harry, who has got his good nature, and means no more harm than he can help. Oh, I didn't *hear* what he said of you, sir. Only I know it was abominable, because Miss Rose was so vexed, and you were her dearest friend."

"Well, and about the looking-glass?"

"That was at night, Mr. Harrington, when I was undressing of her. Miss Rose has a beautiful figure, and no need of lacing. But I'd better get down now."

"For heaven's sake stay where you are."

"I tell her she stands as if she'd been drilled for a soldier," Polly quietly continued. "You're squeezing my arm with your elbow, Mr. Harrington. It didn't hurt me. So when I had her nearly undressed, we were talking about this and that, and you amongst 'em—and I, you know, rather like you, sir, if you'll not think me too bold—she started off by asking me what was the nickname people gave to tailors. It was one of her whims. I told her they were called snips—I'm off!"

Polly gave a shriek. The horse had reared as if violently stung.

"Go on," said Evan. "Hold hard, and go on."

"Snips—Oh! and I told her they were called snips. It *is* a word that seems to make you hate the idea. I shouldn't like to hear my intended called snip. Oh, he's going to gallop!"

And off in a gallop Polly was borne.

"Well," said Evan, "well?"

"I can't, Mr. Harrington; I have to press you so," cried Polly; "and I'm bounced so—I shall bite my tongue."

After a sharp stretch, the horse fell to a canter, and then trotted slowly, and allowed Polly to finish.

"So Miss Rose was standing sideways to the

glass, and she turned her neck, and just as I'd said 'snip,' I saw her saying it in the glass; and you never saw anything so funny. It was enough to make anybody laugh; but Miss Rose, she seemed as if she couldn't forget how ugly it had made her look. She covered her face with her hands, and she shuddered! It *is* a word—snip! that makes you seem to despise yourself."

Beckley was now in sight from the edge of the downs, lying in its foliage dark under the grey sky backed by motionless mounds of vapour. Miss Wheedle to her great surprise was suddenly though safely dropped; and on her return to the ground the damsel instantly "knew her place," and curtsied becoming gratitude for his kindness: but he was off in a fiery gallop, the gall of Demogorgon in his soul.

What's that the leaves of the proud old trees of Beckley Court hiss as he sweeps beneath them? What has suddenly cut him short? Is he diminished in stature? Are the lackeys sneering? The storm that has passed has marvellously chilled the air.

His sister, the Countess, once explained to him what Demogorgon was, in the sensation it entailed. "You are skinned alive!" said the Countess. Evan was skinned alive. Fly, wretched young man! Summon your pride, and fly! Fly, noble youth, for whom storms specially travel to tell you that your mistress makes faces in the looking-glass! Fly where human lips and noses are not scornfully distorted, and get thee a new skin, and grow and attain to thy natural height in a more genial sphere! You, ladies and gentlemen, who may have had a matter to conceal, and find that it is oozing out: you, whose skeleton is seen stalking beside you, you know what it is to be breathed upon: you, too, are skinned alive: but this miserable youth is not only flayed, he is doomed calmly to contemplate the hideous image of himself burning on the face of her he loves; making beauty ghastly. In vain—for he is two hours behind the dinner-bell. Mr. Burley, the butler, bows and offers him viands and wine. How can he eat, with the phantom of Rose there, covering her head, shuddering, loathing him? But he must appear in company: he has a coat, if he has not a skin. Let him button it, and march boldly. Our comedies are frequently youth's tragedies. We will smile reservedly as we mark Mr. Evan Harrington step into the midst of the fair society of the drawing-room. Rose is at the piano. Near her reclines the Countess de Saldar, fanning the languors from her cheeks, with a word for the diplomatist on one side, a whisper for Sir John Loring on the other, and a very quiet pair of eyes for everybody. Providence, she is sure, is keeping watch to shield her sensitive cuticle; and she is besides exquisitely happy, albeit outwardly composed: for, in the room sits his Grace the Duke of Belfield newly arrived. He is talking to her sister, Mrs. Strike, masked by Miss Current. The wife of the Major has come this afternoon, and Andrew Cogglesby, who brought her, chats with Lady Jocelyn, like an old acquaintance.

Evan shakes the hands of his relatives. Who shall turn over the leaves of the fair singer's music-book? The young men are in the billiard-room: Drummond is engaged in converse with a lovely person with Giorgione hair, which the Countess intensely admires, and asks the diplomatist whether he can see a soupçon of red in it. The diplomatist's taste is for dark beauties: the Countess is dark.

Evan must do duty by Rose. And now occurred a phenomenon in him. Instead of shunning her, as he had rejoiced in doing after the Jocasta scene, ere she had wounded him, he had a curious desire to compare her with the phantom that had dispossessed her in his fancy. Unconsciously when he saw her, he transferred the shame that devoured him, from him to her, and gazed coldly at the face that could twist to that despicable contortion.

He was in love, and subtle love will not be shamed and smothered. Love sits, we must remember, mostly in two hearts at the same time, and the one that is first stirred by any of the passions to wakefulness, may know more of the other than its owner. Why had Rose covered her head and shuddered? Would the girl feel that for a friend? If his pride suffered, love was not so downcast; but to avenge him for the cold she had cast on him, it could be critical, and Evan made his bearing to her a blank.

This somehow favoured him with Rose. Sheep's eyes are a dainty dish for little maids, and we know how largely they indulge in it; but when they are just a bit doubtful of the quality of the sheep, let the good animal shut his lids forthwith, for a time. Had she not been a little unkind to him in the morning? She had since tried to help him, and that had appeased her conscience, for in truth he was a good young man. Those very words she mentally pronounced, while he was thinking, "Would she feel it for a friend?" We dare but guess at the puzzle young women present now and then, but I should say that Evan was nearer the mark, and that the "good young man" was a sop she threw to that within her that wanted quieting, and was thereby passably quieted. Perhaps the good young man is offended? Let us assure him of our disinterested graciousness.

"Is your friend coming?" she asked, and to his reply said, "I'm glad;" and pitched upon a new song—one that, by hazard, did not demand his attentions, and he surveyed the company to find a vacant seat with a neighbour. Juley Bonner was curled up on the sofa, looking like a damsel who has lost the third volume of an exciting novel, and is divining the climax. He chose to avoid Miss Bonner. Drummond was leaving the side of the Giorgione lady. Evan passed leisurely, and Drummond said:

"You know Mrs. Evremonde? Let me introduce you."

He was soon in conversation with the glorious-haired dame.

"Excellently done, my brother!" thinks the Countess de Saldar.

Rose sees the matter coolly. What is it to her? But she has finished with song. Jenny takes her place at the piano; and, as Rose does not care for instrumental music, she naturally

talks and laughs with Drummond, and Jenny does not altogether like it, even though she is not playing to the ear of William Harvey, for whom billiards have such attractions; but, at the close of the performance, Rose is quiet enough, and the Countess observes her sitting alone, pulling the petals of a flower in her lap, on which her eyes are fixed. Is the doe wounded? The damsel of the disinterested graciousness is assuredly restless. She starts up and goes out upon the balcony to breathe the night-air, mayhap regard the moon, and no one follows her.

Had Rose been guiltless of offence, Evan might have left Beckley Court the next day, to cherish his outraged self-love. Love of woman is strongly distinguished from pure egotism when it has got a wound: for it will not go into a corner complaining, it will fight its duel on the field or die. Did the young lady know his origin, and scorn him? He resolved to stay and teach her that the presumption she had imputed to him was her own mistake. And from this Evan graduated naturally enough the finer stages of self-deception downward.

A lover must have his delusions, just as a man must have a skin. But here was another singular change in Evan. After his ale-prompted speech in Fallowfield, he was nerved to face the truth in the eyes of all save Rose. Now that the truth had enmeshed his beloved, he turned to battle with it; he was prepared to deny it at any moment; his burnt flesh was as sensitive as the Countess's. Let Rose accuse him, and he would say, "This is true, Miss Jocelyn—what then?" and behold Rose confused and dumb! Let not another dare suspect it. For the fire that had scorched him was in some sort healing, though horribly painful; but contact with the general air was not to be endured—was death! This, I believe, is common in cases of injury by fire.

So it befell that Evan, meeting Rose the next morning, was playfully asked by her what choice he had made between the white and the red; and he, dropping on her the shallow eyes of a conventional smile, replied that, unable to decide and form a choice, he had thrown both away; at which Miss Jocelyn gave him a look in the centre of his brows, let her head slightly droop, and walked off.

"She can look serious as well as grimace," was all that Evan allowed himself to think, and he strolled out on the lawn with the careless serenity of lovers when they fancy themselves heart-free.

Rose, whipping the piano in the drawing-room, could see him go to sit by Mrs. Evremonde, till they were joined by Drummond, when he left her and walked with Harry, and apparently shadowed that young gentleman's unreflective face; after which Harry was drawn away by the appearance of that dark star, the Countess de Saldar, whom Rose was beginning to detest. Jenny glided by William Harvey's side, far off. Rose, the young Queen of Friendship, was left deserted on her music-stool for a throne, and when she ceased to hammer the notes she was insulted by a voice that cried from below: "Go on, Rose, it's nice to hear you in the sun," causing her to close her performances and the instrument vigorously.

Rose was much behind her age: she could not tell what was the matter with her. In these little torments young people have to pass through they gain a rapid maturity. Let a girl talk with her own heart an hour, and she is almost a woman. Rose came down stairs dressed for riding. Laxley was doing her the service of smoking one of her rose-trees. Evan stood disengaged, prepared for her summons. She did not notice him, but beckoned to Laxley drooping over a bud, while the curled smoke floated from his lips.

"The very gracefullest of chimney-pots—is he not?" says the Countess to Harry, whose immense guffaw fails not to apprise Laxley that something has been said of him, and he steps towards Rose red and angry, for in his dim state of consciousness absence of the power of retort is the prominent feature, and when anything is said of him all he can do is silently to resent it. Probably this explains his conduct to Evan. Some youths have an acute memory for things that have shut their mouths.

"Come for a ride, Ferdinand?" said Rose, jauntily.

"Don't mean to say you're going alone?" he answered.

"Of course I am."

"Oh! I thought—"

"Don't think, please, Ferdinand; you're nicer when you don't."

Rose marched on to the lawn, not glancing at Evan, whom she approached.

"Do you snub everybody in that way?" said Laxley.

"I tell them my ideas," Rose coolly replied.

The Countess observed to Harry that his dear friend Mr. Laxley appeared, by the cast of his face, to be biting a sour apple.

"Grapes, you mean?" laughed Harry. "Never mind! she'll bite at him when he comes in for the title."

"Anything crude will do," rejoined the Countess. "Why are you not courting Mrs. Evremonde, naughty Don?"

"Oh! she's occupied—castle's in possession. Besides—!" and Harry tried hard to look sly.

"Come, and tell me about her," said the Countess.

Rose, Laxley, and Evan were standing close together.

"You really are going alone, Rose?" said Laxley.

"Didn't I say so?—unless *you* wish to join us?" She turned upon Evan.

"I am at your disposal," said Evan.

Rose nodded briefly.

"I think I'll smoke the trees," said Laxley, imperceptibly huffing.

"You won't come, Ferdinand?"

"I only offered to fill up the gap. One does as well as another."

Rose flicked her whip, and then declared she would not ride at all, and, gathering up her skirts, hurried back to the house.

As Laxley was turning away, Evan stood before him, and spoke sharply:

"Which of us two is to leave this house?"

Laxley threw up his head, and let his eyes

descend on Evan. "Don't understand," he observed, removing his cigar, and swinging round carelessly.

"I'll assist your intelligence," said Evan. "You must go, or I will: if I go I will wait for you."

"Wait for me?"

"Which implies that I intend to call you to account for your very silly conduct, and that you shall not escape it."

Laxley vented an impatient exclamation, and seeming to command a fit of anger by an effort of common sense, muttered some words, among which Evan heard, "Appeal to a magistrate;" and catching at the clue, a cloud came over his reason.

"You will appeal to a magistrate if a man beneath your own rank horsewhips you? You will be famous, Mr. Laxley! But remember, I give you a chance of saving your reputation by offering you first the weapons of gentlemen."

"Of gentlemen!" returned Laxley, who, in spite of the passion arising within him, could not forbear the enjoyment of his old advantage.

"And," continued Evan, "I will do this for the sake of the honour of your family. I will speak to the Duke and two or three others here to get them to bring you to a sense of what is due to your name, before I proceed to ulterior measures."

Laxley's eyes grew heavy with blood. The sarcasm was just on a level with his wits, but above his poor efforts at a retort.

"What gentleman fights tailors?" was so very poor and weakly uttered, that Evan in his rage could laugh at it; and the laughter convinced Laxley that his ground was untenable. He, of all others, was in reality the last to suspect Evan of having spoken truth that night in Fallowfield; otherwise would he have condescended to overt hostility, small jealousies, and the shadows of hatred?

"You really would not object to fight a gentleman?" said Evan.

Laxley flung down his cigar. "By Jove! as a gentleman you owe it me—you shall fight me."

"I thank you," said Evan. "You require the assurance? I give it you. Now, will you tell me what you propose to do?"

A shout of derision interrupted the closing of the pretty quarrel. It had been seen by two or three on the lawn that a matter was in hand between the youths. Drummond stood by, and Harry Jocelyn pitched against them, clapping them both on the shoulders.

"Thought you'd be on to each other before the day was over, you pair of bantam-cocks! Welcome the peacemaker. Out with your paw, Harrington—Ferdinand, be magnanimous, my man."

Harry caught hold of their hands.

At this moment the Duke, holding Mrs. Strike in conversation, hove in sight. The impropriety of an open squabble became evident. Laxley sauntered off, and Evan went to meet his sister. Drummond returned laughing to the side of Mrs. Evremonde, nearing whom, the Countess, while one ear was being filled by Harry's eulogy of her brother's recent handling of Laxley, and while her intense gratification at the success of her patient management of her most difficult subject made her smiles no mask, heard, "Is it not impossible to suppose such a thing?" A hush ensued—the Countess passed.

Harry continued the praises that won him special condescension from the fascinating dame:

"Harrington's a cunning dog! he measures his man before he comes to close quarters. He—"

"What English you talk! 'Measures his man!'" interposed the Countess, in a short-breathed whisper. Before she spoke she had caught an inexplicable humorous gleam travelling over Drummond's features: at which her star reddened and beamed ominously on her. She had seen something like it once or twice in company—she had thought it habitual with him: now, and because she could not forget it, the peculiar look interpreted Mrs. Evremonde's simple words in the Countess's suspicious nature. She drew Harry, nothing loth, from the lawn to the park, and paid him well for what he knew of the private histories of Mrs. Evremonde and Drummond Forth.

In the afternoon the Jocelyns, William Harvey, and Drummond met together to consult about arranging the dispute; and deputations went to Laxley and to Evan. The former was the least difficult to deal with. He demanded an apology for certain expressions that day; and an equivalent to an admission that Mr. Harrington had said, in Fallowfield, that he was not a gentleman, in order to escape the consequences. All the Jocelyns laughed at his tenacity, and "gentleman" began to be bandied about in ridicule of the arrogant lean-headed adolescent. They paid Evan the compliment of appealing to his common sense, and Evan was now cool: for which reason he resolved that he would have all that his hot blood had precipitated him to forfeit he knew how much for; in other words, he insisted upon the value for his lie.

"I bear much up to a certain point," he said; "beyond it I allow no one to step."

It sounded well. Though Harry Jocelyn cried, "Oh, humbug!" he respected the man who held such cavalier principles.

Drummond alone seemed to understand the case. He said (and his words were carried faithfully to the Countess by her dog): "Harrington has been compelled by Laxley to say he's a gentleman. He can't possibly retract it without injuring his ancestors. Don't you comprehend his dilemma? You must get Ferdinand to advance a step closer."

Ferdinand refused; and the men acknowledged themselves at a dead lock, and had recourse to the genius of the women. Lady Jocelyn enjoyed the fun, and still more the serious way in which her brothers-in-law regarded it.

"This comes of Rose having *friends*, Emily," said Mrs. Shorne.

The Countess heard that Miss Carrington added: "People one knows nothing about!" and the Countess smiled wickedly, for she knew something about Miss Carrington.

There would have been a dispute to arrange between Lady Jocelyn and Mrs. Shorne, had not her ladyship been so firmly established in her

phlegmatic philosophy. She said: "Quelle enfantillage! I dare say Rose was at the bottom of it: she can settle it best."

"Indeed, Emily," said Mrs. Shorne, "I desire you, by all possible means, to keep the occurrence secret from Rose. She ought not to hear of it."

"No; I dare say she ought not," returned Lady Jocelyn; "but I wager you she does. You can teach her to pretend not to, if you like. Ecce signum."

Her ladyship pointed through the library window at Rose, who was walking with Laxley, and showing him her pearly teeth in return for one of his jokes: an exchange so manifestly unfair, that Lady Jocelyn's womanhood, indifferent as she was, could not but feel that Rose had an object in view; which was true, for she was flattering Laxley into a consent to meet Evan half way.

The ladies murmured and hummed of these proceedings and of Rose's familiarity with Mr. Harrington; and the Countess in trepidation took Evan to herself and spoke to him seriously; a thing she had not done since her residence in Beckley. She let him see that he must be on a friendly footing with everybody in the house, or go: which latter alternative Evan told her he had decided on.

"Yes," said the Countess, "and *then* you give people full warrant to say it was jealousy drove you hence; and you do but extinguish yourself to implicate dear Rose. In love, Evan, when you run away, you *don't* live to fight another day."

She was commanded not to speak of love.

"Whatever it may be, my dear," said the Countess, "Mr. Laxley has used you ill. It *may* be that you put yourself at his feet;" and his sister looked at him, sighing a great sigh. She had, with violence, stayed her mouth concerning what she knew of the Fallowfield business, dreading to alarm Evan's sensitiveness; but she could not avoid giving him a little slap. It was only to make him remember by the smart that he must always suffer when he would not be guided by her.

Evan professed to the Jocelyns that he was willing to apologise to Laxley for certain expressions; determining to leave the house when he had done it. The Countess heard and nodded. The young men, sounded on both sides, were accordingly lured to the billiard-room, and pushed together: and when he had succeeded in thrusting the idea of Rose from the dispute, it did seem such folly to Evan's common sense that he spoke with pleasant bonhommie about it; saying, as he shook Laxley's hand: "Is this my certificate of admission into your ranks?"

Laxley thought it sufficient to reply that he was quite satisfied; which, considering the occasion, and his position in life, was equal to a repartee.

Then Evan, to wind up the affair good-humouredly, said:

"It would be better if gentlemen were to combine to put an end to the blackguards, I fancy. They're not too many, for them to begin killing each other yet;" and Seymour Jocelyn for the sake of conviviality, said: "Gad, a good idea!" and Harry called Evan a trump, and Laxley, who had even less relish for commerce in ideas than in cloths, began to whistle and look distressfully easy.

It will not be thought that the Countess intended to permit her brother's departure. To have toiled, and yet more, to have lied and fretted her conscience, for nothing, was as little her principle, as to quit the field of action till she is forcibly driven from it is that of any woman.

"Going, my dear?" she said coolly. "To-morrow? Oh! very well. You are the judge. And this creature—the insolvent to the apple-woman, who is coming, whom you *would* push here—will expose us, without a soul to guide his conduct, for *I* shall not remain. And Carry will not remain. Carry——!" The Countess gave a semi-sob, "Carry must return to her *brute*"—meaning the gallant Marine, her possessor.

And the Countess, knowing that Evan loved his sister Caroline, incidentally related to him an episode in the domestic life of Major and Mrs. Strike.

"Greatly redounding to the credit of the *noble* martinet for the discipline he upholds," the Countess said, smiling at the stunned youth.

"I would advise you to give her time to recover from *one* bruise," she added. "You will do as it pleases you."

Evan was sent rushing from the Countess to Caroline, with whom the Countess was content to leave him.

The young man was daintily managed. Caroline asked him to stay, as she did not see him often, and (she brought it in at the close) her home was not very happy. She did not entreat him, but looking resigned, her lovely face conjured up the Major to Evan, and he thought, "Can I drive her back to him?"

Andrew, too, threw out genial hints about the brewery. Old Tom intended to retire, he said, and then they would see what they would see! He silenced every word about Lymport; called him a brewer already, and made absurd jokes, that were nevertheless serviceable stuff to the Countess, who deplored to this one and to that the chance existing that Evan might, by the urgent solicitations of his brother-in-law, give up diplomacy and its honours for a brewery and lucre!

Of course Evan knew that he was managed. The memoirs of a managed man have yet to be written; but if he be honest he will tell you that he knew it all the time. He longed for the sugar-plum; he knew it was naughty to take it: he dared not for fear of the devil, and he shut his eyes while somebody else popped it into his mouth, and assumed his responsibility. Being man-driven or chicaned, is different from being managed. Being managed implies being led the way this other person thinks you should go: altogether for your own benefit, mind: you are to see with her eyes, that you may not disappoint your own appetites: which does not hurt the flesh, certainly; but does damage the conscience; and from the moment you have once succumbed, that function ceases to perform its office of moral *strainer* so well.

After all, was he not happier when he wrote himself tailor, than when he declared himself gentleman?

So he thought, till Rose, wishing him "Good

night" on the balcony, and abandoning her hand with a steady sweet voice and gaze, said: "How generous of you to forgive my friend, dear Evan!" And the ravishing little glimpse of womanly softness in her, set his heart beating; and if he thought at all it was that he would have sacrificed body and soul for her.

(To be continued.)

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

SOME time ago, I fell gradually ill. "You study too much," said my senior partner, Dr. G—. "You don't take enough exercise," said an intimate friend in a confidential tone, as if he wouldn't have any one else know his opinion for the world. "I don't think you'll ever get better," said my old maiden aunt. "It's all smoking," said my wife. (We'd been married fifteen years.)

Holding, however, a different opinion from any of them, I determined to follow the ancient maxim, "Physician, heal thyself." Acting upon it, I prescribed change of air, and quiet; and having announced my intention of leaving the aforesaid partner in charge of the practice, asked general advice as to my future destination.

"Go to Margate," said one. "No, Brighton," said another. (These were recommended as quiet places.) "If you take my advice," said a third, (which I instantly decided not to do), "you'll stay where you are."

I heard everything everyone had to say, and then consulted my friend, Dr. G—, inwardly resolving that if his advice proved to be in accordance with my inclinations, I should take it, and if it didn't, I shouldn't.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you require quiet." I agreed with him so far. "You're knocked up with this blessed town life." (I put "blessed" for the sake of my lady readers; *he* used a participle with an entirely opposite meaning.) I nodded again. "You want a few weeks' quiet rusticating, and I know the very place for you." I thereupon put myself in his hands, without any reservation. "I know the very spot," he continued. "It's a little village, or rather hamlet, in D——shire, where my old nurse lives: she has a cottage to let, I know, and I'll write about it this very night."

A few days afterwards I received the following note, in a handwriting more original than legible.

HORNED SUR,—[I presume the writer meant honoured] My dooty to you. Mary Ping wants to tell Mr. W. he can av the ows. My sun will mit you at the stayshun, and tak you there. I've got a gurl to wact

on you. Mary Ping's umblest dooty to Dr. G—, and thanks him for the rekumendayshun.

I remane yours obeejantley,

MARY PING.

It was a lovely September morning, when I and my portmanteau started in a cab for the G. W. R. terminus, having previously (myself I mean) wished my wife an affectionate "good-bye," she having resolved to "stay at home with the children." Poor little thing! she invariably bullies me when I'm at home, and cries her eyes out about me when I'm absent. I wiped, almost carefully, two or three of her stray tear-drops from my coat-sleeve, and heaving a sigh, took my journey into a far country, like a second prodigal son.

The said journey was uneventful, and would have been pleasant, but for an old woman, my sole companion, who never stopped talking except to eat, and who, when her only listener, wearied with the incessant noise, had feigned to fall asleep, amused herself with soliloquising aloud, as to "who he might be, what made him look so ill, and whether he had a mother." What odd creatures women are!

It was late when I left the train, and there were still four miles to be traversed, under the guidance of the before-mentioned "sun," who, after a bird's-eye view of my portmanteau, had presented himself to me at the station, by pulling my coat-tails and calling out "This way, sir!" The walk seemed interminable, but I was at last safely domiciled in my new residence. The "gurl" received me in a manner that intimated a decided wish to get rid of me as soon as possible, and after producing supper went home with her brother. My wife had particularly enjoined me to "look over the house well" before I retired for the night, as no one could tell what might happen, if I didn't. She evidently imagined, from the dark hints she dropped, that large numbers of what she termed "robbers" would be secreted in various corners, especially under the bed, their object being to murder me in cold blood, and possess themselves of my few articles of value. Feeling fatigued, however, I was mad enough to risk this great and imminent danger, thinking a good night's rest would refresh me for the scrutiny. I accordingly went to bed at once, slept soundly till the morning, and then examined my cottage with a minuteness I will not describe here. Suffice it to say, it consisted of four small rooms, all neatly furnished and in an excellent state of repair. The scenery of the place was bold and striking. A noisy brook on one hand, the sea, like a thread of silver, in the remote distance, blue hills in every direction, fields and meadows. My old landlady's was the only house within easy walking distance; so, with the exception of her "gurl," who came for a few hours every day, I was as I wished to be, quite alone. The only circumstance of which I felt inclined to complain was the intolerable silence. For hours together I heard no sound but the occasional patter of my little maiden's feet, or the noise of the before-mentioned brook. When I walked to my bedroom, every stair, in the profound stillness, went off with a loud report like a gun. Even a bird I had brought with me for company seemed, to my disappointment, too much impressed with the solemnity of the place to be able to utter a sound. The third day I caught it with its mouth open, but it shut immediately, with a kind of gasp, its owner evidently alarmed at the shadow of a sound which had inadvertently escaped. Feeling listless and weak, I spent most of my time out of doors, reading and dreaming. I was very near the little town where Coleridge lived when he wrote his sweet "Christabel." Many an evening I have seen her, in imagination, stealing noiselessly through the trees, the

Damsel bright,
Clad in a silken robe of white—

a beautiful embodiment of the poet's glowing fancy. It may be, in those very fields he first perceived her. It may be, in those very fields he clad his sweet thoughts in sweeter words, destined to entrance the listening world with wonder and admiration.

Well, I had been about three weeks in my "sanctum sanctorum," when the "gurl," whom I called Jane, walked into my sitting-room one morning in the middle of breakfast. I forgot to mention before that she was about sixteen years of age, gentle and kind-looking, but had odd methods of performing the most simple actions. When entering a room, for instance, she always gave a dart upon opening the door, as if some one had jerked her from behind, and then waited my pleasure with a look of astonishment, greater even than I experienced on first observing the peculiarity. In this particular instance, not having been summoned, she was doubly nervous, consequently doubly peculiar, and my little breakfast-table being near the door, she jerked against it violently, throwing it to the ground, and scattering the crockery in all directions. We picked it up together, and I asked her in rather an irritated tone what she wanted.

"Please, sir, there's a boy outside wants to see you."

"See me?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, sir; I think they want a doctor, sir; mother told them you was one."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, starting up and frightening the poor girl almost into fits, "I'm a lucky fellow—practice down here! Couldn't have believed it—something to do at last." Under the influence of my ruling passion, I hurried out, forgetting my breakfast, and found the boy standing at the door.

"What's your name?"

"Phil Wish, yer honor."

"What do you want?"

"Please, sir, Ellen's tuk worse, and her mother don't think as how she'll live much longer, she's quite scrammed, sir."

I wondered who "Ellen" was, and what "scrammed" meant, but contented myself with signing to him to lead the way. We walked on in the bright early morning, everything looking fair and beautiful. Phil whistled a tune which was quite unknown to me, and I walked alone, idly thinking, and occasionally plucking an ear of corn, and putting it to my mouth. The grass beneath

our feet rustled softly as we trod, and the air was laden with the perfume of wild flowers, and the sweet songs of birds. The busy whirr of a threshing-machine mingled with the notes from time to time, and then a distant shout from the already-wearied reapers brought to my mind the days of childhood, when, a "boy among boys," I chased butterflies in the fields, while my pretty sister (what a strange old creature she was now) gleaned for the children of the poor. We at last came to the brow of a hill, and looking down into the valley, bathed in brightest sunlight, I saw a few white cottages dotted here and there. Phil informed me that "Ellen lived in one of these," pointing out the identical one with his finger.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked.

"Dunno, sir," in a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care, at least proved he was not disposed to be communicative. I wondered what the mystery could be, but thinking whatever it was it would soon be solved, walked on in silence. We at last arrived at a cottage very small and very low, literally covered with honeysuckle. A bird in a wicker cage hung outside the door. Possessed with a contrary demon to mine, it sang loud and incessantly—its little mouth open like a yawning sepulchre, feathers ruffled, and body positively distorted with its unearthly efforts. Hearing footsteps, the old woman appeared and beckoned me inside. I entered, stooping low as I did so. A small room, a very small room, but everything scrupulously neat and clean. A little girl, apparently about three years old, was seated on the floor telling her doll, in an under-tone, "not to make a noise, because mother was ill." A working-man's hat and coat hung in one corner, with a cheap photograph of their owner (I don't know why I felt certain it was his) suspended over them. The shutters of the latticed windows were half closed, producing a quiet subdued light. I walked towards the bed, and softly drew the curtain. The small face, half hidden in the pillow, seemed very young and girlish, the eyes closed, the breath short and hurried. The bird was literally shrieking—I signed to the woman, and she covered the cage. All was quiet. I lifted the pale hand from the coverlid and felt for the pulse—gone.

"How long has she been so?" I asked.

"Since daylight, sir."

"Ah! she can't last long."

The professional phrase escaped involuntarily. I started as I uttered it, and dropped the hand. The movement roused her. The heavy eyelids unclosed: I drew back.

"Is Jack here, mother?"

"No, darling!"

"Ah! I forgot."

A moment's pause. Then, in a quick, hurried tone, as if the thought were first impressed upon her mind,

"Mother, am I dying?"

A sob was the only answer. Another pause, longer than the first: then the arm was placed under the pillow for a moment, and drawn forth again.

"Give this to Jack when you see him."

She tried to move her hand along the bed, and pass its hidden contents to the woman weeping by her side; but ere she could do so, the will that directed it grew weaker still, and left it idle where it lay. I unclosed the almost rigid fingers, and gave to the woman the objects they had clasped—a wedding ring, and a lock of fair hair tied with a blue ribbon.

"Ellen, Ellen! would you like to see your child?"

"Not now!—Poor Jack!—How dark it is, mother!"

I knew by that that it was very near; but the woman, in her ignorance, walked across the room, and opened both the shutters and the window. The bold staring sunlight came rushing, streaming in.

"Mother—mother!"

A deadly change came over the countenance. "I'm here, Ellen. Child—darling—speak!"

Another pause, very, very long, never to be broken by the form lying before us, pale and still. A distant shout of harvest home came strangely on the solemn silence. Ah! truly harvest home! Another drooping soul for the universal harvest! Another wearied heart for the world's great reaper—Death!

I turned hurriedly away. The child had fallen asleep with the doll by her side, still murmuring in her dreams that "they must keep quiet"—a little rosy face, but strangely like the dead one on the bed. I reclosed the window-shutters, thinking of the light she had found—that great eternal light that will one day dawn on all—covered the pale dead face, and left the woman weeping and in prayer.

CHAPTER II.

My wife says "women are not curious." This conclusion is not the result of calm, logical reasoning, but proceeds rather from a spirit of firmness, not to say obstinacy, inherent in the sex; which said spirit induces them, not only invariably to deny the possession by themselves of certain questionable characteristics, but also occasionally, on the *lex talionis* principle, to express their decided belief, that so far from these same peculiar qualities pertaining exclusively to *them*, they are, in fact, the distinguishing characteristics of the opposite sex. In obedience to this thoroughly womanly principle, my wife says, women are not curious—men *are* curious—and *I* the most curious of men.

Without arguing this point, I certainly must confess that I experienced a large amount of the failing in question, after witnessing the scene described in the last chapter; and it was with no small satisfaction, at the prospect of having my curiosity gratified, that I set off the next morning for the old woman's cottage. She was standing at the door, evidently expecting me.

"Oh, sir, is it you? do walk in!"

I entered, glancing as I did so at the bed where the dead girl was still lying. The woman saw the look, and began weeping bitterly.

"Oh, sir, my poor child!"

I spoke soothingly and calmly.

"Oh, sir, it's not only losing her! it's not only losing her! it's the way—the way!"

"The way?" I said inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; but to be sure you don't know. She was bewitched, sir."

"Bewitched!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, this long time. She's been ailing since last year, and it's been the death of her at last."

Seeing my continued look of surprise, she "went on," as she expressed it, "to tell me all about it," still holding, as she did so, the dead girl's hand in hers. The story, as nearly as I remember, ran as follows:

"You see, sir, Ellen was my only child, and a good one she was. Many's the time I've told my old man she'd live to be a comfort to me; and so she truly did, nursing me and taking care of me, when he died, for many a long day." (Here she fondled the dead hand closer still.) "Well, you see sir, she was still quite a child, when a young chap comes to work up at the Squire's where Ellen took the milk every morning. It wasn't long after he came that I thought I saw a change in her; she wasn't so light-hearted like,—as if she had some secret. So, one morning, when she comes in from the Squire's with the odd look on her face, I turned short at her and says, 'What's the matter, Ellen?'

"She reddened, but answered quite boldly,—for she was always as open as the day,—

"'Why, mother, I think Jack's very fond of me.'

"'Fond of you?' says I; 'and pray who's Jack?'

"'Him that works up at the Squire's; but you'll soon see him, mother; he's coming up to-night.'

"And sure enough he came. He was a handsome spoken young fellow enough. He told me he wanted Ellen, and would take great care of her. He seemed so honest and bright-looking, and Ellen so fond of him, that somehow I couldn't say 'No,' and the end of it was they went to the church, and the parson himself told me he'd never seen a prettier couple. They were just like two doves; he had plenty of work up at the Squire's—you see he was a bricklayer, sir, and the Squire was having his place done up—and Ellen she took in needlework, and come over every day to help me. They used to live there, sir." (She pointed to a little cottage close by, now wearing a dreary deserted look.) "They lived there nigh upon two years, sir, till long after the baby was born. Well, sir, my Ellen—though the best tempered girl in the world—was a bit spirited when anything crossed her; and, one morning, Jack and her had a quarrel—the first they'd ever had—it was about her cousin Tom, poor fellow, who'd been her sweetheart before she was married,—and Jack went to work without bidding her good-bye. She was mighty vexed at this, and when I went over I found her crying. I thought Jack was wrong, and was just telling her so, when I heard a knock at the door, which was open, and there was the witch standing looking."

"What witch?" I asked.

"Why, her that lives in the hut on the hill; there's only one witch, sir."

Again the look of astonishment. I signified a satisfaction I was far from possessing, and she continued:

"Well, sir, she was standing staring, and Ellen, thinking she'd heard what we'd been saying, told her sharply to go off; but she didn't move, so Ellen got up and pushed her out, but not before she had cast an evil look and muttered to herself.

"'Ellen,' I said, 'she's cast an evil eye on you.' She looked pale, but said in her hasty way, 'I don't care if she has, mother.'

"I felt flurried like, and knew something would come of it; but didn't say anything to any one.

"When Jack came home that night I talked to him a good deal. He didn't take much notice at first, but at last he promised to make it up with Ellen. I don't know, sir, if it ever was made up; may be, you see, the witch wouldn't let her bring her mind like to do it, for Jack and her were never the same afterwards, and Tom went to the cottage oftener than ever. I used to be quite frightened at Jack's look, when he'd come in and see them two a-talking together; but I knew poor Ellen was bewitched, and couldn't help teasing him. The neighbours knew it, too; for, you see, bewitched people have a queer look about the eyes, and grow thin and pale, like Ellen did, till they die quite away. I dreaded Jack finding it out, and it was a long time before he did; for the people didn't like to talk about it before him, and when he saw them whispering and looking at him, he'd think they were talking of Ellen and Tom, and feel jealous like, and angry. At last, one night, Ellen rushed in to me with her face all pale and trembling:

"'He's off, mother!' says she.

"'Who, Ellen?'

"She looked quite wild, and pointed to the cottage. I left her fainting-like in a chair, and ran over. He was standing with his white face near the door, putting his things together.

"'Jack,' says I, 'where are you off to?'

"'Going on the tramp, mother; there's no more work up at the Squire's.'

"'Jack,' says I, 'it's about Ellen—'

"He never moved or answered.

"'Jack,' says I, putting my hand on his shoulder, for I began to get fierce, thinking of Ellen and the child, 'Jack, think of the little one.'

"'Mother,' says he, in such a quiet voice, that I didn't feel frightened any longer at his pale face, 'mother,' says he, 'I've heard the neighbours a-talking about what has happened to Ellen, and I know it's true. Ellen can't help it, but what's the use of my stopping here? She'll be better without me; she looks dying like, before my very eyes, and cares nothing for me, so what's the good, mother?'

"I let my hand drop from his shoulder; for you see, sir, I knew it was all true, and I couldn't answer it, though I tried hard. At last I said, "'Jack! won't you bid her good-bye?' For I thought, when it came to kissing her and the child, maybe he wouldn't go through with it. He went to the window, where he could see her lying in the chair, as I left her, pale and still. A fierce

look came over his face, and he muttered something about Tom.

"'It's not his fault, Jack!' says I.

"'No,' says he, 'not his fault—not hers—it can't be helped—Good-bye, mother!'

"'Jack!' I said, 'for God's sake, stop! speak to Ellen only one word.'

"He went out of the cottage. I was almost wild. 'Ellen! Ellen!' I called out; I rushed over; I shook her; I pointed to Jack in the distance, going farther and farther away; but I couldn't rouse her, she was quite gone. I watched him go over the hill, without once looking back; and we've never seen him since."

"And Ellen?" I asked.

"Oh, sir! when she came to, she seemed quite mad. She said she'd go after him, and take the child with her. I couldn't quiet her at all. Then she was very ill for a long time, without any sense, talking about Jack all day and night. The doctor said it was fever, and maybe it was; but we knew who brought it on, though we didn't tell him. She got better at last, but her eyes looked so large and strange they often frightened me. She just got up one morning, looked about the room, took Jack's picture, hung it up there with his cap and coat, and told me never to move them till he came back.

"'Mother,' says she, 'I've been a wicked girl not to be a better wife to him, and it serves me right. I was too fond of teasing him by talking to Tom. I must tell him all when he comes back.'

"I saw she didn't know the real reason of his going. It seemed she'd forgotten all about the witch, and didn't know that if he came back she'd do just the same again. But she thought he'd surely come, and she used to sit for hours in the evening looking over the hill for him; but months passed and he was still away. At last she took to her bed, and never rose again. That's the way they all do, sir. She laid there for days quite quiet, and the little one nearly always with her. The doctor said it was "consoomshon;" and when I told him about the witch, he shook his head. She was often asleep, but when the cough woke her—for she had a bad cough—she'd be sure to ask directly if Jack had come. Sometimes she'd think he was sitting by her, and she'd talk to him, and tell him how sorry she was about it all, and how she never cared for Tom, and how happy they were going to be now. And then she'd think they were walking in the fields, as they used to do on Sunday evenings, and she'd say how sweet the church bells sounded, and how pretty the little one was growing, and how happy we all four were living in those two little cottages. Then when she got sensible, she'd lie for hours never speaking of him. At last, even I began to watch for him. I thought if he would only come, just to see her once before she went. I used to put the little one up at the window, and tell her to keep on looking over the hill, and p'raps she'd see her father coming, but my heart misgave me all the time—and I was right—he never came, he never came.'

She stayed her story weeping; then turning to the bed:

"She looks happy enough without him now, doesn't she, sir?"

She drew aside the covering: I gazed long upon the face, so child-like in its sweet simplicity. It wore a look of perfect rest. The slight shade of anxiety I had noticed the day before had passed away, giving place to an expression of calm content like that of a tired child asleep. Hearing no sound, the little one crept up noiselessly, and getting on the bed nestled closely to her mother, the large living eyes bright with a mixed expression of pity, love, and wonder, the little hand stroking the dead face with a fond caressing movement inexpressibly touching. They looked strangely alike, and yet how fearfully different; their long hair mingling lovingly, stirred by the child's deep breath. I watched reverently, silently, till wearied with her grief, the young one fell into a light slumber. I left them lying there—both asleep—a strange solemn picture of Love and Death, full of the deepest poetry and beauty.

Two days after, poor Ellen was buried, and it was not long before I left the place. Jack had not then returned, and the little one was once more playing noisily with her doll, with no fear now of waking the child-mother at rest for ever. As I passed the cottage for the last time, the bird was singing loudly, as though it had never left off. She told me it was father's bird: she fed it every morning against he came home: she wondered when that would be: and I, wondering the same—wondering when the erring heart, bursting from the trammels of ignorance and superstition, would return to find its utter desolation—passed on, and left the spot, probably for ever.

This narrative is strictly true—no solitary instance—hundreds of the same kind are continually occurring. The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England; nearly every village and hamlet has its "witch." No malice is expressed, simply a dread of offending her, even unintentionally. The unfortunate beings supposed to have fallen under her evil influence, are considered marked and doomed; their friends still fearing to speak a word against the reputed author of the ca amity. In many instances the "bewitched ones" leave their homes never to return, to avoid the misery resulting from a solitary life, so many of their own class, even their old companions, disliking to associate with them. I have been in a village in the south of England, where the second son, a lad of thirteen, had left his home, and gone to seek his fortune, for "hadn't he had an evil eye cast on him, and couldn't get on at all?" The poor mother, while mourning for the missing one, never doubting the truth of the matter, but considering it "mighty unlucky." This belief not only exists among the very poor and the more intelligent labourers, but even many of the better class of farmers, and occasionally thoroughly educated members of the higher ranks of society are infected with it. The latter, however, invariably admit that "cases," as they term them, have never been known to occur in their particular community. In some instances the belief appears hereditary—a plague spot that can never be washed away.

We boast of being "the latest seed of Time," we "cry down the past," we talk of the omnipotence of science and philosophy; and well that we can do so. But is it not strange, that, in spite of all this real or fancied progress—in spite of our nineteenth-century refinement and civilisation—this demon of superstition still remains, lurking in every corner of our land, crushing the minds of its victims in the broad and open day? Is it not more than strange, that they who, by reason of their comparative enlightenment, seem bound to cry it down, to root it out, to trample it under foot with scorn and indignation, are, in fact, its main supporters, not only tolerating the accursed credulity of their poorer and more ignorant brethren, but even countenancing it by their own expressed belief?

Many may say, "How absurd to view it in such a light: I always thought the belief in witches something amusing—a mere nothing." So—in some respects—it may be. But is it amusing in its consequences? Is it nothing when it destroys the peace of a home? Is it nothing when it proves the ruin of a human life? Above all, is superstition nothing, when it cramps the minds and energies of thousands, preventing the exercise of those great and noble every-day virtues—the glory of our land—the brightest ornament of an English labourer's home?

Truly we may still go far, very far into the remote distance, and yet not cease to cry, Excelsior! AZILE L. NOSTAW.

NOMÉNOË.

(LITERALLY RENDERED FROM THE BRETON.)

[Noménoë was the Alfred of the Bretons, their deliverer from the Franks under Charles the Bald, in the 9th century (A.D., 841). He is a strictly historical personage. Under him the Bretons succeeded in driving the immensely superior force of the Franks beyond the rivers of l'Oust and Vilaine; pushed their frontier as far as Poitou, and rescued from the hands of the invader the towns of Nantes and Rennes, which have remained included in Brittany from the date of their deliverance by Noménoë. This very spirited ballad was obtained by M. de Villemarqué, from the oral recitation of a peasant of Kergerez. As in my other translations of Breton ballads, I have adhered to the metre and couplets of the original, line for line. —TOM TAYLOR.]

FYTTE I.

The herb of gold * is cut: a cloud
Across the sky hath spread its shroud.
To war!

"The storm-wreaths gather, grim and grey,"
Quoth the great chief of Mount Aré.

"These three weeks past so thick they fall,
Towards the marches of the Gaul——

"So thick, that I no ways can see
My son returning unto me.

"Good merchant, farer to and fro,
Hast tidings of my son, Karò?"

"Mayhap, old chieftain of Aré;
But what his kind and calling say."

"He is a man of heart and brains,
To Roazon† he drove the wains;

"The wains to Roazon drove he,
Horsed with good horses, three by three,——

"That drew fair-shared among them all,
The Breton's tribute to the Gaul."

"If thy son's wains the tribute bore,
He will return to thee no more.

"When that the coin was brought to scale,
Three pounds were lacking to the tale.

"Then outspake the Intendant straight:
'Vassal, thy head shall make the weight!'

"With that his sword forth he abrade,
And straight smote off the young man's head;

"And by the hair the head he swung,
And in the scale, for makeweight, flung."

The old chief at that cruel sound,
Him seemed as he would fall in swound.

Stark on the rocks he grovelled there—
His face hid with his hoary hair;

And, head on hand, made heavy moan:
"Karò, my son—my darling son!"

FYTTE II.

Then forth he fares, that aged man,
And after him his kith and clan;

The aged chieftain fareth straight
Unto Noménoë's castle-gate.

"Now, tell me, tell me, thou porter bold,
If that thy master be in hold?

"But, be he in, or be he out,
God guard from harm that chieftain stout."

Or ever he had pray'd his prayer,
Behold, Noménoë was there!

His quarry from the chase he bore,
His great hounds gambolling before:

In his right hand his bow unbent;
A wild-boar on his back uphent.

On his white hand, all fresh and red,
The blood dripp'd from the wild-boar's head.

"Fair fall you, honest mountain-clan,
Thee first, as chief, thou white-hair'd man.

"Your news, your news, come tell to me:
What would you of Noménoë?"

"We come for right; to know, in brief,
Hath Heaven a God,—Bretayne a chief?"

"Heaven *hath* a God, I trow, old man;
Bretayne a chief, if ought I can."

"He can that will, thereof no doubt,
And he that can the Frank drives out—

"Drives out the Frank, defends the land,
To avenge, and still avenge, doth stand;—

"To avenge the living and the dead,
Me and my fair son foully sped;

"My Karò, whose brave head did fall
By hand of the accursèd Gaul.

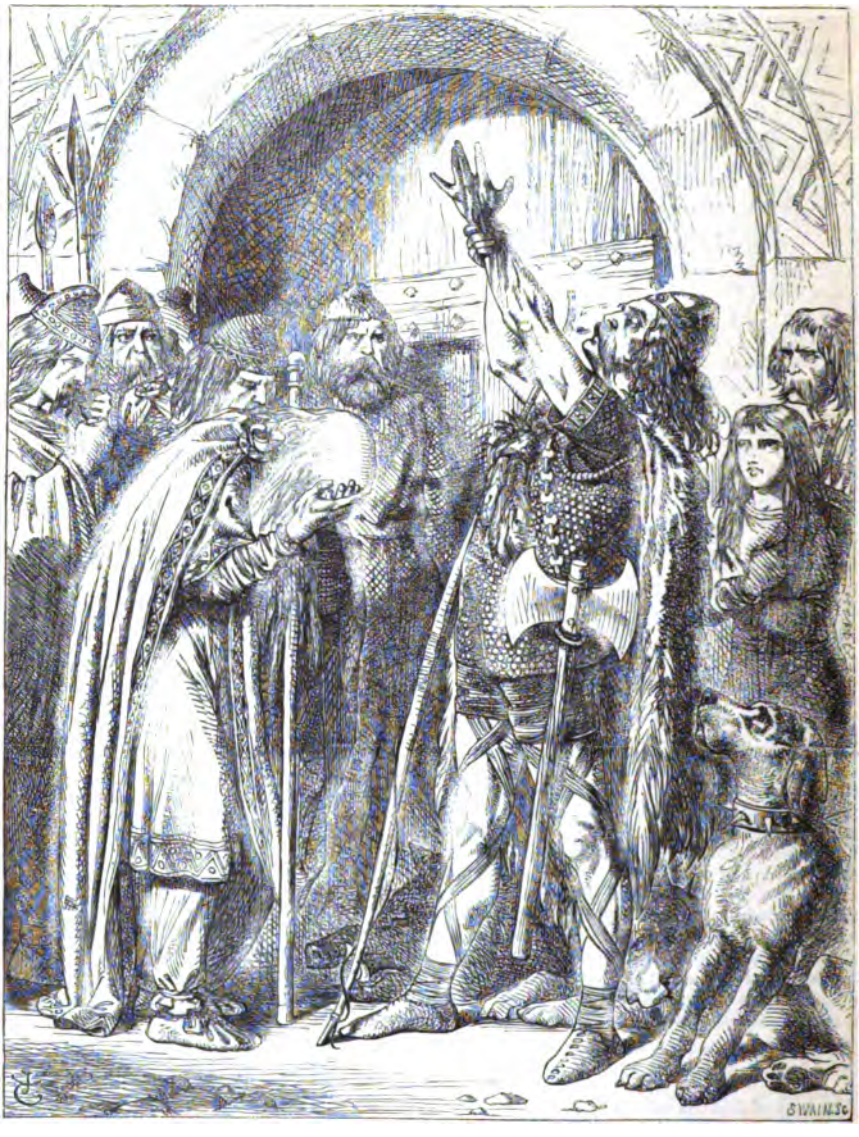
"They flung his head the weights to square;
Like ripe wheat shone the golden hair."

* The "herb of gold" is the mystic *selage*. According to Breton superstition, iron cannot approach it without the sky clouding, and disaster following.

† The Breton name of Rennes.

Therewith the old man wept outright,
That tears ran down his beard so white,

Like dew-drops on a lily flower,
That glitter at the sun-rise hour.



When of those tears the chief was ware,
A stern and bloody oath he sware:

"I swear it, by this wild-boar's head,
And by the shaft that laid him dead,

"Till this plague's wash'd from out the land,
This blood I wash not off my hand!"

FYTTE III.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now;

Hath sought the sea-beach, sack in hand,
To gather pebbles from the strand—

Pebbles as tribute-toll to bring
The Intendant of the baldhead king.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now.

Prince as he is, hath ta'en his way,
The tribute-toll himself to pay.

"Fling wide the gates of Roazon,
That I may enter in, anon.

"Noménoë comes within your gate,
His wains all piled with silver freight."

"Light down, my lord, into the hall,
And leave your laden wains in stall.

"Leave your white horse to squire and groom,
And come to sup in the daïs-room:

"To sup, but first to wash, for lo!
E'en now the washing-horn* they blow."

"Fullsoon, fair sir, shall my washing be made,
When that the tribute hath been weigh'd."

The first sack from the wains they pight—
(I trow 'twas corded fair and tight)—

The first sack that they brought to scale,
'Twas found full weight and honest tale:

The second sack that they came to,
The weight therein was just and true;

The third sack from the wains they pight—
"How, now! I trow this sack is light?"

The Intendant saw, and from his stand
Unto the sack he raught his hand—

He raught his hand the cords unto,
That so their knots he might undo.

"From off the sack thy hand refrain;
My sword shall cut the knot in twain!"

The word had scantly passed his teeth,
When flash'd his bright sword from the sheath—

Through the Frank's neck the falchion went,
Shear by his shoulders as he bent;

It cleft the flesh and bones in twain,
And eke the links o' one balance-chain:

Into the scale the head plump'd straight,
And there, I trow, was honest weight!

Loud through the town the cry did go:
"Hands on the slayer! Ho! Harò!"

He gallops forth out through the night;
"Ho! torches, torches—on his flight!"

"Light up, light up! as best ye may,
The night is black, and frore the way.

"But ere ye catch me, sore I fear,
The shoes from off your feet you'll wear—

"The shoes of the gilded blue cordwain;†
For your scales—you'll ne'er need them again.

"Your scales of gold you will need no more,
To weigh the stones of the Breton shore!
To war!"

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

THE STORY OF AN INDEPENDENT MEMBER.

I HAD been for some years established in a tidy little villa residence, situated in the suburban solitudes of Hendon, my amiable consort Flora, and two lovely pledges of our affection, being the soothers and sharers of my repose, when I was stung by the gad-fly of ambition, and precipitated for a time into the unquiet whirlpool of public life. I now look back to that period of my existence as to a feverish dream, not but what, if circumstances had been different, results might have differed also. I came forward, I confess, at the wrong moment. What was wanted to secure success in the House of Commons, during the brief period I had the honour of sitting as representative of the ancient borough of Bribingford-upon-Thames, was not, I have no hesitation in saying, the presence of a Patriot in that assembly.

I was, and am, a Patriot in the true sense of the word. I would scorn to sacrifice the interests of the nation to the low exigencies of party conflict. What mattered it to me whether the Forward-Backwards or the Backward-Forwards faction were in possession of "the sweets of office?" What those "sweets" were, I could never exactly discover. After some little experience of what is called public life, I will venture to assert, with considerable confidence, that as a lucrative calling the trade of politics is about the most beggarly pursuit which any gentleman can take up. It is all very well to have the confidence of your Sovereign, but I would a good deal rather have the confidence of my baker. It really signified not one straw to me whether Lord MERRYTON "held the reins of office," or the Earl of TARBOY "guided the helm of the State." MERRYTON, of course, had my general adhesion; but it was surprising what bids the Tarboy party would occasionally make for the support of independent members. What to do was often a puzzle to the most patriotic brains; for the conviction was gradually forced upon you, that if the Earl of TARBOY would see you far enough upon any question of liberal policy, as soon as he could do without your help, Viscount MERRYTON was not disposed to see you much nearer. Of course there were occasions when both of these eminent statesmen gave utterance to sentiments which really took your unwary reason captive; but it always unfortunately happened that time and occasion did not serve for the immediate fulfilment of their promises—just when, to all appearance, they were in the humour to keep them.

But of all these things presently. First, in order of time, I must relate how it was that I—even I—became involved in what is called the vortex of politics. I am inclined to attribute this great event of my life ultimately to an observation I let fall one morning during breakfast, in the little dining-room of Marigold Lodge, to the effect that a small white and lavender check silk dress, which my dear Flora had worn more frequently than I should have desired, was getting rather shabby.

The immediate consequence of this observation was a quiet connubial turn with Flora in the little garden behind Marigold Lodge, during the course of which she was pleased to insist upon the sufficiency of her existing wardrobe; but my excellent little consort argued the question so badly, or rather the facts were so dead against her, that she was forced to confess at last, that unless vigorous measures were taken she would be compelled to make her appearance at the next Botanic Show in the very identical dress in which she had revealed herself to the promenaders upon two previous occasions. What did it matter? It mattered a good deal to me, if not to her; so for my sake she suffered herself to be convinced. The affair was ultimately settled under the lime-

* This practice of sounding the horn for washing before dinner (*corner l'eau* it is called in old French), is still kept up at the Temple.

† "Cordwain:" leather of Cordova—"Cordovan." Hence our "Cordwainer."

tree, just out of sight of the house, to my—and I trust to Flora's—entire satisfaction.

That day we drove up in a little open carriage to *Lewis & Allenby's*, and there it was that my senatorial career may be said, practically, to have commenced.

Whilst Flora and I were investigating the silken treasures which were freely offered to our inspection on the counters of those eminent warehousemen, I grieve to say that we almost got to words upon the subject of our intended purchase. It was perfectly maddening to an ardent husband, to see displayed before his enraptured gaze various forms of delicate drapery which, as he could not but be aware, would make the partner of his toils the cynosure—yes—the cynosure of every eye at the next Botanic Show, and to find that partner of those very toils, so blind to her own fascinations, so lost to all sense of the Beautiful and the Becoming, that she deliberately preferred, and would not be dissuaded from purchasing some trumpery fabric which would have entirely neutralised her advantages of feature, figure, and expression. I generally triumph in these little contests with Flora—but not without a severe struggle.

Now, as a man is a bad, or at least a partial, judge of a dispute in which he has been an active champion, I will state the subject-matter of the contention between F. and myself, and leave the decision to the judgment of the human race. The young gentleman who acted upon this occasion for the firm of L. & A. had been at the pains of bringing to us, and opening, various bales of goods: and I must say that, although we gave him a great deal of trouble, his demeanour towards us was characterised by the greatest suavity and urbanity. At length, after we had examined some fifty or sixty dresses (I am coming presently to the House of Commons and the destinies of nations), the inclination of our joint judgment was in favour of a *mousseline-de-soie*— a sweet thing, as F. was pleased to observe. It was a kind of delicate dove-colour, and in all respects unobjectionable. When this dress was opened I had observed that F. had stepped back a pace from the counter, and whilst she slightly moved her head from side to side, as though to contemplate the fabric under different lights, a quiet smile of satisfaction stole over her features. Her emotion was too deep for words. My mind was made up.

Jones. "I think, Flora, dear, this is the sort of thing that will do? Those dabs of flowers" (I always think that masculine dignity requires a slight infusion of contempt into one's commendations upon these occasions); "those dabs of flowers on the what-d'ye-call-'ems—"

Flora. "Bouquets, dear, upon the skirts. They are positively charming."

Jones. "What sort of bonnet would go with it, Flo? Some pink thing, eh?"

Flora. (Still balancing her head, and in a dreamy way.) "Pink crape, dear; I saw the very bonnet, the other day, at Mrs. Smith's, when I went with Ada Poddle about her bridesmaid's dress."

Jones. "Well, that's settled; let's be off to Mrs. Smith's. We'd better take the gown there, and we can get the pink bonnet at once, clap it under the seat, and drive home."

Flora. (Compassionately didactic.) "Mrs. Smith has the greatest objection to make up one's own materials—still—but it's no matter."

Why was it that Flora gave me a sort of wan, protecting smile? Why did she forbid the shopman to pack up the dress at once? Why did she request that courteous youth to show her a *balzerine?* I was soon to know. The young gentleman departed, and returned presently, struggling with a bale of what are called "goods." In the interval between his departure and return, Flora, with the *mousseline-de-soie* open before her, and emphasizing her periods by little taps on the very flowers which the skill of some foreign artist had depictured upon those too fascinating skirts, entered largely into the subject of our household expenses, and into the various claims of a pecuniary nature now—as she said—"hanging over us." I protest there is not a cleaner balance-sheet in the county of Middlesex than our own; but, upon these occasions, F. has a way of going through our liabilities on a system of double-entry peculiar to herself, in which she brings forward the debits twice; and if she does not suppress the credits altogether, she introduces them in such a loose and perfunctory manner, that they seem scarcely worthy of account. Thirty cart-loads of gravel for the garden—little Jemmy's wardrobe—the chances that the family might collectively become the victims of zymotic disease—a little trip which we had taken in Belgium, two years back, and which I have no hesitation in saying my Flora thoroughly enjoyed—and other matters of the like kind were successively paraded before my apprehension as reasons against the investment in *mousseline-de-soie* then under negotiation.

I confess I was very much put out. It was not so much the fact, as the inconclusive reasoning, which wounded me. No, I was not angry;—how could I be angry with that dear young face which had so often hung over me in sickness and trouble?—about a trumpery dress, too?—but after so protracted a cohabitation with a sound reasoner like myself, F. should have been a better logician. Well, I'll keep my temper. I had not calculated though on the look of the *balzerine*.

I do not—I most positively declare—pay more attention to feminine drapery than beseems a man and a philosopher; but still I have eyes in my head. Of all the hideous, nasty, worstedy things that I ever saw, commend me to a striped *balzerine*, which the young Hierophant in the white neckcloth at L. & A.'s displayed to my disgusted vision upon the afternoon in question. It was just fit for a governess *endimanchée*, or for any unhappy lady who is compelled by hard fate to wear, not what she would, but what she must. Flora tested it slightly between her finger and thumb, and still casting a last fond look at the *mousseline-de-soie*, told the shopman that that was the article upon which she had fixed. She informed me at the same time, with a kind of made-up smile (she was well aware that I could not make a scene before the shopman) that we would drive home by the Burlington Arcade, where she would purchase a "fancy straw" with green ribbon,

which, as she considered, would harmonise perfectly with the odious *balzerine*. All this was done with such marvellous dexterity of feature that the only inference open to the young gentleman behind the counter was that F. and I had been accomplices in duplicity throughout the whole transaction. I can stand a good deal—but I was not going to stand that. I desired him instantly—instantly—to pack up the *mousseline-de-soie*, and to give me the bill. I can have no doubt that my countenance must, in a certain degree, have betrayed the exceeding exasperation of mind under which I was labouring, inasmuch as dear Flora, now in full retreat, attempted no further act of hostility than a faint sigh, in which, as I thought, resignation was not altogether unmixed with satisfaction. "Oh! John, how can you be so foolish?" was the only word which passed between us; for, on my side, my dignity was far too seriously compromised to admit of further argument. Between ourselves, I may be permitted to say that the severity of manner was entirely assumed, and indeed I am not altogether without the impression that the look of blank consternation upon F.'s features was not an exact index to her internal emotions at the moment.

I must not linger too long in this—the vestibule of my public career—so be it sufficient to say that I discharged the bill in a very emphatic way—seized the parcel myself with a look at the shopman, which convinced him that the sooner he left off bowing, and offering to convey it to the carriage for me, the better for himself—and when F. was safely deposited in the phaeton, dashed off at once in the direction of Hanover Square.

Flora. "Oh! John dear—mind the Hansom! Where are we going?"

Jones. "To Mrs. Smith's."

Our quarrel was of short duration, for I am bound to say that F. appeared to have forgotten all about the gravel, and Jemmy's wardrobe, and whilst she placed one of her little hands upon my arm, kept on smiling in the direction of Langham Church, in a manner which did not seem to be at all indicative of internal agony. We were soon at the portal of Mrs. Smith's studio. I confess that it is not without a feeling of awe that I ever enter one of these establishments. There is a sort of gloomy solemnity about the tall attendant who jerks the door open at one effort, and gazes at you with preternatural respect. The graceful Page who glides upstairs before you to introduce you to the presence; the magnificent ladies who, having completed their negotiations in the upper regions, sweep past you with a bold stare as you endeavour to back out of the way of their amazing draperies; the ministering Houris attached to the establishment, with longer waists and bandeaux larger and glossier than are ever seen in real life; the demure repose of the show-room; the manner in which orders are whispered about regardless of expense; when taken in conjunction with your own internal consciousness of the entirely trumpery nature of the business on which you have come there yourself;—all combine to inspire me with a feeling of dread upon these occasions, in which F. does not seem to participate. That excellent person is quite capable of tearing away even Madame herself from a Duchess, and demanding that lady's attention to some trivial detail connected with a bonnet-cap! I feel my cheeks growing red at F.'s shameless pertinacity, and try to hide behind a mantilla, or endeavour to throw an expression into my face which is intended to convey to the by-standers the idea that F. does not belong to my party. It is, however, of no use. I am invariably dragged forward and exposed. The truth seems to be that men are as much misplaced in these labyrinths of gauze, and silks, and satins, as a lady would be in a cavalry-charge, or at a cattle-show. We have not the nerve for it.

I knew it was worse than idle for me to struggle against my destiny when once fairly committed to the terrors of this establishment, so I permitted the page to carry the *mousseline-de-soie* up-stairs without remonstrance. Indeed, at L. & A.'s both Flora and I had thought it exceedingly pretty; but when the parcel was opened by a young lady who officiated in the studio, and who glanced at its contents in a contemptuous way, I did not feel by any means so certain that we had not made a mistake. F., however, was not to be put down, but, in her own turn, scarcely condescended to pay any attention to the murmured remonstrances of the attendant sylph, whilst she stood entranced before the identical pink crape bonnet which had left so indelible a mark upon her internal consciousness some days before. My favourite pointer, Don, when he snuffs the first partridge of the season, on the 1st of September, at 7.45, A.M., in a fresh turnip-field, is affected much in the same way as dear Flora appeared to be with the pink crape bonnet. She passed her hand into my arm, without removing her eye from the fascinating object, and, slowly raising her parasol, and pointing at the P.C.B., whispered gently: "There it is, dear!"

Certainly it was very pretty: but if we had ever been inclined to indulge any doubt as to the propriety of the purchase, our hesitation was at once removed by an assurance from the young lady before-mentioned, that this particular bonnet was known as "*Le chapeau rose à l'Impératrice trompée.*" It appeared that on the occasion of Madame's last visit to Paris, a friend of hers, likewise an eminent *artiste*, had conceived the design of this bonnet, and had mentioned the general outlines of her idea to a few intimate friends, who in their turn mentioned the matter to a few intimate friends, until at last it was spoken of in the presence of the French Empress. The Imperial EUGENIE would have that bonnet, and no other: but there was a difficulty. Madame HORTENSE BABILLARD had not given in her adhesion to the Napoleonian ideas; she was still Orleanist—pure blood. However, an emissary from the château was appointed to conduct the negotiations between the Court and the *ateliers* of Madame Babillard. Madame B. conceived the idea of inflicting a blow on the dynasty of the *parvenus*. The Empress was to wear the bonnet on a given day, at a review on the plain of Satory, which was to take place at 2 P.M. It was calculated that the Empress would leave St. Cloud at

1 P.M. Now, at that very hour there was to be a great choral festivity in the neighbourhood of London, at which certain of the Orleanist Princesses were to assist, with their attendant ladies. It was therefore arranged that at 1 P.M. precisely all the Orleans ladies were to make their appearance in public, each one wearing a *chapeau rose*, as conceived by Madame B. At 1·15 P.M. the intelligence would be telegraphed to Paris; but by the time the contents of the telegram could be spread about that capital, the Empress would be fairly *en route* for the military solemnity at Satory. *It would be too late!* This remarkable conspiracy was actually carried out: and although superhuman efforts were made by the French Court to hush it up, all that could be accomplished was to keep all mention of it out of the French papers.

We instantly concluded the purchase of the pink bonnet which figured in so remarkable a manner in cotemporary history; and whilst Flora withdrew into some inner *sanctum sanctorum*, where her pattern was to be rectified, I was amused by the endeavours of a stout, and—may I say it?—rather vulgar lady, to make a strange looking black mantilla, which, as it appeared, was now in great vogue, look as well upon her cob-like

"There it is, dear!" (See p. 447.)

figure as it did upon that of the tall, graceful, elegant being who was attached to Madame S.'s establishment for the sole purpose of trying on mantillas, cloaks, and other drapery of the like description, between two huge cheval glasses.

"You see, madam, that the waggoner's piece should fit tight to the shoulders. It can be put in plaits at the waist; then there's a ribbon inside attached, which is drawn round the waist, and fastened, so; and then a lady's figure is shown in its full perfection. It will just become you, madam. Or it may hang full from the waist to the ground in graceful folds."

As she uttered these little phrases, the young lady who tried on the cloaks moved about in a graceful sinuous manner—now glancing slightly over one shoulder, now over the other—and smiling at Mrs. Moppen—for such was the name of the stout customer—in an affable and condescending manner. Mrs. M. was finally induced to try on one of these mantillas, and she certainly did present rather a remarkable contrast to the lithe young lady with the great natural advantages. It was very funny to watch them as they swam about like rival dancers before the cheval glasses. Certainly, had justice been done, Mrs. M. would not have received the largest number of bouquets upon this occasion. Little did I think, whilst I was indulging in internal mirth at her uncouth attempts at grace, that Mrs. M.'s presence in the *ateliers* of the distinguished *modiste* on the day in question would exercise so great an influence upon my own career.

Flora came out from the inner room just at the

most critical moment of the performance. No sooner did her eyes meet those of the stout lady, than there was an exclamation upon either side of

"Flora!"

"Jane!"

They had known each other, as it appeared, in former years; and, as I afterwards was informed, Jane Slomax—the daughter of a distiller of considerable eminence—had intermarried with Mr. Thomas Moppen, the member for one of the metropolitan boroughs—I decline to say which. As I wish to pass over this portion of my story as speedily as possible, I will briefly mention that the political circumstances of the day were such that Mr. M.'s vote in favour of Government upon a particular division was a point which must be won at all hazards. There was no particular job on which Mr. M. could be obliged, for the constituency which he represented was so large that if he got a place for one of his supporters, he was sure to disoblige a thousand others. There was no little railway business—no anything. At last the Secretary to the Treasury—a very bland and vigilant gentleman—discovered that there was a Mrs. M.—that Mrs. M. had been presented at Court with all becoming splendour of diamonds and feathers, but that Mrs. M. had never received an invitation to a Court Ball. One was duly forwarded, and it was very remarkable to observe that on the very evening of the day when that invitation had been received at Juniper Hall, Clapham Rise, a speech which Mr. Moppen had originally set in five sharps, and which was intended by that gentleman as a root and branch attack upon the Government for their profligate expenditure of public money on military preparations, was toned down to five flats. Mr. Moppen, on leaving home, had informed his consort that the blandishments of a luxurious Court were entirely thrown away upon him, and that rather than betray his country, he was prepared to die in his place in the House of Commons: but all I know is, that his speech did give great satisfaction to the Treasury Bench. He was answered by the Secretary of War—who had been observed during the course of Mr. Moppen's most telling periods to be in close consultation with Viscount Merryton—with great courtesy, but at the same time with much firmness.

The Right Honourable Gentlemen "was free to acknowledge that Mr. Moppen had done no more than his duty in bringing the subject before the attention of the House; but, at the same time, in the critical state of European politics—a subject which he declined to discuss, as it fell rather within the province of his Right Honourable Friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,—he knew the extent of his responsibilities to his own conscience, to his Sovereign, and to his country. The Right Honourable Gentleman was fully aware of the formidable character of the Honourable Member's motion, but he submitted it with great deference to his own candour and public spirit—whether it was just, whether it was fair, whether it was—he would say, in a public sense—honourable, to endeavour to overthrow a young Administration by a side-wind. Let the Honourable Gentleman provoke a substantive vote of want of confidence, and HER MAJESTY'S confidential advisers were quite prepared to meet him on that broad and intelligible battle-field."

Mr. Moppen was thoroughly astonished, as well he might be, at this shower-bath of complimentary rhetoric; for hitherto the only notice he had received from the Treasury Bench had been of a sarcastic and sneering character, indeed the junior members of the Administration had not shrunk from entertaining the House with chaste imitations of Mr. Moppen's peculiar style of elocution, in which a certain coquetry with the aspirate formed a very leading feature. Not so long since, Lord MERRYTON had, in his own proper person, condescended to answer one of Mr. Moppen's speeches, which was not so much distinguished for historical accuracy as for patriotic zeal. The Honourable Member, speaking under a very pardonable confusion of ideas, had suggested to the House that a certain proposition with reference to the Ionian Parliament bore a very close resemblance to the tyrannical conduct of the First Charles, when that misguided monarch came down to the House for the purpose of arresting the Seven Bishops, and the Right Reverend Prelates were compelled to fly for refuge to the City of London. The Metropolitan Members of that day did their duty, as the Metropolitan Members of this day were prepared to perform theirs. How Lord Merryton did get up in his place, and poke fun at the unfortunate Moppen! How that Noble Lord did hum and haw, and keep the House waiting for the inevitable joke, which was lurking deep down in his malicious eye. What a picture he drew of Religion secure under the ægis of the Lord Mayor and Corporation! How he invented for the occasion a Civic Banquet, with the persecuted Bishops as the guests, and assumed that the good old air of *Domine dirige nos!* was sung upon that memorable occasion as a solo by the City Remembrancer. Now all was changed—not a syllable had been hinted about the *h*s absent without leave—Mr. M. had been answered by a Cabinet Minister—it had been vaguely suggested that the fate of the Government hung upon his decision—he was lifted at once into the proud position of leader of a section. Mr. M. withrew his motion, and the next day had 100,000 copies of his Great Speech printed off, and distributed amongst his constituents—the balance of the stock being sold off at the cheap rate of one penny.

So it came to pass that Mrs. Moppen was to go to the Queen's Ball, and the great M. himself was to be exposed to the blandishments of the luxurious Court. M. promised himself, however, that if the Prince Consort upon that occasion buttonholed him, or got him up in a corner with two glasses and a bottle of champagne, he would tell him a bit of his mind; more especially upon the subject of the relations between the cabinet of St. James's and the German Confederation. Upon this point Moppen was inexorable—and he doubted not that he would be able to put the point in such a way to H.R.H. that that illustrious individual would from that moment forward be content to throw in his lot with the British Lion—without looking back to the flesh-pots of Germany.

After an interchange of courtesies in the purring manner usual among fair ladies when they are not quite sincere in their demonstrations of affection, Mrs. Moppen proceeded to inform Flora of her trials. The Queen's Ball was to take place in the middle of next week, and she, Mrs. Moppen, was here to-day for the purpose of trying on the dress which she was to wear upon that occasion. It was to be of white crape, over a satin slip—*bouillonnés* of same—looped up with white lilacs. But here was the rub. It seemed that within a very few days there was a strong probability that the illustrious House of Reuss-Preussichesblau might be thrown into mourning in consequence of the anticipated decease of the Reigning Duke. What would be the effect upon the costume to be worn at the ball? Mrs. Moppen withdrew Flora behind a table covered with bonnets, and, with a voice quivering with emotion, communicated her apprehensions with reference to the dear Duke. Could that august personage be induced to break through a long-confirmed habit of imbibing four bottles of Steinberger in the course of the afternoon, the physicians were not without hope that his glorious life might yet be prolonged. But upon this point argument seemed thrown away. What could Mrs. Moppen really care about the safety of this German potentate? Why was it that I saw traces of sympathetic emotion in Flora's eyes? One human being passes away every seven minutes within the jurisdiction of the London undertakers, and we do not give the matter a thought. Why this exaggerated sorrow for an august person of whose existence the two ladies were scarcely cognisant?

Mrs. Moppen asked if Flora would like to come over to Juniper Hall for a little friendly dinner on the night of the royal festivities, and to see her dressed for the ball. Flora declined her offer, and I, who am well aware of the meaning to be attached to the play of her sweet features, felt quite sure that Mrs. Moppen had not added to the harmony of the relations between herself and my admirable consort by this proposition. At length the ladies took leave of each other with great demonstrations of reciprocal good-will. The pink bonnet *à l'Impératrice trompée* was safely deposited in the back of the phaeton, and we drove away.

Flora was absorbed in thought; but, as she muttered, or rather murmured (men mutter, ladies murmur), "*That odious Jane Moppen!*" I knew which way her thoughts were tending. At length, when we reached the hill by the third mile-stone, and I was letting the horse take it quietly up the ascent, Flora observed to me in a quiet, but at the same time in an emphatic, manner:

"John—why are you not in Parliament?"

CHAPTER II.

I CONFESS I had not been without some senatorial aspirations, even at a former period of my career; indeed, during the earlier portion of my residence at the University, had any one informed me that within four or five years I should not be leading the House of Commons, I should have supposed the speaker to have been under the influence of petty malice and envy. So many fellows, of whose abilities I had entertained the meanest opinion, both at school and at the University, had made for themselves something like a name in public life, that I could not but suppose that with equal opportunities I should have been further on the road to fame—and, what was of far more importance, to the well-earned respect of a grateful country. These dreams or aspirations had, however, faded away, in the midst of the domestic comfort which I had enjoyed for so many years.

Flora observed that she, in common with all my friends and well-wishers, had always entertained the highest opinion of my abilities—but that I was wanting in energy and decision of character. I could be whatever I liked—it was only necessary for me to will it, and the thing was done. With what a wonderful flow of language I had been gifted! F. was quite sure I should make a great speaker, for what was the difference between speaking in an upright or in a sitting position? It was only a chair which divided one situation from the other. After all, what was a chair? Surely a man could get over that. Then I was so richly endowed with a sense of the humorous! In what a roar I could keep my own dinner-table, especially when I amused my audience with my celebrated anecdote of the two boiled chickens and the stuttering Bagman. How masterly was my control over arithmetical quantities! Uncle SPILLSBY had always said that I was thrown away upon the West End, and if I had gone into the City I could have held my own against the best of them. Indeed, to come closer to the point, it was but three months back that I had addressed the company assembled at our friend Mrs. PRICKETT'S, on the occasion of the Christening of the last babe, in a manner which had brought tears into the eyes of every lady present, and not, as I humbly hope, at all lowered me in the opinion of my fellow-men. Women, as dear Flora told me, were not bad judges of these things, and her opinion was made up on the point. She would have said just the same thing if she had not been connected with me in the remotest way.

All the way down by the Reservoir, and up by the Two Welsh Harps, this sweet poison was distilled into my not very reluctant ear. Of course I pooh-poohed the suggestions of my excellent wife, and informed her that upon more than one occasion I had endeavoured to address an assemblage of my fellow-creatures, but I appeared to suffer under this peculiarity, that, no matter how carefully I had prepared my speech beforehand—how thickly I had stuffed it with jokes—how dexterously I had infused the pathos—or how carefully I had fortified it with statistics—when I was once upon my legs, speech, jokes, pathos, and statistics seemed to have vanished from my mind like a morning cloud from the hillside, and I was left simply with the consciousness of being perfectly ridiculous. My success—since F. was good enough to say it was a success—at Mrs. PRICKETT'S was entirely due to the fact that I had not prepared my speech beforehand, but had uttered a few sentences fresh from my heart, suggested by the spectacle of the domestic happiness then present before our very eyes. Anybody

could have done that. At the same time, I certainly did inform F. that I had it upon excellent authority, that there was scarcely an instance upon record of any great actor or actress who had not upon his or her first appearance made a complete break-down. The preliminary failure seemed to be the inevitable condition of ultimate success. Surely, if this theory were correct, I was entitled to look forward to the highest offices in the state.

Ambition had fairly fastened upon my mind, and I soon found that the simple pleasures which had before been sufficient to afford me contentment had now utterly lost their savour. A few days after the drive home from Mrs. Smith's I was fairly overwhelmed by the weight of public affairs. There was but one moment of intense happiness for me in the day, and that was when the various newspapers were placed on the breakfast table in the morning. And these were the

"Hear! Hear!"

men who guided the public opinion of the country! The paltry scribblers! I could have done better whilst I was shaving. There was a total want of earnestness about them which disgusted, whilst it surprised, me. Their chief effort seemed to be to make a series of low jokes upon matters of the gravest importance to the destinies of the world; or, in the absence of any true and fixed ideas upon the subjects on which they were writing, to pile up one rhetorical phrase upon another. The partisan writers one could see through, and despise. The miserable tools were simply doing the dirty work for which they were hired—but here were men who affected to be expressing the honest convictions of their minds. One or two articles which I addressed under cover to the editor of a very leading journal were treated with perfect disregard. Miserable man! What a chance he was throwing away! In these papers—they were upon the extension of the suffrage to lodgers—I had endeavoured to combine the sparkling epigrammatic vein of WALPOLE, with the sarcasm of JUNIUS, and the robust commonsense of COBBETT—not as I flatter myself wholly in vain. The editor burked them; but, of course, had he permitted them to see the light, there was an end for ever of the painful efforts of his hired band of literary gladiators.

There was clearly nothing for it but to take the political world boldly by the horns. I would obtain a seat in the House, and when once there, I would see if a man could not run a clear and

upright political career, unfettered by mere party-ties. Flora applauded my resolution. I asked but for a few days' delay, during which I would decisively settle the question with myself of whether or no I was fitted to address a public assembly. I committed to memory various passages from the speeches of the most celebrated worthies of the English Parliament, and endeavoured to deliver them in an oratorical manner, with Flora for my audience. Success crowned my attempts. Upon one occasion, indeed, when I had enunciated the conclusion of the late Mr. CANNING'S address to the House of Commons upon the South American Colonies with unusual fervour, I so completely carried my audience with me, that the House was pleased to acknowledge my merit in a very gratifying manner. In point of fact, Mrs. J. started from her seat; and, throwing her arms round my neck (the proceeding was unparliamentary but pleasant), exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, John, dear, how beautiful!—You'll do!"

If the business was to be carried out at all, it must be undertaken in a business-like manner. Although I had lived very much out of the world, I was not so mere a simpleton as to suppose that a gentleman who was neither a great landlord, nor a railway contractor, nor a rising lawyer, nor connected by birth with any of the great families, could secure admission to Parliament for the first time without a little dexterous management. Bribery and corruption were, of course, out of the question; but still there were legitimate expenses, which in many instances amounted, as I had been informed, to a very considerable sum. Aunt ELIZABETH'S legacy to Flora had put us in a position in which we need not shrink from any little effort of this kind; so I resolved to go down to the lobby of the House of Commons, and see if I could not find some one or more members of the House with whom I was personally acquainted, who would put me in the way of securing a seat.

A curious place it is, that lobby of the House of Commons, where you see so many men, whose names are uppermost in every man's mouth, gossipping, and hanging about, like very ordinary mortals indeed. They are not, on the whole, beautiful to look at, but I am not aware that it is necessary for a British statesman to rival the personal grace of Adonis or the Apollo Belvedere. We, the mere outsiders, were pushed back and packed into corners by the assiduous policemen in attendance. It was, however, very gratifying to behold the simplicity with which an Honourable Member, who had been Prime Minister, and was now holding one of the most important offices in the State, munched his two-pennyworth of biscuits at the fruit-stall in the corner. It was also an imposing sight when Mr. Speaker with his little procession, passed through "to prayers." Yes, that was the First Commoner in England, the foremost man, to my apprehension, of the human race. He passed me by without notice; however I trusted soon to entitle myself to his regard in a particular way.

At length I caught the eye of my friend, Philip Poldadek—a Cornish member—a very fierce and independent politician—who has carried terror into the breasts of successive Administrations by his fervid speeches upon the Waste Territory of the Hudson's Bay Company—and the grievances of Dissenting Auctioneers. When I mentioned to him, in a confidential way, my intention of seeking for a seat in the House—with a withering sneer, he told me that I had better go home and hang myself at once, than have anything to do with that rotten and corrupt assembly. Phil had not hung himself—and indeed had contested his own seat at the last election, hotly enough.

My next effort was made with our own County Member, who warmly shook me by the hand—congratulated me on my intentions—informed me that seats were as plentiful as blackberries—and then disappeared into the body of the House. He had been returned for the county for forty years without opposition.

Was there no half-way house? Yes, surely that is my old class-fellow, TOM RARETON. I will try my fortune with him. He really did favour me with his attention—and finally said:—

"Well, if you have made up your mind, Jack, there's no more to be said about it. I'll tell you what to do—go and talk to the Sloth about it."

GAMMA.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

MONARCH-ADVENTURERS.

THE BONAPARTES.

IF any seer in an early stage of human history had foreknown the regular order in which human society would grow and ripen, one of the last things that he would have looked for in the mirror of the future would have been a Monarch Adventurer in Western Europe in the nineteenth century. He would have looked through the first period of society, when priesthoods engrossed all knowledge and all authority, and have there seen an ambitious priest here and there working his way up in his caste, till he reached the supreme rank of King and High Priest, as we see that great personage painted in the tombs at Thebes, with a blue face and hands, the symbol of the sacerdotal class, and in his grasp the insignia of power over life, or the hair of a crowd of captives whose heads he is going to strike off. In such an age it was natural that the ablest man of the wisest class should become supreme, after having used his utmost efforts to be so.

The seer might well look next to the ensuing stage of society to find specimens of adventurer-kings. The military age was the very time for them to flourish—the military and the naval.

Conquest was then the chief means of greatness, not only when States were rising into importance, but even in the case of a Roman empire which awed the world. Even that empire, in its highest prosperity, was enriched and strengthened by annexing new territories and peoples, because the lands and towns were capable of improvement, and the people were sure to be benefited by their connection with a State which it was an honour to belong to. As long, therefore, as domestic interests were properly attended to, military successes won homage on all hands; and a great

soldier was, or might be, the fittest man to rule. A man of the lowest birth might, at such a period, become the greatest of monarchs by universal consent; and his greatness might naturally be estimated by the extent of his conquests. This could not last very long. Strifes and struggles, plots, intrigues, murders, and revolutions must follow upon any established custom of making men kings by their military merits. Also, a new order of qualifications becomes necessary when conquest has reached a certain limit, and it is time for the industrial period of social progress to begin. The process is the same on land and sea. Monarch-Adventurers became vulgar and a nuisance in the decline of the Roman empire, and in the wild Scandinavian regions when the Sea-Kings had ravished more coasts than they could hold.

The seer might still look for Monarch-Adventurers for many generations, because industry could not grow up to be a firm basis of popular liberty till the great soldiers had killed off the larger proportion of their own order. While the conflicts of the feudal ages were bringing out all kinds of military adventurers, as if for a final exhibition of "war for an idea," a middle-class was growing up, and sowing the earth with industry. At the mouth of great rivers those workers sat down and made cities: in inland plains they sat down and grew harvests. In the heart of forests they made clearings for the fertilising sun and air to enter, and exchanged their timber for flocks and herds, which again founded new arts of life. In the creeks of the shore they built vessels in which they ventured forth on trading errands. Watching such a process as this, the seer would understand that wars must henceforth be for commercial objects, and the character of adventurers must therefore be somewhat changed.

Then ensued the period briefly referred to in my notice of Rajah Brooke—the age of buccaneering for the discovery of gold, or the great prizes of barter; or for the capture of rich merchant or treasure ships; or to avenge any injuries done to commerce. A man here and there might make himself supreme by the strong arm in remote regions or exceptional cases; but it was not a favourable age for adventurers to fit themselves with crowns.

The time had come now for hereditary sovereignty in old-established states. Each nation being provided with its own royal stock, and with some long-founded polity, and with its own industrial occupations; so that all states were busy at home, and connected more or less by their respective industries, there might seem to be nothing for the adventurer to do—no access to the throne for him. Such pretenders as could make themselves attended to at all must be, or pretend to be, of royal birth, and simply dispute the succession to the throne. The seer might well suppose that it would be useless trouble to look for more Monarch-Adventurers at so late a period, except in countries which had not passed through the earlier stages of social progress.

The wiser the seer was, the more confidently might he say that the reasons and inducements for this kind of adventure were over. What could a man gain, in the commercial age of society, with its great popular liberties, by being a *parvenu* sovereign? There might be some dignity, and many salutary and happy affections sustained by a monarchy founded in remote antiquity, and administered by an ancient line of kings: but an upstart king is a vulgar object in all eyes in an age when use and antiquity are the main warrants of sovereignty. To be a supreme statesman or warrior is a higher honour in our time than to be a new made king, or, indeed, a king of any sort. And what could it be for? A man would scarcely snatch a crown from a river of blood and tears to promote industry, order, and peace: and if he does it with a view to conquest and military glory, he can be neither philosopher nor statesman, but a stupid egotist, who does not see that ruin must ensue upon any attempt to force the exhausted aims of a former period upon a later one, which has quite enough upon its hands with its own proper business. The seer would therefore conclude that there could be no Monarch-Adventurers in Europe in the nineteenth century; or that they must prove failures, after doing more or less of mischief to everybody about them.

What would he have said to the Bonapartes, if he had foreseen them putting off from their Corsican bay, and soon dispersing themselves over half the thrones of Europe?

Their leader and his course are easily accounted for. His career was so far opened for him that his ability was the only other condition requisite to make him what he was.

It was essential that society in France should take some shape, according to some principle or method, if it was to be saved from utter dissolution. At the crisis, war was forced upon the nation by neighbouring sovereigns: Bonaparte made himself indispensable by his military ability; his personal tendencies then had free scope, and he led back the nation in the direction of barbarism as fast and as far as his genius, in conflict with his age, could permit. The result would have been clear from the beginning, if men had understood history even as well as they do now,—which is not saying much.

It would have been clear to any philosophical statesman, from the day when Bonaparte became Emperor, that France must suffer for a while, to admit of a new start in concurrence with the great natural laws of human progress, instead of in opposition to them. From the time of Napoleon I. becoming Emperor, it was inevitable that France should be drained of her choicest manhood, as well as of her wealth; that her industry should be paralysed during his reign; her political morals corrupted; her national aim degraded; her companionship repelled by her neighbours, and her aggressions finally punished. All this happened, as it necessarily must; and no one had the heart to ask the humbled nation whether a few fits of intoxication from vanity, and big words of adulation exchanged between the nation and its temporary arbiter were an adequate reward for the cost.

Throughout the hills and vales, and towns and villages of France, the generation of young men was almost extirpated. Towards the last, women were in all the posts of industry, and boys made

up the army. For half a century the population has oscillated a little across the point at which Napoleon I. left it, but has never made the regular advance which is a matter of course with its neighbours. The great gap in its manhood during a generation has retarded its agriculture and its commerce; and the consequence is a kind and degree of poverty, in Paris and in the provinces, which is not seen or imagined in England.

After the stroke of retribution there was an interval of nearly half a century, which all Europe wished to see made into a fresh start on the road of progress. Whatever may have been the faults and errors of the various European governments and people, no one of them has shown the slightest disposition to injure France. Free from attack and from interference, she had only to shape or pursue her own course. Yet now, at the end of the long interval, we see her again ridden by a Monarch-Adventurer fast on the same downward road which she travelled before.

Few of the order—perhaps none—have been from childhood adventurers, aiming at the throne, on other than hereditary grounds. The strongest peculiarity in the case of Napoleon III., next to his lot being cast in so late a century, is his life-long preparation as a *parvenu* (as he calls himself) for the throne.

He was the youngest of three brothers; and he had many cousins—five in one family—who stood nearer to their uncle's throne than himself. The eldest of his brothers died in infancy; but, till he was three-and-twenty he had an elder brother; and his early-planted ambition was altogether of a personal character. He was not in the front rank of the Bonapartes by birth: he is unlike them in the whole cast of his character and quality of his genius, and he evidently uses his ostensible relationship to the first Emperor as a mere charm over the imaginations of his more noisy and excitable subjects. It is for himself and by himself that he has been the Monarch-Adventurer; and he has used the Bonapartes generally, and the Emperor in particular, as helps to his purpose.

He has that dreamy, unreasoning, superstitious and egotistical cast of mind which affords all the strength of pertinacity as long as imagination will serve; but when the moment for reason and conviction arrives, the false supports do not avail, and weakness appears, to the surprise of others and his own dismay. He was absorbed in the idea of gaining a throne till he had got it: and the steadiness of his expectation had generated an universal belief in the unalterableness of his purposes. This has given way, amidst the pressure of cares and difficulties, to a fickleness and obvious embarrassment of judgment, which cast a strong light on the interior workings of his faculties, and enable us to speak of him with more clearness than at any time since he first came before the world as a candidate for notoriety of some sort.

I believe he does not pretend to the distinction of an array of comets and falling stars and fights in the clouds at his birth; but he certainly was the only one of the name, except the Emperor's own son, whose birth was announced by the firing of cannon.

The Emperor was affectionate towards the boy's mother, Hortense, the daughter of his wife Josephine by her first marriage; and he not only favoured her with dignities and privileges while living apart from her husband, Louis Bonaparte, but had an idea of adopting this her youngest son as his successor, if he should have no natural heir. When the boy was seven years old, the Emperor set him before him in the Champ de Mai, and presented him to the soldiers. Though this was no sign of adoption, because the little King of Rome was then living, the incident deeply impressed the imagination of the visionary and ambitious child.

Thus persuaded that he was to be a supreme personage some day, his aspirations took their direction from the spectacle of the Emperor in his fall. The boy went to see him, with his mother, during his depression at Malmaison; and he heard what the dethroned monarch had to say about Waterloo, when his last hopes had been shattered there. The effect on his mind of what he heard about St. Helena, as the dreary years passed, may partly be conceived. Emotional topics are profoundly affecting to children of sensibility; and especially to dreamers, before twelve years old; and Louis Napoleon was twelve when the ex-Emperor died in a remote tropical island, a weird scene thronged with fearful imagery.

Never boy more needed the control and companionship of a father than this strange egotist, for whom his mother was no competent guide; but Louis Napoleon never had experience of paternal care. His youth and early manhood were wayward and eccentric, not only from his own character, but from the influences under which he was placed.

Robespierre's friend, Lebas, had a son who was as staunch a republican as himself, and full of enthusiasm for socialism; and this man, of all men in the world, was the tutor of Hortense's son in Switzerland. The effect of his instructions is seen in the early works of the future Emperor. He had a military education also at Thun, where he strengthened himself for military life by travels among the Alps. He was a republican socialist in Switzerland; he was a revolutionary volunteer in Italy in 1831, when his brother died at Pesaro from fatigue and anxiety; he was a fugitive and an exile after the failure of the Italian revolts; he was an author, giving out revolutionary ideas in a strange tone of dogmatic reverie: yet, all the while he was dreaming of an imperial destiny for himself, and expecting the future homage of mankind, while thus far manifesting no qualities which could procure him consideration from any quarter. The Emperor's son, too, was still living,—a fact which gave the last finish of absurdity to the anticipations of the dreamer; and the French army was actually prepared, in 1832, to try its strength for the restoration of the youth who is now called Napoleon II., but who was then known by his Austrian title as the Duc de Reichstadt. In that year the boy died; and Louis Napoleon sprang at once into a habit of very definite dreaming indeed, which is commonly called conspiracy.

After the accession of the Orleans dynasty,

he had made an attempt to get admission for his family into France, even petitioning for leave to serve as a private soldier in the army. Louis Philippe and his counsellors were too wary to open such a risk, and every successive application was rejected. The next step was to force an entrance; and, in 1836, the Strasburg raid showed Louis Napoleon in his permanent character of Adventurer, aiming at empire.

His failure in that snatch at the crown seemed to disclose a mind so unpractical, and an egotism so certain to be disgusting to the generality of men, that he was contemptuously spared the penalties of high treason. Such a man could never become formidable, it was thought; and he would form a good monument of the clemency of a citizen government. It is now believed, however, that he carried in his breast that vow which has been the grand difficulty of his career, the poison of his tranquillity, the disturber of his policy, and the cause of the great European warfare which we are all looking for as now inevitable. It is believed on all hands that while in Italy he bound himself by the vow of the chief Secret Society of the day to do all that ever might be in his power for the emancipation of Italy, taking upon himself the penalty of death, which is the established sanction of that vow. It is believed that when he knocked at the gate of Strasburg, to steal a throne, he was under the obligation of which Orsini ultimately reminded him, so forcibly that the consequences will live for ever in the history of Europe.

It must have been difficult for anybody but himself and his mother to believe that any world-wide interests could depend on a man who had made such a beginning, and who showed no trace in his procedure, any more than in his person, of any kinship to the great Conqueror whom he aped. The matter seemed more decided still in 1840, when the low-theatrical scene of Boulogne was played, with a tame eagle for the pathos of the piece. Its absurdity saved his life; but he was troublesome, and therefore he was put out of the way by imprisonment in the same apartments in which the retrograde ministers of the last Bourbon sovereign had mourned over the liberties of the nineteenth century, as curses preceding the end of the world.

In that prison of Ham, Louis Napoleon meditated and wrote, and nouriahed his dreams, and strengthened his prejudices, affording us an insight into his mind which we ought to have profited by more than we have. Among other things, we should, by due study, have perceived that one great element of character,—one essential condition of sound intellect, was absent from his constitution. He has no conscience; though he may possibly suppose that he has. He has sentiment; he has superstition; he has, perhaps, affections; but there is nothing in the whole course of his life which indicates the presence of any moral sense in his own person. If we had early understood how a man of ability may give out fine sentiments with a certain sincerity while incapable of good faith, the prospects of Europe might have been more cheerful than they are now; and if we had taken due heed to his scepticism in regard to human character, we should not now have to bear the provocation of his insults to the understanding of all the world. It may be true that the habit of rule, and the atmosphere of adulation in which he has been living for some years, have destroyed his perception of what men ordinarily are and can do; so that his attempts upon the credulity of society become more gross and weak from year to year; but still, it is abundantly evident that he never took into his account the general parity of power among thinking men, or the general existence of mutual trust as a basis of social action. So we might have foreseen, if we had suspected the importance of the study, that in time this schemer and dreamer would arrive at making incessant protestations which nobody believes, and manifestations which manifest only his delusions about the intellect of mankind.

His works and his ways were not studied, however; and one day he exchanged clothes with a carpenter who was employed on some repairs in the fortress, shouldered a plank, and walked forth into the free world which he hoped to enslave in true Bonaparte style. This was in 1846, after six years' imprisonment; and he was left unnoticed in England as long as the Orleans family remained burdened with state cares.

In 1848, after the fall of that family, he found his opportunity. He was elected to the legislature, and afterwards to the Presidentship of the Republic. The nation had let in the Bonapartes again, and it needed no ghost from the grave to tell what would happen. There must be the old story over again—a Bonaparte absolutism; the extinction of popular liberty; a constant persecution of intellect and public spirit; a humouring of the lowest national foibles, in order to the extinction of its highest virtues; a retrogression, in short, to the furthest point of barbarism to which one man can carry a great nation.

This is precisely what we are witnessing: the only mystery in the case being the Italian war. It is still asked why a man who has murdered liberty at home went forth to resuscitate it anywhere else. The old Italian vow may have been at the bottom of it; and if a man is really under sentence of death, and aware that he is so, unless he pursues a certain course, it can be no wonder that that is the course which he pursues. There were, however, words dropped about Waterloo long before, and frequent expressions of jealousy of surrounding nations, and an eagerness for a war about the Holy Places, as soon as he was seated on his throne, which indicated a career of attempted conquest, though he was not a professional soldier. He had received a military education, we must remember; and his best work was on the artillery. He has since acted the part of a soldier in Lombardy; and he now attempts in vain to conceal imperialist purposes very like those of the First Empire. Our business here, however, is with his character and attributes rather than his policy.

His restlessness is now perhaps his most notorious attribute, next to his bad faith, which will always be the most prominent of his characteristics. In the combination of the two it seems easy to read his ultimate fate. Without attempting to

prophesy how long he will reign, and whether he will die an emperor, or an exile, or a disgraced adventurer, we may say confidently, that the end will be failure in one way or another. Ours is not an age in which a man can wade through blood to a throne without having to answer for his crime. Ours is not an age in which a man can stifle liberty among thirty millions of people who have known in their own experience what liberty is. Ours is not an age in which arms can give empire in Europe, or in which territories can be captured and held at the pleasure of any man. A singular conjunction of circumstances may prostrate the resistance of a nation, and give the despot a career longer or shorter; but it is too unnatural for permanency. That Louis Napoleon himself is, or has been, of this way of thinking, appears by his far-sighted preparation of an army and a seat of empire in Algeria, where he might retire in case of mischance, and whence he might trouble France and other countries at his own convenience. Meantime, he has indicated his career, while in France, by addressing himself to the old French foibles of military vanity and ambition of conquest. It is true we know not, and *he* perhaps knows not, how small or how large a proportion of the nation has that weak side. All that is known is, that the proportion is smaller by far than half a century ago, and continually lessening till he set himself to increase it. If that proportion is small, he will fail at home, by subjecting the people to sacrifices which they do not think the object worth. If the proportion is large—even as large as he would have it—he will fail by the resistance of the world outside of France. When he has proved to the world that his aims are incompatible with its peace and advancing civilisation, he will be removed from the seat of power like his predecessor. No man can now resist the tendencies of his age with ultimate success; and his chance is less than that of his predecessor by the lapse of half a century.

The question is the while, "What is it all for?" And this is a rational question.

The Monarch-Adventurer of old had a feasible object in view. Power was then a personal possession, an honour and glory, a state of wealth and privilege, which it is not now, and never can be again. An ambition which may look like that old one in every respect is still only pinchbeck beside the gold—the hobby-horse in presence of the warrior's barb. It is so because the function of usurper is changed, and an adventurer no longer takes divine right by force, as it were, but only makes himself comfortable in another king's house. Where there has once been parliamentary government there can never again be a usurping dynasty securely enthroned.

The Bonapartes can hardly therefore be called a Representative family: and if Louis Napoleon be regarded in that way at all, it can be only as showing how degenerate the type becomes when it is out of its proper place. His whole position and surroundings are (however wonderful in their way), in the first place—vulgar. The pervading egotism, and the inaptitude of them to the world and the men in it, render them vulgar to an extent which no temporary success can redeem.

This may show why the primeval seer would have been perplexed by such a phenomenon as a Monarch-Adventurer in the nineteenth century. The attributes of the personage are deteriorated or lost; and if his objects could be gained at his own heart's desire, the human race would still disappoint him, for they would wonder—and more and more as time passed on—what he could be about; and, as for his ambition, what it was all for.

INGLEBY SCOTT.

MR. LORQUISON'S STORY.

THE account of a story-telling party in ONCE A WEEK* wound up by saying that "*Mr. Lorquison excused himself from any recital because he knew not one.*" This gentleman (generally full of anecdotes, but which on this occasion he seems to have kept to himself) called upon me two days after the merry meeting by the inn fire, and I at once showed him the passage, and taxed him with the decline of his conversational powers. After some little hesitation, he told me that I ought to have paid more attention to the final part of that paragraph, the commencement of which I have already quoted. On referring, I find it speaks of the quality of the punch.

"Just so," said Mr. Lorquison, with a queer twinkle, "that accounts for my silence."

The puzzled look on my face caused him to proceed.

"Why, you see, I *do* know a great many stories—good 'uns, too, and I had got up one in particular, ready for 'em on that night—only it wasn't about unpleasant nights and that sort of thing—but whether 'twas the heat of the room, the turn of the stories, or the lateness of the hour, somehow or other my good story went clean out of my head. Mr. Selby told me afterwards that I had greatly amused the company—in what way I can't distinctly recollect; all I know is, that the next morning I awoke with a splitting headache."

My curiosity was roused. Did I know the story?

"Well," said he, "I may have told you at some time or other; but I'll give it you now if you like; only mind, if you've heard it before interrupt me."

I gave him the required promise, and he thus began:

"I think you're something of a gardener, are you not?" I admitted horticultural propensities in a small degree, and he continued, "then you'll enjoy my story all the more. Well, my father was a great florist, en amateur, and used to take immense pleasure in the cultivation of a moderate sized garden attached to our suburban cottage at Islington. You seem surprised at my mentioning such a site for a cottage and garden, but I allude to the Islington as I knew it thirty years ago; when Newington 'Green Lanes' was a dangerous place after dark, and an inhabitant of Upper or Lower Clapton was considered a rustic.

"Numerous little cottages, with their neatly trimmed flower-beds, were to be seen at Islington at the time of which I speak, and conspicuous among them all for artistic arrangement and plants of really great value was my father's garden. How

* See Vol. I. p. 542.

well I recollect the look of satisfaction with which he used to regard the work of his hands as, sitting in his easy chair on a summer's Sunday evening, he would slowly puff his after-dinner pipe (he was a widower), while drawing the attention of some friend to the peculiarities of certain cuttings, and the various beauties of his favourite shrubs.

"His companion on one of these occasions was a Mr. Tibbs, a thorough Cockney, with about as much idea of country life and agricultural pursuits as a fish has of nut-cracking. He was a tradesman in the city, had risen to the rank of alderman, and was now within no very great distance of the mayoralty. This 'achievement of greatness,' though adding somewhat to his natural pomposity, had in no way diminished his innate relish for a joke. His fun certainly was not refined, nor his raillery elegant; but, as he used to say, 'a joke's a joke,' and undoubtedly Mr. Tibbs's jokes were peculiarly his own, and no one, I'm sure, would ever think of claiming them.

"'How's Polly Hanthus?' was his invariable greeting on entering our house. After the delivery of which facetious allusion to my father, he would indulge in chuckles of some seconds' duration.

"'Well,' said he, when my father had finished a long disquisition on the merits of a splendid chrysanthemum, 'well, Lorquison, I don't know much about your kissymythumbs, which is Latin or Greek, or—something or other,' he added after a pause, feeling rather out of his element in an etymological question; 'but I'll send you a seed or two, the like of which you've never come across, my boy.' Here, taking his pipe from his mouth, he wagged his head in a fat and happy manner.

"'And what may they be?' asked my father, with much interest.

"'Well, they *may* be anything,' replied Tibbs, with an inward chuckle at his own wit; 'but they happen to be seeds. Lor' bless you, I ain't a-going to tell you what they are. But they're rare—very rare. Such a gardener' (he pronounced it gardinger) 'as you ought to tell what the plant is when you looks at the seed. For my part, I don't pretend to call 'em any grand name—it's a very short 'un. Will you have 'em?'

"'Delighted!' answered my father, 'send them as soon as possible; and I don't doubt but we shall be able to get up a curious paper on the subject in the "Gardeners' Magazine."'

"'Very good; then mind you take care in planting of 'em, Lorquison, 'cos they've never been sown afore in this country.'

"Here Mr. Tibbs was taken with a violent fit of coughing, which, although he attributed it to the evening air, or the smoke going 'the wrong way,' my young eyes detected as the effect caused by a series of suppressed chuckles. My father, elated with the idea of his new acquisition, did not remark this.

"'Here's my coach,' said Tibbs, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"'Don't forget the seeds,' were my father's last words as his guest departed.

"I believe my father scarcely slept all that night: he was never a sluggard, but on that Monday morning he was up earlier than ever, and working in his garden with a diligence worthy of 'The old Corycian.' He was clearing out a space of ground for the reception of the promised seeds.

"During breakfast he was in a perpetual state of fidget; the postman was late—stay—would it come by post—no, by carrier. At last, however, the postman did arrive, and delivered into my father's hands, ready at the front gate to receive him, a small packet with a letter from Tibbs, containing an apology for having sent only twenty seeds, and pleading their value as his excuse.

"These twenty little wonders were quite round and very small, being, as it appeared to us, of a dark red colour.

"My father inspected them, and looked puzzled; smelt them, and said 'humph!' That 'humph' was portentous; even the stolid Tibbs would cease his chuckle at my father's 'humph!'

"Perhaps you know that all gardeners examine with a glass, and taste their seeds; my father was now about to go through this double process. He looked at them through his powerful microscope.

"'Why, surely—' said my father, and took another survey. Something was wrong. 'I do believe—' he began, and then followed the trial by tasting. He smacked his lips and clicked his tongue against his palate—frowned—spat out the seed—bent down his head to the microscope, and then exclaimed: 'Confound that Tibbs!' I waited anxiously for what was to follow. 'Seeds! *Why he's sent me the dried roe of a herring!*'

"I recollect how amused I was, as a child, at this practical joke of Tibbs's. My father laughed heartily in spite of his vexation, and folding up the packet previous to putting it away in his private drawer, said quietly, 'Very well, Mr. Tibbs,' by which I knew that he intended to repay our Cockney friend in his own coin. He wrote, however, thanking Tibbs for his present, and that little gentleman, I have no doubt, retailed the joke to many a friend on 'Change, and began to look upon himself as the Hook of private life.

"But they laugh longest who laugh last.

"Three weeks after this, Tibbs met my father one Saturday afternoon in the City.

"'How's Polly Hanthus?' inquired Tibbs.

"'Well, thank you,' replied my father. 'Will you dine with me to-morrow?'

"Tibbs was not the man to refuse a good offer.

"'By the way,' he slily asked, almost bursting with chuckles, 'how about those seeds, eh?'

"'What seeds?' asked my father, with an air of utter ignorance.

"'Oh, that won't do!' returned Tibbs. 'I say, are they growing? 'Twan't bad, was it?

"My father's serious face prevented a burst of laughter in which his friend was about to indulge.

"'If you mean those seeds which you sent to me as a curiosity three weeks ago, I can only say, that they're getting on capitally.'

"'Hey! what?' exclaimed the alderman.

"'Well! I grant you that it is a *lusus naturæ*.'

"'O, indeed!' said Tibbs, thinking that this might be the horticultural Latin for a herring.

"'But come to-morrow, and you'll see them yourself. Good bye!'

"'Very curious—very!' murmured the bewildered Tibbs to himself, as my father hurried off.

"When my father returned to Islington on that Saturday night, he brought with him *twenty red herrings*.

"Tibbs, according to promise, dined with us on Sunday.

"'After the post-prandial pipe, you shall see how well your seeds are progressing.'

"Tibbs put his hands in his pockets and feebly smiled at my father's words. He had tried during dinner to discover whether real seeds had been sent by some mistake, or the trick had been discovered. But my father began talking about sea anemones, prickly fish, jelly fish, of strange marine inhabitants that had the appearance of vegetables, and so on, till Mr. Tibbs saw but slight difference between a codfish and a fir-tree, and began to think his joke was not so good a one after all.

"Dinner finished, the pipe smoked, my father led the way down the garden-walk. He was enjoying himself immensely. Tibbs began to think of all the persons to whom he had told the excellent story of Lorquison and the Herrings, and repented that he had not given more of his time to the study of natural history. On he walked, following my father through rows of geraniums, pinks, bright roses, and marvellous tulips, until at length they arrived at a sequestered part, where, on a fresh dug bed, overshadowed by

two fine laburnums, stood twenty inverted flower-pots arranged in four rows.

"Here my father stopped.

"'Now,' said he, 'you mustn't be disappointed if they're not so far advanced as you expected: but I think they're getting on admirably, considering 'tis the first time they've ever been planted in this country.'

"Tibbs remembered his own words, and mumbled something about "first time—this country—who'd ha' thought"—and looked very foolish.

"'There!' said my father, lifting up the first pot. Tibbs caught sight of something beneath it.

"'Good gracious!' he exclaimed, and put on his spectacles.

"*Sure enough there was the nose of a red herring just visible above the ground.*

"'Cover it up, Tibbs, the cold air may hurt it,' cried my father, who had been pretending to examine the other pots.

"'Here's a better one—it has had more sun:' he pointed to one which he had just uncovered, whose eyes, just visible above the black earth, were looking up in the most impudent manner.

"Tibbs moved on silently: carefully did he replace the first pot, and with the gravest face imaginable examined all the herrings in turn.

"'They're getting on well,' said my father. 'Tis a curious sight.'

"'Curious!' echoed Tibbs, regaining his speech. 'It's *wonderful!!* Sir,' said he, taking my father aside in his most impressive manner, 'I thought yesterday 'twas a joke; but I give you my solemn word of honour, *that I shouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it.*'

"Having given utterance to this remarkable sentence, he slowly turned on his heel and walked towards the house; my father following, with his handkerchief tightly pressed against his mouth.

"As for me, I stopped behind, and pulled up the twenty herrings one after the other; and when I returned to the house Mr. Tibbs had departed.

"Not bad, was it?" F. C. BURNAND.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XIX. SECOND DESPATCH OF THE COUNTESS.

WE do not advance very far in this second despatch, and it will be found chiefly serviceable for the indications it affords of our General's skill in mining, and addiction to that branch of military science. For the moment I must beg that a little indulgence will be granted towards her.

"Purely business. Great haste. Something has happened. An event? I know not; but events may flow from it.

"A lady is here who has run away from the conjugal abode, and Lady Jocelyn shelters her, and is hospitable to *another*, who is more concerned in this lady's sad fate than he *should* be. This may be *morals*, my dear; but please do not talk of Portugal *now*. A fine-ish woman with a great deal of hair worn as if her maid had given it one comb straight down and then rolled it up in a hurry round one finger. Malice would say carrots. It is called gold. Mr. Forth is in a glass house, and is wrong to cast his sneers at *perfectly inoffensive people*.

"Perfectly impossible we can remain at Beckley Court together—if not *dangerous*. Any means that Providence may designate, I would employ. It will be like exorcising a demon. Always excusable. I only ask a little more *time* for stupid Evan. He might have little Bonner now. *I* should not object; but her family is not so good.

"Now, do attend. *At once* obtain a copy of Strike's *Company people*. You understand—prospectuses. Tell me instantly if the Captain Evremonde in it is Captain Lawson Evremonde. *Pump* Strike. Excuse vulgar words. Whether he is not Lord Laxley's *half-brother*. Strike *shall*

be of use to us. Whether he is not *mad*. Captain E——'s *address*. Oh! when I think of Strike—brute! and poor beautiful uncomplaining Carry and her shoulder! But let us indeed most fervently hope that his Grace may be balm to it. We must not pray for vengeance. It is sinful. Providence will inflict that. Always *know* that Providence is *quite* sure to. It comforts exceedingly!

"Oh, that Strike were altogether in the past tense! No knowing what the Duke might do—a widower and completely subjugated. It makes my bosom bound. The man tempts me to the wickedest Frenchy ideas. There!—

"We progress with dear venerable Mrs. Bonner. Truly pious—interested in your Louisa. She dreads that my husband will try to convert me to his creed. I can but weep and say—never!

"I need not say I have my *circle*. To hear this ridiculous boy Harry Jocelyn grunt under my nose when he has led me unsuspectingly away from company—Harriet! dearest! He thinks it a sigh! But there is no time for laughing.

"My maxim in any house is—never to despise the good opinion of the *nonentities*. They are the majority. I think they all look up to me. But then of course you must fix that by seducing the *stars*. My diplomatist praises my abilities—Sir John Loring my style—the rest follow and I do not withhold my smiles, and they are happy, and I should be but that for ungrateful Evan's sake I sacrificed my peace by binding myself to a dreadful sort of *half-story*. I know I did not quite say it. It seems as if Sir A.'s *ghost* were going to haunt me. And then I have the most *dreadful* fears that what I have done has disturbed him in the other world. Can it be so? It is not *money* or *estates* we took at all, dearest! And these excellent young curates—I almost wish it was Protestant to speak a word behind a board to them and imbibe comfort. For after all it is nothing: and a word even from this poor thin mopy Mr. Parsley might be relief to a poor soul in trouble. *Catholics* tell you that what you do in a *good cause* is redeemable if not exactly right. And you know the Catholic is the *oldest* Religion of the two. I would listen to St. Peter, staunch Protestant as I am, in preference to King Henry the Eighth. Though as a woman I bear him no rancour, for his wives were—fools, point blank. No man was ever so manageable. My diplomatist is getting liker and liker to him every day. Leaner, of course, and does not habitually straddle. Whiskers and *morals*, I mean. We must be silent before our prudish sister. Not a prude? We talk diplomacy, dearest. He complains of the exclusiveness of the port of Oporto, and would have strict alliance between Portugal and England, with mutual privileges. I wish the alliance, and think it better to maintain the exclusiveness. Very trifling; but what is life!

"Adieu. One word to leave you laughing. Imagine her situation! This stupid Miss Carrington has offended me. She has tried to pump Conning, who I do not doubt gave her as much as I chose she should have in her *well*. But the quandary of the wretched creature! She takes Conning into *her* confidence—a horrible malady just covered by high-neck dress! Skin! and impossible that she can tell her engaged—who is—guess—Mr. George Up——! Her name is Louisa Carrington. There *was* a Louisa Harrington once. Similarity of names perhaps. Of course I could not let him come to the house; and *of course* Miss C. is in a state of wonderment and bad passions, I fear. I went straight to Lady Roseley, my dear. There was nothing else for it but to go and *speak*. She is truly a noble woman—serves us in every way. As she should!—much affected by sight of Evan, and keeps aloof from Beckley Court. The finger of Providence is in all. Adieu! but do pray think of Miss Carrington! It was foolish of her to offend me. Drives and walks—the Duke attentive. Description of him when I embrace you. I give amiable Sir Franks Portuguese dishes. Ah, my dear. if we had none but men to contend against, and only women for our tools! But this is asking for the world, and nothing less.

"Open again," she pursues. "Dear Carry just come in. There are *fairies*, I think, where there are dukes! Where could it have come from? Could any *human* being have sent messengers post to London, ordered, and had it despatched here within this short time? You shall not be mystified! I do not think I even *hinted;* but the afternoon walk I had with his Grace, on the first day of his arrival, I did *shadow* it very delicately how much it was to be feared our poor Carry could not, that she dared not, betray her liege lord in an evening dress. Nothing more, *upon my veracity!* And Carry has this moment received the most beautiful green box, containing two of the most heavenly *old* lace shawls that you ever beheld. We divine it is to hide poor Carry's matrimonial blue mark! We *know* nothing. Will you imagine Carry is for not accepting it! Priority of birth does not imply superior wits, dear—no allusion to *you*. I have undertaken all. *Arch looks*, but nothing pointed. His Grace will understand the exquisite expression of feminine gratitude. It is so sweet to deal with true nobility. Carry has only to look as she always does. One sees Strike sitting on her. Her very pliability has rescued her from being utterly *squashed* long ere this! The man makes one vulgar. It would have been not the slightest use asking me to be a Christian had I wedded Strike. But think of the fairy presents! It has determined mo not to be expelled by Mr. Forth—quite. Tell Silva he is not forgotten. But, my dear, between us *alone*, men are *so* selfish, that it is too evident they do not care for private conversations to turn upon a lady's husband: not to be risked only now and then.

"I hear that the young ladies and the young gentlemen have been out riding a race. The poor little Bonner girl cannot ride, and she says to Carry that Rose wishes to break our brother's neck. The child hardly wishes that, but she is feelingless. If Evan could care for Miss Bonner, he might *have* B. C.! Oh, it is not so *very* long a shot, my dear! I am on the spot, remember. Old Mrs. Bonner is a most just-minded spirit. Juliana is a cripple, and her grandmother wishes to be sure that when she departs to her Lord, the

poor cripple may not be chased from this home of hers. Rose cannot calculate—Harry is in disgrace—there is really no knowing. This is how I have reckoned: 10,000*l.* extra to Rose; perhaps 1000*l.*, or nothing to H.; all the rest of ready money—a large sum—no use guessing—to Lady Jocelyn; and B. C. to little Bonner—it is worth 40,000*l.* Then she sells, or stops—permanent resident. It might be so soon, for *I* can see worthy Mrs. Bonner to be breaking visibly. But young men will not see with wiser eyes than their own. Here is Evan risking his neck for an indifferent—there's some word for 'not soft.' In short, Rose is the cold-blooded *novice*, as I have always said, *the* most selfish of the creatures on two legs.

"Adieu!" Would you have dreamed that Major Nightmare's *gallantry* to his wife would have called forth a gallantry so truly touching and delicate? Can you not see Providence there? Out of evil—the Catholics again!

"*Address.* If Lord Lax—'s *half-brother.* If wrong in *noddle.* This I know you will attend to scrupulously. Ridiculous words are sometimes the most expressive. Once more, may Heaven bless you all! I thought of you in church last Sunday.

"I may tell you this: young Mr. Laxley is here. He—but it was Evan's utter madness was the cause, and I have not ventured a word to him. He compelled Evan to assert his rank, and Mr. Forth's face has been one concentrated sneer *since* THEN. He must know the origin of the Cogglesbys, or something. *Now* you will understand the *importance.* I cannot be more explicit. Only the *man must go.*"

"P.S. I have just ascertained that Lady Jocelyn is quite familiar with Andrew's origin!! She must think my poor Harriet an eccentric woman. Of course I have not pretended to *rank* here, merely gentry. It is gentry in reality, for had poor papa been *legitimised*, he would have been a nobleman. You know that; and between the two we may certainly claim gentry. I twiddle your little good Andrew to assert it for us twenty times a day. Of all the dear little manageable men! It does you infinite credit that you respect him as you do. What would have become of *me* I do not know."

"P.S. I said *two* shawls—a black and a white. The black not so costly—very well. And so delicate of him to think of the *mourning!* But the white, my dear, *must* be *family*—must! Old English point. Exquisitely chaste. So different from that Brussels poor Andrew surprised you with. I know it cost money, but this is a question of taste. The Duke reconciles me to England and all my troubles! He is more like poor papa than any one of the men I have yet seen. The perfect gentleman!"

Admire the concluding stroke. The Countess calls this letter a purely business communication. Commercial men might hardly think so; but perhaps ladies will perceive it. She rambles concentrically, if I may so expound her. Full of luxurious enjoyment of her position, her mind is active, and you see her at one moment marking a plot, the next, with a light exclamation, appeasing her conscience, proud that she has one; again she calls up rival forms of faith, that she may show the Protestant its little shortcomings, and that it is slightly in debt to her (like Providence) for her constancy, notwithstanding. The Protestant, you see, does not confess, and she has to absolve herself, and must be doing it internally while she is directing outer matters. Hence her slap at King Henry VIII. In fact, there is much more business in this letter than I dare to indicate; but as it is both impertinent and unpopular to dive for any length of time beneath the surface (especially when there are few pearls to show for it), we will discontinue our examination.

The Countess, when she had dropped the letter in the bag, returned to her chamber, and deputed Dorothy Loring, whom she met on the stairs, to run and request Rose to lend her her album to beguile the afternoon with; and Dorothy dances to Rose, saying, "The Countess de Lispy-Lispy would be delighted to look at your album *all* the afternoon."

"Oh, what a woman that is!" says Rose. "Countess de Lazy-Lazy, I think."

The Countess, had she been listening, would have cared little for accusations on that head. Idlesse was fashionable: exquisite languors were a sign of breeding; and she always had an idea that she looked more interesting at dinner after reclining on a couch the whole of the afternoon. The great Mel and his mate had given her robust health, and she was able to play the high-born invalid without damage to her constitution. Anything amused her; Rose's album even, and the compositions of W. H., E. H., D. F., and F. L. The initials F. L. were diminutive, and not unlike her own hand, she thought. They were appended to a piece of facetiousness that would not have disgraced the abilities of Mr. John Raikes; but we know that very stiff young gentlemen betray monkey-minds when sweet young ladies compel them to disport. On the whole, it was not a lazy afternoon that the Countess passed, and it was not against her wish that others should think it was.

CHAPTER XX.—BREAK-NECK LEAP.

THE August sun was in mid sky, when a troop of ladies and cavaliers issued from the gates of Beckley Court, and winding through the hop-gardens, emerged on the cultivated slopes bordering the downs. Foremost, on her grey cob, was Rose, having on her right her uncle Seymour, and on her left Ferdinand Laxley. Behind came Mrs. Evremonde, flanked by Drummond and Evan. Then followed Jenny Graine, supported by Harry and William Harvey. In the rear came an open carriage, in which Miss Carrington and the Countess de Saldar were borne, attended by Lady Jocelyn and Andrew Cogglesby on horseback. The expedition had for its object the selection of a run of ground for an amateur steeple-chase: the idea of which had sprung from Laxley's boasts of his horsemanship: and Rose, quick as fire, had backed herself, and Drummond, and Evan, to beat him. The mention of the latter was quite enough for Laxley.

"If he follows me, let him take care of his neck," said that youth.

"Why, Ferdinand, he can beat you in anything!" exclaimed Rose, imprudently.

But the truth was, she was now more restless than ever. She was not distant with Evan, but she had a feverish manner, and seemed to thirst to make him show his qualities, and excel, and shine. Billiards, or jumping, or classical acquirements, it mattered not—Evan must come first. He had crossed the foils with Laxley, and disarmed him; for Mel his father had had him well set up for a military career. Rose made a noise about the encounter, and Laxley was eager for his opportunity, which he saw in the proposed mad gallop.

Now Mr. George Uploft, who usually rode in buckskins whether he was after the fox or fresh air, was out on this particular morning; and it happened that as the cavalcade wound beneath the down, Mr. George trotted along the ridge. He was a fat-faced, rotund young squire—a bully where he might be, and an obedient creature enough where he must be—good-humoured when not interfered with; fond of the table, and brimful of all the jokes of the county, the accent of which just seasoned his speech. He had somehow plunged into a sort of half engagement with Miss Carrington. At his age, and to ladies of Miss Carrington's age, men unhappily do not plunge head-foremost, or Miss Carrington would have had him long before. But he was at least in for it half a leg; and a desperate maiden, on the criminal side of thirty, may make much of that. Previous to the visit of the Countess de Saldar, Mr. George had been in the habit of trotting over to Beckley three or four times a week. Miss Carrington had a little money: Mr. George was heir to his uncle. Miss Carrington was lean and blue-eyed: Mr. Geoge black-eyed and obese. By everybody, except Mr. George, the match was made: but that exception goes for little in the country, where half the population are talked into marriage, and gossips entirely devote themselves to continuing the species. Mr. George was certain that he had not been fighting shy of the fair Carrington of late, nor had he been unfaithful. He had only been in an extraordinary state of occupation. Messages for Lady Roseley had to be delivered, and he had become her cavalier and escort suddenly. The young squire was bewildered; but as he was only one leg in love—if the sentiment may be thus spoken of figuratively—his vanity in his present office kept him from remorse or uneasiness. He rode at an easy pace within sight of the home of his treasure, and his back turned to it. Presently there rose a cry from below. Mr. George looked about. The party of horsemen hallooed: Mr. George yoicked. Rose set her horse to gallop up; Seymour Jocelyn cried "fox," and gave the view; hearing which, Mr. George shouted, and seemed inclined to surrender; but the fun seized him, and, standing up in his stirrups, he gathered his coat-tails in a bunch, and waggled them with a jolly laugh, which was taken up below, and the clamp of hoofs resounded on the turf as Mr. George led off, after once more, with a jocose twist in his seat, showing them the brush mockingly. Away went fox, and a mad chase began. Seymour acted as master of the hunt. Rose, Evan, Drummond, and Mrs. Evremonde and Dorothy, skirted to the right, all laughing, and full of excitement. Harry bellowed the direction from above. The ladies in the carriage, with Lady Jocelyn and Andrew, watched them till they flowed one and all over the shoulder of the down.

"And who may the poor hunted animal be?" inquired the Countess.

"George Uploft," said Lady Jocelyn, pulling out her watch. "I give him twenty minutes."

"Providence speed him!" breathed the Countess with secret fervour.

"Oh, he hasn't a chance," said Lady Jocelyn. "The Squire keeps wretched beasts."

"Is there not an attraction that will account for his hasty capture?" said the Countess, looking tenderly at Miss Carrington, who sat a little straighter, and the Countess hating manifestations of stiff-backedness, could not forbear adding: "I am at war with my sympathies, which should be with the poor brute flying from his persecutors."

She was in a bitter state of trepidation or she would have thought twice before she touched a nerve of the enamoured lady, as she knew she did in calling her swain a poor brute, and did again by pertinaciously pursuing: "Does he then shun his captivity?"

"Touching a nerve" is one of those unforgiveable small offences, which, in our civilised state, produce the social vendettas and dramas that, with savage nations, spring from the spilling of blood. Instead of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, we demand a nerve for a nerve. "Thou hast touched me where I am tender—thee, too, will I touch."

Miss Carrington had been alarmed and hurt at the strange evasion of Mr. George: nor could she see the fun of his mimicry of the fox, and his flight away from instead of into her neighbourhood. She had also, or she now thought it, remarked that when Mr. George had been spoken of casually, the Countess had not looked a natural look. Perhaps it was her present inflamed fancy. At any rate the Countess was offensive now. She was positively vulgar, in consequence, to the mind of Miss Carrington, and Miss Carrington was drawn to think of a certain thing Ferdinand Laxley had said he had heard from the mouth of this lady's brother when ale was in him. Alas! how one seed of a piece of folly will lurk and sprout to confound us; though, like the cock in the eastern tale, we peck up zealously all but that one!

The carriage rolled over the turf, attended by Andrew and Lady Jocelyn, and the hunt was seen; Mr. George some forty paces a-head; Seymour gaining on him, Rose next.

"Who's that breasting Rose?" said Lady Jocelyn, lifting her glass.

"My brother-in-law, Harrington," returned Andrew.

"He doesn't ride badly," said Lady Jocelyn. "A little too military. He must have been set up in England."

"Oh, Evan can do anything," said Andrew enthusiastically. "His father was a capital horseman, and taught him fencing, riding, and every accomplishment. You won't find such a young fellow, my lady——"

"The brother like him at all?" asked Lady Jocelyn, still eying the chase.

"Brother? He hasn't got a brother," said Andrew.

Lady Jocelyn continued: "I mean the present baronet."

She was occupied with her glass, and did not observe the flush that took hold of Andrew's ingenuous cheeks, and his hurried glance at and off the quiet eye of the Countess. Miss Carrington did observe it.

Mr. Andrew dashed his face under the palm of his hand, and murmured:

"Oh—yes! His brother-in-law isn't much like him—ha! ha!"

And then the poor little man rubbed his hands, unconscious of the indignant pity for his wretched abilities in the gaze of the Countess; and he must have been exposed—there was a fear that the ghost of Sir Abraham would have darkened this day, for Miss Carrington was about to speak when Lady Jocelyn cried: "There's a purl! Somebody's down."

The Countess was unaware of the nature of a purl, but she could have sworn it to be a piece of Providence.

"Just by old Nat Hodges' farm, on Squire Copping's ground," cried Andrew, much relieved by the particular individual's misfortune. "Dear me, my lady! how old Tom and I used to jump the brook there, to be sure! and when you were no bigger than little Miss Loring—do you remember old Tom? Egad we're all fools one time in our lives!"

"Who can it be?" said Lady Jocelyn, spying at the discomfited horseman. "I'm afraid it's poor Ferdinand."

They drove on to an eminence from which the plain was entirely laid open.

"I hope my brother will enjoy his ride this day," sighed the Countess. "It will be his limit of enjoyment for many days!"

She perceived that Mr. George's capture was inevitable, and her heart sank; for she was sure he would recognise her, and at the moment she misdoubted her powers. She dreamed of flight.

"You're not going to leave us?" said Lady Jocelyn. "My dear Countess, what will the future member do without you? We have your promise to stay till the election is over."

"Thanks for your extreme kind courtesy, Lady Jocelyn," murmured the Countess: "but my husband—the Count."

"The favour is yours," returned her ladyship. "And if the Count cannot come, you at least are at liberty."

"You are most kind," said the Countess.

"Andrew and his wife I should not dare to separate for more than a week," said Lady Jocelyn. "He is the great British husband. The proprietor! 'My wife' is his unanswerable excuse."

"Yes," Andrew replied, cheerily. "I don't like division between man and wife, I must say."

The Countess dared no longer instance the Count, her husband. She was heard to murmur that citizen feelings were not hers.

"You suggested Fallowfield to Melville, did you not?" asked Lady Jocelyn.

"It was the merest suggestion," said the Countess, smiling.

"Then you must really stay to see us through it," said her ladyship. "Where are they now? They must be making straight for break-neck fence. They'll have him there. George hasn't pluck for that."

"Hasn't what?"

It was the Countess who requested to know the name of this other piece of Providence Mr. George Uploft was deficient in.

"Pluck—go," said her ladyship, hastily, and telling the coachman to drive to a certain spot, trotted on with Andrew, saying to him: "I'm afraid we are thought vulgar by the Countess."

Andrew considered it best to reassure her gravely.

"The young man, her brother, is well-bred," said Lady Jocelyn, and Andrew was very ready to praise Evan.

Lady Jocelyn, herself in slimmer days a spirited horsewoman, had correctly estimated Mr. George's pluck. He was captured by Harry and Evan close on the leap, in the act of shaking his head at it; and many who inspected the leap would have deemed it a sign that wisdom weighted the head that would shake long at it; for it consisted of a post and rails, with a double ditch.

Seymour Jocelyn, Mrs. Evremonde, Drummond, Jenny Gaine, and William Harvey, rode with Mr. George in quest of the carriage, and the captive was duly delivered over.

"But where's the brush?" said Lady Jocelyn, laughing, and introducing him to the Countess, who dropped her head, and with it her veil.

"Oh! they leave that on for my next run," said Mr. George, bowing civilly.

"You are going to run again?"

Miss Carrington severely asked this question; and Mr. George protested.

"Secure him, Louisa," said Lady Jocelyn. "See here: what's the matter with poor Dorothy?"

Dorothy came slowly trotting up to them along the green lane, and thus expressed her grief, between sobs:

"Isn't it a shame? Rose is *such* a tyrant. They're going to ride a race and a jump down in the field, and its break-neck leap, and Rose won't allow me to stop and see it, though she knows I'm just as fond of Evan as she is; and if he's killed I declare it will be her fault: and it's all for her stupid, dirty old pocket-handkerchief!"

"Break-neck fence!" said Lady Jocelyn; "that's rather mad."

"Do let's go and see it, darling Aunty Jocy," pleaded the little maid.

Lady Jocelyn rode on, saying to herself: "That girl has a great deal of devil in her." The lady's thoughts were of Rose.

"Black Lymport 'd take the leap," said Mr.

George, following her with the rest of the troop. "Who's that fellow on him?"

"His name's Harrington," quoth Drummond.

"Oh, Harrington!" Mr. George responded; but immediately laughed—"Harrington? 'Gad, if he takes the leap it'll be odd—another of the name. That's where old Mel had his spill."

"Who?" Drummond inquired.

"Old Mel Harrington—the Lymport wonder. Old Marquis Mel," said Mr. George. "Haven't ye heard of him?"

"What! the gorgeous tailor!" exclaimed Lady Jocelyn. "How I regret never meeting that magnificent snob! that efflorescence of sublime imposture! I've seen the Regent; but one's life doesn't seem complete without having seen his twin-brother. You must give us warning when you have him down at Croftlands again, Mr. George."

"'Gad, he'll have to come a long distance—poor old Mel!" said Mr. George; and was going on, when Seymour Jocelyn stroked his moustache to cry, "Look! Rosey's starting 'em, by Jove!"

The leap, which did not appear formidable from where they stood, was four fields distant from the point where Rose, with a handkerchief in her hand, was at that moment giving the signal to Laxley and Evan.

Miss Carrington and the Countess begged Lady Jocelyn to order a shout to be raised to arrest them, but her ladyship marked her good sense by saying: "Let them go, now they're about it;" for she saw that to make a fuss now matters had proceeded so far, was to be uncivil to the inevitable.

The start was given, and off they flew. Harry Jocelyn, behind them, was evidently caught by the demon, and clapped spurs to his horse to have his fling as well, for the fun of the thing; but Rose, farther down the field, rodé from her post straight across him, to the imminent peril of a mutual overset; and the party on the height could see Harry fuming, and Rose coolly looking him down, and letting him understand what her will was; and her mother, and Drummond, and Seymour who beheld this, had a common sentiment of admiration for the gallant girl. But away went the rivals. Black Lymport was the favourite, though none of the men thought he would be put at the fence. The excitement became contagious. The Countess threw up her veil. Lady Jocelyn, and Seymour, and Drummond, gallopped down the lane, and Mr. George was for accompanying them, till the line of Miss Carrington's back gave him her unmistakable opinion of such a course of conduct, and he had to dally and fret by her side. Andrew's arm was tightly grasped by the Countess. The rivals were crossing the second field, Laxley a little a-head.

"He's holding in the black mare—that fellow!" said Mr. George. "'Gad, it looks like going at the fence. Fancy Harrington!"

They were now in the fourth field, a smooth, shorn meadow. Laxley was two clear lengths in advance, but seemed riding, as Mr. George remarked, more for pace than to take the jump. The ladies kept plying random queries and suggestions: the Countess wishing to know whether they could not be stopped by a countryman before they encountered any danger. In the midst of their chatter, Mr. George rose in his stirrups, crying: "Bravo, the black mare!"

"Has he done it?" said Andrew, wiping his poll.

"He? No, the *mare*," shouted Mr. George, and bolted off, no longer to be restrained.

The Countess, doubly relieved, threw herself back in the carriage, and Andrew drew a breath, saying: "Evan has beat him—I saw that! The other's horse swerved right round."

"I fear," said Mrs. Evremonde, "Mr. Harrington has had a fall. Don't be alarmed—it may not be much."

"A fall!" exclaimed the Countess, equally divided between alarms of sisterly affection and a keen sense of the romance of the thing.

Miss Carrington ordered the carriage to be driven round. They had not gone far when they were met by Harry Jocelyn riding in hot haste, and he bellowed to the coachman to drive as hard as he could, and stop opposite Brook's farm.

The scene on the other side of the fence would have been a sweet one to the central figure in it had his eyes then been open. Surrounded by Lady Jocelyn, Drummond, Seymour, and the rest, Evan's dust-stained body was stretched along the road, and his head was lying in the lap of Rose, who, pale, heedless of anything spoken by those around her, and with her lips set and her eyes turning wildly from one to the other, held a gory handkerchief to his temple with one hand, and with the other felt for the motion of his heart.

But heroes don't die, you know.

(To be continued.)

THE MAID OF ALL WORK.

HER HEALTH.

It can hardly be said that we have here a class too insignificant for study, in our contemplation of the needless mortality of England. Few of our readers may have a precise idea of the actual number of Maids-of-all-Work in our country; but all agree that it must be very large. There are more classes of householders who employ one domestic servant than of those who have even two: and when we look above the ordinary kitchen pair—the cook and housemaid—we find the number of employers diminishing rapidly. The fact is that, at the date of the last census, there were ten times as many maids-of-all-work as there were housemaids: nearly nine times as many as there were cooks, and twenty times as many as there were nursemaids.

When we come to consider, this ought not to surprise us. In the rural districts there are small farms at every step where one servant is kept to do the house business, that her mistress may attend to the dairy and poultry-yard. In villages almost every house between the labourer's cottage and the squire's mansion has its single servant. In our towns there is a whole population of shopkeepers, superior artisans, and small manufacturers, who can afford one servant and no more. There are also large classes of the poorer clergy, of retired military and naval officers, of single and widowed ladies who cannot keep two

servants, or do not need more than one. Thus, we ought not to be surprised if we find at the approaching census that nearly half a million of Englishwomen are maids-of-all-work. At the last census they were considerably more than 400,000.

"But why consider them separately from other domestic servants in regard to health?" it may be asked.

Because they are conspicuously more unhealthy.

Maid-servants ought to be among the very healthiest people in the nation. They have generally enjoyed an active and hardy rearing: they are usually well-fed and lodged, and must be well clothed: they are singularly free from the most wearing anxieties of life; and their occupation involves a considerable degree of activity, usually without exhausting toil. They have severe annoyances at times and on occasion, from the faults of employers and fellow-servants; some find the mode of life dull; many miss the confiding and affectionate intercourses of home; and some must share the common lot of having personal griefs and cares. Domestic servants are not to be supposed happier than other people; but, when we are thinking of wearing anxieties in their effect upon health, we may observe that there are fewer of such anxieties involved in the lot of domestic servants than in that of most other classes. If, as we find to be the case, the maids-of-all-work are less healthy than other servants—and even than cooks—it will be interesting and important to discover why.

Nearly all of this class come from the country. Upwards of two-thirds of our women servants of all orders are country-born, and the humbler are almost universally so. The girl who is to be hereafter expected to do everything that wants to be done in a house is born in a labourer's cottage. As soon as she can crawl she tumbles about in the dirt, and learns the use of her limbs in Nature's own way—by having a mind to use them, and nobody to prevent it. Her limbs and spine are thus vigorous and strong. She is always in the open air, or in the windy cottage. The paternal dwelling is not damp, as too many cottages are, or she would never be fit for service. A girl with rheumatism or a cough, or subject to head colds, would simply fail of getting a place; for mistresses of servants very properly require health as a prime requisite in all candidates for their place.

It is true, there are kind-hearted ladies, widowed or single, who rather look out for delicate servant girls, on the ground that a small household is the proper place for invalids who must earn a living to try to recover their health. Such employers in fact nurse and maintain their servants, helping them with their business, or indulgently excusing some irregularities in it; and I have seen a succession of unhealthy young women enter such a service, and leave it completely restored. But such employers are right in saying that theirs are the houses in which such a thing can be done, because it is of little consequence who does the daily business, and whether it is always exactly and punctually done: and such irregularity may even be good for single ladies who are only too likely to grow excessively "particular;" but it is out of the question in family dwellings where the business of life presses from day to day. In such households the first requisite in a domestic servant, after character, is health.

Our young servant, then, does not come in a mouldy or rotted condition from a damp cottage, but full of health and strength. She has lived on potatoes and buttermilk for the most part, and they have agreed well with her. She can lift great weights; she can bear to be on her feet all day; she wakes always at the same minute in the early morning; and she never thinks about being ill. She does not think about her bodily condition at all; for there are no aches and pains to remind her. Some people go through life without having ever felt their lungs; and others are unaware, except by rational evidence, that they have a stomach. Thus, many country-bred young people feel nothing particular, and are unaware of their physical state altogether.

The future of the country girl depends mainly on what sort of service she enters. It may be a household of two persons, or of only one. If she is to serve an elderly couple, or two or three maiden ladies, or a widow with one or two children, there is nothing in her mode of life to affect her health injuriously, and nothing therefore to require much attention from us. In such small households in the country, there is plenty of time to get easily through the business of the day: everybody is early in bed, and not extremely early in the morning. In such houses, in short, there is no wear and tear, in parlour or kitchen. A servant may live there till she has nursed and buried her employers, and be as hale after it as when she entered service.

By far the largest proportion of places where a single servant is kept are in the opposite extreme. If there is too much quiet in the spinster's house, there is too much bustle in the town shopkeeper's or the lodging-house. It is from those bustling houses that a succession of maid-servants come out to die. To these, then, we must direct our observation.

The first ailment of country girls in service is usually indigestion. The mischief arises from the change of diet, and, in the majority of cases, from the intemperance of the novices when set down in the midst of luxury. To a girl who has lived on potatoes and buttermilk, new white bread and fresh butter are an irresistible temptation. So is juicy fresh beef to one who has seen no meat but bacon. Fruit pies and sweet puddings are food of Paradise to one who comes from stir-about and rank cheese. This is no mere supposition. It is a very common thing for young servants to grow low-spirited after a few weeks in a first place—to feel a weight at the stomach, pains between the shoulders, cramp in the feet, nightmare, or stupid sleep, shortness of breathing during the day, and heavy head-aches in the morning. The yellow complexion and leaden eyes soon show what is the matter, and the doctor presently sets it right for the time. This is a temporary mischief, avoidable for the future by a little watchfulness on the part of the mistress and a good deal of self-denial on that of the maid. It is referred to here because it is the first ailment, and extremely common. That it is no trifle is

shown by the fact that girls have come crying to their mistresses, begging to be sent home again because they cannot help eating all the good things in the pantry. It makes them feel ill and wicked; but they cannot help it. They want to go back to stir-about, or bacon and potatoes.

This, however, is an evil which may be considered voluntary, and is undeniably avoidable. The inevitable dangers to health are the constant unsettledness in the kitchen, the hurry and bustle, the rarity of relief, and, usually, the deficiency of sleep.

Miss Nightingale says, in her "Notes on Nursing" (p. 29): "I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last." Nothing can be truer than this: and no persons are more hopeless, both as to intellect and nerve, than those who cannot sit still, cannot bear to be alone, cannot stick to the same occupation for as many hours or half-hours as it may require. Something worse than this is what the maid-of-all-work has to put up with every day, and all day long, in a bustling place.

She can do nothing well: and she is aware that she does nothing well. She has neither the time nor the liberty of mind to take pleasure in any one occupation, and learn to excel in it. How can she cook a dinner properly when she has to leave her fire to make the beds, or to sweep the chambers, and to answer the door and the parlour bell? Every knock must be answered by her; every message must go through her; at the moment when her pudding, or her joint, or her sauce is in need of her mind and her hand, she is called off to admit visitors, or to receive orders, if not to be found fault with for not being about some other work. And thus it is from morning till night. She is rung up in the morning, heavy with sleep, for she is up late almost every night; and it is one continued hurry to get the water boiled, the rooms dusted, the breakfast laid, the shoes cleaned, &c., before the family come down; to say nothing of the sweeping of the hall and the cleaning of the door-steps. In a lodging-house, where there are three or four breakfasts in as many sitting-rooms, the case seems desperate—but I have seen the work done. There is but one dinner in such cases, as gentlemen dine anywhere rather than at their lodgings in our days of degenerate domestic cookery: but, still, the maid's day is one full-drive throughout. She cooks badly; she waits badly; she cleans badly, and is aware that under her everything gets dirty. She grows untidy in her own person. Her clothes give way, and she has no time, and too probably no skill, to mend them. Her hair is rough and dusty from her perpetual whisking about the house and the area. Her face and hands are hot and smutty, and her apron soiled all over. I have known such a servant try hard to preserve the habit of whipping on a clean cap and apron when visitors came to the door, and being even paid to do this, and yet who could not keep it up. Besides the disheartening loss of comfort and self-respect under the encroachment of untidy habits, and the sense of growing confusion in the mind, there is the dread of the future. She is losing the power of learning to do things well. She can never raise herself, for there is no superior place which she is, or can become, qualified to fill. Her wages are small, because domestic service is paid by quality rather than quantity. She cannot lay by any considerable portion of her wages, because she wears out her clothes fast, and has to pay for the making and mending of them. She cannot for ever support such a life as she is leading, and she sees nothing hopeful outside of it.

The gravest single item of mischief in such a life is probably the deficiency of sleep. There are all kinds of employers of domestic servants in the world, as of other orders of persons; and many are thoroughly considerate about the health of their servants; but it does sometimes astonish an observer to see masters and mistresses who never bestow a thought on whether their domestics get sleep enough. There are families as well as lodging-houses where some member has as strong a passion for getting up early as another for sitting up late, while each expects to be waited on by the same servant. I have known gentlemen in lodgings who never could remember to take the key, when going to hear a critical debate which would last half the night. I have known a lodging-house servant who got to bed anywhere between midnight and four in the morning, when at all; but, as one lodger must have his breakfast at seven, she occasionally spared herself the worry of going to bed only to get up again before she could compose her harassed nerves to sleep. What must be the consequences of such a mode of life as this?

The poor thing conceals as long as possible that there is anything the matter with her. In the very worst cases of the ill-ordered family or lodging-house, or the establishments connected with great shops, there is often a good deal of money earned. Lodgers, shopmen, guests, make presents to the servant. This is the inducement to stay in such a purgatory, when the servant has any reason to believe she could obtain and keep an easier place; but of a really superior service she has no hope, and therefore she holds on to the last moment.

Where does she go to then? Sometimes to a hospital, sometimes to the country cottage, or to some brother or sister who can ill afford the burden of her sickness. Very often indeed she is taken to a lunatic asylum. A quarter of a century ago, we were told that the female wards of such asylums were filled mainly by servant-maids and governesses; and, above all, by maids-of-all-work; and now we are told the same thing still. Physicians account for it in various ways; some speak chiefly of morbid religion; some of love; some of overwork and too little sleep; some of the privation of home affections; and many others of the anxiety caused by a hopeless future. Whatever may be the proportion among all these causes of insanity, the insanity itself is a plain and undisputed fact. And it does not stand alone. It points to an excess of mortality in the same class. For persons who become insane from specified causes, there are always many more who die.

Are these deaths needless?

Assuredly they are. It can hardly be conceived that the death and the insanity would take place if employers were fully aware of the facts of the case. The lowest and most selfish dread of responsibility would induce a reordering and amelioration of the work done, and some consideration about quiet meals and sufficient sleep. If we could obtain the statistics of the case of maids-of-all-work in quiet, considerate small households, and in large families or lodging-houses, we should soon witness a great change in the lot of the class. If so, there is nothing to prevent the change beginning now,—at any moment after any reader, or any witness becomes aware that this particular class of women servants is more liable than other persons to insanity, and premature decay and death.

The responsibility rests chiefly with the mistress of the household. Not quite always, for I have known a parsonage full of pupils where the maid who had been toiling from before six in the morning, was set down to her needle, when everybody else was gone to bed, to make her master's fine shirts; and when her eyes went—from sheer overwork and want of sleep, and she became nearly blind—it was through her master's pious encouragements and coaxings to work to the utmost, for Christ's sake. As often as she declared that she could not go on sitting up till one or two o'clock over her stitching, he urged her by praise and religious stimulus. When her friends asked her why she submitted to such perilous toil, she answered that she thought her mistress was inexperienced, and did not know what she required; and her master encouraged her so kindly, and afforded her such religious privileges, that, as often as she meant to go, she was again induced to stay. At last her sight was so much impaired that there was no longer any question of her staying.

Such instances occur here and there; but few employers would have courage to go so far; and especially, few husbands would choose to sustain the ignorant oppression perpetrated by their wives. On the contrary, if the full truth were known, we should see ladies undertaking that the maid should not be disturbed at her dinner, and so arranging as to dismiss her to bed before ten o'clock. They would also bethink themselves of lessening the disturbance and anxiety of their one domestic by doing more of those light offices which would be a very small fatigue to them, and a great relief to the kitchen member of the household. The relief would be out of all proportion to the work done; for it is the multifarious character of the maid's work which oppresses her faculties more than the mere toil wearies her limbs. Her release from certain definite departments would lighten the pressure of all the rest.

There are other considerations of far greater importance. The loneliness of the solitary maid-servant is a thing which very few people seem to think of at all. Other servants have their mutual companionship, while the hardest worked of all has none. There is plenty of joking about policemen, and butcher's men, and bakers' boys, in connection with maid-servants; but, speaking with mournful gravity, there is something worse than intrusive policemen to be dreaded if any woman—and especially an educated woman—is consigned to a life of toil without the solace of human intercourse.

A sensible and humane mistress will be the friend of her servant;—will converse with her—tell her the news—inquire about her family—invite a friend to see her now and then, and permit the visits of respectable relations and acquaintance, within reasonable limits.

I have seen such a mistress repairing her maid's gown; and I considered it a very graceful occupation. I have known a lady plan, with real solicitude, the best way to manage about her maid's wardrobe, and the economy of her wages. I trust it is no uncommon thing to see mistresses undertaking the charge of the house, so that the maid may get her "Sunday out," or even a day at the Crystal Palace. But it seems to be too true that the haughtiest spirit appears among the lowest order of housekeepers, and that maids-of-all-work have therefore more hardship, more discouragement, and more loneliness of spirit, as well as of life, to bear than the comparatively small classes of special servants.

Except in situations which bring in gifts or fees, such as lodging-houses, the maid-of-all-work has lower wages than the cook, housemaid, or nurse, while she has a continually decreasing chance of improving herself and her position. She is lonely day by day, and her future is fearful. Her spirits droop; her health fails; she rushes into some excitement of love or religion; she is disappointed or shocked, or despairing, and she passes into Bedlam, or a workhouse infirmary; and, after a time, to a premature grave.

This is the fate of some—of many. No one will suppose that it is an average account of domestic service in the humble households of England. The fact being disclosed that there is much insanity and premature mortality in a particular class of domestic servants, it has simply been shown how the thing happens.

The next effort ought to be to stop its happening in time to come.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

CHAPTER III.

WHO was the SLOTH? Where was he to be found? I had been a reasonably attentive reader of political discussions in my own day, and I can very confidently assert that I had never heard of any gentleman known by this *sobriquet* as possessing any extraordinary influence over public events. RARETON had disappeared into the House. I did not, however, choose to return to Marigold Lodge without having arrived at some definite results, for it was borne in upon my mind that Flora would have prepared something very particular for our little evening repast upon this memorable occasion, and it would never do for me to say that, as far as I was concerned, the day had been barren of results.

Under these circumstances, I resolved to step round to the BRUTUS Club, and consult my friend JEREMIAH MOON about the SLOTH, and how I could soonest obtain speech of that gentleman.

J. M. is the best of good fellows, and for many years past, whenever any of our little circle had got into a scrape or trouble of any kind, it had been our invariable habit to apply to him to get us out of it—and we had never applied in vain. I thought I could not do better than go round to him now and state my difficulty.

MOON received me in the vestibule of that well-known establishment with his usual kindness; but immediately I made him acquainted with the nature of my business. he put his finger to his lips in a mysterious way.

"Hush! JONES, be cautious,—who told you about the SLOTH? You must have been well-informed. It is perfectly true that he is the pivot on which the administration of public affairs in this country ultimately turns. Some fellows can speak, and some can act, but the SLOTH is *the man who is never wrong*. You won't catch him making speeches like PHAETON, or TOWZER, or coming forward like MERRYTON, or TARBOY, to take the ostensible lead of a party. The SLOTH would as soon think of being the *prima ballerina* in a ballet. The fact is, he's the MANAGER. If you can get him to indorse you, you're all right. Can I rely on your discretion? I think I can: then come with me up-stairs."

With these words MOON led the way; but there was something mysterious in his gestures and demeanour which affected me in a strange manner, and inspired me with the feeling that M. and I were doing something wrong. We stole up-stairs like a pair of conspirators, and when we reached a lobby, out of which several doors opened, M. by a gesture indicated to me that I was to stand still whilst he himself stole over on tip-toe to a door, and, looking round to see that he was unobserved, opened it cautiously and peeped into this room. In a moment it was obvious that the occasion for mystery was over—for M. called to me in a loud and sonorous way:

"Jones, you may come on," and then, *sotto voce*, "the Sloth is gone! I had thought to do you a good turn, but it can't be helped."

"But where is this mysterious individual now, Moon? Everybody must be somewhere. The Sloth, as you call him, must be somewhere."

Moon looked at me with a pitying smile.

"He may be dining with the Queen at Osborne. He may have started for Rio, as Brazilian politics are now at a hitch. He may be passing his judgment in private upon the new singer from Vienna. All I know is, that he was here half-an-hour ago, and nobody has seen him go out. This very afternoon he sat upon that sofa, and I conversed with him—but if you're wise you will not ask any questions. In the Sloth's own time you will see him, but not a moment before."

Under the most tremendous promises of secrecy, M. then informed me, in a whisper, that the Sloth was no other than Mr. ——, the member for * * *. It was he who kept the Forward-Backward party together, and but for his suggestions it was supposed that that inestimable and patriotic band—inclusive of the celebrated Back-Parlour coterie—would speedily melt away into thin air. Certainly from the course of debate, one would never have supposed that a gentleman whose name was so seldom recorded as taking any share in the business of the House, and who never accepted office, could in reality be the *primum mobile* of the puppet-show. Moon, however, was unquestionably a better authority on the point than I could pretend to be—so if in the end I was to be an additional pawn on the Sloth's chess-board, there was no help for it.

In the meanwhile M. was good enough to give me a line of introduction to Mr. LOBBY, the well-known Parliamentary Agent in Whitehall Place—a gentleman who, as he informed me, had been more frequently the victim of misplaced confidence than any man of his day. LOBBY was in point of fact a man of a sweet and trusting nature, and no amount of detected deception was sufficient to open the eyes of this amiable person. "I will trust on to the end," he used to say to his intimates—"it would be better to die at once, than to live on in a state of permanent suspicion. The citizen of a free country such as this, who seeks for a seat in the House of Commons, gives *primâ facie* presumption of his patriotic spirit; and, therefore, of the purity of his character. I have not myself the requisite ability for public life, but I have an ardent admiration for its votaries. In my own little humble way I will assist intending statesmen in securing a position in that illustrious assembly which is their appropriate field for action." Poor LOBBY was indeed frequently deceived—and his name was mixed up with the wildest incidents of many strange electioneering stories, but he never would give up the names of his betrayers. "My confidence," he would say upon these occasions, "has been violated again—but some day the world will do me justice—let us trust on!"

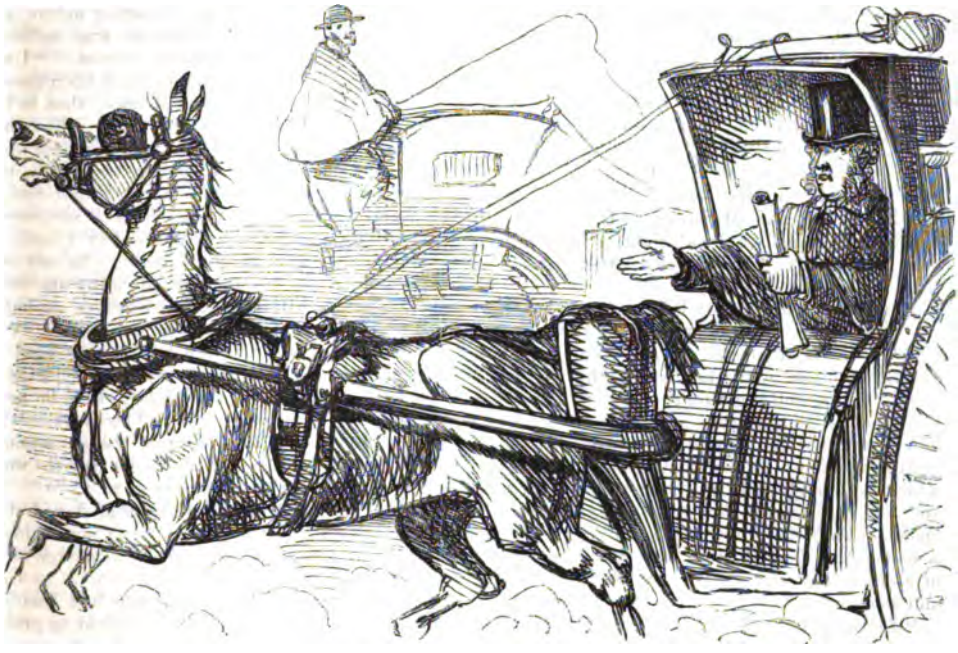
It was too late to do anything that day, but at least in MOON'S letter to LOBBY I had something to show for my day's work—a practical pledge of the energetic manner in which I was about to tread the Parliamentary career upon which I had just entered. There was nothing for it but to present myself in Whitehall Place at noon on the morrow—and meanwhile to return to Flora, and report progress.

The Hansom cab passed up the Edgware Road, and visions of future Parliamentary distinction flitted before my eyes. As we were rattling over the stones, and the omnibuses and various vehicles made a considerable noise, I could even venture to deliver myself of various scraps of oratory which were to be welded up into the future thunderbolt. It certainly was awkward when, upon one or two occasions, a stoppage occurred before I could check the flow of my fervid periods, and I was only brought to a sense of my real situation by the astonished looks of the spectators. At the top of Maida Hill we got upon a clearer road, and both the horse and myself could proceed more uninterruptedly with our respective tasks.

Somewhat before we reached the reservoir, the sweet balmy air of the country and the fragrance of the meadows seemed to pass into me in some strange way, and to drive out of my mind the ambitious thoughts with which my mind had lately been filled. How pleasant it was to bowl along between the green hedge-rows after all the noise, and dust, and turmoil of London. Was the

game which I was about to commence worth playing, after all? Surely the jasmine and honeysuckle odours of our little garden at Marigold Lodge were sweeter than the perfumes of the Lobby, or of a Committee Room. Dear Flora was decidedly a lovelier object to look upon even than Mr. SPEAKER himself, and I should be perfectly willing to leave the decision upon this point to the candid judgment of England's First Commoner in person.

Great men have their moments of weakness, and this was mine. All thoughts of hesitation were driven fairly out of my mind by the appearance of my excellent little consort, who had walked down to a particular bend of the road known as "The Miller's Thumb" to meet me. F. had brought the two children with her, and stood between them like the mother of the Gracchi awaiting the return of their lord from some public struggle of a terrific nature. There was not wanting a certain tinge of solemnity in the demonstrations of F.'s affection upon this memorable occasion; and indeed I felt that she addressed me with more respect than was usual with her, for her long familiarity with the innermost workings of my mind had not inspired my wife with



JONES, M.P.

that degree of reverence for me which the most harmless husband would naturally desire. She would not, at first, permit me to speak of the events of the day, inasmuch as in her opinion it was the duty of the wife to soothe, comfort, and console her husband when overtaaked and overburdened with the weight of public affairs. There must, however, have been some degree of latent curiosity lurking in the sweet recesses of her mind, for, just as we got up to the smith's forge, she intimated to me, that if it would be at all a relief to me to make any disclosures to her upon the occurrences of the last eight hours her ears were open, and her sympathies at my command. Of course I asked no better than to put my day's exertions in a proper point of view before her. I had not done much, to be sure, in the sense of work actually done; but at least I saw my way to a good opening. That was a great point. Flora was very indignant with P. POLDADEK, the Cornish patriot—she had frequently noticed that he was a soured and disappointed man—but that came of people thrusting themselves into situations for which they were unfit. With Mr. MILKWELL, our county member, on whose behalf I had taken so much trouble, F. had not "common patience," and instantly organised in her mind a little retaliatory drama, to be carried out, in fact, upon the very next occasion when Mr. MILKWELL solicited our vote and interest. With MOON she was delighted—he was a true friend. But the mystery connected with the SLOTH was the most attractive feature in the day's proceedings. She did me the honour of supposing that if the gentleman known by that unpleasing *sobriquet* could but once see and converse with me, he would instantly perceive that in me he had at last found an instrument capable of carrying out his most ambitious designs, and that he would at once take me into his confidence, and impart to me all his projects, both with regard to foreign and domestic policy. I could not help thinking that F. was a little sanguine.

I wish I were not deterred by considerations of space from giving in detail the particulars of that charming evening. It was the triumph without the perils of the conflict. If F. was ambitious, it

must fairly be admitted that she was not unwilling to take upon herself her fair share of the burdens of the day. Her great desire was to be of use, and so she had spent her morning in getting up the more recondite points of the Schleswig-Holstein question, carrying them down to the dates of the latest advices. She also informed me that to-morrow, after she had given the children their dinners, it was her intention to make herself complete mistress of the late Mr. Muntz's opinions on the currency; but, as I told her, the subject was not now attracting any great share of public attention, and, besides, it was not quite as simple as it looked at first sight. Upon these points, and many others of equal moment, I must be silent, and entreat the reader to accompany me at noon of the next day to the offices of Mr. Lobby in Whitehall Place.

That gentleman received me with great courtesy, but although I had been led to believe that many of the stories which were afloat about him contained a great deal of exaggeration, I confess I was not prepared for the perfect simplicity of character which he evinced during our interview. It was indeed somewhat difficult to hold him to the precise point on which I was seeking his advice. He besought me, not without a certain degree of pathos, whatever I did, never to countenance bribery or corruption in any way. "A humble meal and a clear conscience, Mr. Jones, are better than a seat for the West Riding obtained by such means—besides, it always comes out before the Committee. There's very little of it now o' days—very little of it. It is not as when I first came into the profession. In those days—to make no mention of bribery—people used to think nothing of making a few scores of voters drunk, and shipping them off in coal-lighters till the election was over. It was shocking, indeed. Ah! sir, I could tell you such stories of matters that were brought to my knowledge after the fact. It is quite painful to the better part of our nature to think that such things have been. There's very little of it now, though—very little indeed."

Jones. "But what do you say to the story of Peckover the other day, Mr. Lobby?"

Mr. Lobby. "Well, well, pork always will rise in price at election times—"

Jones. "—and what do you think of the Man in the Moon, eh, Mr. Lobby?"

Mr. Lobby. "My dear sir, I am a humble Parliamentary agent—not an astronomer. I have no opinion about such things. I hope for the best, and am reluctant to believe ill of my fellow-creatures. Now what was the story you are speaking about?"

It was very odd that Mr. L. should be ignorant of this story, which seemed to be very much in the way of his profession; but I thought that if I were to give him the little narrative in a succinct, but yet in a jocular manner, I should convey to his mind the impression that I was a person who could be trusted. Of course I did not want Mr. Lobby to understand that I was ready to buy and pay for a constituency as I would for a cask of beer, but at the same time I did not wish him to think of me as an impracticable purist. I was not indisposed to do just what all quiet members do, without asking any questions, or making any undue disturbance. All that I obtained, however, from Mr. L., was a renewal of entreaties never to countenance bribery and corruption in any form.

"Such practices," that gentleman was pleased to observe, "struck at the roots of private morality, and sapped the bulwarks of the constitution. There was another custom too, against which he would earnestly warn me. It had come to his knowledge, in an indirect way, that in certain of the smaller constituencies, certain attorneys, who were the opprobrium of their profession, were in the habit of establishing pecuniary claims against the humbler voters, which they could either hold over or enforce at their pleasure. This also was a practice which struck at the roots of private morality, and sapped the bulwarks of the constitution. Was not a vote a trust?—a public trust of the most sacred character? Was it not most wicked and abominable to put pressure upon the voter, and cause him to register his vote against his own deliberately formed opinions? If this was right, what became of the settlement of 1832? However, Mr. L. was obliged to recognise the existence of such persons in certain constituencies, and he had been informed, upon authority which he saw no reason to doubt, that they had made themselves indispensable to any one who hoped to carry the seats. He warned me, however, to have nothing to do with them—for a seat obtained by such means would never be retained with a clear conscience—and without a clear conscience a man could never hope to prosper in public life. I had brought him an introduction from our mutual friend Moon, and he thought the best thing he could do was to be of service to me by putting me on my guard against such traps and pitfalls as those he had indicated."

Surely here was a man who had been much wronged by public rumour.

This, however, was not the precise point on which I had visited Mr. Lobby's offices. I confess I was a little ashamed of myself for having dared to speak of the hideous offences of bribery and corruption with any approach to levity in the presence of a gentleman who approached the hustings with so much austerity, and in so truly Spartan a spirit. To change the subject, I incidentally mentioned that I had just missed the Sloth yesterday, when I noticed that Mr. Lobby gave me a sharp curious glance, and asked if I had brought him anything from that gentleman. My reply was of course in the negative, and Mr. Lobby instantly relapsed into his highly moral and didactic strain. There would be a general election in the autumn, and, in the interval, if any vacancy occurred which seemed to promise fairly for the chances of a candidate who was ready to take the field upon strict principles of purity, and as Mr. L. jocosely observed, the three *nons*, he would communicate with me. The three *nons*, as he informed me, were non-bribery, non-corruption, non-intimidation. With these words, and with a final warning never to strike at the roots of private morality, nor to sap the bulwarks of the constitution, Mr. Lobby dismissed me from his severe presence.

To do him but justice, he did communicate with

me two or three times in the course of the session, and I was sent down to contest two or three important constituencies; but as I never upon any occasion obtained more than 23 votes, and spent a good deal of money to no purpose, it would be useless to dwell upon this portion of my political career. Another source of considerable expense to me was, that I was induced to enrol my name as a member of a society for promoting certain ultra-democratic objects; and as far as I was concerned the only advantage I obtained was, that I was sent about the country at my own expense as an Honorary Committee, whilst a set of vulgar men, in short trousers of a rusty black hue, who looked very much like Dissenting Ministers of a fierce turn of mind, made all the speeches, and got all the glory. I also made many attempts during this period to get speech of the Sloth, but quite in vain. I always arrived at the place where I was to have had my interview with this mysterious being either five minutes too late, or five hours too soon. I never could see him, either in the Lobby or the House, although his name often appeared in the Division Lists. The nearest approach I ever arrived at was when I was going down to Manchester with Moon by the Morning Express. Upon the road we were passed by the corresponding up train; and as the two sets of carriages shot past each other with the velocity of cross cannon-balls in full flight, M. with great excitement caught me by the arm, and jerking his hand back towards the metropolis, observed, "*There goes the Sloth!*" It was, however, under the circumstances, impossible to hold any personal communication with him.

At length the early autumn came on, and with it the General Election. It is not my intention to dwell upon this point at any great length. Just before the election commenced, and whilst Parliament was yet sitting, I was introduced by Moon into a small house near Westminster Abbey. The great peculiarity of this place seemed to be, that it contained an infinite number of small rooms and cupboards; and as you walked upstairs the doors of these would be opened, and you would catch glimpses of the most distinguished members of the House, who jerked the doors to quickly when they saw that anybody was going up or down stairs. You would have supposed the place to be a pawnbroker's establishment, and that they had all been driven, by the sharp pressure of necessity, to pawn their watches, and very naturally wished to escape observation during the process, as well as *eundo et redeundo*. What they were about, I am wholly unable to say; all I know is, that I was taken up-stairs to a small room, in which were seated Mr. Lobby and a gentleman who was constantly of great service to his party in the House. I was then informed that my case had been mentioned to the Sloth, and that gentleman was of opinion that there would be at the next election a fair opening at *Bribingford-upon-Thames* which would suit me to a T. The party had reason to be dissatisfied with the votes recorded by Mr. Rubble, the sitting member, throughout the Session, and would be glad to see a safe man in his place. I am bound to say, that not a pledge was asked of me, nor a condition imposed. I was recommended, however, by Mr. Lobby to be particularly cautious, for my own sake, in the preparation of my address, and to make it as general as possible. I was a young man, and as yet unknown in public life. Why should I put handcuffs on my own wrists? He had a most well-considered aversion to special pledges which it was often found very inconvenient to keep. They were calculated, in his opinion, to strike at the roots of private morality, and to sap the bulwarks of the constitution.

Flora accompanied me to *Bribingford*. In due course the election came on; and, after an arduous struggle, at the close of the afternoon I was returned by a majority of seven. The expenses of the election, as certified by the auditor, were £69 13*s.* 4*d.*, which I cheerfully paid.

Some months afterwards, my friend Moon gave me a hint that if I paid into a particular Bank the sum of £2150 to the credit of the Secretary of *The Canadian Balsam Company*, I should in the usual way receive the coupons; and it was an enterprise to which he begged to call my particular attention. I always had a very high opinion of MOON'S capacity and judgment in commercial matters, so I acted upon his suggestion.

A few days afterwards, as it had reached my ears that some low people at Bribingford were getting up a petition against my return, on the ground of bribery and corruption, I thought I might as well look in upon Mr. Lobby in Whitehall Place. He had heard nothing about it, he said, and could not believe the report, because he was very confident that our friends at Bribingford had proceeded on the strictest principles of purity. There was the bill certified by the auditor—that was all he knew about the matter; and, as far as we were concerned, he felt perfectly satisfied that the interests of private morality, and the bulwarks of the constitution, were quite safe. At the same time, Mr. Lobby cautioned me, as I had not yet much experience of public life, to be exceedingly cautious about my votes, and to say as little as possible during my first Session. They were kind people at Bribingford, and would overlook the shortcomings of so young a member. Still I was only to take this as a friendly hint. I was an independent member—free as air.

CHAPTER IV.

IF there had been happiness in the mere idea, what was the reality? Delighted as I was on my own account to have at last obtained an opportunity of rendering service to my country, I protest that I was still more rejoiced at the event for Flora's sake. The autumn months were devoted to strong intellectual labour, for I felt it absolutely necessary to render myself as fit as might be for the discharge of my Parliamentary duties. The knowledge I had already acquired I felt to be flimsy and incomplete, now I was called upon to address the British Senate upon every occasion when worthier men (?) had not stepped in before me to fill up the gap. Foreign and domestic policy were equally worthy of the attention of a master-mind, for I entirely repudiated the vulgar idea that a young member should confine his attention to any particular subject. A statesman

should be prepared to take a statesmanlike view of every question. Who could tell in what department of administrations my services might at any moment be required? How political ideas thickened on my brain, and clung to it! At one moment I saw the Russians marching to the conquest of British India over the deserts of Asia: at another the institutions of this country were swept away by the surge of approaching democracy. Who was he amongst existing statesmen who would weather the storm then? Clearly no one. The country must seek its natural guide amongst younger and more energetic men. My idea of the Coming Man was of a young statesman some three or four years older than myself: of one not connected with the aristocracy directly by birth; nor of one risen from the ranks of the people. In either case you would arrive at a class-man, not a statesman. He should have been brought up at one of the Universities, if only for the purpose of feeling profoundly how worthless was the learning taught there. I should not have liked him to have been a high honour man either, for such a one is apt to degenerate into pedantry —still less could I tolerate the guidance of a person wholly without education or literature, for a dunce could never walk in the van of educated England. I did not lay any stress upon dazzling oratory, so the future Premier possessed a grave and weighty faculty of speech. Character and political consistency were indispensable requisites —and these were sufficient to exclude nine-tenths of existing statesmen from my calculations altogether. The man of the future should also, if possible, reside not in town, for the dissipations of the great capital might distract his thoughts; —nor absolutely in the country, for a man is apt to grow rusty and fall behind the age under such circumstances. A villa, now, in the neighbourhood of London would be the spot I should fix on as the residence of a great statesman. But where was England's future Premier to be found? Down, ambitious thoughts—down, busy Fiend! I had forgotten to say that practising lawyers were out of the question.

Intent as I was upon my new occupations, it was impossible for me not to notice the change in F.'s manner since I had obtained a seat. There was an addition of dignity to her general bearing, for which I was not prepared. It was beautiful to see her as she walked along the cliff at Helmstone, followed by the phaeton drawn by the identical old horse (Tommy, as we used to call him), who in our less magnificent days used to take us from Marigold Lodge to London and back within the two hours—affording us time for shopping as well within reasonable distances— and how she carried her card-case in her hand in a majestic way—and with what sweet condescension she greeted her friends and acquaintances. Truly, there was a wife for a future Minister. Upon one occasion, when we met Mrs. Moppen with her van full of vulgar, ugly children—no more to be compared to our little JEMMY and ADELINE than chalk to cheese—how F. did patronise her, but in a manner which Mrs. Moppen found it impossible to resent openly.

The autumn soon glided away, and winter came on; but winter brought with it grave solicitudes, for the attitude of the French Emperor gave abundant cause for suspicion as to his ultimate designs. Lord MERRYTON and his colleagues seemed to me like the people before the Flood, who were piping and dancing when the end of all things was at hand. As a Patriot and an Independent Member, I could not but feel that I might be prematurely forced into action, however much I might desire to blush unseen during the spring-tide of my Parliamentary career. I had private information from various foreign gentlemen actually resident in London as to the imminent nature of the peril, and unless matters mended considerably before the Meeting of Parliament, it seemed to me that it would be impossible to tamper any longer with the obvious dictates of duty.

What an exciting time it was when Parliament did meet at last, and the oaths were taken, and we had a little *fracas* about swearing in a Jewish Member, and we were all summoned to hear the speech of our gracious SOVEREIGN in the Upper House. I did not think a very happy selection had been made of the two gentlemen who had been chosen to move and second the formal answer to the Royal Speech, and I confess I was astonished when I heard Lord MERRYTON rise up and declare that "long as had been his experience of Parliamentary life—an experience which now unhappily extended over more than half a century, it had never been his good fortune to hear topics of such transcendent importance to the common welfare examined and discussed with such singular ability as by the two Honourable Members who had opened the debate. Sure he was that if this commencement was to be taken as an earnest of their future career, the House and the Country would have reason to rejoice that there had been such an accession of ability to the councils of the State." Now I must be permitted to mention that the Mover had repeated his speech off—it was a sorry business at best—just like a schoolboy on speech-day. I am very confident that he had learned it by heart. As for the Seconder, I can only say that he was always referring to his hat.

And now the votes and presently the Blue Books began to pour in, and I can very honestly say that I devoted to them all my spare time and attention. It was also incumbent on me to call in at *The Brutus* every afternoon and hear the political gossip of the day. Dear me! when one got behind the scenes how different it all appeared. I remember well how an old member of great experience, with whom I was gossiping in the gallery one evening, told me that he would help me on five years in my political career, by explaining to me the real constitution of the House. There were a hundred and some odd lawyers who looked upon the House as a stepping-stone to professional preferment; there were fifty or sixty members who sate there merely to defend various railway adventures and interests of the like kind; then there was a firm phalanx of military gentlemen whose duty it was to stand up for the Horse-Guards, and resist inquiry into military matters. Then there was the

select Back-Parlour Coterie, who all hung together like a knot of onions; and a brotherly band of Irish Members who were bound to do their very best for the Irish priests upon all occasions—and so on. When his melancholy explanations were over, I could not but reflect with humiliation upon the numerical weakness of the Independent Members, of whom I was one.

I had, as was to have expected, felt the influence of my new dignity upon my social position. Invitations poured in thickly. Many persons of great distinction in the country, who had, to all appearances, been wholly unaware of the joint existence of myself and my beloved Flora during our protracted residence at Marigold Lodge, seemed now most anxious to make our acquaintance. We were literally assailed with social importunities both from the Tarboy and Merryton party. Overtures were made to me to know if I was willing to put myself under the political leadership of Mr. Towzer, as that eminent orator had conceived the idea of organising the Independent Members into a firm and compact body; for unless this were done, as he conceived, they could never make

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their importance duly felt. Somehow or other it seemed to me that Mr. T. had a knack of quarrelling with everybody, and as I had no desire to waste my Parliamentary life in a series of brawls, I respectfully, but firmly, declined his obliging offer. My friend, P. Poldadek, would occasionally take a stroll with me in Hyde Park, and gnash his teeth at everybody—more especially at the minions of a corrupt Court—and the horrible hangers-on of the Treasury Bench. But it seemed to me that somebody must be there, and I felt by no means convinced that if P. P. and his friends ever got there that they would be much better than their neighbours.

All this while the affair of the Petition was simmering on. The people on the other side had got hold of a ridiculous story of a rat-catcher, who just before the election, and on the very day, had been excessively busy in his professional duties in the ancient Borough of Bribingford. It was asserted that this individual called at the houses of the voters—and asked them if they would like to be rid of their vermin? If they answered in the affirmative, his next inquiry was, "how many ferrets he should bring?" If they arrived at an understanding upon this point, by a very singular coincidence it was found that as many sovereigns as ferrets had been named were found on a chair near the spot where the rat-catcher had been standing. It was further remarkable that all the voters who had had dealings with this individual did me the honour of reposing their political confidence in me, and recording their votes in my favour. Another story, equally preposterous, was that a venerable white-headed old man, who was so much respected in the Borough that he was

known as the Father of the Freemen, and who had acted warmly in my favour from the first, had been corrupted by my agents, and had in his turn corrupted all the freemen in the Borough. DADDY DOBBS, for so was this most respectable old gentleman affectionately named by his neighbours, was said to have received £1000 in a lump from my agents, and to have divided it amongst his fellows under the name of their "reg'lars." I am sure if any one had witnessed his patriotic enthusiasm as he marched to the hustings at the head of his friends, just before the poll was closed, and turned the scale in my favour, he would never for a moment have suspected him of complicity with the baseness imputed. Why did he hang back to the last? How could such a lump as £1000 be extracted from the sixty and odd pounds of legitimate expenditure to which the auditor had certified? Mr. LOBBY in consultation admitted the force of these arguments, and smiled contemptuously at the story; he had that degree of confidence in the better part of our nature that he was quite sure Mr. Dobbs would never have struck so harshly at the roots of morality—nor so basely tampered with the bulwarks of the constitution.

And now I come to the leading incident of my Parliamentary life, very nearly the last with which I shall venture to trouble any one who does me the honour of glancing at these fleeting records of my brief but earnest public career. Invitations had been forwarded to Flora and myself for a *soirée* which was to take place at Merryton House. Of course we went, as a matter of social courtesy, although, as I gave F. clearly to understand, I would not for a moment have it supposed that, by accepting this invitation, I was at all about to compromise my position as an INDEPENDENT MEMBER. Political affairs were in an inextricable tangle even at this early period of the Session, and I knew that the Back-Parlour and Merryton Combination was every day becoming more and more unacceptable to the country. Even before the Easter recess, it was obvious to all far-sighted politicians that a very few votes indeed would be sufficient to turn the scale, and give the Tarboy party another spell of power. It was not, then, to be wondered at, if social seductions were largely employed, to reward the steadfast, to attract the wavering, and to disarm the hostile members of the House. I have neither space nor inclination to give a description of Merryton House and its guests upon that memorable night. We were received with great but possibly with exaggerated courtesy by Lady M. That distinguished leader of the political world inquired affectionately for Flora's sister, whom, as she was pleased to observe, she had so greatly admired last year at Cogsworth. Now Flora never had a sister, and there exist no friendly relations whatsoever between the ducal mansion of Cogsworth and Marigold Lodge. F., however, with great tact, answered, that when she had last heard from her sister that lady was as well as she had ever known her in her life. This assurance made Lady M. so happy. She then turned round to me with a sweet smile, and congratulated me upon the success of my last volume of beautiful poems; Lord M. had been so enchanted with them, that he would even steal an hour from sleep when he came back from the House, and devote it to the perusal of these exquisite effusions. Now, as it happens, I have never jingled two rhymes together in my life; but my cousin, Theophilus Jones, of Oriel, Oxon, has certainly brought ridicule upon our family name by publishing a parcel of songs and sonnets, together with a longer piece of nonsense, which he calls *The Blighted Heart*, and which I have no hesitation in pronouncing to be the most contemptible trash that was ever extracted from the injured inkstand of a paltry poetical scribe. What! I the author of *The Blighted Heart*, and Lord Merryton the enthusiastic admirer of that miserable trash! Flora, who knew my sentiments with regard to this poem, gave me an imploring glance. I restrained my emotion, and passed on.

We had been about an hour in the rooms. Merryton House was filled with the most beautiful, the most distinguished, the most all-that-sort-of-thing people in London. Flora and I made our way not without some little difficulty from room to room, and at last we reached one which seemed to be a kind of chapel-of-ease, or reserved sanctum. Oppressed by the heat and noise, we sought momentary refuge there. This chamber was a little darker than the others, and our eyes, dazzled by the glare of the lights outside, did not at first distinguish objects in this inner apartment. It seemed to me, however, and also—as she subsequently informed me—to Flora, that well-known voices fell upon and outraged our sense of hearing.

With Lord MERRYTON'S voice I was now familiar from my Parliamentary experience. Lady M. had done us the honour of addressing certain observations to us—but why MOPPEN? Why Mrs. MOPPEN, *née* JANE SLOMAX? Could we be mistaken?

When we recovered our powers of vision, this was what Flora and I saw. That beast MOPPEN, the very vulgarest dog in the House of Commons, was there in that innermost sanctum of the Forward-Backwards Party surrounded by Duchesses, and Lady M. was poisoning his ear with delicious flattery. She was telling him that such nature's gentlemen as he were the real representatives of the people of England, and if she had a regret, it was that she foresaw that the inevitable tendency of his public career was towards the House of Peers. What would the people do without him? The fellow took it all in—he did, indeed. Lord MERRYTON meanwhile was playing at cat's-cradle in the most seductive manner with Mrs. MOPPEN (JENNY SLOMAX), and asked her at what hour she rode in the Park.

Mrs. Moppen. "*My Lord, hat heleven!*"

Flora and I advanced into the room, determined to unmask the impostors. The Merrytons interchanged glances—they had comprehended the nature of the incident—and without hesitation threw the whole weight of their influence into the Moppen scale. This was clearly no longer any place for us. I endeavoured to convince Lord M. by the stately reserve of my manner that private considerations could not be suffered to influence my public career. I had partaken of his hospitality—Marigold Lodge was open to him in return. The floor of the House of Commons was neutral ground where none but public considerations

could prevail. We understood each other, and left the MERRYTONS to their MOPPENS.

It did not require much argument to convice my Flora that henceforward there was but one course open to me, which was that of the Truly Independent Member. The Ionian question was coming on. I prepared a speech with great care, which certainly would have destroyed the administration, had it been delivered. Flora thought so too, so cogent were the arguments employed. I had determined to reserve it till after nine o'clock, and rehearse till the last moment. When I got down to the House I found that an hour previously the SPEAKER had proposed "*that this question be now put?*" and that this had been resolved in the negative. The PREVIOUS QUESTION had killed my speech. The House was now sitting upon Russian Bristles.

A few days afterwards I put to Lord MERRYTON a question of which I had given notice; it certainly was of an offensive character, and bore reference to a recent appointment on which I will not enlarge, as I have no desire to rip up old sores. Lord M. tried to laugh the arrow off, but it would not do—it had hit the bull's-eye.

Next day Mr. LOBBY sent for me, and told me, with great regret, that the SLOTH had informed him there was something in the story of the rat-catcher, and Mr. DOBBS. Bribingford was excluded from the usual compromise, and included in the fighting balance. Mr. L.'s confidence had been again betrayed.

A few days afterwards it was reported to the House that Bribingford had been the seat of awful corruption and bribery at the last election —which bribery and corruption were carried on by the agents of JOHN AUGUSTUS JONES, Esq., with his full privity and cognisance.

A few days afterwards Flora and I were back at Marigold Lodge, rejoiced to escape from the turmoils of London, and the anxieties of public life. We believe that all real power has departed from the House of Commons, and that the members are the mere slaves of public opinion expressed elsewhere. I am engaged in writing a history of the Byzantine Empire.

It now appears to us that ladies ambitious for their husbands—and husbands ambitious for themselves—of seats in the House of Commons, should carefully consider beforehand if the worry and expense are repaid by the honours and emoluments of the position. That is the true— PREVIOUS QUESTION. GAMMA.

THE LEPER.

IN every age life has two leading phases. It has its busy phase, and it is with this phase that we are most intimately acquainted. Indeed this is the only form of life which we, for the most part, care to read about, or to think of. It comprehends all the great men of history, all those active natures that in some way or other acquire a wide and sensible influence in their day and generation. These were the most eminent spirits of their times. They won great battles, and arranged empires; they wrote great works, and changed the face of literature; they preached great sermons, and moulded the multitude to their will. In some substantial effect or another they impressed their names upon the history of their times. The other leading phase of life is very different from this one. It is the quiet phase; of it we know little or nothing. When we think of the past, we think only of its mighty men, its giants and demi-gods. They stand out in bold relief, and we forget to look at the lesser figures of the great tableau which the great sculptor Time has carved for us.

As in their own day these figures were of no high repute in the world at large, perhaps it is no great wonder that we take little account of them. Certainly the insignificance of them when they lived, reduced them below the historian's notice. Unfortunately for their fame, they lived very ordinary lives; they performed, we may suppose, the ordinary functions of nature, drinking and eating, and rearing children, as heartily as any person of eminence; but they never distinguished themselves in war, or in literature, or as great reformers; and so nobody thought it worth his while to raise a lasting monument to them. It is a particular sample of this quiet life, which we now wish to place before our readers. A very curious sample: and, in its title at least, not specially attractive. In spite of that, however, it is a sample full of interest. We wish our readers to picture to themselves the life that lepers used to lead. Farewell for a while to busy towns and crowded thoroughfares. Our path conducts us outside of the city, to hamlets and to hospitals all alone by the road-side, or on the bank of the river. This is the quiet life, *par excellence*. As quiet as the monastery before the hour of Prime. This is the life of the shunned—of men whom society casts from her, lest she be tainted by contact with them—of men that are excluded from the enjoyments, and the ambitions, and the excitements that make up the sum of life, as we value it. This is death in life—civil death and legal death, with mere animal life surviving.

But, before we proceed to a more particular consideration of the life and the status of the leper in the Middle Ages, it may be as well to say something of the history of his disease. Leprosy is supposed,—whether on sufficient grounds or not, we do not take upon ourselves to pronounce,—to have had its origin in Egypt. From Egypt, it may be, it passed into Palestine, crossing the Red Sea perhaps in the company of the Israelites, that day the waters divided and formed bright solid walls on either side of the favoured host. We all remember how, at a later stage in that Exodus, it overshadowed for a brief space Miriam's countenance, and how at the entreaty of Moses the hideous visitant was recalled. In Palestine, doubtless, it prevailed widely. Several allusions to it in the writings of the Old Testament occur at once to every mind. There is the story of Gehazi for instance. Reluctant to allow the restored Syrian to depart without paying his fee, he practised an ingenious imposition on him, and drew his master's curse upon his own head. And then there is the story of those four lepers, desperate from their sufferings, stealing in the twilight towards Benhadad's outposts, leaving behind them the beleaguered city, where famine had by that time vanquished maternal love even. They stood at

the entering in of the gate, we are told, when that despairing conference was held which ended in their adventurous expedition. The Syrian army probably had driven them from their usual dwellings, to take shelter close to the city walls. Let us hope that the great service they conferred upon starving Samaria by discovering the enemy's flight was not unrewarded—that there was granted them some slight mitigation of the rigour with which men in their unhappy condition were treated.

But we must pass on to later times. The Levitical law will furnish those who wish for them with particulars about the Jewish leper. Let us look at the history of leprosy subsequently to the Christian era.

It is very commonly believed that this malady was unknown in Europe before the time of the Crusades; but this opinion and the facts of the case are far from agreeing. Some centuries ere Peter the Hermit roused the chivalrous piety of the West against the encroaching infidel of the East, there are records of the existence of leprosy in the southern parts of our continent. In the seventh century we find Rhotaris, King of the Lombards, making stringent enactments with regard to the treatment of it. The leper was regarded as dead in law. He was forbidden to approach sound persons without giving them due warning; and for this purpose he was to be supplied with a wooden clapper. Already, at this time, lazar-houses were common throughout all Italy. In the eighth century, we read of the institution of these hospitals in Germany, under the superintendence of St. Othman, and in France, under St. Nicholas de Corbie. In the year of our salvation 757, King Pepin published edicts acknowledging leprosy as a plea of divorce, and excluding it from all intercourse with health and soundness; and these decrees were confirmed in 789 by Charles the Great. But, not to spend too much time on this question, it is sufficiently clear that this disease was extensively prevalent in Europe long before the eleventh century. There can be no doubt, however, that from the end of the first Crusade, down to the sixteenth century, it afflicted Europe with much greater severity than either before or after that period. Indeed one of the leading results of the Crusades was the introduction into the West of all manner of violent and (in the then state of medical science) irremediable distempers.

"The Crusaders," says Michaud—he is writing of the conclusion of the sixth Crusade, but his remarks admit of a general application,—"The Crusaders, who were fortunate enough to revisit their homes, brought back nothing with them but the remembrance of most shameful disorders. A great number of them had nothing to show their compatriots but the chains of their captivity; nothing to communicate but the contagious maladies of the East. The historians we have followed are silent as to the ravages of the leprosy among the nations of the West; but the testament of Louis the Eighth, an historical monument of that period, attests the existence of two thousand *Léproseries* (hospitals for lepers) in the kingdom of France alone. This horrible sight," he proceeds to observe, "must have been a subject of terror to the most fervent Christians, and was sufficient to disenchant in their eyes those regions of the East, where till that time their imagination had seen nothing but prodigies and marvels." In another passage, discussing the benefits Europe derived from its contact with western Asia, he remarks that "it may be safely said that during the Crusades we received from the East many more serious diseases than true instruction in medicine. We know that there were numerous lazarhouses established in Europe at the time of the Crusades." Leprosy then prevailed most extensively after the Crusades. It became the curse of every country. There was scarcely a town it did not visit. Its white scaly presence was known and dreaded everywhere. It walked the earth at its grim pleasure, and laid its desolating hand wheresoever it would. Family peace was dissolved before it. Some loved member, a father, it may be, was rudely torn by it, under the law's approval, from the society of those dearest to him. Between them and him an insurmountable barrier was raised. His prospects of domestic happiness were blighted, and in the stead of them a life of isolation appointed him.

The leper, we are informed, was treated like a dead body. He was looked upon as a *mortuum caput*. The curse of social death fell upon him simultaneously with that other curse. So soon as the horrible symptoms manifested themselves in his person, he was legally and civilly extinct. The ceremonies of burial were performed over him. He heard his own obsequies celebrated, being yet in full strength and vigour. So Charles the Fifth, ex-Emperor of Germany, according to the old story, lay and listened to the chanting of his own requiem. Mass was duly said for the benefit of the leper's soul, after this his formal interment, and those rites which separated the dead from the living completed, he proceeded to his appointed place. If the unsparing charity of the period had built and endowed a house for him and his fellow-sufferers, he was conducted to it at once. If no such institution existed, he was escorted by the priest and by his friends to a hut prepared for him outside the city walls. Arrived at his destination, he bade a long farewell to the train that had accompanied him, and in parting from them he parted from mankind. Henceforth his only associates were those upon whom had been passed a like sentence of excommunication. The busy, bustling world had cast him off. It had driven him out of the precincts of its sympathy and care.

Imagine the leper, in his little hut, when his position presented itself to his mind in full force. The melancholy procession has returned to the city, and those who formed it are re-united to life and to humanity. They are dispersed, each one to his own sphere of action, and the tide of energy and business is pulsing in their veins after its wont. But he, whom they followed to his tomb to-day, and resigned to despair and misery, sits in his cell, even as that novice described by the Roman satirist sits on the nether river's bank, and shivers at the destiny before him. What remembrances crowd upon him! What pictures of days irrevocably past and gone! How his heart

softens as he pourtrays to himself certain beloved ones weeping for him at this moment in his old house. He remembers the happy years—how short they seem to have been!—that he passed with those same, and how he hoped and prayed that he might end his days amongst them, and breathe his last words in their loving ears. The whole of his past history rushes across his memory in a tremendous vision. There is that horrible hour when the hand of leprosy first touched him; and there are the succeeding hours, throughout which he hoped against hope; and there is that last hour, in which he tore his hair for anguish, and cursed the day of his birth, and then, made horribly conscious of his utter helplessness, bowed his head and submitted him to the

priestly offices. All these scenes rushed, it may be, across his memory, as he lay on the floor of his hut, after his friends had departed.

The hut was of very small dimensions. It was furnished with bed and bedding, with a vessel for water, a chest, a table, a chair, a lamp, and a few other necessaries. Its inmate's wardrobe consisted of a cowl, two shirts, a tunic, and a robe called housse. He was further presented with a little cask, a rattle, a knife, a stick, and a girdle of copper; and this list completes the description of his hut and its appurtenances. As to wardrobe, we may mention that Chaucer assigns the leper a mantle and a beaver hat. Possibly no absolute uniformity of custom existed. As to the rattle, there is a question whether its object was to warn all sound and healthy persons of the leper's approach, or merely to attract attention in soliciting alms from the passers-by. It is mentioned in the mediæval Latin under the names of *fusus*, *tabulæ*, and *scandellæ*. It was a wooden instrument, with two or three flappers attached to it. When, in the "Testament of Creseide," Cynthia pronounces her heavy curse upon the unfaithful maiden, she says:—

> Where thou comest, eche man shall flie ye place;
> Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous,
> With *cuppe* and *clappier*, like a *Lazarous*.

The cup was for the reception of alms.

Where this disease was especially dominant, the charity of the neighbourhood frequently erected a hospital, or lazarhouse, and in it, after the observation of the usual forms, the unfortunate being was located. We may state, at this point, that during the time of which we are now speaking, the term leprosy was used in a very comprehensive sense. It seems to have comprised all the disorders of the skin, and thus the Lazarus of Our Lord's parable—the beggar that lay at Dives' door, his body covered with sores—was regarded as a sufferer from it; and hence this Lazarus was adopted to be the leper's patron saint, and the lepers' hospital was termed a *lazar*-house. The order of St. Lazarus, which, having existed at Jerusalem from an early period of the Christian era, was revived at the time of the crusades, consisted of knights devoted to the leper's service. It is St. Lazarus who occasionally in the legends appears personally to thank those that have befriended the leper.

The number of the lazarhouses in Europe about the time of the thirteenth century, was almost beyond calculation. In our own country it was very great. Were the history of them minutely investigated, many curious facts respecting the leper's life might be brought to light. There were six of these hospitals in London alone. There were five in Norwich—one at each gate of the city. The most extensive one was in Leicestershire, at Burton-Lazars—the name, it may be noticed, appropriating the place to the leper's saint. The heads of all the other English leper hospitals were under the authority of the head of Burton-Lazars. The precise date of its foundation is uncertain. It owed its endowments chiefly to Roger de Mowbray, a native of Burton. A copy of his deed of gift is still in preservation. In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost he greets all his kinsmen and friends, both in England and France, and entreats them to take note that by this his document he bestows upon God and St. Mary and the lepers of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem, two carucates of land in Burton, and one messuage hard by the river of the same town, and the site on which stands a certain mill, with a view to the salvation of his soul and his father's soul and his mother's soul and his ancestors' souls; and that these his presents are to be employed for charitable uses, free from any secular service.

Sir Roger's biography would be worth the perusal, had we leisure for it. But to return to the lazarhouses. There were hospitals at Plymouth, Cambridge, Bodmin, Launceston, Carlisle, Derby, Gloucester, Southampton, Hereford, Baldock, Canterbury, Chatham, Dover, Rochester, Lancaster, Peterborough, Taunton, Bristol, Warwick, Ipswich, Pontefract, and very many other places. Hutchinson, the historian of the county of Durham, informs us that at one period half the existing hospitals of the county were for the benefit of the lepers.

The lepers had, therefore, no ground for complaining of eleemosynary neglect. On this point Michaud aptly observes that "the spirit of devotion richly endowed lepers without doing anything for their cure. Isolation appears to have been the only curative or preservative means known for their malady."

Some few other privileges were granted them. By the Council of Lateran, in 1179, it is ordained, that "whereas numbers of people were gathered together in community, they shall be permitted to enjoy to themselves a church, a churchyard, and a priest of their own; but they must take care that this be no way injurious or prejudicial to the rights of parish churches; yet shall not the leprous or lazarhouses be compelled to pay tithes for the increase of their own proper cattle."

They seem, moreover, to have been allowed at two seasons of the year to enter the town or city, outside the gates of which stood their huts or hospital (as the case might be), namely, during the fifteen days immediately preceding Good-Friday, and the eight days preceding Christmas.

The other restrictions to which they were subjected, remained for a long period in force. They were disabled from suing in any action, real or personal. "It is meet," says an old jurist, "that the right of legal action should be denied in the case of leprosy: for instance, if the plaintiff is a leper, and so unsightly as to deserve exclusion from all communion with the world: for such a disease excludes the suitor from suing."

There can be no doubt, that, in spite of the many hospitals established for him, the leper was regarded with eyes of aversion. He was an abject and odious spectacle, and for the most part the charity of that day could not abide him in its sight. He represented humanity in its most fallen and revolting state. The primeval curse wrought in him in its extremest virulence. It was believed that no power of pharmacy could heal him, that his distemper baffled mortal skill, that there was a divine judgment in it. Possibly this belief cast a passing shadow over the stricken man's character; and Gehazi's livery may have been, insensibly, associated with Gehazi's guilt. At any rate, lepers do not seem to have been held in any very high estimation. On one occasion, for example, we find a very hideous charge preferred against them: "And in this same yere," writes Capgrave, in his Chronicle of England, meaning the year 1318, "the mysseles (*i. e.* lepers) thorow oute Cristendam were slaundered that thei had mad covenaunt with Sarasines for to poison alle Cristen men, to put venym in wellis, and alle maner vesseles that long to mannes use; of which malice mony of hem were convicte and brent, and many Jews that gave hem councel and coumfort."

With regard to the word *mysel* used in this passage, it may be stated that it is identical with the word *mezellus*, which in medieval Latin is synonymous with *leprosus*, being but another form of *misellus*, and denoting, therefore, how hopeless and miserable the leper's life was deemed to be. "In his tyme," writes Capgrave, in another place, referring to Heraclius, Emperor of the East, A.D. 610, "were sevene Popes. The first hite Deus Dedit [Deodatus is the Pontiff here alluded to], III. yere. He kissed a *mysel*, and sodeynly the *mysel* was hol."

Certainly on one score the chroniclers of the middle ages, and indeed the whole Roman Catholic Church, were under immense obligation to these

outcasts. The leper afforded a handy and tractable material for the saint to illustrate the power of his sanctity upon. There are countless instances recorded of this use of him. We have already quoted one, in which a healing influence proceeds from papal lips. Whoever wishes for others will find it profitable to peruse that immortal compilation the "Acta Sanctorum." He will read there of many occasions on which the leper's infirmity added lustre to the saint's renown. It must have been very convenient to be thus supplied with vile bodies for experimental purposes. Those saints were fine and noble institutions. The medical men of the period must have eyed them with intense jealousy.

To take the leper to one's own house, to wash his poor afflicted body, to wait upon his every want, and to lie by his side upon the same couch, were, we need scarcely say, acts beyond the self-denial and humility of ordinary men. They were reserved for those whose lives embodied the religious ideal of their time—men who regarded the body as given to man but to be tortured, and who deemed a moment's carnal ease a sinful and damnable thing, only to be atoned for by years of penance and self-laceration. No doubt in the spectacle of these men there is something infinitely great and ennobling. We cannot but admire the unflinching patience with which they bore their crosses, the unconquerable will with which they worked out the life imposed, as they believed, upon them, the unrepining resignation with which they accepted their life with all its thorns and misery. But there is another face to the medal that excites very different feelings—feelings of deep melancholy and commiseration. We are thankful it is not our province to give judgment upon the men of those days. But we are at present concerned only with the deeds of kindness and charity that these great disciples of the ascetic creed performed to the poor leper, so illustrating those lines of Rabanus Maurus, according to the contemporary belief:—

> Natu Dei felix homo collatatur fratribus,
> Misellinis et pupillis et egenis et orphanis,
> In his susceperunt viri celsi Dominum.
>
> The birth of God taught happy man to feel
> A gladsome sympathy with all his kind,
> With lepers, orphans, and with those in need;
> By helping such, great souls have put on Christ.

Mapes—the same Mapes who, in his memorable drinking-song, declares that his heart is set on "dying in a tavern"—gives us a long account of how Count Theobald devoted his life and zeal to the service of the miserable and the destitute, and of the leprous especially, "because," says the author of the *De Nugis Curialium*, "as these were held most eminently despicable and most abjectly depraved, he hoped, by succouring them, to render himself especially well-pleasing in the sight of God." So he would wash the feet of these outcast disciples, and wipe them with his own hands, in spite of the "lethalis fætor et amaritudo corrumpens et sanies ulcerosa," that constituted the symptoms of his patients' malady. He provided them with complete accommodation of every sort in his own house. Mapes proceeds to inform us how High Heaven rewarded his good deeds. A cetain leper, to whose comfort and sustenance the Count had been particularly attentive, one day revealed himself to his benefactor. "The sweetest odour of fragrance" filled the cell; a few brief words passed between the Count and his leper; then the one vanished, and the other joyed in the consciousness that he had seen Christ.

Somewhat similar is the story of the Cid and the leper, preserved in one of those Spanish ballads which Mr. Lockhart has translated. Don Rodrigo is on his way to Compostella, with a view to performing a vow he had made:

> And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear;
> In a deep slough the leper lay; to help would none come near,
> Though earnestly he thence did cry, "For God our Saviour's sake,
> From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."
>
> When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
> For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champioun;
> He reach'd his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
> Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.
>
> Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
> They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
> While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
> To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

The leper was St. Lazarus himself. During the night he made himself known, and promised the Cid a happy recompense for his charity.

We might quote many more cases in which men, in entertaining lepers, entertained angels unawares; and many more still, in which the generous deed was followed by no such dénouement, and the humble thanks of the recipient were the only acknowledgment of it. Thus, even the curse of leprosy oft-times produced a good and happy result. Some men, at least, it inspired with a generous pity, a holy charity, a divine sympathy; and in them these celestial instincts thus awakened brought forth good fruit, acceptable to God, and a source of hope to all who study human nature,—being as it were a light shining brightly in times else dark and disconsolate.

It would be a not uninteresting task—though a somewhat laborious one, as the notices of this disease are, for the most part, of a scattered and fragmentary description—to trace the gradual decline of leprosy in Europe. The great cause of its disappearance is undoubtedly the vast progress that has been made in sanitary matters. Our Europe is not the Europe of three centuries ago. The uncultivated and marshy era is past, with its humid and miasmatous atmosphere, its squalid and unwholesome dwellings. Those cachectic days are gone by for ever, and the leprosy is gone by with them. If it is lawful to personify it, can we not imagine him tearing his white hair

in agony at this his discomfiture? He wanders, beyond controversy, on this side the Styx, having no obol, or prospect of one, in his purse. His mind is distraught when he thinks of the dominion that has been wrested away from him, and he curses drains and good food and soap-and-water. Where now is his long scaly retinue? Where his innumerable palaces? Where his faithful allies? And St. Lazarus and his Order, where are they? Ah me, Leprosy! things are strangely altered. SELAH.

TENANTS AT NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

It was number twenty-seven of a quiet London street, the name of which it is needless to specify here. It had stood empty for a considerable time, and such of the neighbours as were of a speculative turn of mind had begun to wonder among themselves how much longer it would remain without a tenant; when one chill, misty autumn morning, shortly after daybreak, a cab drove up to the empty house, from which alighted a tall, gaunt, middle-aged gentleman, of soldier-like aspect, attired in a foraging cap and a long grey military cloak; whose face was half concealed by a thick tangle of beard and moustache, once black, but now becoming wintry with age. Beneath the shaggy gloom of his eyebrows burnt a strange, restless, fitful fire; and when he removed his cap for a moment, and the whole of his worn and rugged face became visible, the deep tracks and furrows left by care or sickness—perhaps by both—came prominently into view. He held in one hand a small leather-bound box, on the top of which was a tiny brass plate, with "Captain Luard" engraved thereon. He gazed suspiciously up and down the street as he alighted, and at the still undrawn blinds of the opposite houses; nor seemed over-well pleased when he beheld a policeman, moist and red-nosed in the early morning, looking on from over the way with a calmly contemplative glance.

Having satisfied himself that no one else was a witness of his arrival, Captain Luard turned round, and assisted a tall slender young lady to alight, evidently his daughter, from the likeness which, in spite of the difference in sex and age, existed between them; who was followed out of the cab by a tall raw-boned female of severe aspect, dressed in faded black bombazine, and who held in one hand a pair of pattens, and in the other a band-box tied up in a cotton handkerchief. Captain Luard, accompanied by his daughter, ascended the steps, unlocked the door, and entered the house. The female in black, whom the captain addressed by the name of Parish, having paid the driver, at once followed her master; and the door was immediately closed, double-locked, and bolted.

They passed on from one room to another, slowly, and without speaking; for there is something solemn in a large and empty house, especially if seen in the twilight of morning or evening. It was chill and damp outside; but within the walls seemed as though they held prisoner the cold moist atmosphere of a graveyard, nipping the very marrow of those who entered, waking prolonged and hollow echoes of their footsteps, and making the loudness of ordinary conversation seem a profanation of the dim solitude.

"Surely a large house, papa?" whispered the young lady, when they had seen most of the rooms. "Would not a smaller one have satisfied our wants? Our furniture will not fill half of these large rooms."

"Not too large for the heiress to the Pinchbeck estates," said the captain, with an extensive sweep of the arm and curl of his grey moustache. "Besides, Carry, I never could bear to live in those pottering little holes where common people contrive somehow or other to exist. Spacious and lofty rooms are one of the necessities of life to a gentleman. And then again, you know," he added mysteriously, laying his hand on her arm, "they will never think of looking for me here. That's the grand point—to throw them off the track till I've had time to complete my case and set them at defiance. For they will shrink from nothing—no, no!—nothing, nothing! Not even my life will be safe from them if they discover my retreat!"

His sallow cheeks flushed as he spoke, and a wild will-o'-the-wisp fire burned in his eyes. He turned and left the room; and tramped heavily up the sounding stairs, still carrying the leather-bound box, till he reached a small room at the very top of the house. Opening a little closet which was built in the wall, he placed the box within it, and having locked the door, proceeded to survey the rest of the rooms up-stairs.

The furniture arrived in the course of the morning. Captain Luard was restless and uneasy till it was all properly fixed, and the men who brought it had departed. Seated on a large box, he then proceeded to give his instructions to his little household.

"You are both of you aware," he began very gravely, "for what reason I have taken this house. It will continue to present from the street the appearance of being empty and to let. The shutters of the lower front rooms will remain closed; and the upper rooms will remain, as they are now, empty. You, Parish, will take up your quarters in the basement kitchen; you, Carry, in the room to the back immediately over it; while one of the small rooms up-stairs will serve me for a study. Once every evening, Parish, after dark, you will be allowed to go out for the purpose of buying the needful supply of provisions; at which times I will let you out and in myself, and will teach you how to knock so that I may recognise you. Oh! if we can only succeed in remaining concealed for a short time, all will go well. Time is all I want. A few short weeks—perhaps even a few short days—and everything will be clear, and I shall triumph. The other day (was it the other day, though? I almost forget) I had the whole case clearly mapped out in my head; but some one interrupted me, and it all slipped from me in a moment. But it must be found again; for it lies there—there, in my little box—waiting for me. To-morrow I shall begin."

The captain kept his room for the remainder of the day, except when he came down-stairs to let Parish out, and again to admit her when she returned with provisions. He retired to bed at

an early hour, after seeing that all the doors and windows were carefully secured. Carry sat up for a short time after, keeping Parish company, for she did not care to sit alone after dark in that gloomy room up-stairs. At length she too retired, and Parish was left alone. That exemplary female continued for some time her occupation of darning the captain's socks, till catching herself nodding over her work, she took off her spectacles, and put it away.

"A grewsome, ghostly house this," she muttered, gently rubbing her elbows, and staring at the fire; "far too big for our little family, and I don't feel half comfortable in it. Why couldn't the captain take a cottage in the country? But that was always the way with him—big ideas and

ways, and little money to keep them up with. And now his poor wits are going wool-gathering worse and worse every day. As for his chance of getting the Pinchbeck estates, I wouldn't give tuppence for all the papers he has in his box. A grewsome lonely place, indeed; I declare I'm a'most afraid to go up-stairs to bed."

She looked round with a shudder. The fire was nearly out; the unsnuffed candle shed a dim and ghostly light through the room; and the night had its own sounds, bred of darkness, such as daylight never heeds—the creaking of a distant door, the trembling of a window beneath the invisible fingers of the wind, the scampering of a mouse behind the wainscoat—all sounds of omen at such an hour—and, near at hand, the loud importunate ticking of the clock in the corner, that seemed to have a demon concealed in its case, who was for ever hammering nails into the coffin of Time. The whole affair was becoming too much for Parish's nerves, when, looking up for a moment, her glance rested on a row of tiny paper boxes ranged symmetrically on one of the shelves that lined the kitchen. Her face brightened at once; and, rising, she took down one of the boxes, opened it, and extracted therefrom three pills, which, after rolling them tenderly for a few seconds between her palms, she proceeded to

swallow, one by one, with much apparent satisfaction. Finding herself considerably refreshed by this slight repast, Parish dived deep into her capacious pocket, and produced therefrom a small dog's-eared, not over clean book of hymns, which, with the exception of one other Book, and now and then a broadsheet of ballads, or a last dying speech and confession, was the sole literature with which she was acquainted. Having read over slowly, and word by word, two or three short hymns—with which, indeed, she was so well acquainted that she had known them by heart any time these twenty years; but that made no difference, they must be read just the same—she closed the book, replaced it in her pocket, and took up her candle to go to bed. Before going up-stairs, however, she thought she would take another glance round the area, and see that the door of the coal-hole was properly secured; so, unfastening the door with as little noise as possible, she stepped out into the darkness, leaving the candle burning on the table inside. But hardly had she crossed the threshold, when a hollow voice whispered suddenly:

"Jane Parish!"

It was all she could do to keep from screaming, as she stepped back into the house and bolted the door. A momentary glance had revealed to her a dark figure standing with folded arms, looking down at her over the area railings. Her heart was still panting with the fright, when she was again startled by hearing herself called a second time.

"Who are you?" asked Parish through the keyhole, grasping the poker in one hand. "You are not known here. We are strangers, and know nobody. If you stay here another minute I'll call the police."

"Cruel fair one!" replied the voice outside. "Know that I am desperately in love with you. Oh, relieve my suspense, and say that you will be mine!"

Parish's brow grew dark and her eyes flashed as she listened to these audacious words.

"Begone, sir, or it will be worse for you! You are not known here," she exclaimed, in great wrath.

"Send me not away with such cruel words," replied the stranger, "or I shall do some desperate deed that you will read of in the penny papers."

"Who are you, sir?—who are you? What's your name?" screamed the irate Parish.

"My name is Proggins. I am a young man, and have a little money in the bank."

"You scamp!" said Parish, shaking the poker as though he could see her through the door. "Begone this instant, or I will call my master, and I warn you he'll shoot you like a dog!"

A low, peculiar laugh was the only reply, but Parish recognised it in an instant, and flung the door open the moment she heard it.

"Mr. Henry Welford, sir, for shame!" she cried. "I think you might have found some other way of letting us know of your return, without frightening an old woman like me."

"Parish, old girl, don't be angry with me," exclaimed a tall, sunburnt young man, springing nimbly over the railings, and then jumping down and grasping the housekeeper's hand.

"It was not kind of you, Harry. But you never did things like anybody else."

"Nonsense, old friend. I meant no harm, I assure you. In fact, you ought to feel highly gratified, for when you next write home to your friends, you may say with truth that you have had an advantageous offer of marriage, but that you didn't choose to accept it. And now tell me how the captain and Carry both are. I have heard no news of them for an age."

"Before I answer your question," said Parish, "tell me how you found us out. The captain thinks we are concealed from all the world."

"Oh, that's a very simple matter," replied Welford. "On landing from the vessel I found a note from Captain Luard, dated only two days ago, informing me of his change of residence. I set off as soon as I could, found the street and the house, but, seeing no light in any of the windows, was afraid of disturbing you, and was just about to retire when you opened the area door."

"And you have been away three years?" said Parish, interrogatively.

"Three years and nine days. But tell me how Carry and the captain are?"

Parish shook her head sadly; and, while she set about preparing him some coffee, opened to him a full budget of news concerning the family: how poor they were; how the captain's property had dwindled away in law expenses incurred in contesting a hopeless suit, till but a mere trifle of it remained; of the captain's present infatuation; and of the gloomy prospect before them. They sat up talking far into the night; after which, Parish prepared a shakedown for Harry before the kitchen fire, and then bade him good night.

Welford's presence there was a glad surprise next morning both to Carry and her father, for he was dear to both. He was the son of Captain Luard's oldest friend; and when that friend died, a poor man, the captain took the lad home, educated him, and, when he was old enough, in accordance with Harry's own wish, obtained for him a situation with an eminent mercantile firm abroad. Carry and he had grown up together like brother and sister; and when the time came for them to part, although they entered into no engagement, they separated without fear, confident that neither of them would forget the other. It seemed an understood thing in the family that they two should marry as soon as the proper time should come; and though the captain had never said a word to countenance such a scheme, he could hardly have been blind to the facts; and the two people most concerned in the matter never had a doubt as to the result.

Carry and Welford went out after breakfast for a walk, and a very interesting one, doubtless, it proved, they having been so long separated, and having so much to tell one another. Harry's love, hitherto unspoken, now found winged words; and he determined to take an early opportunity of speaking to the captain on the subject of his marriage.

Captain Luard invited Welford up into his study after dinner.

"Only a poor place this to receive you in, Harry, my boy," he said; "but the next time

you come, I hope we shall have a better: in fact, there is no doubt of it. These are the papers that you see spread over the table. I am going through them myself. There is only one little point to lay hold of—the hidden spring, as I may term it, of the machine; and then the whole affair will be as clear as daylight, and equity cannot refuse to find a verdict in our favour; in fact, you may consider the whole matter as settled. Of course it will make a great change in Carry's prospects, as she will then be heiress to about £15,000 a year; and I think I am not going too far in saying that she will then be one of the most eligible young ladies in England; in fact, between ourselves, I intend her to marry into the aristocracy. But remember, Harry, my boy, wherever my home is, there is yours also. I hope then to have influence to get you some snug little thing under Government, far better than the miserable affair you are at now. Oh never fear that I shall forget your interests!"

Here was an end to all Harry's brilliant visions, for the captain spoke with such seeming authority—with so much pretension and earnestness—that the young man could hardly believe that such vast expectations had no foundation in fact. Anyway, it would not do for him to stay there any longer, stealing away the heart of his benefactor's daughter. Let the cost and pain be what they might, he must go at once. He was constrained and silent for the remainder of the day, and though Carry perceived the change in his demeanour, she was at a loss to account for it. He parted from her that night with a tenderness which he tried in vain to conceal; but next morning, when they all expected him there to breakfast, they found a note on the table, addressed to Captain Luard, in which Welford stated that sudden business had called him away to Liverpool, and that several weeks would probably elapse before his return. Carry felt hurt and grieved that he should go away so suddenly without a parting word to her, but was too proud to show how deeply her feelings were wounded. Parish was out of temper all that day, and kept muttering under her breath something about the lad being a fool, and not knowing when he was well off.

So day after day passed away, and matters resumed their old course in the house. There was neither letter nor message from Welford, and it seemed, to Carry at least, as though he had entirely forgotten them. Day after day, from breakfast-time till midnight, the captain sat in his scantily-furnished room, poring over the documents pertaining to the great Pinchbeck suit—title-deeds, mortgages, bills of sale, genealogical tables, abstracts of counsel's opinion, deeds of transfer, extracts from parish registers, bills of costs, and copies of wills, all mixed up in inextricable confusion—filling one sheet of foolscap after another with figures and remarks; striving in vain to pick out from the dismal chaos before him that hidden link, that magical Open Sesame, which, he was firmly persuaded, would banish poverty from his hearth for ever. Every morning he set to work with renewed vigour, and every evening he retired from the contest with weary brain, with fainting heart, and aching eyes. He became more gaunt and fierce-looking every day. He had been weak and suffering in health for a long time, and it was evident that he was only upheld by the strange feverish excitement in which he lived; and that had any rude hand scattered the foundations of his airy castle, both the mind and body of the builder would have gone to pieces in the wreck.

The house still continued to present from the street a shut-up, desolate, and forlorn appearance; and among the children of the neighbourhood it soon acquired the delightfully dreadful reputation of being haunted. For, coming home from school in the drear November afternoons, between daylight and dark, did they not sometimes hear strange noises, ghostly trampings up and down stairs, weird coughings and moanings; and if one were bold enough to peep through the key-hole, might not one sometimes discern a tall figure, dressed in black, coming slowly down-stairs with a lighted candle in its hand—a sight to make a schoolboy's flesh creep, and his blood run cold!

So dull November passed away, and the last month of the year was come, when one evening Captain Luard startled his daughter and Parish by bursting into the room where they were sitting—a wild flame of excitement burning in his eyes.

"I've seen him!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "I knew he would find me out wherever I might be! Something bade me go into the front room and look out of the window; and I saw him standing under the lamp-post, looking up at the house. There is no more peace for us here."

"What man is it, papa?"

"The man with the green studs."

"But you may have been mistaken, papa. How could you distinguish his studs from the place where you were standing?"

"Mistaken, girl! A man is never mistaken in the person of his bitterest enemy. What nonsense you talk! I tell you that I saw him—nay, he is probably there still. Come, let us go and look; but be careful that his sharp eyes do not find you out. Allons!"

They followed him up-stairs, trembling a little, and hardly knowing what to think. He led them into one of the front rooms, which was faintly lighted up by a lamp on the opposite side of the street.

"Behold him!" he whispered, seizing Carry by the shoulders. "See, he is leaning with folded arms against the lamp-post. His green studs shine in the dark like serpents' eyes."

There was no one there.

Next morning Captain Luard was so ill as to be unable to rise. The doctor who was called in merely shook his head when Parish took him on one side to ask his opinion, and said, "Wait awhile; I cannot pronounce at present."

But day after day passed without much visible change in the captain's condition. He remained too weak to rise, and lay there—a feeble wreck of a man—heedless, for the most part, of what was passing around; buried in his own sad reflections, and, perhaps, discerning dimly the dark issue whither he was tending. Now and always he was very anxious about his box of papers, and had

it placed close to his bed, so that he could both see and feel it; but his former interest in the lawsuit seemed to have partly died away; and, though he often talked of resuming his labours, it was in a hopeless despairing way, as though he saw at last how fruitless all his efforts would be. Still the old idea never left him,—that some mysterious foe was endeavouring to track him out in his retreat; and it was a source of much anxiety to him that he could no longer look after the proper security of the house, and see that no strangers were, on any account, allowed to set foot across the threshold. It was not that he had any want of confidence in the discretion either of Carry or of Parish, but it was a matter that he would have preferred looking after himself: women are so easily imposed upon, as he often remarked.

What then would have been his surprise and anger had he seen Parish enter the house, as she did one evening, accompanied by a woman whom she had apparently picked up in the street; who followed her down the steps into the basement-story, stepping lightly in the echo of the housekeeper's resonant footfall!

Parish struck a light, and then turned round and confronted her companion with a stern searching gaze, as though asking her by what right she had intruded there.

She was a woman who, years before, had probably been fair enough to look upon; and a faint shadow of the beauty of former times still clung to her. But whatever of sweet bloom and culture her life might once have shown, was now choked up, overgrown, and all but lost to view beneath the coarse growth of after years—years of despair, and hopeless misery, and disbelief in her better self.

"Thus, then, we meet again," said Parish, in a low, stern, concentrated voice.

"Thus again," replied the woman, "after seventeen weary years."

"It should have been seventeen more before we met. Why have you sought me?"

"Not to ask your pity; nor to make any claim on the forgiveness which you, perhaps, think yourself entitled to dispense. I come to see *him*."

"Madness! What is he to you, or you to him? Nothing—less than nothing—less than if he had never seen you!"

"So you think, so you preach, as ignorance ever preaches till suffering brings knowledge. Nothing to me! O heaven! can I ever forget that he once called me his wife; that his lips kissed me; that his arms sheltered me; that his child called me mother; that he lived but to make me happy! Nothing to me!"

"You forget," said the stern unmoved housekeeper, "that when you left his house of your own accord, that when in one day he lost both his wife and his friend—that wife and that friend became, in point of fact, dead to him for ever; as dead as if the green sod had been laid over them both; that he wore mourning for them as if such had been the case; and that for him there are no such persons as Emily Luard and Richard Marfleet in existence."

"I forget nothing. I know everything you would say—all the reproaches you would heap upon me, and how your wrath has been gathering strength through long years. What then? I know things that you can never know; that if he has suffered, I have suffered, too—Oh! how bitterly! that if I wrecked his happiness, I wrecked my own also. I make no claim on that score either on your compassion or on his. What would it avail me if he were to forgive me the great wrong I did him? If he were to pardon me a thousand times, I could never pardon myself, and there lies the sting. But let that pass. I came neither to talk about myself, nor to exchange idle words with you. The man whom I once called my husband lies ill, perhaps dying, up-stairs; and him once more I am determined to see."

"You cannot—he would not receive you."

"I do not want him to receive me. All I want is to see him again, even though he be asleep."

Parish considered for a moment.

"Wait here," she said, "while I go up-stairs and see how he is."

The woman bowed her head, and Parish took the candle and went up-stairs. In a minute or two she returned.

"Come," she said; and the woman flitted up-stairs, behind her, noiseless as a shadow.

"He is asleep," whispered Parish, when they reached the door of Captain Luard's room. "Remember that you look only, and do not speak. I would not for the world that he should awake and find you here."

"Fear not," replied the stranger. "Let me but see him, and I shall go on my way content."

Parish opened the door gently, and holding the candle aloft with one hand, shaded it with the other, so that the light should not fall too strongly on the sleeper's eyes. He lay there calmly enough, one arm thrown over the coverlid, and the other coiled beneath his head; his thin and careworn face looking more wan and ghastly still from its setting of beard and moustache.

"What a change! What a change!" muttered the woman. "Lost to me for ever!" It was all that she could say.

"Enough," said Parish, at length, turning to leave the room. But before she was aware the woman had glided from her side, and stooping over the sick man, had imprinted a light kiss on his lips. Light as it was, it was sufficient to break his feverish slumber, and he called out feebly:

"Parish, is that you? You should not have disturbed me. Give me something to drink."

Parish was too angry at what she had just seen to venture a reply, and gave her master a drink without speaking. At that moment, Caroline, who had been out to purchase some little delicacy for her father, entered the house. The woman had disappeared from the room, and Parish was in an agony of fear lest Caroline should encounter her on the stairs. No such meeting, however, took place; for Carry entered the room as quietly as usual, and sat down by her father's side.

The captain again disposed himself for sleep; so, leaving Caroline at her post, Parish hastened down to see what had become of her strange guest.

She found her kneeling on the rug before the

kitchen fire, her arms pressed tightly across her chest, rocking herself to and fro. She neither spoke nor wept, but as Parish looked down on her, there was such a hard, dry, rigid agony cut with such ineffaceable lines into her face, that the words of reproach with which the housekeeper had come armed died away on her lips as she gazed. At length the woman roused herself like one trying to shake off an overwhelming dream; and stood up before the housekeeper, terrible in her misery.

"I crouched into a dark corner," she began, in a slow, measured voice, very different from her former vehement tone; "and she, my daughter, passed me, and knew not that I was there. Her dress brushed across my face, and I kissed it as it passed; and for one brief moment the soft perfume of her presence was about me; and this is all of her that I may know. Sad, is it not? And yet she is my own—people may say what they will, but she is my own Carry, my own daughter. She used to call me 'mamma,' and go to sleep on my breast; and now I may neither touch her, nor kiss her, not even speak to her. Sad again, is it not? Oh yes, I know all about its being my own fault; but is that any comfort to me? Don't be alarmed. I am not going to intrude myself before her, and shut out the happiness of her life. I have a touch of my old pride yet. But I want you to feel how sad it is that I may not speak to my own darling. It has come into my head, Jane Parish, that there is one thing you can do for me—one little kindness you can do to a poor wretched woman, once your mistress, now a beggar before you. Procure me a lock of my darling's hair. Will you?"

"I will; you may trust me."

"Then let me go; my business here is done.

I will meet you to-morrow evening in the street; and after that you shall see me no more. I dare not come here again. If I did, I should drown myself afterwards; and I am not fit to die."

Parish opened the door.

"Dear ones, farewell!" murmured the unhappy woman; and passing out was lost to view.

Captain Luard lingered on for some time after this, apparently neither better nor worse than before; but one morning, when Parish entered his room, she found that a dread visitor had been there in the night, and that in silence and darkness her master had departed with him.

When the first burst of grief was over, and the necessity of immediate action made itself felt, Parish telegraphed for Welford, who was not long in answering the summons; and all the onerous duties which must be performed at such a time he took upon himself. The events of the next few days need not be dwelt on here. It was finally arranged that Caroline, accompanied by Parish, should go and reside with a maiden aunt in Derbyshire. From the wreck of the captain's property was saved sufficient to enable them both to live in modest independence.

Whatever fleeting clouds had at one time interposed between Caroline and Welford had now vanished for ever. They could not speak of love at such a season, but they understood each other without words.

On the afternoon of the last day of the year, they set off, arm-in-arm, to pay a last visit to the cemetery where all that remained of Captain Luard now lay; for Carry was to leave London on the following morning. The sky was overcast when they set out, and the weather bitterly cold. A few premonitory flakes of snow fell at intervals, forerunners of what the night would bring. They passed slowly into the field of the dead, took their last look in silence, and then turned to depart.

A short distance from the path stood a woman, faded and miserable looking, whose eyes were fixed earnestly on them as they drew near. Instinctively Welford slipped a coin out of his pocket, and offered it to the woman; but she drew back with a slight wave of the hand. Welford coloured up.

"I ask your pardon for the mistake," said he.

The woman did not reply, but drew her shawl more closely round her; and Caroline, looking back at the turn of the walk, saw her still standing there, with her eyes fixed earnestly on

them. She did not stir till they were out of sight, and then she approached the grave they had just left, but with a more importunate grief than theirs—a grief that heeded neither darkness nor storm.

Meanwhile Caroline and Welford passed slowly on through the lighted streets of the great city; sorrowful, indeed, and mourning for their loss; but in their hearts young love sat brooding with folded wings, and all the future lay golden before them.

THOMAS SPEIGHT.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

HE PRIVATE VIEWS, IN FACT, OF MRS. CHARLES FONDLESQUAW, AS COMMUNICATED TO ONE OF HER BRIDESMAIDS.

DEAREST JANE,
I AM sure you'll be happy to know
We had cards, Rose and *me*, for this year's Private Show,—
Private View, dear, I mean, of the Pictures, and, Jane,
The Simpsons had none
—which will give you *much pain.*

Charles wished to go early, but that seem'd to me
All nonsense: who dresses for no one to see?
We appointed at one, but you need not be told
That watches will stop, or that husbands will scold.

But we kept him in pretty good temper till two,
With nice little messages—here are a few:
"We were just coming down." "Had he seen the new *Punch?*"
And "I hoped he was taking some sherry and lunch."

At last he grew fatal, and sent us up word
That losing the morning was worse than absurd;
And my lord has a will—and by this time I know
To a frown, my dear Jenny, how far I may go.

I don't think his haste made us dawdle the more,
But three struck as we reached the Academy door;
Such a number of visitors, all the best class,
How I wish'd that the Simpsons had happen'd to pass.

The place looks so bright, and the carpet so clean,
And there's room to turn round, and one's dress can be seen;
And the feeling is pleasant—though naughty, no doubt—
That you've been let in where your friends are shut out.

Rose insists upon telling you how we were dressed,
How we like the Spring fashions, and which are the best,
But I must say, myself, and I think you'll agree,
The new Paris bonnet 's not suited to me.

Because, just consider, although you've nice hair,
Which one brings rather forward, one's forehead is square,
And it must stand to reason, the bonnet

(Six verses removed, as not exactly relevant to an Art-Exhibition.)

But to come to the pictures, (and you may suppose
How Charles got so cross at our not minding those)
I'm no critic, of course, and I don't make a boast
(Like Maud Simpson) of taste—these impressed me the most.

The loveliest picture this season, *I* say,
Is the darling Princess, with the bridal array,
Such sweet pretty faces surround the young pair,
And as for the dresses and jewels—well, *there!*

There's one by Sir Edwin, exceedingly grand,
The Deluge, or something—I don't understand:
Some people are perch'd on the top of a house,
And a love of a cat, and a dear little mouse.

Then there's one of that Queen—what's her name—Antoinette,
Abused by French hags, such a horrible set!
One longs for the soldiers to rush in between,
And shoot every wretch that's insulting the Queen.

Mr. Frith's Claude Duval we all knew at a glance:
The robber's compelling a lady to dance:
To meet such a highwayman really was luck,
And she ought to forgive him, he looks such a duck.

There's a soldier in black, O, so stern and upright!
Taking leave of his bride on the eve of the fight.
Such satin, my dear, O, it's exquisite, Jane,
And a ribbon so rich you will not see again.

There's Katharine—I mean the ridiculous Shrew;
She is frowning like death, but she's beautiful, too:
Petruchio is looking uncommonly wroth,
And spilling the gravy all over the cloth.

You remember—I'm sure that you do—Pegwell Bay,
Where Charles took us all for a lunch that hot day.
There's a picture of that, cut as sharp as a knife,
With the ladies' red petticoats done to the life.

One picture's remarkably good, I declare.
There's a boy without trousers; he has but one pair,
Which his mother is mending, he full of distress
At being deprived of his dignity dress.

There's a splendid great sailor, all courage and hope,
Preparing to swim from a wreck with a rope;
The scene is all terror, the vessel's aground,
But a dear little baby is sleeping so sound.

An artist called Hook has some lovely green seas;
Charles says they're designed to set wives on the tease.
Those waves made one eager to pack and away,
And I talked about Lowestoft and Hastings all day.

There's one very noble, they all of them said,
But I think very sad—a poor shepherd is dead,
His dog must have crawled on his bosom to die,
And his wife bends in sorrow—*I* wanted to cry.

But one that I thought was exceedingly fine,
Was that scene where Peg Woffington comes with the wine,
And cheers the poor author, and puts a fresh life
In the pale pretty face of his heartbroken wife.

That's all I remember just now, dearest Jane,
If I think of some more I will scribble again:
But you write to Maud Simpson—now do, Jenny, do,
And *take it for granted they went to the View.*

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAP. XXI. TRIBULATIONS AND TACTICS OF THE COUNTESS.

"You have murdered my brother, Rose Jocelyn!"

"Don't say so now."

Such was the interchange between the two that loved the senseless youth, as he was being lifted into the carriage.

Lady Jocelyn sat upright in her saddle, giving directions about what was to be done with Evan and the mare, impartially.

"Stunned, and a good deal shaken, I suppose; Lymport's knees are terribly cut," she said to Drummond, who merely nodded. And Seymour remarked, "Fifty guineas knocked off her value!" One added, "Nothing worse, I should think;" and another, "A little damage inside, perhaps." Difficult to say whether they spoke of Evan or the brute.

No violent outcries; no reproaches cast on the cold-blooded coquette; no exclamations on the heroism of her brother! They could absolutely spare a thought for the animal! And Evan had risked his life for this, and might die unpitied. The Countess diversified her grief with a deadly bitterness against the heartless Jocelyn.

Oh, if Evan die! will it punish Rose sufficiently?

Andrew expressed emotion, but not of a kind the Countess liked a relative to be seen exhibiting; for in emotion worthy Andrew betrayed to her his origin offensively.

"Go away and puke if you must," she said, clipping poor Andrew's word about his "dear boy." She could not help speaking in that way—he was so vulgar. A word of sympathy from Lady Jocelyn might have saved her from the sourness into which her many conflicting passions were resolving; and might also have saved her ladyship from the rancour she had sown in the daughter of the great Mel by her selection of epithets to characterise him.

Will it punish Rose at all, if Evan dies?

Rose saw that she was looked at. How could the Countess tell that Rose envied her the joy of holding Evan in the carriage there? Rose, to judge by her face, was as calm as glass. Not so well seen through, however. Mrs. Evremonde rode beside her, whose fingers she caught, and twined her own with them tightly once for a fleeting instant. Mrs. Evremonde wanted no further confession of her state.

Then Rose said to her mother, "Mamma, may I ride to have the doctor ready?"

Ordinarily, Rose would have clapped heel to her horse the moment the thought came. She waited

for the permission, and flew off at a galop, waving back Laxley, who was for joining her.

"Franks will be a little rusty about the mare," the Countess heard Lady Jocelyn say; and Harry just then stooped his head to the carriage, and said, in his blunt fashion, "After all, it won't show much."

"We are not cattle!" exclaimed the frenzied Countess, louder than she intended. Alas! it was almost a democratic outcry they made her guilty of; but she was driven past patience. And as a further provocation, Evan would open his eyes. She laid her handkerchief over them with loving delicacy, remembering in a flash that her own face had been all the while exposed to Mr. George Uploft; and then the terrors of his presence at Beckley Court came upon her, and the fact that she had not for the last ten minutes been the serene Countess de Saldar; and she quite hated Andrew, for vulgarity in others evoked vulgarity in her, which was the reason why she ranked vulgarity as the chief of the deadly sins. Her countenance for Harry and all the others save poor Andrew was soon the placid heaven-confiding sister's again; not before Lady Jocelyn had found cause to observe to Drummond:

"Your Countess don't ruffle well."

But a lady who is at war with two or three of the facts of Providence, and yet will have Providence for her ally, can hardly ruffle well.

Do not imagine that the Countess's love for her brother was hollow. She was assured when she came up to the spot where he fell, that there was no danger; he had but dislocated his shoulder, and bruised his head a little. Hearing this, she rose out of her clamorous heart, and seized the opportunity for a small burst of melodrama. Unhappily, Lady Jocelyn, who gave the tone to the rest, was a Spartan in matters of this sort; and as she would have seen those dearest to her bear the luck of the field, she could see others. When the call for active help reached her, you beheld a different woman.

The demonstrativeness the Countess thirsted for was afforded her by Juley Bonner, and in a measure by her sister Caroline, who loved Evan passionately. The latter was in riding attire, about to mount to ride and meet them, accompanied by the Duke. Caroline had hastily tied up her hair; a rich golden brown lump of it hung round her cheek; her limpid eyes and anxiously-nerved brows impressed the Countess wonderfully as she ran down the steps and bent her fine well-filled bust forward to ask the first hurried question.

The Countess patted her shoulder. "Safe, dear," she said aloud, as one who would not make much of it. And in a whisper, "You look superb."

I must charge it to Caroline's beauty under the ducal radiance, that a stream of sweet feelings entering into the Countess, made her forget to tell her sister that George Uploft was by. Caroline had not been abroad, and her skin was not olive-hued; she was a beauty, and a majestic figure, little altered since the day when the wooden marine marched her out of Lymport.

The Countess stepped from the carriage to go and cherish Juliana's petulant distress; for that unhealthy little body was stamping with impatience to have the story told to her, to burst into fits of pathos; and while Seymour and Harry assisted Evan to descend, trying to laugh off the pain he endured, Caroline stood by, soothing him with words and tender looks.

Lady Jocelyn passed him, and took his hand, saying, "Not killed this time!"

"At your ladyship's service to-morrow," he replied, and his hand was kindly squeezed.

"My darling Evan, you will not ride again?" Caroline cried, kissing him on the steps; and the Duke watched the operation, and the Countess observed the Duke.

That Providence should select her sweetest moments to deal her wounds, was cruel; but the Countess just then distinctly heard Mr. George Uploft ask Miss Carrington: "Is that lady a Harrington?"

"You perceive a likeness?" was the answer.

Mr. George went "Whew!—tit—tit—tit!" with the profound expression of a very slow mind.

The scene was quickly over. There was barely an hour for the ladies to dress for dinner. Leaving Evan in the doctor's hands, and telling Caroline to dress in her room, the Countess met Rose, and gratified her vindictiveness, while she furthered her projects, by saying:

"*Not* till my brother is quite convalescent will it be advisable that you should visit him. I am compelled to think of him entirely now. In his present state he is not fit to be played with."

Rose, steadfastly eyeing her, seemed to swallow down something in her throat, and said:

"I will obey you, Countess. I hoped you would allow me to nurse him."

"Quiet above all things, Rose Jocelyn!" returned the Countess, with the suavity of a governess, who must be civil in her sourness. "If you would not complete this morning's achievement—stay away."

The Countess declined to see that Rose's lip quivered. She saw an unpleasantness in the bottom of her eyes; and now that her brother's decease was not even remotely to be apprehended, she herself determined to punish the cold, unimpressionable coquette of a girl. Before returning to Caroline, she had five minutes conversation with Juliana, which fully determined her to continue the campaign at Beckley Court, commence decisive movements, and not to retreat, though fifty George Uplofts menaced her. Consequently, having dismissed Conning on a message to Harry Jocelyn to ask him for a list of the names of the new people they were to meet that day at dinner, she said to Caroline:

"My dear, I think it will be incumbent on us to depart very quickly."

Much to the Countess's chagrin and astonishment, Caroline replied:

"I shall hardly be sorry."

"Not sorry!. Why, what now, dear one? Is it true, then, that a flagellated female kisses the rod? Are you so eager for a repetition of *Strike?*"

Caroline, with some hesitation, related to her more than the Countess had ventured to petition for in her prayers.

"Oh! how exceedingly generous?" the latter exclaimed. "How very refreshing to think that there *are* nobles in your England as romantic, as courteous, as delicate as our own foreign ones. But his Grace is quite an exceptional nobleman. Are you not touched, dearest Carry?"

Caroline pensively glanced at the reflection of her beautiful arm in the glass, and sighed, pushing back the hair from her temples.

"But, for mercy's sake!" resumed the Countess, in alarm at the sigh, "do not be too—too touched. Do, pray, preserve your wits. You weep! Caroline, Caroline! O my goodness; it is just five-and-twenty minutes to the first dinner bell, and you are crying! For God's sake, think of your face! Are you going to be a Gorgon? And you show the marks twice as long as any other, you fair women. Squinnying like this! Caroline, for your Louisa's sake, do not!"

Hissing which, half-angrily and half with entreaty, the Countess dropped on her knees. Caroline's fit of tears subsided. The eldest of the sisters, she was the kindest, the fairest, the weakest.

"Not," said the blandishing Countess, when Caroline's face was clearer, "not that my best of Carrys does not look delicious in her shower. Cry, with your hair down, and you would subdue any male creature on two legs. And that reminds me of that most audacious Marquis de Remilla. He saw a dirty drab of a fruit-girl crying in Lisbon streets one day, as he was riding in the carriage of the Duchesse de Col da Rosta, and her husband and dueña, and he had a letter for her—the Duchesse. They loved! How deliver the letter? 'Save me!' he cried to the Duchesse, catching her hand, and pressing his heart, as if very sick. The Duchesse felt the paper—turned her hand over on her knee, and he withdrew his. What does my Carry think was the excuse he tendered the Duke? This—and this gives you some idea of the wonderful audacity of those dear Portuguese—that he—he *must* precipitate himself and marry *any* woman he saw weep, and be her slave for the term of his natural life, unless *another* woman's hand at the same moment restrained him! There!" and the Countess's eyes shone brightly.

"How excessively imbecile!" Caroline remarked, hitherto a passive listener to these Lusitanian *contes*.

It was the first sign she had yet given of her late intercourse with a positive Duke, and the Countess felt it, and drew back. No more anecdotes for Caroline, to whom she quietly said:

"You are very English, dear!"

"But now, the Duke—his Grace," she went on, "how did he inaugurate?"

"I spoke to him of Evan's position. God forgive me!—I said that was the cause of my looks being sad."

"You could have thought of nothing better," interposed the Countess. "Yes?"

"He said if he might clear them he should be happy."

"In exquisite language, Carry, of course!"

"No; just as others talk."

"Hum!" went the Countess, and issued again brightly from a cloud of reflection, with the remark: "It was to seem business-like—the commerciality of the English mind. To the point—*I* know. Well, you perceive, my sweetest, that Evan's interests are in your hands. You dare not quit the field. In one week, I fondly trust, he will be secure. What *more* did his Grace say? May we not be the repository of such delicious secrecies?"

Caroline gave tremulous indications about the lips, and the Countess jumped to the bell and rang it, for they were too near dinner for the trace of a single tear to be permitted. The bell and the appearance of Conning effectually checked the flood.

While speaking to her sister the Countess had hesitated to mention George Uploft's name, hoping that, as he had no dinner suit, he would not stop to dinner that day, and would fall to the charge of Lady Roseley once more. Conning, however, brought in a sheet of paper on which the names of the guests were written out by Harry, a daily piece of service he performed for the captivating dame, and George Uploft's name was in the list.

"We will do the rest, Conning—retire," she said, and then folding Caroline in her arms, murmured, the moment they were alone; "Will my Carry dress her hair plain to-day for the love of her Louisa?"

"Goodness! what a request!" exclaimed Caroline, throwing back her head to see if her Louisa could be serious.

"Most inexplicable—is it not? Will she do it?"

"Flat, dear? It makes a fright of me."

"Possibly. May I beg it?"

"But why, dearest, why? If I only knew why!"

"For the love of your Louy."

"Plain along the temples?"

"And a knot behind."

"And a band along the forehead?"

"Gems, if they meet your favour."

"But my cheek-bones, Louisa?"

"They are not *too* prominent, Carry."

"Curls relieve them."

"The change will relieve the curls, dear one."

Caroline looked in the glass, at the Countess, as polished a reflector, and fell into a chair. Her hair was accustomed to roll across her shoulders in heavy curls. The Duke would find a change of the sort singular. She should not at all know herself with her hair done differently: and for a lovely woman to be transformed to a fright is hard to bear in solitude, or in imagination.

"Really!" she petitioned.

"Really—yes, or no?" added the Countess.

"So unaccountable a whim!" Caroline looked in the glass dolefully, and pulled up her thick locks from one cheek, letting them fall on the instant.

"She will?" breathed the Countess.

"I really cannot," said Caroline with vehemence.

The Countess burst into laughter, replying: "My poor child! it is not my whim—it is your obligation. George Uploft dines here to-day. Now do you divine it? Disguise is imperative for you."

Mrs. Strike, gazing in her sister's face, answered slowly, "George?——But how will *you* meet him?" she hurriedly asked.

"I *have* met him," rejoined the Countess boldly. "I defy him to know *me*. I brazen him! You with your hair in my style are equally safe. You see there is no choice. Pooh! contemptible puppy!"

"But I never,"—Caroline was going to say she never could face him. "I will not dine. I will nurse Evan."

"You *have* faced him, my dear," said the Countess, "and you are to change your head-dress simply to throw him off his scent."

As she spoke the Countess tripped about, nodding her head like a girl. Triumph in the sense of her power over all she came in contact with, rather elated the lady.

Do you see why she worked her sister in this roundabout fashion? She would not tell her George Uploft was in the house till she was sure he intended to stay, for fear of frightening her. When the necessity became apparent, she put it under the pretext of a whim in order to see how far Caroline, whose weak compliance she could count on, and whose reticence concerning the Duke annoyed her, would submit to it to please her sister; and if she rebelled positively, why to be sure it was the Duke she dreaded to shock: and, therefore, the Duke had a peculiar hold on her: and, therefore, the Countess might reckon that she would do more than she pleased to confess to remain with the Duke, and was manageable in that quarter. All this she learnt without asking. I need not add, that Caroline sighingly did her bidding.

"We must all be victims in our turn, Carry," said the Countess. "Evan's prospects—it may be, Silva's restoration—depends upon your hair being dressed plain to-day. Reflect on that!"

Poor Caroline obeyed; but she was capable of reflecting only that her face was unnaturally lean and strange to her.

The sisters tended and arranged one another, taking care to push their mourning a month or two a-head: and the Countess animadverted on the vulgar mind of Lady Jocelyn, who would allow a "gentleman to sit down at a gentlewoman's table, in full company, in pronounced undress:" and Caroline utterly miserable, would pretend that she wore a mask and kept grimacing as they do who are not accustomed to paint on the cheeks, till the Countess checked her by telling her she should ask her for that before the Duke.

After a visit to Evan, the sisters sailed together into the drawing-room.

"Uniformity is sometimes a gain," murmured the Countess, as they were parting in the middle of the room. She saw that their fine figures, and profiles, and resemblance in contrast, produced an effect. The Duke wore one of those calmly intent looks by which men show they are aware of change in the heavens they study, and are too devout worshippers to presume to disapprove. Mr. George was standing by Miss Carrington, and he also watched Mrs. Strike. To bewilder him yet more the Countess persisted in fixing her eyes upon his heterodox apparel, and Mr. George became conscious and uneasy. Miss Carrington had to address her question to him twice before he heard. Melville Jocelyn, Sir John Loring, Sir Franks, and Hamilton surrounded the Countess, and told her what they had decided on with regard to the Election during the day; for Melville was warm in his assertion that they would not talk to the Countess five minutes without getting a hint worth having.

"Call to us that man who is habited like a groom," said the Countess, indicating Mr. George. "I presume he is in his right place up here?"

"Whew—take care, Countess—our best man. He's good for a dozen," said Hamilton.

Mr. George was brought over and introduced to the Countess de Saldar.

"So the oldest tory in the county is a fox?" she said, in allusion to the hunt. Never did Caroline Strike admire her sister's fearful genius more than at that moment.

Mr. George ducked and rolled his hand over his chin, with "ah-um!" and the like, ended by a dry laugh.

"Are you our support, Mr. Uploft?"

"Tory interest, ma-um—my lady."

"And are you staunch and may be trusted?"

"'Pon my honour, I think I have that reputation."

"And you would not betray us if we give you any secrets? Say 'Pon my honour,' again. You launch it out so courageously."

The men laughed, though they could not see what the Countess was driving at. She had for two minutes spoken as she spoke when a girl, and George entirely off his guard and unsuspicious—looked unenlightened. If he knew, there were hints enough for him in her words. If he remained blind, they might pass as air. The appearance of the butler cut short his protestation as to his powers of secresy.

The Countess dismissed him.

"You will be taken into our confidence when we require you." And she resumed her foreign air in a most elaborate and overwhelming bow.

She was now perfectly satisfied that she was safe from Mr. George, and, as she thoroughly detested the youthful squire, she chose to propagate a laugh at him by saying, with the utmost languor and clearness of voice, as they descended the stairs:

"After all, a very clever fox may be a very dull dog—don't you think?"

Gentlemen in front of her, and behind, heard it, and at Mr. George's expense her reputation rose.

Thus the genius of this born general prompted her to adopt the principle in tactics—boldly to strike when you are in the dark as to your enemy's movements.

CHAPTER XXII. IN WHICH THE DAUGHTERS OF THE GREAT MEL HAVE TO DIGEST HIM AT DINNER.

You must know, if you would form an estimate of the Countess's heroic impudence, that a rumour was current in Lymport that the fair and well-developed Louisa Harrington, in her sixteenth

year, did advisedly, and with the intention of rendering the term indefinite, entrust her guileless person to Mr. George Uploft's honourable charge. The rumour, unflavoured by absolute malignity, was such; and it went on to say, that the sublime Mel, alive to the honour of his family, followed the fugitives with a pistol, and with a horsewhip, that he might chastise the offender according to the degree of his offence. It was certain that he had not used the pistol: it was said that he had used the whip. The details of the interview between Mel and Mr. George were numerous, but at the same time various. Some declared that he put a pistol to Mr. George's ear, and under pressure of that persuader got him into the presence of a clergyman, when he turned sulky; and when the pistol was again produced, the ceremony would have been performed, had not the outraged Church cried out for help. Some vowed that Mr. George had referred all questions implying a difference between himself and Mel to their mutual fists for decision. At any rate, Mr. George turned up in Fallowfield subsequently; the fair Louisa, unhurt and with a quiet mind, in Lymport; and this amount of truth the rumours can be reduced to—that Louisa and Mr. George had been acquainted. Rumour and gossip know how to build: they always have some solid foundation, however small.

Upwards of twelve years had run since Louisa went to the wife of the brewer—a period quite long enough for Mr. George to forget anyone in; and she was altogether a different creature; and as it was true that Mr. George was a dull one, she was, after the test she had put him to, justified in hoping that Mel's progeny might pass unchallenged anywhere out of Lymport. So, with Mr. George facing her at table, the Countess sat down, determined to eat and be happy.

A man with the education and tastes of a young country squire, is not likely to know much of the character of women; and of the marvellous power they have of throwing a veil of oblivion between themselves and what they don't want to remember, few men know much. Mr. George had thought, when he saw Mrs. Strike leaning to Evan, and heard she was a Harrington, that she was rather like the Lymport family; but the reappearance of Mrs. Strike, the attention of the Duke of Belfield to her, and the splendid tactics of the Countess, which had extinguished every thought in the thought of himself, drove Lymport out of his mind.

There were some dinner-guests at the table—people of Fallowfield, Beckley, and Bodley. The Countess had the diplomatist on one side, the Duke on the other. Caroline was under the charge of Sir Franks. The Countess, almost revelling in her position opposite Mr. George, was ambitious to lead the conversation, and commenced, smiling at Melville:

"We are to be spared politics to-day? I think politics and cookery do not assimilate."

"I'm afraid you won't teach the true Briton to agree with you," said Melville, shaking his head over the sums involved by this British propensity.

"No," said Sir John. "Election dinners are a part of the Constitution," and Andrew laughed: "They make Radicals pay as well as Tories, so it's pretty square."

The topic was taken up, flagged, fell, and was taken up again. And then Harry Jocelyn said:

"I say, have you worked the flags yet? The great Mel must have his flags."

The flags were in the hands of ladies, and ladies would look to the rosettes, he was told.

Then a lady of the name of Barrington laughed lightly, and said:

"Only pray, my dear Harry, don't call your uncle the 'Great Mel' at the election."

"Oh! very well," quoth Harry: "why not?"

"You'll get him laughed at—that's all."

"Oh! well, then, I won't," said Harry, whose wits were attracted by the Countess's visage.

Mrs. Barrington turned to Seymour, her neighbour, and resumed:

"He really would be laughed at. There was a tailor—he was called the Great Mel—and he tried to stand for Fallowfield once. I believe he had the support of Squire Uploft—George's uncle—and others. They must have done it for fun! Of course he did not get so far as the hustings; but I believe he had flags, and principles, and all sorts of things worked ready. He certainly canvassed."

"A tailor—canvassed—for Parliament?" remarked an old Dowager, the mother of Squire Copping. "My! what are we coming to next?"

"He deserved to get in," quoth Aunt Bel: "After having his principles worked ready, to eject the man was infamous."

Amazed at the mine she had sprung, the Countess sat through it, lamenting the misery of owning a notorious father.

Bowing over wine with the Duke, she tried another theme, while still, like a pertinacious cracker, the Great Mel kept banging up and down the table.

"We are to have a feast in the open air, I hear. What you call pic-nic."

The Duke believed there was a project of the sort.

"How exquisitely they do those things in Portugal! I suppose there would be no scandal in my telling something now. At least we are out of Court-jurisdiction."

"Scandal of the Court!" exclaimed his Grace, in mock horror.

"The option is yours to listen. The Queen, when young, was sweetly pretty; a divine complexion; and a habit of smiling on everybody. I presume that the young Habral, son of the first magistrate of Lisbon, was also smiled on. Most innocently, I would swear! But it operated on the wretched youth! He spent all his fortune in the purchase and decoration of a fairy villa, bordering on the Val das Rosas, where the Court enjoyed its rustic festivities, and one day a storm! all the ladies hurried their young mistress to the house where the young Habral had been awaiting her for ages. None so polished as he! Musicians started up, the floors were ready, and torches beneath them!—there was a feast of exquisite wines and viands sparkling. Quite en-

chantment. The girl-Queen was in ecstacies. She deigned a dance with the young Habral, and then all sat down to supper; and in the middle of it came the cry of Fire! The Queen shrieked; the flames were seen all around; and if the arms of the young Habral were opened to save her, or perish, could she cast a thought on Royalty, and refuse? The Queen was saved, the villa was burnt: the young Habral was ruined, but, if *I* know a Portuguese, he was happy till he died, and well remunerated! For he had held a Queen to his heart! So that was a pic-nic!"

The Duke slightly inclined his head.

"Vrai Portughez derrendo," he said. "They tell a similar story in Spain, of one of the Queens—I forget her name. The difference between us and your Peninsula cavaliers is, that we would do as much for uncrowned ladies."

"Ah! your Grace!" The Countess swam in the pleasure of a nobleman's compliment.

"What's that story?" interposed Aunt Bel.

An outline of it was given her. Thank heaven, the table was now rid of the great Mel. For how could he have any, the remotest relation with Queens and Peninsula pic-nics? You shall hear.

Lady Jocelyn happened to catch a word or two of the story.

"Why," said she, "that's English! Franks, you remember the ballet divertissement they improvised at the Bodley race-ball, when the magnificent footman fired a curtain and caught up Lady Roseley, and carried her—"

"Heaven knows where!" cried Sir Franks. "I remember it perfectly. It was said that the magnificent footman did it on purpose to have that pleasure."

"Ay, of course," Hamilton took him up. "They talked of prosecuting the magnificent footman."

"Ay," followed Seymour, "and nobody could tell where the magnificent footman bolted. He vanished into thin air."

"Ay, of course," Melville struck in; "and the magic enveloped the lady for some time."

At this point Mr. George Uploft gave a horse laugh. He jerked in his seat excitedly.

"Bodley race-ball!" he cried; and looking at Lady Jocelyn: "Was your ladyship there, then? Why—ha! ha! why, you *have* seen the Great Mel, then! That tremendous footman was old Mel himself!"

Lady Jocelyn struck both her hands on the table, and rested her large grey eyes, full of humorous surprise, on Mr. George.

There was a pause, and then the ladies and gentlemen laughed.

"Yes," Mr. George went on, "that was old Mel. I'll swear to him."

"And that's how it began?" murmured Lady Jocelyn.

Mr. George nodded at his plate discreetly.

"Well," said Lady Jocelyn, leaning back and lifting her face upward in the discursive fulness of her fancy, "I feel I am not robbed. Il y a des miracles, et j'en ai vus! One's life seems more perfect when one has seen what nature can do. The fellow was stupendous! I conceive him present. Who'll fire a house for me? Is it my deficiency of attraction, or a total dearth of gallant snobs?"

The Countess was drowned. The muscles of her smiles were horribly stiff and painful. Caroline was getting pale. Could it be accident that thus resuscitated Mel, their father, and would not let the dead man die? Was not malice at the bottom of it? The Countess, though she hated Mr. George infinitely, was clear-headed enough to see that Providence alone was trying her. No glances were exchanged between him and Laxley, or Drummond.

Again Mel returned to his peace, and again he had to come forth.

"Who was this singular man you were speaking about just now?" Mrs. Evremonde asked.

Lady Jocelyn answered her: "The light of his age. The embodied protest against our social prejudice. Combine—say, Mirabeau and Alcibiades, and the result is the Lymport Tailor:—he measures your husband in the morning: in the evening he makes love to you, through a series of pantomimic transformations. He was a colossal Adonis, and I'm sorry he's dead!"

"But did the man get into society?" said Mrs. Evremonde. "How did he manage that?"

"Yes, indeed! and what sort of a society!" the dowager Copping interjected. "None but bachelor-tables, I can assure you. Oh! I remember him. They talked of fetching him to Dox Hall. I said, No, thank you, Tom; this isn't your Vauxhall."

"A sharp retort," said Lady Jocelyn, "a most conclusive rhyme; but you're mistaken. Many families were glad to see him, I hear. And he only consented to be treated like a footman when he dressed like one. The fellow had some capital points. He fought two or three duels, and behaved like a man. Franks wouldn't have him here, or I would have received him. I hear that, as a conteur, he was inimitable. In short, he was a robust Brummel, and the Regent of low life."

This should have been Mel's final epitaph.

Unhappily, Mrs. Melville would remark, in her mincing manner, that the idea of the admission of a tailor into society seemed very unnatural; and Aunt Bel confessed, that her experience did not comprehend it.

"As to that," said Lady Jocelyn, "phenomena are unnatural. The rules of society are lightened by the exceptions. What I like in this Mel is, that though he was a snob and an impostor, he could still make himself respected by his betters. He was honest, so far; he acknowledged his tastes, which were those of Franks, Melville, Seymour, and George—the tastes of a gentleman. I prefer him infinitely to your cowardly democrat, who barks for what he can't get, and is generally beastly. In fact, I'm not sure that I haven't a secret passion for the great tailor."

"After all, old Mel wasn't so bad," Mr. George Uploft chimed in. "Granted a tailor—you didn't see a bit of it at table. I've known him taken for a lord. And when he once got hold of you, you couldn't give him up. The Squire met him first in the coach, one winter. He took him for a Russian nobleman—didn't find out what he was for a month or so. Says Mel, 'Yes, I make clothes. *You* find the notion unpleasant; guess

how disagreeable it is to me.' The old Squire laughed, and was glad to have him at Croftlands as often as he chose to come. Old Mel and I used to spar sometimes; but he's gone, and I should like to shake his fists again."

Then Mr. George told the "Bath" story, and episodes in Mel's career as Marquis; and while he held the ear of the table, Rose, who had not spoken a word, and had scarcely eaten a morsel during dinner, studied the sisters with serious eyes. Only when she turned them from the Countess to Mrs. Strike, they were softened by a shadowy drooping of the eyelids, as if for some reason she deeply pitied that lady.

Next to Rose sat Drummond, with a face expressive of cynical enjoyment. He devoted uncommon attention to the Countess, whom he usually shunned and overlooked. He invited her to exchange bows over wine, in the fashion of that day, and the Countess went through the performance with finished grace and ease. Poor Andrew had all the time been brushing back his hair, and making strange deprecatory sounds in his throat, like a man who felt bound to assure everybody at table he was perfectly happy and comfortable.

"Material enough for a Sartoriad," said Drummond to Lady Jocelyn.

"Excellent. Pray write it forthwith, Drummond," replied her ladyship; and as they exchanged talk unintelligible to the Countess, this lady observed to the Duke:

"It is a relief to have buried that subject."

The Duke smiled, raising an eyebrow; but the persecuted Countess perceived she had been much too hasty when Drummond added,

"I'll make a journey to Lymport in a day or two, and master his history."

"Do," said her ladyship; and flourishing her hand, "'I sing the Prince of Snobs!'"

"Oh, if it's about old Mel, I'll sing you material enough," said Mr. George. "There! you talk of it's being unnatural, his dining out at respectable tables. Why, I believe—upon my honour, I believe it's a fact—he's supped and thrown dice with the Regent."

Lady Jocelyn clapped her hands. "A noble culmination, Drummond! The man's an Epic!"

"Well, I think old Mel was equal to it," Mr. George pursued. "He gave me pretty broad hints; and this is how it was, if it really happened, you know. Old Mel had a friend; some say he was more. Well, that was a fellow, a great gambler. I dare say you've heard of him—Burley Bennet—him that won Ryelands Park of one of the royal dukes—died worth upwards of £100,000; and old Mel swore he ought to have had it, and would if he hadn't somehow offended him. He left the money to Admiral Harrington, and *he* was a relation of Mel's."

"But are we then utterly mixed up with tailors?" exclaimed Mrs. Barrington.

"Well, those are the facts," said Mr. George.

The wine made the young squire talkative. It is my belief that his suspicions were not awake at that moment, and that, like any other young country squire, having got a subject he could talk on, he did not care to discontinue it. The Countess was past the effort to attempt to stop him. She had work enough to keep her smile in the right place.

Every dinner may be said to have its special topic, just as every age has its marked reputation. They are put up twice or thrice, and have to contend with minor lights, and to swallow them, and then they command the tongues of men and flow uninterruptedly. So it was with the Great Mel upon this occasion. Curiosity was aroused about him. Aunt Bel agreed with Lady Jocelyn, that she would have liked to have known the mighty tailor. Mrs. Shorne but very imperceptibly protested against the notion, and from one to another it ran. His Grace of Belfield expressed positive approval of Mel as one of the old school.

"Si ce n'est pas le gentilhomme, au moins, c'est le gentilhomme manqué," said Lady Jocelyn. "He is to be regretted, Duke. You are right. The stuff was in him, but the Fates were unkind. I stretch out my hand to the pauvre diable."

"I think one learns more from the mock magnifico than from anything else," observed his Grace.

"When the lion saw the donkey in his own royal skin," said Aunt Bel, "add the rhyme at your discretion—he was a wiser lion, that's all."

"And the ape that strives to copy one—he's an animal of judgment," said Lady Jocelyn. "We will be tolerant to the tailor, and the Countess must not set us down as a nation of shopkeepers—philosophically tolerant."

The Countess started, and ran a little broken "Oh!" affably out of her throat, dipped her lips to her table-napkin, and resumed her smile.

"Yes," pursued her ladyship; "old Mel stamps the age gone by. The gallant adventurer tied to his shop! Alternate footman and marquis, out of the intermediate tailor! Isn't there something fine in his buffoon imitation of the real thing? I feel already that old Mel belongs to me. Where is the great man buried? Where have they set the funeral brass that holds his mighty ashes?"

Lady Jocelyn's humour was fully entered into by the men. The women smiled vacantly, and had a common thought that it was ill-bred of her to hold forth in that way at table, and unfeminine of any woman to speak continuously anywhere—except, perhaps, in bed.

"Oh, come!" cried Mr. George, who saw his own subject snapped away from him by sheer cleverness; "old Mel wasn't only a buffoon, my lady, you know. Old Mel had his qualities. He was as much a 'no-nonsense' fellow, in his way, as a magistrate, or a minister."

"Or a king, or a constable," Aunt Bel helped his illustration.

"Or a prince, a poll-parrot, a Perigord-pie," added Drummond, whose gravity did not prevent Mr. George from seeing that he was laughed at.

"Well, then, now, listen to this," said Mr. George, leaning his two hands on the table resolutely. Dessert was laid, and, with a full glass beside him, and a pear to peel, he determined to be heard.

The Countess's eyes went mentally up to the vindictive heavens. She stole a glance at Caroline, and was alarmed at her excessive pallor.

"Now, I know this to be true," Mr. George began. "When old Mel was alive, he and I had plenty of sparring, and that—but he's dead, and I'll do him justice. I spoke of Burley Bennet just now. Now, my lady, old Burley was, *I* think, Mel's half-brother, and he came, I know, somewhere out of Drury Lane—one of the courts near the theatre—I don't know much of London. However, old Mel wouldn't have that. Nothing less than being born in St. James's Square would content old Mel, and he must have a marquis for his father. I needn't be more particular. Before ladies—ahem! But Burley was the shrewd hand of the two. Oh-h-h! such a card! He knew the way to get into company without false pretences. Well, I told you, he had lots more than 100,000*l.*—some said two—and he gave up Ryelands; never asked for it, though he won it. Consequence was, he commanded the services of somebody pretty high. And it was he got Admiral Harrington made a captain, posted, commodore, admiral, and K.C.B., all in seven years! In the army it'd have been half the time, for the H.R.H. was stronger in that department. Now, I know old Burley promised Mel to leave him his money, and called the admiral an ungrateful dog. He didn't give Mel much at a time—now and then a twenty-pounder or so—I saw the cheques. And old Mel expected the money, and looked over his daughters like a turkey-cock. Nobody good enough for them. Whacking handsome gals—three! used to be called the Three Graces of Lymport. And one day Burley comes and visits Mel, and sees the girls. And he puts his finger on the eldest, I can tell you. She was a spanker! She was the handsomest gal, I think, ever I saw. For the mother's a fine woman, and what with the mother, and what with old Mel—"

"We won't enter into the mysteries of origin," quoth Lady Jocelyn.

"Exactly, my lady. Oh, your servant, of course. Before ladies. A—— Burley Bennet, I said. Long and short was, he wanted to take her up to London. Says old Mel: 'London's a sad place.' 'Place to make money,' says Burley. 'That's not work for a young gal,' says Mel. Long and short was, Burley wanted to take her, and Mel wouldn't let her go." Mr. George lowered his tone, and mumbled, "Don't know how to explain it very well before ladies. What Burley wanted was—it wasn't quite honourable, you know, though there was a good deal of spangles on it, and whether a real H.R.H., or a Marquis, or a Viscount, I can't say, but the offer was tempting to a tradesman. 'No,' says Mel, like a chap planting his flagstaff and sticking to it. I believe that to get her to go with him, Burley offered to make a will on the spot, and to leave every farthing of his money and property—upon my soul, I believe it to be true—to Mel and his family, if he'd let the gal go. 'No,' says Mel. I like the old bird! And Burley got in a rage, and said he'd leave every farthing to the sailor. Says Mel: 'I'm a poor tradesman; but I have, and I always will have the feelings of a gentleman, and they're more to me than hard cash, and the honour of my daughter, sir, is dearer to me than my blood. Out of the house!' cries Mel. And away old Burley went, and left every penny to the sailor that's now Admiral Harrington, and don't notice 'em an inch. Now, there!"

All had listened to Mr. George attentively, and he had slurred the apologetic passages, and emphasised the propitiatory "before ladies" in a way to make himself well understood a generation back.

"Bravo, old Mel!" rang the voice of Lady Jocelyn, and a murmur ensued, in the midst of which Rose stood up and hurried round the table to Mrs. Strike, who was seen to rise from her chair; and as she did so, the ill-arranged locks fell from their unnatural restraint down over her shoulders; one great curl half forward to the bosom, and one behind her right ear. Her eyes were wide, her whole face, neck, and fingers, white as marble. The faintest tremour of a frown on her brows, and her shut lips, marked the continuation of some internal struggle, as if with her last conscious force she kept down a flood of tears and a wild outcry which it was death to hold. Sir Franks felt his arm touched, and looked up, and caught her, as Rose approached. The Duke and other gentlemen went to his aid, and as the beautiful woman was borne out white and still as a corpse, the Countess had this dagger plunged in her heart from the mouth of Mr. George, addressing Miss Carrington:

"I swear I didn't do it on purpose. She's Carry Harrington, old Mel's daughter, as sure as she's flesh and blood."

(To be continued.)

SHÂH NOSHIRWÂN, KING OF PERSIA.

In Persia, in olden time, lived a great king,
Whose name was Shâh Noshirwân:
'Twas his custom, whenever he heard a good thing
To say "Zeh!" and his treasurer then would fling
A purse to the fortunate man.

This king, when out hunting on one fine day;
Saw an aged man planting trees:
He rode up, and said, "With your hair so grey,
Don't you think you are throwing your time away!
You'll never eat food from these?"

"For three-score years I have eaten sweet food
From trees that I did not sow;
And would it not be base ingratitude
If I took no thought of posterity's good,
And paid not the debt I owe?"

"Zeh, zeh!" said the king; and the treasurer straight
To the old man a purse hath thrown.
"See, see! for good works it is never too late;
God hath given me fruit without needing to wait,
Before all my trees are sown."

"Zeh, zeh!" once again: ere the word was said,
Another purse flew on its way.
"Till God placed the crown on your Majesty's head,
Was such a strange thing ever heard of, or read,
As to reap two crops in one day!"

"Zeh, zeh!" yet again, and a third full purse
To the old man's hand falls nigh;
But the king in his horse's flank drives his spurs,
Nor waits for more answer in prose or in verse,—
Lest the wit of that old man, so prompt, so terse,
Should drain his full treasury dry.

MY FIRST CA. SA.

BY AN EX-SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

YES, for some time I was a sheriff's officer; one of those trusty agents of the law who have to represent her Majesty under a less gracious aspect than she assumes in her palace at Westminster, or at one of her drawing-rooms at St. James's. Ay, and I saw a thing or two—a great number of them, indeed — that were not "*the thing*." I don't know that there's much use to society in laying bare its sores, but I will give you as a sample my "*First Ca. Sa.*"*

I am one of those who, in their time, have played many parts, and as I had just got through two whole years as turnkey at White Cross Street†—a berth as prosy as it was cozy—the unconquerable desire I have always had of changing an old beat in life for a new one, made me but too ready to snap at the overture of becoming a sheriff's officer.

Having gone through the little legal formalities usual on such an appointment, I was introduced the same evening to a number of my brother Nimrods at a tavern in Chancery Lane, where the usual weekly meeting was being held of what was called "The Catch Club," a pleasant term that indicated less our worship of St. Cecilia than certain interesting consultations we there held on the "runs" of the *past*, and the "meets" of the *coming* week.

As I knew this to be one of the occasions where a free expenditure is not only permissible but politic, I submitted with a good grace to those contributions to the general comfort which at that time were always levied on a "new member;" but my change of employment was too much against me in the higher circle to which I had reached, for any liberality to protect me from another and more galling infliction, a running fire of the little witticisms, or rather chaffing impertinences which, among our people, so commonly pass current for wit.

I remember—to give a specimen of them—that an odd-looking little Jew, a relation of my principal, and, like most of the London-born portion of the tribe, so thick with "barbaric gold and jewels," that one wondered how they had escaped his nose —had the first shot at me something in this fashion:

"Is's dooced cuvious, aint it, Jim? 'ow 'ard it it is to some peeples to keep in 'ard places! My hye,—I vinder voo next 'll be vun of hus?"

"That's what I say, Mr. Dives," replied Jim, as he went on like the other, at once amusing and inebriating himself at my expense. "This here hambition 'll be your ruin, Mr. Baggs, as sure as heggs is heggs. Better have stuck to the larder up there at the Cross, and leave us to look up the supplies."

"Now, I entertain a different opinion," pompously interposed a broken-down surveyor, who had not long joined "The Hunt." "What's more natural, I say, than as how a gentleman should get tired of playing keeper to the game, and come out to have a shot for himself, providing as how his master permits him."

Here our chairman of the evening, a weather-beaten old stager, known among us as "sly Mat," from the clever way in which he accomplished his captures, broke in upon the laughter, of which this tickling of the club's vanity had made me the object, and stretching out his right hand, accompanied by a sibilant "hish," shouted:

"Gentlemen, I've a conundrum. Horder, you gentlemen in the kitchen, down there! Ven does a jay turn into a hen! Vy, ven a *J*ailer turns *N*ailer, to be sure!"

"And suppose he turns Tailor," I replied, addressing myself to the old rogue, who had belonged to that calling, "*j*ailer, *n*ailer, and *t*ailor, would be all the same to a *T*, eh?"

Undisturbed by the slapping of glasses and clapping of hands that hailed the rejoinder, Mat left the chair, and, making his way to me,—his long pipe in one hand and glass of gin-and-water in the other—slowly surveyed me all over; as if to take my measure, one of them said; and bluntly exclaimed:

* *Ca. Sa.* is a familiar contraction for "capias ad satisfaciendum," a writ empowering the sheriff to arrest the person of a debtor.

† Debtor's Prison.

"Give me your 'and, hold feller—drink—I loves a gentleman as is a gentleman to my 'art, I does, —and I'll see you've summit to do as suits your abilities better than picking o' hokum. Jerry Chessells' your man, sir; or say I knows nothing about it. A five pound job if he's a ha'penny—he up there, Jim, in Grosvenor Street, just on the Square."

"He up there, just on the Cross, more like," broke in the surveyor, who had recently had a touch of this Mr. Chessells quality.

"I say, Mr. Baggs," said the first interlocutor, "there's a fiver, and no mistake, if you nabs Chessells—ain't there, Jim?"

There was a chorus of assent to this appeal that did not please me, for I read that Mat was helping me to what we know as a "sell."

"But, suppose I tried, what's the guarantee?"

"I give you my vird," said Mat, proudly.

"Mat's word! Unexceptionable security that, I should think," said the surveyor, slyly.

"And, if very particular, you may throw in his honour," said another, gravely.

"Ay, as an officer," continued a third.

"And a gentleman," concluded a fourth.

"Gentle fiddlestick!" interposed Mat, angrily. "I say the tin is down on the nail at Fixes and Swears, if you only kitches your man."

"Kitches your min, eh?" cried the gaudy little Mr. Dives. "But it hain't so easy to kitch 'im, though. He's de cutest old fox in de beat. If I've 'hater 'im once, I espose I 'af fifty times. Ees' like nuffing 'sep de shidow vich foller you ven you 'if been vawking. Ee's halways deere, but you niver come hup vi' 'im. I vince as neer kitched 'im as could be vid a Middlesex writ. 'Ee vos comin' down 'Obo'n, but ven he sees me he toes no more but skip over to de Seety on te oder side, and ven he sees as 'ow I 'vis a-lookin' arter 'im, I sawr 'im gip a penny to a leettle poy to go over to me, and vat you tink it vos to say? Vy—'Tin't you vish as you may kitch me?' I declare it vos."

The anecdote preluded others, illustrative of the same adroitness; and at the end interested almost as much by the difficulties to be mastered as by the hope of achieving a share in the professional greatness I was bowing to about me, I consented that, among the hunting engagements of the ensuing week, I would undertake to answer for Mr. Chessells.

The next morning, having carefully gone over whatever information I had collected on the haunts, habits, and connections—the natural history—of the animal I was after, I dressed myself in a nearly new suit of habiliments hired for the occasion, and, duly armed with my warrant, sallied out to make my first acquaintance with his lair.

I found, as forewarned, that he was in the occupation of a large house in Grosvenor Street, carrying on business as a painter and decorator. The shop was in admirable order, fresh painted, simply but tastefully decorated, and—what surprised me—with no space that did not seem filled with the materials suited to his business. While asking, therefore, the respectable youth in charge some vague questions on price and terms, I found myself silently addressing another to myself,—namely, why my creditor, instead of taking the man's body, had not tried to get the amount of his execution by suing out a *fi. fa.* against all the goods I saw before me. I remembered, indeed, that one of the anecdotes of the preceding evening talked of a levy which had failed to repay the sheriff's expenses; but, with all I saw before me, this seemed to me a greater puzzle than the puzzle it was supposed to explain. A more detailed inspection, however, suggested to me a doubt whether the same process now would not be followed by the same result.

On asking to look at one of several rolls of rich velvet-and-gold papers which appeared to load the shelves, a specimen was brought down which did not exceed a few yards in length, and when I desired to look at the other rolls, I was told they were of the same pattern, and that if I had any orders Mr. Chessells would receive them upon the pattern before me—a bit of which, in an off-hand manner, he offered to supply me with. The same sort of evasive answers were given in reference to a large looking-glass-frame, wrapped up in paper tastefully nosegayed at the corners and centres so as to give the effect of elaborate mouldings or carvings. And so, as my eye travelled from shelf to shelf, I found a beggarly account of empty boxes—or boxes which, like the closets of some of our friend's domesticities, had only skeletons for tenants. The establishment, in short, belonged to one of those men of genius who, having to live on credit, find that their dependence is in the inverse ratio of their capital, or, what is worse, their celebrity; and so much of his fortune as lay in stock was, of a very truth, the creation of his own hand, consisting of the interesting phantasmagoria yclept "dummies"—those nest-eggs of Commerce which often provoke layings on the part of the old Cochin China which her wayward incredulity would otherwise withhold.

"Well," I said, moodily, "I think that will do. I see you have enough for a large apartment."

And I carelessly threw down the richly-tissued paper.

"All of the same pattern, sir, and Mr. Chessells has twice as much up-stairs."

"Exactly. But I prefer arranging with himself."

"He's engaged, sir—on business, sir—but expected every instant. If you leave your name, he'll call, sir, at any moment."

I affected a fit of absence of mind, and the merciless youth again and again inflicted on me the same promise. Misunderstanding the proffer which it would not have been quite convenient to accept, I answered, carelessly:—

"Well, yes, I will call—say, to-morrow, as I am passing—say, eleven to-morrow, or, better still, twelve."

And I turned to stalk out, when a voice, that might have been a parrot's, from the neighbouring staircase rung out:—

"Polly! pretty Polly! Don't you wish you may get it?"

I confess it, the interruption flurried me all the

more that, despite the deferential manner of the youth, I thought I saw a discerning smile of triumph in his face as he seemed to watch the effect upon me.

"A clever parrot, sir?" he said, inquiringly.

"Very: might I see it?"

"Well, sir, we never do show it."

"As I thought."

"It is a great favourite of Mrs. Chessells."

"Likely enough."

And I bethought me of the boy that crossed Holborn with the same message of peace to my fellow labourer in the fair field of law.

I turned out, as you may fancy, with a mental "non est inventus" indorsed on my *ca. sa.*, my memory weighed down with that everlasting "leave your address, sir," "wait upon you, sir, at any hour," which had stopped my mouth very much as the word "*security*,"—the verbal equivalent of ratsbane—stopped that of Falstaff.

I was exercising whatever resources of thought I possessed to discover some mode of getting over the difficulty, and was deep in the speculation, when, as I paced my way home, getting along Brooke Street, my eye fell on one of those dirty, dingy, thoroughly respectable houses you often meet with at the West End, which, with no bill in the window, have yet assumed the right to be empty, and so out of the small repairs that you would take them to be in the first stage of decline supervening on a Chancery suit, if you had not learned from other sources that they are the deserted houses of people who are spending a fortune useful to their own country just to be contemned in some other.

The idea ripened in my mind in an instant; and having made a few inquiries about the owner, I went straight back to the decorator's.

"I have rethought the matter," I resumed, with the insolent *nonchalance* so much in favour with West End shopkeepers, "and as I have no time to lose, you can say that Mr. Singleton Jones, who has just returned from the continent, will be glad to see him at No. —, Brook Street, at twelve to-morrow, to arrange about putting it in order. At twelve precisely, No. —:" and I stalked out of the shop with my head at that angle of elevation which might have indicated an ex-officer of the Guards.

The empty house was near that part of Brook Street which opens into Bond Street, so that placing myself in the first floor of a public-house near by, I was able to watch the result of my appointment without prematurely exciting the suspicion of the rather shy gentleman I was awaiting. I was established in my new observatory but a few minutes when I recognised a succession of scouts—a servant girl in occasional communication with the young assistant—making a careful reconnaissance of the territory. Their report appears to have been satisfactory, for a little later I had the pleasure of seeing the sort of person Mr. Chessells had been described to me,—a dapper dandyish man with twinkling eyes, red hair and whiskers, approaching as from his own residence, and showing in his face and port all that animated air of business importance and urgency which one never sees in the men who carry on a steady respectable trade, and always in those who live by its affectation.

By the time Mr. Chessells—for it was he—had reached the house and knocked, I had reached it too. He seemed to understand at once that I was the owner of the house, for he took off his hat, spared me no number of bows, and, when I haughtily inquired if he were Mr. Chessells, found fresh occasion to be again liberal with his West End manifestations of obsequious affability.

One instant, and what a change! He had scarcely got through his course of salutations before his keen, accustomed eye missed, I suppose, those peculiar modifications a long innings of aristocratic ease impresses on the features, and his colour, going and coming with every beat of the heart, indicated pretty clearly that he had made a discovery out of the way of his trade, and was beginning to pass a rather awkward couple of minutes. The indecision he evidently felt involved too little flattery to me to bear imitation on my side, unless I meant to risk the unsatisfactory bail two heels sometimes put in to suits like ours. Foregoing, therefore, the pleasure of playing with my captive, I was not above avowing my honest calling, and making him the subject of her Majesty's process, by a gentle touch on the shoulder, backed by the production of the warrant.

Wonderful surely that touch! More wonderful than the subtle breath which reaches the landscape to-night that—bud, blossom, and fruit,—is to-morrow all a canker! The true *hocus pocus* of a veritable social magic. Watch as I have done the marvels which await that touch from the suspension of active life—its first result—to the vice, the beggary, the harlot-life, the felon-doom that spread from it through a whole family for a generation, and pray what were the wand-carrying magicians of Egypt to us, with our mysterious slips of parchment, touching once and blighting for ever?

Oh! it shames me to think, with, alas! so little to palliate the infamy, how often—a providence of evil—I have kept watch over a peaceful household filled with the innocent and the young, undermining it through days, to apply at length the subtle agency that was to blow all to atoms, doing daily against hundreds, under the sanction of parliament, that for which they disembowelled Guy Fawkes for trying once against themselves!

Mr. Chessells, however, was less a victim than a part of the bad system. Like the toad thriving on the foul vapours of a dungeon, his successes, like my own, sprung from the very elements that poisoned better things. The incident appertained to his style of business, standing to it in the relation if not of a grant of supplies, at least of a vote of indemnity, and he accordingly at once accepted it as a "*fait accompli*," showing the spirit of a generous opponent in his liberal acknowledgments to what he was pleased to call the 'cute move by which I had unearthed him.

"No, it ain't badly done, Mr. Singleton Jones," and he emphasised the name I had assumed. "Clean, very; though how I could have been such a blisted ninny as to come, cap in hand, to deliver myself up to a—bum, makes me wild to think about. But it don't much signify. Instead of setting your house in order, I'll give a coat of

whitewash to my own—that's all. File my petition and schedule to-morrow, come out on bail on Saturday—in three weeks have my hearing—and then—why then we'll begin again with all the old scores rubbed off—that's all! A glass of wine, old fellow, just to gulp down this little *contre-danse* I think you fine people call it?"

"If it's the same thing to you, Mr. Chessells, I'd prefer it at the Peacock, our house opposite the Cross, you know."

"Good—the last thing, eh?—a sort of *viaticum* just to console one for that parting which must happen to friends fond even as we are, eh?"

"Just so."

"It ain't flattery, Mr. Singleton Jones; it ain't, I assure you. For though I didn't exactly seek your acquaintance, I must admit that you've been 'so clear in your great office,' that I not only forgive you 'the deep damnation of this taking off,' but sincerely regret that so young a friendship must so soon terminate.

"Had we never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!"

And he hummed the words in a wild devil-may-care sort of spirit which showed the intensity of that disgust he was making such efforts to conceal.

I bowed my thanks, but though I assured him that I was more than rewarded for the great trouble I had taken, &c., I confess that my assent to each new evidence of my friend's cleverness was laden with an uneasy sense of the insecurity of the tenure by which I held him; for though he had evidently been trained as a child in the way he was now to walk, there was no strong appearance that he would not depart out of it if he got a decent chance.

Hailing a cab, therefore, that happened to be passing, I felt unspeakably relieved, as you may think, when I saw him safely deposited in its interior. We reached, without accident, our destination, and satisfied that he was in "the safe keeping" to which he was legally privileged, I felt at length at liberty to congratulate myself on "my first Ca Sa," and to claim the five pounds that were to reward its success.

THE DERBY DAY.

Preliminary Canter.

THERE was a little tea-party at Mrs. Winterbottom's at Lorenzo Villa, on Wednesday, the 16th of May. Lorenzo Villa is situated in the delightful suburb of Brompton; but in spite of the dramatic character of the locality, Lorenzo Villa is a serious villa, given up to the cultivation of gravities and respectabilities of all kinds—against which I have not a word to say when they are not assumed; but which are sometimes funny to the eyes of the unprejudiced observer, when practice and profession are not exactly in harmony.

That night at Mrs. Winterbottom's, when the tea and the merriment ran fast and furious, and the muffins and Sally Lunns had got a little into the heads of the amiable assembly, Mrs. W. stated that it was a comfort to her in a perverse age to

find that, at least, the gentlemen who frequented Lorenzo Villa had set their faces against the immoral sports and pastimes to be celebrated on Epsom Downs that day week. She had been given to understand that there was not a single form of iniquity which was not carried on at that dreadful place, even in broad daylight—and she shuddered but to think at what went on after sun-down; indeed, as she had understood on excellent authority, all the company were then in the last stage of intoxication.

I am afraid that Charley Hicks at this point winked slowly at Fred Ball—the consequence of which was, that that young gentleman swallowed a mouthful of tea the wrong way.

Mr. Ball, senior. (A stout gentleman about fifty-six.) "Yes, indeed, my dear Mrs. Winterbottom, it is most dreadful; but, leaving out of the question what actually does take place there, what is the nature of the enjoyment of which these miserable people profess to be in search? What do they go out to see? Infuriated animals goaded to their utmost speed amidst the curses of assembled thousands. For myself—as Mrs. Ball will tell you—it is a day which I usually devote to exertions of an extraordinary character. Though our usual habit is to rise from our couch at a quarter to eight, on that day I scorn repose, and am up and stirring at six. At a quarter to seven I start to catch the train for Watford, and spend a laborious day looking after the interests of the firm down in Essex. Indeed I never get home till past midnight: but where there is business to be done—"

It may be not improper to mention that the Misses Crabb then present were three rather mature maiden ladies, who inhabited a little semi-detached villa residence at Clapham, known as Mould Lodge. Their feelings with regard to the Derby Day were rather of an austere character, and necessarily so, inasmuch as year after year they had been exasperated by the spectacle of the long procession of drags, vans, carriages, cabs, and vehicles of every description, which streamed past their windows every Derby Day. They ought, of course, to have confined themselves strictly to the back of the house on this horrible anniversary, and done their worsted-work in the little back drawing-room which looked over the little garden with its water-butt and hollyhocks, but, somehow or other, they were always drawn by their curiosity to the front windows. They were three in number—and a sister sate at each window, groaning over the horrible spectacle beneath. The Misses Crabb were amongst the guests at Lorenzo Villa on this memorable evening.

Mrs. Ball more than confirmed the statements of her husband, whilst that gentleman sipped his tea with a grand air of paternal suavity. As a contrast in figure to this gentleman, who was short and stout, there was a tall thin solicitor present, by name Jonathan Larke, but whose character scarcely seemed in accordance with his patronymic—for he was apparently of a most gloomy turn of mind, and loved to expatiate upon such topics as the derivation of the word "*diphtheria*," and the comparative state of mortality in Clapham and Brompton. It would have been an insult to human nature to suppose that a man of so hypochondriacal a character could ever lend his countenance to the miscalled amusements carried on at Epsom on the Derby Day. This gentleman was unmarried, but the frequenters of Lorenzo Villa, in the naughtiness of their imaginations, had frequently supposed that Miss Caroline Crabb was not altogether uninterested in his fortunes. He resided in Great Coram Street, and was a very influential member of the Mendicity Society. Whoever went to the Derby, it seemed reasonably certain that Mr. Jonathan Larke would not be there.

Then there was Mr. Ball's senior partner, Mr. Toddle, who resided at Stamford Hill, and who was, in all psychological respects, the very opposite of his partner. The persons who had business with the firm were in the habit of nicknaming them *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*. A more jovial, hearty, cheery little man than the junior partner was not to be found within the bills of mortality, but as he told the company that night, at Mrs. Winterbottom's, it was necessary to stop within certain limits—and those limits, in his opinion, did not include the annual festivities at Epsom.

Messrs. Toddle and Ball, then, and Mr. Jonathan Larke, distinctly set their faces against the Derby Day. These gentlemen represented the consular senators, and were in themselves a host. With what unction they discoursed upon the subject to an admiring audience at Lorenzo Villa, and amidst the general applause, arrived at the conclusion, that the only excitement worthy of the dignity of our nature was to be found in business, and at a Fancy Bazaar.

I wish that considerations of space permitted me to expatiate at length upon the serious but sentimental tournament which passed between Messrs. Charles Hicks and Frederick Ball on the one part, and Miss Isabella Winterbottom and Miss Rosa Bliss on the other. I am afraid that, in their little *coterie* which might be called the Lower House, the sentiments expressed with regard to the Derby Day, were not quite of so hostile a character as amongst the seniors. Indeed there were certain whispers and "*asides*" which attracted the attention of the three Misses Crabb, and in due course bore fruit, as we shall presently see.

Miss Caroline. "La! Matilda, it's very odd,—did you notice Mr. Larke?"

Miss Matilda. "Yes, dear; how he was whispering with Mr. Toddle—and Mr. Ball?"

Miss Sophia. "He was saying something about a drag. They must have been talking about the Royal Humane Society, dear. A drag is a kind of grapple to pull drowning men out of the water."

Mrs. Winterbottom wanted to know what it was that the young men did on Epsom Downs—what, in point of fact, were the distinctive features of the amusements on the Derby Day? Mr. Larke could not resolve her difficulties of his own personal knowledge; but he remembered to have heard when he was a youth, articled to the firm of *Catchem and Bounce*, that enormous sums of money changed hands at a game played with three thimbles and a pea, and there seemed to be some extraordinary fascination about this sport which

recommended it to the acceptance of the youth of Great Britain. There was nothing, as this gentleman observed, in the race itself, for the horses passed by like a flash of lightning; and, except in very extraordinary cases, it was very difficult to determine which was the winner. "How did Mr. Larke come to know so much about it?" was the pithy question addressed by Miss Caroline to Miss Matilda Crabb. Possibly, it might have been by a perusal of the public journals. None of the ladies could possibly understand what interest attached to a game played with thimbles —except when these implements of industry were employed in appropriate labour, and worn upon the taper fingers of the parties who rule the lords of the creation.

There was, however, something about the turn which the conversation had taken which had aroused the suspicions of the three maiden ladies of whom favourable mention has been made. Whether it was that they were, very naturally, irritated at the shameless manner in which the younger guests excluded them from their confidence, or whether it was that there were in reality some unusual symptoms of secret understanding amongst the serious, it is hard to say; but the Misses Crabb felt that something was wrong. It seemed at first sight impossible that their confidence could be so basely betrayed—human nature, bad as it was, could not be so bad as to admit of the supposition that the gentlemen now assembled under the sacred roof-tree of Lorenzo Lodge should ever have attended, or could ever be meditating attendance, at Epsom Downs on the Derby Day. The three ladies in concert applied the epithet "*disgusting*" to the conduct of Isabella Winterbottom and Rosa Bliss; but as this was beyond cure, they resolved at least, if yet possible, to take pledges from fate against further misfortune. Would it not be a bright idea to invite the company now assembled at Mrs. Winterbottom's to take tea at Mould Lodge on the Derby Day? The invitation was given and accepted—for save in so far that the returning throng might cause some disquiet, if not delay, to the company, the guests at Lorenzo Villa that night would never have dreamed of mentioning the Derby Day as a reason which could at all influence their conduct.

Still it was very odd that Miss Sophia Crabb distinctly heard Mr. Larke's whisper to Mr. Ball that he would be answerable for the cold chicken and salad, if Mr. Ball would undertake the responsibility of the champagne. It was also curious that the senior partner should offer a suggestion as to some more generous fluid to keep the night air out. Whatever suspicions might have been excited by these words ought however to have been allayed by the assurance given by the various gentlemen as to the onerous nature of their engagements on that very day. Mr. Ball, as usual, was to go upon his annual visit to Essex. Mr. Toddle was, if his health permitted, to spend the morning with the Home Secretary, in close conclave about the Coal Dues, and as for Mr. Larke, all the legal business of London seemed to devolve upon his shoulders on that unlucky day. Young Fred Ball was to be kept close at work in the office, although Miss R. Bliss gave him a look which seemed to imply that she scarcely attached implicit credit to his statement "that he would not for the world be absent from the office upon so interesting an occasion, for they would have to square accounts with Tubbs and Chaldrons upon that very day!" It was young Mr. Charles Hicks' intention to spend the day with his aunt. Poor lady! she had been a great invalid of late, and it was a comfort to her when her nephew could devote an afternoon to her sick room. Orange wine and cribbage rewarded his exertions in the evening.

One thing only was clear, the engagements which all the gentlemen present had taken upon themselves for the 23rd of May, next ensuing, were of so onerous a character that it could only be by exertions of the most extraordinary description that they would be able to present themselves at 9 P.M. in the hospitable drawing-room at Mould Lodge, Clapham. Mr. Ball, indeed, had so much work on hand in the neighbourhood of Watford that he was more than doubtful if he would be able to avail himself of the 8 P.M. up-train—but as the Misses Crabb were well aware, business must be attended to before all things—a proposition to which these ladies gave their formal, and not altogether unsarcastic assent.

As the Misses Crabb were enveloping their stately forms in the usual wraps which were intended to protect them from the inclemency of the weather—the front door being open—they distinctly heard voices of persons conversing together in the little garden in front of Lorenzo Villa—the voices were those of Messrs. Toddle and Ball, of Mr. C. Hicks, and of Mr. J. Larke. Something was said about a certain Captain O'Rourke, and how a certain arrangement — not impossibly a social one — would be incomplete without the presence of that gentleman. Mr. Larke, in a sepulchral, and heart-broken tone of voice, intimated that it had been made all square with the Count, and that that nobleman would turn up at the Bridge foot.

Miss Matilda. "Did you hear, my loves?"

Miss Sophia. "I did. I did."

Miss Caroline. "Men are all deceitful—all—but Mr. Larke—at least, I had hoped so."

The gentlemen who were waiting in the garden, with an exaggerated degree of courtesy handed the ladies into the fly which was to convey them back to Mould Lodge—and so they parted under engagement to re-assemble at that mansion between 9 and 10 P.M. at latest, on that day week.

CHAPTER II.

THE Derby Day—the Derby Day—the great holiday of hard-working England! We have not as many Saints Days as they have in continental countries; but we do our best to cram all the fun of the year into eighteen hours, and we generally succeed. From the Premier down to the poor Cabby we all own the influence of the time. Cares, anxieties, and worries for the space of one day are consigned to the vasty deep. Upon that day all Blue Devils commit suicide. Creditors are not. Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes

The Favourite in the Paddock.

cease to run. Work is forgotten. Honourable Members run away from their Parliamentary duties, and gentlemen who have no Parliamentary duties leave their private affairs to take care of themselves. The two tall sentries at the Horse Guards feel a mad desire to give their two huge black horses a breather up Whitehall in honourable rivalry. The nurses with the perambulators would like to run their vehicles against each other for the Two Year Old Stakes! The Baker's boy, who delivers the rolls at the door, has a small bet with Jenny upon the Favourite, intimating by a wink that he is not without pretensions to that character. If the great heart of England, during those twenty-four hours, were opened, upon it would be found engraven in sanguine characters a list of the Running Horses, with the names, weights, and colours of the riders!

But it must not be thought that the day stands out as an isolated fact. For weeks and weeks beforehand, if grave middle-aged gentlemen meet each other in the street they retire into archways and exchange confidences as to how they are going to the Derby. Younger gentlemen at the clubs put their names down for Sweepstakes at 1*l.* a-head. Poor fellows! to how many of them the "haul"—that is the nautical expression they make use of—the "haul," I say, of 50*l.* or 60*l.* would be a matter of serious concernment; but with what sound English pluck they laugh it off! How invariably it happens that the poor men draw names of horses which do not appear in the running, and how the coveted prize drifts down into the pocket of some civic Dives, or some Lord of broad acres, to whom it signifies as much as the possession of an extra postage-stamp! It is always something, however, to have indulged in a vision "of the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." Let it go, my friends, we will hold on by hook and by crook until next Derby Day, and better luck next time!

How respectable Patres-familiarum to whom, I am sure, the event cannot signify one button, are at infinite pains to master the very latest state of the odds, and how any one of that noble band, to whom a horsy sort of friend has communicated a valuable secret from "the Corner" not to be mentioned for worlds, but to be used by Paterfamilias for his own private guidance in making up his book—keeps faith like a Trojan—(I wonder if they always spoke the truth at Troy—that might account for its fall)—and only smiles with bland superiority as he sees his friends backing up the *Brother to Pottinger* in a reckless manner, when, as he well knows, *Cacodæmon* is the horse.

How younger men combine impossible results, and make up books with infinite solicitude and great arithmetical ingenuity, upon which, in any case, they must lose x—and far more probably will lose x^2 pounds—and how Brown and Jones entertain mean ideas of Robinson's sporting capacities—and Brown and Robinson come to the same conclusion about Jones; and Jones and Robinson arrive at the same decision about Brown; and how all these in their very heart of hearts envy the thin tall Captain with the bushy whiskers, and the hook-nose, who just about Derby time confines himself to a pint of *Léoville* per diem, looking upon that military personage as a high authority upon all matters connected with The Turf. How certain it is that the sporting leader of men in question will put his foot in it deeper than any of the poor foolish boys who look up to him with such reverence! The Captain will, in all human probability, disappear from the admiration of the metropolis for a season after the Derby Day is decided—and there will be a report abroad that he is occupied in breaking the banks at Homburg and Baden, whilst he is in reality engaged in combing out his admirable beard and whiskers, and wondering in what quarter he can raise the wind to the extent of fifty pounds upon his own personal security.

But let us be off:—8·45 A.M. at the Bridge foot—not a minute later—if we would avoid the jam—and even then, as we scurry through the streets, the aspect of the town is not what it is upon ordinary days. How the lovely drags sweep past with the slim young men in dust paletôts and white hats, and blue vests, and the very members of the Shoeblack Brigade cheer them as they go by, and love them because they are going to the Derby with a pomp and solemnity worthy of the occasion. It is just what the little fellows would do themselves if the balance at their banker's was in a more satisfactory condition. And then the great vans—the holiday vans—and the business vans converted into holiday vans for the occasion. I should really be afraid to make a guess at the number of passengers each contains—speaking at random I should be inclined to say any number between thirty and sixty—without taking the dusty babies into account. The very horses seem to rejoice in the performance of their Derby duties, and cast encouraging looks out of the corners of their eyes, as if the addition of a few more passengers would fill up the measure of their hilarity and satisfaction. And how the Hansom cabmen have rigged up their vehicles with veils to keep out the dust, and altogether have an appearance as though they would scorn to look upon the run to the Derby as a purely commercial transaction—what they really want is not an exorbitant fare, but the presence of a couple of kindred spirits.

Skurry, skurry—away we go—no jam yet! Paterfamilias—by George, he is a churchwarden—makes frantic gestures as though he were bidding an eternal adieu to a party of thirteen seated in a tax-cart, and drawn by a solemn-looking rat-tailed mare. Pater wishes them to understand that his spirit is oppressed with grief at finding himself under the painful necessity of leaving them on the road; but at the same time he still fondly clings to the expectation that by preternatural exertions upon the part of the rat-tailed mare, they may yet be in time to see the horses unsaddled at the conclusion of the race. And how the thirteen in the tax-cart do in the most indelicate manner poke fun at him as to the greater or less degree of acquiescence yielded by his consort to his presence at these festivities. How they tell him that upon his return to his household duties he will find "kittles to mend" in consequence of the fact that his lady and seven "darters" have taken advantage of his absence to make investments in haberdashery to a large

amount, for which he is distinctly responsible by the laws of his country.

Whilst the vans, and the omnibuses, and the open carriages with four horses, and accurately fitting hampers tied on behind, and the still more technical drags with the young men in blue veils, give a good account of themselves—how they are all beaten by a vehicle which can only be described as a tray upon wheels, drawn by a ragged pony, and guided by a gentleman, I fear, in the costermongering line, who stands up to his work like a Greek charioteer, and with his equipage flashes like a meteor through the crowd of men, carriages, and horses, evading even the stout policeman who had supposed himself equal to the task of arresting the progress of that impetuous charioteer.

It has been a late spring, and the almond trees are not yet out of blossom, whilst the fragrant lilacs, shaken by the gentle breeze from the south-west, give out their grateful perfume in the sunshine, and the roads are well watered, and everybody has a good-humoured word or joke for everybody. How impossible it seems to pass the phaeton, drawn by two horses, with the neat postilion, which contains the five Jewish ladies. Whether the procession, for it has come to be a procession, arrives at a stand-still, or whether, taking advantage of an opening, you rush in madly for a start, when the pace is checked you still find yourself opposite that phaeton with its bevy of Hebrew maidens.

We have reached Clapham at last, and before us there is a drag. That drag contains seven passengers. One sits on the box—he is a distinguished foreigner with magnificent facial hair. Inside there is one gentleman equally favoured by Nature under the head of whiskers—but they are of native growth and of bright red. The other five passengers, I grieve to say, are Messrs. Toddle and Ball, Mr. Jonathan Larke, Mr. F. Ball, and Mr. C. Hicks. The foreign gentleman is Count Razemoffski. The military man is Captain Horace O'Rourke, an officer who had the honour of serving some years back in the Enniskillens. The nearer they approached to Clapham, the more a damp seemed to fall upon the spirits of the British elders, and the more they would insist upon sitting with their backs to one particular side of the road. The gloomier they became, the more highly ran the spirits of the Count and the Captain, in whom a spirit of chivalric courtesy to the fair seemed to outrun discretion. As is well known to all misguided men who travel on that particular day on the road to Epsom, there is a period during which the procession passes through rows of houses where every window seems to contain a mournful and sorrowing face. That is the Clapham period of the day. Now Count Razemoffski might possibly be excused on account of his ignorance of our national customs, although he did constantly raise his hat to the serious looking ladies in the windows—but the same excuse cannot be urged in favour of Captain O'R. Why would he claim acquaintance with so many families to which I am sure he had never been formally introduced? Why would he, despite of the most earnest remonstrances of Messrs. T. and B., persist in kissing his hand to the young ladies at the windows. At last the part of the procession in which the T. and B. drag was moving came in front of a stiff red brick house, surrounded by stiff poplars, and on the gate of this house was a brass plate—on the brass plate was engraved in bold and legible characters the words

MOULD LODGE.

There were two stone balls over the two posts on each side of the gate. There were three windows in front on the drawing-room floor. At each of these windows sate a young lady glancing mournfully at the painful scene below—and each of these ladies was a Miss Crabb. Behind Miss Caroline Crabb was standing a stout, unctuous-looking gentleman in a loose suit of black, one Dr. Dullington, a friend of the family, who ejaculated from time to time the words, "*Ow ollow! Oh! ow ollow!*"

Now as the T. and B. party arrived in front of this mansion there was a stoppage; but all the native-born members of it drew their veils down over their heads, and sat in the attitude of men who were receiving a ducking from a pitiless storm. Not so with the Count and Captain O'Rourke; the sight of Mould Lodge, and its fair tenants, seemed to rouse them into unusual hilarity—and neither of the two gentlemen was under ordinary circumstances afflicted with low spirits. How they did take off their hats, and kiss their hands to the Misses Crabb—despite of the earnest remonstrances of their companions. The Captain desired to be informed why he should desist when his eye was filled with the "charrums" of lovely womanhood, which according to his experience of the fair sex had been seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Indeed a playful controversy arose between the gallant officer and the foreign nobleman as to who should be considered as having prior claims to urge the assurances of his respectful attachment upon the sister-band who were contemplating, not without scorn, their proceedings from the windows of Mould Lodge.

The deceitful men were recognised. Need I say more? But, O, the pain of it to Dr. Dullington!

Meanwhile the procession continued on its way. There were the usual number of stoppages, when a number of vehicles had stopped at some road-side public-house to refresh horse and man. The narrows were passed—and the pace began to mend, and as the pace mended you occasionally lost sight of the phaeton with the Jewish ladies, but were sure to pick them up again within the half-mile. And now parties were seen who had taken the horses out of their carts by the road-side, and were holding extemporised pic-nics, never forgetting, however, to hold up their glasses with gestures of courteous invitation and hospitality to the passers by. Then there was a refreshing check in the shady lanes, and at last pleasant Epsom was reached—and swarms of boys with "The only correct lists, and pins to prick 'em vith," were pressed upon the notice of the pilgrims. One check at the nasty corner, and Hey for the open country. We pass the phaeton with the Jewish ladies—it is to be hoped for the last time—and here are the Downs at last. Hurrah!

There were moments when it seemed as though we should never be in time to see the Derby run, though we had been true to the meet at the Bridge foot at 8·45 A.M. Now, the only anxiety is for a good place. It shall be on the hill over-against the Grand Stand. That is the best place from which to see and be seen. Some races are over—but these are insignificant matters—we are only divided by one from the event of the day—the struggle for the BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF.

What a sight it is, that Grand Stand on the Derby Day! It is to be questioned if ever—save, perhaps, on the battle-field, where everybody is intent upon killing everybody—there is anywhere else to be found such a mass of human beings under the influence of precisely the same idea at the same moment. You trace the progress of the horses round the rourse by the direction in which all the heads are turned. And how the ladies do flirt in platoons! There is no great chance of skirmishing upon the Grand Stand at Epsom. And how many gentlemen bet dozens of gloves in the most reckless manner, taking long odds against the Favourite and the Field, and other similar acts of insanity; and the young ladies, although in the prettiest manner, keep a sharp eye on their liabilities, and talk about the double event, and other similar incidents of the race, in a manner which incites you to send them home copious consignments of Balmorals, as well as dozens of five-and-a-quarter gloves from Houbicant's, long in the fingers. But enough of this subject. It is most painful to reflect that the hour has struck when such pleasing incidents are historical. *Viximus*, oh, my noble contemporaries; at least let us march out with the honours of war. The subject of Derby luncheons, I should say, is more in harmony with our present figures and just pretensions.

And the T. and B. party did immediate justice, if not to the luncheon, at least to its preliminaries, for the repast was postponed until the great event of the day was over; but Mr. Jonathan Larke suggested that a slight mug now of well-iced champagne might have a tendency to allay the feeling of dryness in the throat consequent upon the long drive from town. There was no water-cart to allay dust equal to a champagne bottle, according to this gentleman's theory, for the generous wine was applied immediately to the suffering part, whereas the insipid lymph was scattered indiscriminately about the road. But after this "slight mug now" of iced champagne had been passed round once, Mr. J. Larke, the gloomy solicitor, who was humming in the dickey something about "*do it again*" in a tune which seemed to be compounded of many tunes or discords, let fly another cork, and yet another. Before they had been ten minutes on the ground Mr. Toddle, the senior partner in the firm of Toddle and Ball, had beckoned the junior partner aside with an air of business, as though some serious trade matter had been lost sight of before their departure from town. They begged the party in the carriage to excuse them for a moment, and the Count gave them leave of absence with a courteous bow, laying his hand upon his heart, while Captain O'Rourke, who was an invited guest, dismissed them with the remark that "This was Liberty Hall, and they might make themselves quite at home." The partners had scarcely interposed a band of Ethiopian serenaders and some gipsy-women—who were singing some little simple melodies, not from Metastasio, I fear—between them and the carriage, when Mr. Toddle said to Mr. Ball that it was a curious sight to witness the betting inside the ring if they could but shake off those fellows in the drag. Mr. B. clapped his partner on the shoulders as though in commendation of the brilliant and novel idea, and the two gentlemen sneaked at once behind a canvas wall which was receiving constant thumps from projectiles cast from the other side, and which struck against it with a thud. I have sometimes supposed that our common Aunt Sarah was not altogether a stranger to the business then in hand.

It was beautiful to see how Mr. Ball cleared the open, and bustled through the crush, taking care of his partner the while, and paid the rather stiffish fee for entry for both without hesitation, and just as though he wished it had been a 5*l.* note a-head, so it had given greater satisfaction to his friend. How misplaced they looked amidst this crowd of uneasy-eyed men, upon whose brows Nature had written the word *Horse* in indelible characters. Was it not somewhat singular, however, that the partners had not advanced ten paces in the ring when they saw their two friends, the Count and the Captain, who had managed to get there before them for all their speed, and were now engaged in arithmetical operations of a complicated character. I care not what becomes of Razemoffski and O'Rourke—such fellows are to the manner born; but, Oh, my horsy friends! spare Messrs. T. and B. Do not offer them five to three, and nine to seven, upon impossible horses. Nay; they are safe. Mr. Lewis Tomlinson, a gentleman in the palm-oil line, resident in Dorset Square, and the father, I pledge my word, of seven nubile daughters, not one of whom has the slightest idea of how her respected parent is spending the day, has seen the perils of his friends, and has carried them off to see the saddling.

This is one of the episodes of a Derby Day which is deficient in the element of the ludicrous—or rather one in which the admiration for the symmetry, and beauty, and power of the animals so completely overpowers the comic features of the scene that you lose sight of them altogether. What a vicious brute is that big-boned chestnut mare who is led into the paddock, and claps her ears well back as though they were glued to her crest—and how she rears up, as though she would snap the halter like a thread—and how she lashes out with her hind feet! A blow from the Benicia Boy would be of a soothing tendency as compared with the delivery of one of those plated hoofs upon the human body. Yet that little pale, anxious looking stunted man will be on her back in a few minutes when the saddle is on, and rule her with iron grasp from which there is no escape. The saddle is not on yet, however—there will be some little trouble, and some little pulling of the grooms and attendants about the paddock before

that feat is accomplished. What a thrill runs through the spectators when the Favourite is led out—a few minutes will now decide if he is to wear the ribbon, and make good the expectations of his backers. Half a million depends on the speed of that animal this day.

And now the clearing of the course begins—and with singular facility the multitude are persuaded to take their places behind the ropes. A bay mare with a jockey in green and black comes cantering down the course—then another with colours blue and pink—and when the course is well cleared and every one is in momentary expectation of the appearance of the Favourite, the inevitable dog runs his frantic muck down the course amidst the cheers of the crowd. The horses are now all out—and the men who have staked so heavily upon their performances, are chatting with the ladies, as though nothing particular was astir. They are got decently into line—the signal is given—"They're off!"

There they go—all together. The correct thing is now to say that you could throw a table-cloth over them. One horse begins to draw a-head—now another—now three lead—one follows, and then the ruck. It must be one of the three. Hurrah! for Green and Black. Hurrah! for Orange and White—no, by George, Pink and Blue does it. The one behind is the Favourite—three a-head of him—they turn the corner—horses bound, and hearts beat;—there is a rush—a flash of lightning the Favourite's in by a head!

Presently the jockeys return, and the winner is bending wearily forward, and holding his side. What it must be to sit that series of tremendous jumps!

From the moment the Derby is won revelry is the order of the day, and I fear that the drag of T. and B. offered no exception to the general rule. How Mr. Ball hurried everybody out, and seating himself on the back-seat of the carriage, did the carving, using the front-seat as his table. The consumption of champagne-cup was enormous at that establishment, and lobster-salads and cold roast chicken were swallowed with a voracity which might well astonish even persons accustomed to that sublimest of human repasts—a Derby Luncheon. One gentleman makes a table of the steps of the carriage—another, a sly dog, prefers the board behind, for there he can find room for the jug as well. This scene is repeated some hundreds of times on some hundreds of vehicles. You see ladies seated on the top of carriages at their festivities, and little hungry boys, Lazaruses in blossom, dodging under the bottoms of the carriages to secure the relics of the feast. When each one has had as much champagne-cup as is good for him at his own little establishment, he circulates round amongst his friends and rivets the links of friendship at other carriage-doors—and then his friends look in upon him, and the process is repeated. About this time Aunt Sally begins to form a prominent feature in the scene.

It is a wonderful and a not unpleasing sight to see so many middle-aged and elderly gentlemen all converted into school-boys again. How Messrs. T. and B. did go at it, to be sure, and how they laid each—in a betting sense—more dinners at Richmond and Greenwich than any human digestions could possibly have accounted for in five years. How Mr. Ball did bound about to secure his prizes. Mr. Jonathan Larke devoted himself steadily to the ruin of one Aunt Sally establishment, muttering in a wild and foolish manner, as he cast each stick, something or other about "It's a poor heart that never rejoices;"—the guardian of the Aunt Sally in question was not of poor heart, for he rejoiced a good deal at Mr. Larke's performances. In the end, the party collectively had lost about 10*l.* in actual money expended—I say nothing of bets—and had obtained in exchange, on a large estimate, ten shillings' worth of wooden 'dolls, pin-cushions, tin snuff-boxes, and other goods of that description.

There must be an end of all things—and there was an end of this, and at length the T. & B. drag got under weigh—the spirits of the whole party being in a state of high exhilaration. I wish that space permitted me to dwell upon the humours of the road, and how everybody pelted everybody with projectiles purchased from Aunt Sally—the favourite missile being pin-cushions well stuffed with bran, and with a corner torn open, so that where it struck there the bran was scattered. What jokes were made about Mr. Larke's solemnity of manner, and about the fatherly appearance of Messrs. T. and B., and how they were asked if their mothers were aware of their little escapade. For miles and miles the fun continued, and, at last, at the Cock at Sutton, the party got out for a final drink, which they conscientiously accomplished amidst the clipped hedges of that famous public; and, with a last peep over the low wall which divides the garden from the road, ended their adventures on the Derby Day.

* * * * *

I wish I could stop here; but it is my painful duty to record the fact, that about half-past ten, P.M., there was a heavy knocking at the portals of Mould Lodge. The gentlemen with whose proceedings we are now familiar presented themselves in the drawing-room of that mansion in a shameful condition indeed. Mr. Ball, in particular, had forgotten to remove his hat on entering the presence, and round it were stuck four wooden dolls. In answer to the inquiries of the horror-stricken ladies, he informed them that he had been all day at Wa-Wa-Watford, and that his simple luncheon of cold beef and pickles had disagreed with him. The Count, with many apologies for his intrusion, admitted that Mr. B.'s conduct was *trop fort*. The Misses Crabb sternly remarked that it was "disgusting." Dr. Dullington added, "He's been to the Derby!—*Oh, 'ow 'ollow!*"

GAMMA.

SCENE FROM NATURE.

BLITHE as the lark on Summer's morn,
When green and yellow waves the corn,
When harebells blow in every grove,
And thrushes sing, "I love! I love!"—ROGERS.

I LOVE a green and smiling copse; I love the primrose and blue-bells which flourish in it; I love the warbling of the birds, and the cawing of the rooks. Even the various mosses and fungi have

charms for me, as I wander under the shade of the trees. Then the wood-pigeons coo their notes of love, or sometimes take alarm, and their loud flapping flight is heard as they move to settle on some distant tree. I hear the *wailing* of the nightingale as I approach her nest,—one of those unmistakeable sounds which denote fear: "her wail resounds," as Thomson notices, for he lived, and wrote, and died in the haunts of that bird. At a short distance the male pours forth his song, "more sweet than all," with all its modulations and changes, in this leafy copse. It is, however, "when all the woods are still," that his song is heard in all its beauty; for then he strains his little throat, as he answers a rival, with all the enthusiasm of love and jealousy. Sweet bird!

how beautifully has the good Walton, in his charming pastoral, described "the doubling and redoubling of your voice and your sweet descant."

But now I hear the wild cry of the green woodpecker, who, as Mr. White of Selborne remarked, seems to *laugh* at all the world. The jay, with its harsh note, appears to give the alarm of approaching danger, for I see the rabbits scud towards their holes on hearing it. I like the jay, for he is not only a pretty but an affectionate bird, living lovingly in one family till the next breeding-season. They are, however, sadly persecuted by keepers—for what reason I know not. The jackdaw, that cunning bird, has, I see, a nest in a hole of that old and gnarled pollarded beech-tree, setting marauding boys at defiance. He is no great favourite of mine, though I like to hear his *tenor* when mixed with a flock of rooks, or when he caws on the projections of a church tower. In fact, I am sorry to say, he is a great thief. I would forgive him for pecking up the seeds of my French and broad-beans, and for other depredations in my garden, but he not only steals the eggs from the nests of my blackbirds and thrushes, but only yesterday he destroyed three half-grown young ones to feed his own brood, who, in time, will be as bad as himself.

See that little creeper (*Certhia familiaris*), how actively it runs over the rough bark of the trees, by means of its sharp claws and stiff tail-feathers,

in search of insects. It sees me, and is in an instant behind the tree. The wren, also, "pipes his lay," and, with the activity of a mouse, hides himself in yonder bush. The shrill note of the nuthatch is heard. It is a favourite of mine, for all its actions are peculiar and amusing. Sir William Jardine informs us that, when roosting, it sleeps with its back and head downwards.

But among the sounds I hear in the copse let me not forget to mention the cuckoo—for,

In May
He sings all day.

What pleasing associations do his notes produce in the spring! From the peasant boy to the steady old labourer, from the milkmaid to the queen, by rich and poor, it is heard with delight as the harbinger of fine weather, and as one of our most joyous rural sounds.

Hark! the cuckoo's sprightly note,
That tells the coming of the vernal prime,
And cheers the heart of youth and aged man.
Say, sweet stranger, whence hast thou ta'en thy flight?

But it is time to quit the copse and return homewards: but before I do so I must visit the little brook that runs through the lower part of it, and listen to the pleasing notes of the sedge-warbler, and also of my favourite blackcap, who generally haunts this secluded part of the wood. He is, in my opinion, but little inferior to the nightingale, having a great variety of sweet and imitative notes.

My way home leads me over a wild heath (my scene is taken from nature in one of the beechen copses of Buckinghamshire), and there the plover—

her airy scream,
Circling, repeats, then to a distance flies,
And, querulous, still returns, importunate.
If man intrude upon her bleak domain,
Clamouring loud, close at his feet she skims,
With wing fluttering, as if impeded by a wound.
J. GRAHAME.

It is indeed an interesting sight to watch the cunning, indeed bold artifices to which this bird resorts to draw off intruders from her nest. I would not hurt thee, poor bird! but will retire to my home as quickly as possible to remove all thy fears and anxieties. I will only add, in the words of Mr. Rogers,—

Dear is this woodland to the murmuring bees;
And all, who know it, come and come again.
E. JESSE.

THE WIFE FOR ME.

THERE are wives enough to be had. There are English, Parisian, Norman, and even Flemish, mothers clucking to fair broods of daughters. On all sides the maternal cluck! cluck! reminds me that when I may be in search of a wife, I shall not have very far to go.

I am sitting upon a pebbly shore on the coast of picturesque Normandy. I have been assisting at the opening of a splendid bathing establishment, which is to make our favourite Norman port not only an irresistible holiday place for the Parisians, but also a point for a friendly English invasion. I have breakfasted sumptuously with the mayor (who, let me add in confidence, is the builder of the bathing establishment in question); I have assisted at an opening ball; and I have had the proud satisfaction of drinking Lyons beer with the mayor's *adjoint*. But worldly honours oppress my humble shoulders. I choose rather, on this day of savage heat, to pull my felt hat over my dazzled eyes, and mark the trim ladies, with their red and purple petticoats, pass (like animated fuchsia flowers perched upon patent leather styles) before my unworthy retina. My elbow rests upon good Dr. Brown's Philosophy of the Mind, and I cry "Ah, me!" that I cannot drink deeper to-day of his generous doctrine. He has put me in a pleasant train of thought; he has warmed my heart; he was a good man, and I lift my hat to him. I wish that I had been one of his listeners some time ago in classic Edinburgh.

Lonely bachelor that I am! why should I read of "the ministry of tender courtesies?" There are my chambers, dull and dusty, some three hundred miles away from this, where my minister of tender courtesies charges me five shillings a week to light my fire and broil my matutinal bloater. These are tender courtesies I buy at a fixed price. I am away from my chambers now, and am saving my five shillings, so that even my largely-bonneted, be-pattened minister of courtesies—whose voice is the faint echo of that of a cabman in a fog—is estranged from me. And I am alone, while these human butterflies swim past me, with the heavy parental moth at their wing. A moth, by the way, *must be* a dowager butterfly.

Why did I open Dr. Brown's bulky volume of philosophy at the eighty-eighth lecture, and read page after page about the "duties of affinity," till I found myself in the virgin gold and speckless ivory halls of holy matrimony? More grateful to me is the sleet-bearing east wind than the waving of Love's "purple wings." Not in my chambers shall his "constant lamp" be lighted. I am alone in the world, and in proof of my determination to remain alone I have lately bought a patent bachelor's-kitchen which would enable me to cook a chop, boil an egg, or turn out a cup of boiling coffee in two minutes—if I could only make it burn. Wicked eyes, tender eyes, mournful eyes, timid eyes, rest upon me by turns, passing me, as I rest my elbow upon the old doctor's lecture on the duties of affinity. And I mark each goddess as she passes, dimpling the wet sand with her dainty high-heeled boots. Wicked-eyes carries two soiled volumes of the younger Dumas. I feel the old Scotch doctor trembling between his modest cloth covers at the scandal. Wicked-eyes is proud and confident, however, and she lights presently upon the soiled pages, in the shadow of a broken fishing-smack. The fingers, in faint yellow gloves, slender as maccaroni, that turn young Dumas' page, would not, I am certain, set that light right in my patent bachelor-kitchen. A thimble would sit awkwardly on any of those saffron digits. Wicked-eyes has a mother, I see; a tall stately dame who hopes to pass for the sister of her child. But her

foot-marks in the sand are not dainty; I see the autumn withering under the stolen buds of spring. A little, timid, homely man creeps up to mother and daughter. He is the busy working bee to the elderly queen and to the young queen; he is the creature who draws cheques, hands the queens out of their carriage, takes the obscure seat in the opera box, carries the parasols, is useful on board the Channel boat, and is begged not to talk about his business in his drawing-room. When Wicked-eyes was a child he looked after her, the servants, and the luggage, while the queen bee sailed into the state cabin. Wicked-eyes hopes that he will not invite any of his city friends to mamma's next rout. I wonder whether the simple little man can recal the days when he sate down in his bachelor chambers as it pleased him; when he went and came freely, and when those homely sisters of his (who, according to his queen bee, "never *could* dress fit to be seen,") paid him laughing visits to look over his stock of linen, and set anything right that had gone wrong.

Wicked-eyes would vote my philosophical doctor a bore and a vulgarian, with his notions about virtue and wisdom, before rank and money.

And Tender-eyes? Languidly and gracefully she reposes, while a younger sister holds an *ombrelle* over her head. Her mother is her slave. Her whims govern all people who come in contact with her. Special dainties are prepared for her refined and fastidious palate. A beefsteak suffices for Carry, her buxom sister; but Tender-eyes! delicate, tender Jacintha! can pick her food only from the breast of the plumpest of pigeons. Tender-eyes is said to be highly intellectual. She talks shilling manuals about ferns and shells, and primary and tertiary formations; she is great on the one primeval language, and can lisp Ruskinism on art; while her poor soft mother smiles, and bids laughing Carry fetch her sister a stool for her feet. My blood freezes with horror to think of Tender-eyes meeting me on a certain merry morning at church. Married to Tender-eyes—how should I get to the Central Criminal Court every morning at ten o'clock? She would require me to butter her toast—and she would insist upon a very thick layer of butter, I am certain. I should be sent to Mudie's for the third volume of the Geologist's Hammer; or, Knocks at the Gate of the Old World, by Professor Mantilla. I should find her at the Hammer in the afternoon when I returned to dinner, and she would suggest that I should take a chop at my club; in the evening, loaded with shawls, scent-bottles, pillows, and phials (having carefully locked up the grocery), I should be called upon to assist her to the nuptial chamber. My briefs would never keep pace with my poulterer's bills. I should be crushed under the weight of cooling grapes at half-a-guinea per pound. I should be dunned by the livery-stable keeper, and consigned to the Bench by the chemist. Fair *Malade Imaginaire*, I can afford only plain roast and boiled, with a chicken on Sundays, when my good mother honours me with a visit; so that in mercy to you I turn my back and leave you till there passes a pocket that can stand daily game and truffles, a chariot for the park, and yearly hundreds for the German waters.

I am of the luckless band who have to talk and study for my guineas—of that vulgar crew whose mean aspiration to keep house on five hundred a-year lately filled the columns of the *Times*.

In the dingy brown dress—in incomprehensible bonnet—her feet cased in boots large enough to be portmanteaus—wearing dim thread gloves, sits Mournful-eyes. Wicked-eyes had frightened me: I had turned from Tender-eyes: here then assuredly was my goddess. Elizabeth Fry herself would not have called her a flirt: friend Martha of Peckham (a rigid little Quakeress of my acquaintance,) could not have found fault with her homely gown and bonnet. She was as sedate as any feminine secretary to a suburban Bible Society could be. She is reading Bohn's edition of Jeremy Taylor—pencil in hand. Every now and then she dips the pencil between her lips, then marks a passage. Do I sigh that I am not that pencil? Do I sigh to be the paw in the torpid northern bear's mouth? Mournful-eyes has a voice that neither rises nor falls. She has discovered—precocious little Christian!—that all the world is very wicked. Her brothers are very, very wicked: even her mother is not all that she should be. Mournful-eyes see into very sombre sulphureous regions indeed. Echoes of universal gnashing of teeth assail her ears. Her voice is one of warning and condemnation. It is her own conscientious belief that all men, women, and children (with the sole exception of those happy people who sit, with her, under the Reverend Tobias Muggles, in a very damp little chapel, as the provincial penny-a-liner saith, "not twenty miles from" Peckham) —that, with the exception of this chosen band, all living men are doomed. Shall we wonder, then, that her eyes are mournful; and that she looks at me, as any woman with a heart in her would look at a culprit mounting the steps of a gibbet? Marry *me!* I doubt whether she would shake hands with me.

Let Dr. Brown and his duties of affinity pass from my memory. I am not a marrying man. I am too homely for these sparkling, brightly-dressed ladies about me. I am of the homespun kirtle school; with a liking for the busy, useful, sunny little bodies, with their coquettish aprons and dainty kerchiefs, who loved their nurseries better than their drawing-rooms, and were vastly proud of their home-made jams and pickles in the store-closet, in the days gone by. My own sisters call me a Goth. A breezy stride, then, to the quiet way-side *auberge* I remember, in its setting of apple-trees, shall give me a zest for dinner, and a couch of poppies at night.

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With a healthy glow about me, and an appetite pretty sharply set, I returned to my hotel. The dinner-bell was ringing; and troops of freshly-dressed girls, with highly pomatumed and conspicuously washed fathers, were issuing from every passage, and turning up at every corner. I fell into the merry stream, and floated to my place at the *table d'hôte*, where I found my napkin properly tied about the unfathomed bottle of Beaune of yesterday. I shall not, in this year of this century, describe a French watering-place *table d'hôte*. They are all alike, from the soup to

the crude peaches, and dried up *mendiants;* from the loud talker who monopolises the conversation, to the presentable widow, who is the subject of universal scandal. I ate my dinner—as a gourmet should eat, we are told—in solemn silence. The young ladies tittered on all sides; eyes played like forked lightning about me, and about other gentlemen who happened to be under forty; but I kept my eye upon my favourite waiter, and did homage to my appetite.

Almost at my elbow, a quiet little body had sate, silent. There had not been any forked lightning darted from that quarter. It was only when the general stir, and silken rustling of the ladies rising, drew my attention directly to them, that I noticed this quiet little body, with her simple silk dress, plain collar, and closely braided hair. When Wicked-eyes and Tender-eyes rose, they threw their rumpled serviettes anywhere: but when the quiet little body rose, she paused, and carefully folded the cloth she had used, and laid it, in an orderly manner, upon the table.

"That," I cried, to myself, "that is the wife for me!"

My eyes met hers: and she blushed a little, I thought, that she had been noticed. Presently, I found her, playing with the children, in the court-yard of the hotel.

She has played with children of her own since then. Whether she married me, or my chum, or my enemy, why should I tell?

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

GUIDES AND GLACIERS.

NINE and thirty years ago, that is to say in the year 1821, guides in Switzerland were by no means so numerous as they are now. Those who follow that occupation are necessarily men of intelligence and thorough respectability, and, whilst in many families the calling is hereditary, no man offers himself to fill the responsible duties of such a post, unless he be assured that he is considered equal to the undertaking.

Henri Rochat, of the valley of Grindelwald, had been tacitly allowed for several years to be the guide selected when any man of science visited that locality, as he who could give the best information on the subjects of botany and geology. Henri could tell where the mountain gentian, or anemone, or the brightest and rarest mosses grew most luxuriantly, or where the formation of such and such a glacier had receded or advanced. His moral character also stood very high, notwithstanding that in a Roman Catholic canton he had been educated by his parents in the Protestant faith. This circumstance had, it is true, often cost him a jeer and reproach among his comrades, and the *sobriquet* of *M. le Protestant*, was certainly not intended to convey either compliment or good will.

Henri lost his father when he was about fifteen years of age; and before he had reached his twenty-second year, the usual age when men are admitted amongst the limited number of guides, he had already escorted more than one traveller to the neighbouring glaciers and heights. He attached, perhaps, too much importance to the good name which he enjoyed, and an event occurred which, as is often the case, affected him in the most vulnerable part of his character.

Several summers had succeeded to that in which he had first assumed his rank amongst the "guides," and it was in the year 1821 that a visitor arrived at the priest's house, whose reputation as a *savant* had reached the ears of even the simple inhabitants of the valley, and Henri was immediately summoned to attend him in his pedestrian expedition.

This gentleman was M. Meuron, a Protestant clergyman from a neighbouring canton,—a young man much beloved and esteemed by his friends and every member of his flock; and in addition to his amiable disposition, were joined an ardent thirst for knowledge, and an enthusiastic love of enterprise,—qualities which received hourly gratification and encouragement in mountain excursions. The first day was devoted to visiting the

glacier of Rosenlaüy, so exquisite in intensity of colour, and so grand in extent, that M. Meuron was excited to an increased ardour for exploring the wonders of the neighbourhood.

It was on the 31st of August that he set out, accompanied by his chosen guide, Henri Rochat, to visit a *Mer de glace*, situated above the inferior glacier of Grindelwald. They started immediately after dawn, on one of those days when the air itself appears to awaken inexpressible delights in the traveller's heart, and when each fresh gleam of light adds an unexpected and increasing beauty to the enchanting scene which greets the eye. They followed, at first, the path at the foot of the valley, which, passing through meadows and small pine forests, continues rising for about three-quarters of a league, the bright and sparkling glaciers frequently appearing between the branches and foliage of the dark firs. At nine o'clock they

reached a peasant's hut, where they rested a short time. A little beyond the hut, the path winds along the edge of a fearful precipice, where it is so narrow, that there is not space for two feet to be placed together. But M. Meuron, preceded by Henri, crossed it in safety. As soon as he was once more on the broad path, he turned to gaze with awe and admiration on the lofty peak of the Eiger, which rises on the opposite side of the glacier with a formidable front, and Henri pointed out to his companion a round aperture, through which, twice in the year, the sun shines and lights up the church and cemetery of Grindelwald.

After a further ascent of two hours they reached Serenberg, where a goatherd's hut tempted our travellers to repose for a time; M. Meuron shared his provisions with Henri and the owner of the hut, and conversed cheerfully and kindly with them both. The herd accompanied them some distance from his habitation, leaving them about ten minutes before they reached the frightful abyss, from which this unfortunate young man was destined never to return. The width of the chasm which lay before them, in the glacier to which they had climbed, was about seven or eight feet, and its length from twelve to fifteen feet. M. Meuron continued to contemplate this wondrous icy well, and commented upon the difficulty of gauging its great depth. To give him an idea of the sound produced by throwing down some substance into the vast fissure, Henri went back a few paces in search of a stone: he stooped to pick up one, and on raising himself and turning round, to his terror and alarm he no longer perceived M. Meuron. He approached the chasm, but saw nothing, excepting the Alpen-stock, which, with its iron spike, was fixed in a fissure of the rock, a few feet below the brink. In a state of mind bordering on distraction, Henri went round the aperture, calling aloud with all his strength. Alas! no answer was returned! He could only conclude that in the brief interval of his turning back, M. Meuron had approached the very edge of the precipice to examine it more closely, had leaned upon his pole fixed in the manner described, and his feet slipping upon the ice, he had lost his balance, and thus fallen into the abyss. Who that has experienced the agony of witnessing a sudden and fatal accident, has not felt the wild despairing thought, "if the last five minutes could but be recalled?" To poor Henri came this cruel pain of unavailing regret. Help must be had; he would seek the nearest. With all speed he returned to Serenberg, in search of the goatherd, and they hastened together to the spot. All their cries were unresponded to, and their eyes strained in vain to discover some glimpses of the body.

Nothing could be done, but to carry the mournful intelligence to the valley and to the curé, who alone could communicate with the friends and family of M. Meuron. Henri redescended the path, accompanied by the goatherd,—that path which a few hours before he had taken with him who now lay senseless in an icy grave!

The sad tale was told! And now what could be done to recover the body, if, indeed, as they feared, life was extinct?

The curé lost no time in summoning four strong men from the village, and decided to ascend the glacier with them, Henri and the goatherd, in spite of the rain and the darkness of the evening, which was fast closing in.

After a rugged and tedious walk, they arrived at the fatal abyss. Its yawning mouth seemed indeed a sepulchre. But *he* was there, and although they ceased to hope for life, they must endeavour to recover his body. They had been obliged to use lanterns during the last half-hour of the ascent, and, lowering one from a cord, they kept their eyes attentively fixed upon the light, but no dark object met their view. They held their breath to listen, but the falling water of the cascade below was the only sound which met their ears. All present exertions were evidently ineffectual, and all felt the sorrowful necessity of retracing their steps to the valley. The next morning the curé's first care was to communicate the sad event to the Government of Berne, and to the friends and relations of the deceased.

The exciting news spread rapidly from mouth to mouth in Grindelwald; and two or three guides, and some young men of the village, loitered all night at the sign of the Ours Noir (at that time its only inn), and discussed the event over and over again, each one giving his view of what had happened, and what remained now to be done. Everyone knows in a village, how the smallest event becomes exaggerated, and truth and facts are perverted. The awful and sudden disappearence of a fellow-creature, whom several of them had seen depart from the valley full of health and spirits in the early morning, naturally gave rise to all sorts of speculations. Alas, for human nature!—envy and ill-will found their place in the peaceful and beautiful Grindelwald. After many useless discussions as to how the event had happened, the suggestion was whispered, that there might have been foul play;—a rival of Henri Rochat, who envied the favour of pretty Justine Berthet, spoke out more boldly than the rest. Another bigoted and cynical neighbour, remarkable for his protracted genuflexions to his patron saint (who certainly did not encourage generous tempers), hinted that Protestants, he knew, were capable of any crime, if they could get anything by it, and that M. Meuron had a purse full of money and a gold watch upon his person, quite a sufficient temptation to rob and murder him in a silent spot like the Mer de Glace. Some two or three peasants would not relinquish their faith in Henri's honour and probity, but they were silenced, and, before another morning dawned, poor Henri was a suspected murderer.

For himself, night having set in, he had returned almost heartbroken to his châlet. His grief relieved itself in words and tears, as he recounted to his sympathising mother all the events of the sad day. He dwelt upon his companion's kindness and goodness, and again and again he detailed the agony he felt as he turned and found himself alone!

At length he yielded to Madame Rochat's request to try and sleep; but he could not rest in the narrow wooden crib, with slanting roof—the peasant's usual bed—and he longed for air. So,

softly opening the door upon the gallery, he crept out and passed the chill hour or two before the dawn broke over the distant and snowy peaks, in sorrowful reflection. He resolved, as soon as he saw signs of movement amongst his neighbours, he would visit Justine, and hear her kind words of consolation in this sorrow—little anticipating what awaited him, in the cold looks of his former friends and companions.

Sleep must have surprised him, or his senses at least have been stupified for a brief hour, since when he again raised his head from his hands, the sun was sending slanting gleams down the valley, and all the village was astir. He descended to the fountain in the small garden, and in the cool water there he endeavoured to wash away the traces of outward emotion, which no man, much less a sturdy mountaineer, likes to be seen on his sunburnt face. He wandered from home between the low stone walls which bounded the narrow path of the village, but on addressing a few words to the first neighbour he met, he was only answered by a shrug of the shoulder or some strangely inappropriate remark, when he spoke of the sad event of the previous day. He could not comprehend their strange conduct, but he quickened his steps to Justine, whose tenderness and sympathy were sure not to disappoint him.

He entered the small outhouse attached to her father's châlet, where he knew he should find her, either starting to, or returning from her goats, who browsed on the hill side; and this morning she was there, not actively bustling about amongst her white wooden pails, but sitting weeping, and apparently heedless of the steps which now sounded on the earthen floor. Henri soon claimed her attention, and by degrees extorted from her the confession, that her father was indignant at a rumour which had reached him; and at length, with many tears and tender assurances of her own confidence in his integrity, she made him understand the cruel suspicions which had circulated in the village. Even conscious innocence could not save the poor fellow from the pain of being supposed guilty of so great a crime: it needed all Justine's fond words of encouragement to be patient for a while, to soothe and cheer him; and at length he felt that the heaviest trial in store for him was to communicate what he had heard to his mother. With difficulty he made Madame Rochat understand of what he was accused; and her indignation at the calumny knew no bounds. They could only gain consolation in their belief that M. Meuron's family would certainly desire to recover the body, and they both desired that every step should be taken for that end.

It was on the 6th of September, that two friends of the deceased made their appearance at the priest's house. The clear and circumstantial account given by the curé, proved how inevitable the sad event had been, and their only desire now was, to find the inanimate body of their beloved friend. They begged to be guided to the glacier, and Henri immediately requested to be their escort, to which they consented. They conversed with him by the way, and heard every detail of the catastrophe: but on approaching the fatal spot, they all acknowledged the obstacles which existed to realising their last hope. They had brought no appliances for the recovery of the body, and they occupied themselves in sounding the depth of the abyss, which was found to be from 125 to 130 feet, and in devising what means should be adopted for descending it. Poor Henri retraced his steps to the village, following the rest of the party. It required some struggle to conquer his impatience, and to wait quietly for the development of events;—he longed to be called into exertion, and thus to lessen the pressure upon his over-taxed mind. He had in the agony of his wounded feelings resolved that he would not see Justine again until his good name was restored to him. Her father had suspected him, and he would not make another visit to his châlet until he could again be received with a cordial greeting beneath that roof. Confined to his own small house, a voluntary prisoner as it were, he tried to occupy his hands, if not his thoughts, with wood-carving, in which he was so skilful. His tools and box-wood rarely saw the daylight in those long days when mountain expeditions and visits to the cows in their lofty pastures, were his usual occupation, for they were reserved to beguile the tedium of winter evenings, and the sale of them to those persons who disposed of them in the large towns brought a considerable addition to the family store.

But now he sat and carved and chiselled, and spoiled in one day more than he could restore the next. He pined to be up and doing; and there is no harder lesson to a man of his character than to be patient in inactivity.

It seemed to Henri a month; but it was on the morning of the 11th of September that Madame Rochat entered the house with an expression on her face which told of some news of interest. As she returned from spreading her flax upon the small greensward she possessed at a short distance from the châlet, she had heard that two more of M. Meuron's friends had arrived at early dawn, and that every arrangement was making for an expedition the following morning. Henri sprung from his stool, and declared his resolution to form one of the party. It could not be refused to him. He set out immediately, ran hastily to the Presbytère, and, presenting himself to the curé, entreated to make one of the fifteen men who were to be employed in the laborious work before them. The good old man acknowledged the justice of the request, and it was agreed that Henri, the goatherd, and Berguez, the master of the small inn, were to take part—the three gentlemen and M. le Curé were necessarily of the party.

The weather in the early morning did not seem quite propitious to their wishes, for vapoury clouds were hanging low and heavily; but in the hope that the sun might ere long have its influence and disperse them, they set forward on the route, now become familiar to several of their number. As they passed the small forest of firs, they selected two which were straight and strong, and cut them down for future use. These were carried by four men, two to each, until they arrived at the place where the path became dangerous from the projecting rock before mentioned, and here, as only one person could attempt the passage, the goatherd of Serenberg stepped forward, offered

his services, and with as much courage as dexterity, he passed in safety, carrying first one fir and then another. Seven or eight of the labourers had set out before the rest of the party, to begin the work of turning the course of the torrent which falls into the abyss, as the spray from it would render any descent into the icy well both rash and fruitless; and for this purpose they had hollowed in the ice a channel, through which the water flowed. As soon as they reached the aperture, others of the labourers occupied themselves in placing the two fir trees over it, and in fixing to them in a very solid manner a smaller piece of wood, to form a cross-beam. Henri exerted himself to assist with his utmost strength, and every circumstance which seemed to retard operations made him feel irritable and impatient. The rain, which had long been threatening, now fell in torrents, and the whole party, driven from their work and superintendence of it, were obliged to seek shelter at the two or three huts in Serenberg. As soon as it was a little abated, they returned to the glacier, each man carrying a clod of earth, to render the banks of the water-course more compact and secure; and it was decided to attempt the descent. Henri would glady have undertaken it; but with the odious suspicion attached to him, his native delicacy of feeling told him it must be left to others to proclaim his innocence. He could not conceal from himself what many others have experienced in a similar situation, that innocence and guilt often assume the same appearance. His nervous fears, his irritation, and impatience of manner, might have produced the same impression upon the bystanders, whether originating from the fear of detection, or the hope of exculpation. He listened with a beating heart to the proposals which were about to be made. A guide, who the previous day had offered his services to perform the task, refused to venture under such unfavourable circumstances. The landlord of the Bear Inn stepped forward, and declared he was ready to descend. Being provided with a change of clothes, it appeared that his resolution had been previously formed, although he had not communicated it to anyone. He was immediately enveloped in a net made with strong cords firmly united together, to which stronger cords of considerable length were attached. One of them, called the safety cord, was fastened round the arm, others to the shoulders and waist, and a spare one was to be used as occasion might require. His head was covered by a goat's skin, to protect him in some degree from the dashing of the water, ten or twelve strong men having firm hold of the ropes in such a manner as to pay them out gently. Berguez seated himself on the transverse beam, which was supported by the firs, and then gradually letting go his hold, he began the descent slowly. Soon after a cry was heard, and the labourers began to draw back the ropes. A breathless group awaited the arrival of the enterprising man who had reached the top. As soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, he told them that he thought he had seen the body, but that from the continual dashing of the water upon his head, he became so giddy that he durst not descend far enough to be assured of the fact. Having, however, restored himself with some kirschen-wasser, he descended a second, and even a third time, equally unsuccessfully.

An expedient now occurred to one of the party: it was to hollow out three small reservoirs, and employ a certain number of men to empty them as fast as they filled. This plan so completely succeeded, that in a very short space of time, no water at all fell into the abyss. All eyes now turned upon Berguez, who declared he was quite recovered and equal to the work, and he descended as before: having reached the bottom, and remained there five or six minutes, the spray evidently no longer distracted and oppressed him. From his account afterwards, it appeared that the well was nearly the same width the whole way, but slightly on the incline; the water, in falling, had dashed with violence against the side, and, forcing itself a passage, had formed a sort of lateral gallery, which in all probability communicated with the source of the Lutschen. The bottom was entirely covered with stones of various dimensions, differently sized boulders. It was at the entrance of this gallery that Berguez discovered the body, lying between two large stones, where no doubt it had been driven by the force of the current. It was frozen, and nearly half under water. After extracting it, and making it quite secure with his spare rope, he gave the signal to be drawn up. As soon as this laborious operation commenced, a painful anxiety filled each heart,—Henri's beat almost to bursting. He knew his innocence, and only longed to see, and have seen by others, the corpse of the poor young man, in the same condition in which it fell. Still it was possible the body had received blows in falling which might excite suspicion. As it was being slowly drawn up, Henri, with many others, advanced close to the brink, and on hearing some muttered groan from one of the by-standers, and the exclamation, "The body is stripped!" he cast one despairing glance over the edge, and saw, to his unspeakable horror, that the limb which was visible was bare. It seemed as though some evil genius were at work for his destruction; and, trembling and in despair, he rushed to a short distance from the group, and sinking upon the ground, he buried his face in his hands. He was roused by a voice exclaiming, "Come and receive his purse and watch!" and Henri, starting up and breaking through the crowd, saw that the legs of the trowsers had been entirely torn off by the friction, and that the rest of the person was clothed as when he fell. The poor fellow burst into tears, and throwing himself into the arms of one of M. Meuron's friends, embraced him with an overwhelming sense of relief and gratitude. Each one in turn offered their congratulations, and for a few minutes their attention was called from him whom they had come to seek. They released the body from the cord attached to it, and those who had loved him for many years, drew near to contemplate the change which such a sudden death would have caused.

Although the body had remained twelve days at the bottom of the abyss, not a feature of the face had undergone any disfiguring alteration; even the eyes had a look of calmness and serenity,

sufficient to warrant the hope that his sufferings, instead of being prolonged, were terminated at once by the fall. The forehead was a little compressed, and there were evident marks of contusion on the face. The left leg and arm were broken in several places, as also the backbone.

The body having been wrapped in a sheet, two of the fir trees were used, from which to sling it lengthways, and it was arranged it should be carried by two men at a time, relieving each other. Henri was impatient to be one of the first bearers of the sad burthen, but his agitation had left its effects in shaking his strong frame, and he resolved he would take his turn at the last, and thus bear it into the village. As they left the small pine forest, and came upon the open valley, Henri placed a pole upon his shoulders, and thus walked foremost of the sorrowful and large party as they wound slowly down on their way to the Presbytère. The glow of the sunset

had just subsided, and all nature was under the influence of the death-like leaden hue which succeeds it, but which again in a few minutes gives place to a warm and roseate colouring. It is more than probable that one or more of those who contemplated this singular but unvarying effect at the setting of the sun, felt and applied some consoling thoughts to their present sorrow. Many of the villagers had assembled through curiosity, but Henri saw only two women, the one supporting the other. They needed no words to assure them that Henri's innocence was declared, since the corpse was there, which was all that was necessary to proclaim it.

As soon as the melancholy duty was performed of laying the sad burthen in the small vestibule of the Presbytère, Henri hastened towards his home. His mother and Justine met him as he quitted the garden of the curé, and the happiness of that moment, when he alternately embraced them, repaid him for his previous hours of distress and anxiety. His friends and companions crowded round him with hearty expressions of good-will, and much as he had suffered from their defection, he was too happy not to be generous, and forgive their unjust suspicions.

The funeral followed very speedily. The sorrowing friends felt their mission was done. They should hear the last solemn service said over the remains of him they loved, and see them placed in the wild, but picturesque village cemetery. The train of mourners was very numerous; the friends of M. Meuron, the Syndic of the district, and most of the inhabitants of the place.

A lovely autumn morning shone upon the procession as it slowly left the Presbytère, and moved on its way up a beaten but rising path to the little church. Before the earth was closed over the coffin, and as the crowd, in profound silence, was standing round the earthy and not icy grave, which at last received the body of this excellent young pasteur, the stillness of the scene was

broken by the sharp report of two or three small avalanches, which, loosened by the warmth of the sun, fell like streams of milk from the sides of a neighbouring mountain. One of his friends remarked afterwards, that Nature herself was rendering a last homage to one who had lost his life in the contemplation of her wonders.

The marriage of Henri Rochat and Justine Berthet was the next service performed in the little village church; but the events which preceded it long left a mournful impression upon the simple inhabitants of Grindelwald.

A son of Berguez, at the "Ours Noir," still shows the medal which his father received from the municipality of Berne for his courage and humanity. KSS.

GREEK RUINS.

My cogitations on first beholding the "land of lost gods and godlike men," were rudely interrupted by a son of degenerate Greece, who, as we cast anchor in the Port of Piræus, thrust upon me an intolerable stench of garlic, and a card bearing the following inscription: "Photocolas, General Dealer, London Bottled Porter, Dublin Stout, Themistocles Square." My mind, not being overburdened with classic lore, did not, I am sorry to admit, display such sensitiveness as did my nasal organ, to which garlic is an utter abomination, and a never-to-be-forgiven cause of offence. Under similar circumstances my arbitrary nose would have compelled me to shun the society of Socrates himself, so I won't write any of my first impressions or the matter-of-fact observations to which they gave place. In roaming among the ruins of Athens I pass a good deal of time, and am always ready to spend a day at the Acropolis, and, profane wretch that I am, to take with much gusto a pipe and a trifle of meditation on the Areopagus.

There is a quiet about these places that suits me to a tittle. One or two drawbacks might well be dispensed with. Now little is left that could be defaced or carried off. The authorities in their wisdom have established a guard—the off-duty members of which select the most inviting spots amidst the ruins whereon to slumber and dream; and as you pause in thought at the Propylæa, or strive to erect in imagination the Parthenon or Erechtheum, as they once were, you are startled out of your very self by a series of apoplectic snores gobbled in on one inhalation and sent forth again on a prolonged whistling hist. This is drawback number one; number two is worse. These magnificent ruins are in the hands of monstrous bad showmen, who, in striving to improve them, do all they can to deface and spoil them. To my uninstructed mind, evidence of depraved taste is visible in all that has yet been done; for instance, passing the guard-house on the ascent to the Propylæa, staring you in the face is a marble wall of heads and limbs, hands and feet, besides other small relics of Greek, Persian, and Roman workmanship, huddled together without regard to the connection that may have originally existed between them, and trimmed off like a box-hedge. The clumsy attempts at renewing portions of the temples surpass this. Volo and some of the Cyclades served to while away the latter days of August and the early ones of this month. At Volo I had just sufficient time to 'do' Demetrius and Pagasæ. A few foundations only mark the site of the former; the remains of an aqueduct, and more traces of the citadel on the hill above it, are all that time has left of the latter.

Mount Pelion is one of the most beautifully picturesque sights I have ever seen, peeping from amidst the very luxuriant foliage with which it is covered. The white cottages of piratical-looking villages (we are strong in belief on board here that all villages of Greek origin, on the sea-coast, have been brought up with evil intentions towards peaceable mariners), perched on apparently inaccessible heights, meet the eye in many directions, and wear that inviting look which seems to say "step up and see me:" and with that much it would be almost as well to rest satisfied, for a closer inspection dispels many of the charms in which nature and imagination shrouded them when distance lent enchantment to the view. This mountain abounds in mineral wealth, and has a number of mines in working order, that have just passed into the hands of an English company to whom they are to bring an incalculable amount of wealth. The lead-ore is said to yield seventy and eighty per cent., and fifty ounces of silver, with a proportion of gold, has frequently been obtained from a ton of lead; classically, these mines are of interest, for no mean men dealt with them formerly. If there be any value in the words addressed to me by their present superintendent, a tough Cornish miner, who has an intimate acquaintance with the histories of all the mines in creation, and in whose mining coat it would be difficult to pick a hole, you may rest assured "the first party as worked 'em was Alexander the Great, and after him they was took up by another party, Philip of Macedon." Delos was our next halting-place, and after a stay of some days, we left it with regret. It is totally uninhabited except by a few goats, whose owners seldom visit them. Now and then a stray fisherman will take shelter in its quiet little harbour, but not to remain long, for, save the lentisk and stunted pasturage, it is a perfectly barren rock. It seems to me an indescribable interest attaches to the vestiges of ages long gone by, when not surrounded by the hum and bustle of life; and the perfect solitude that reigns over Delos materially assists in carrying the thoughts back to the past.

Don't be afraid, I am not about to impose upon you either my reflections or a sample of my feeble powers of description. Scarcely can you now walk a dozen yards without stepping across the shattered fragments of temples, or cracking beneath your feet pieces of earthen jars and vases. Mosaic pavement is to be picked up at every step, and I think a free use of pick and shovel would bring to light much that is interesting.

On the sight of New Athens I cleared away a small portion of the wall of a room, and took from it stucco as bright in colour as when first placed there. The theatre and a circular or oval bath, or reservoir, are the most perfect of the remains of Delos. A.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXIII. TREATS OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

RUNNING through Beckley Park, clear from the chalk, a little stream gave light and freshness to its pasturage. Near where it entered, a bathing-house of white marble had been built, under which the water flowed, and the dive could be taken to a paved depth, and you swam out over a pebbly bottom into sun-light, screened by the thick-weeded banks, loose-strife and willow-herb, and mint, nodding over you, and in the later season long-plumed yellow grasses. Here at sunrise the young men washed their limbs, and here since her return home English Rose loved to walk by night. She had often spoken of the little happy stream to Evan in Portugal, and when he came to Beckley Court, she arranged that he should sleep in a bed-room overlooking it. The view was sweet and pleasant to him, for all the babbling of the water was of Rose, and winding in and out, to east, to north, it wound to embowered hopes in the lover's mind, to tender dreams, and often at dawn, when dressing, his restless heart embarked on it and sailed into havens, the phantom joys of which coloured his life for him all the day. But most he loved to look across it when the light fell. The palest solitary gleam along its course spoke to him rich promise. The faint blue beam of a star chained all his longings, charmed his sorrows to sleep. Rose like a fairy had breathed her spirit here, and it was a delight to the silly luxurious youth to lie down, and fix some image of a flower bending to the stream, on his brain, and in the cradle of fancies that grew round it, slide down the tide of sleep.

From the image of a flower bending to the stream, like his own soul to the bosom of Rose, Evan built sweet fables. It was she that exalted him, that led him through glittering chapters of

adventure. In his dream of deeds achieved for her sake, you may be sure the young man behaved worthily, though he was modest when she praised him, and his limbs trembled when the land whispered of his great reward to come. The longer he stayed at Beckley the more he lived in this world within world, and if now and then the harsh outer life smote him, a look or a word from Rose encompassed him again, and he became sensible only of a distant pain.

At first his hope sprang wildly to possess her, to believe that, after he had done deeds that would have sent ordinary men in the condition of shattered hulks to the hospital, she might be his. Then blow upon blow was struck, and he prayed to be near her till he died: no more. Then she, herself, struck him to the ground, and sitting in his chamber, sick and weary, on the evening of his mishap, Evan's sole desire was to obtain the handkerchief he had risked his neck for. To have that, and hold it to his heart, and feel it as a part of her, seemed much.

Over a length of the stream the red round harvest-moon was rising, and the weakened youth was this evening at the mercy of the charm that encircled him. The water curved, and dimpled, and flowed flat, and the whole body of it rushed into the spaces of sad splendour. The clustered trees stood like temples of darkness; their shadows lengthened supernaturally; and a pale gloom crept between them on the sward. He had been thinking for some time that Rose would knock at his door, and give him her voice, at least; but she did not come; and when he had gazed out on the stream till his eyes ached, he felt that he must go and walk by it. Those little flashes of the hurrying tide spoke to him of a secret rapture and of a joy-seeking impulse; the pouring onward of all the blood of life to one illumined heart, mournful from excess of love.

Pardon me, I beg. Enamoured young men have these notions. Ordinarily Evan had sufficient common sense and was as prosaic as mankind could wish him; but he has had a terrible fall in the morning, and a young woman rages in his brain. Better, indeed, and "more manly," were he to strike and raise huge bosses on his forehead, groan, and so have done with it. We must let him go his own way.

At the door he was met by the Countess. She came into the room without a word or a kiss, and when she did speak, the total absence of any euphuism, gave token of repressed excitement yet more than her angry eyes and eager step. Evan had grown accustomed to her moods, and if one moment she was the halcyon, and another the petrel, it no longer disturbed him, seeing that he was a stranger to the influences by which she was affected. The Countess rated him severely for not seeking repose, and inviting sympathy. She told him that the Jocelyns had one and all combined in an infamous plot to destroy the race of Harrington, and that Caroline had already succumbed to their assaults; that the Jocelyns would repent it, and sooner than they thought for; and that the only friend the Harringtons had in the house was Miss Bonner, whom Providence would liberally reward.

Then the Countess changed to a dramatic posture, and whispered aloud, "Hush: she is here. She is so anxious. Be generous, my brother, and let her see you."

"She?" said Evan, faintly. "May she come, Louisa?" He hoped for Rose.

"I have consented to mask it," returned the Countess. "Oh, what do I not sacrifice for you."

She turned from him, and to Evan's chagrin introduced Juliana Bonner.

"Five minutes, remember!" said the Countess. "I must not hear of more." And then Evan found himself alone with Miss Bonner, and very uneasy. This young lady had restless brilliant eyes, and a contraction about the forehead which gave one the idea of a creature suffering perpetual headache. She said nothing, and when their eyes met she dropped hers in a manner that made silence too expressive. Feeling which, Evan began:

"May I tell you that I think it is I who ought to be nursing you, not you me."

Miss Bonner replied by lifting her eyes and dropping them as before, murmuring subsequently, "Would you do so?"

"Most certainly, if you did me the honour to select me."

The fingers of the young lady commenced twisting and intertwining on her lap. Suddenly she laughed:

"It would not do at all. You won't be dismissed from your present service till you're unfit for any other."

"What do you mean?" said Evan, thinking more of the unmusical laugh than of the words.

He received no explanation, and the irksome silence caused him to look through the window as an escape for his mind, at least. The waters streamed on endlessly into the golden arms awaiting them. The low moon burnt through the foliage. In the distance, over a reach of the flood, one tall aspen shook against the lighted sky.

"Are you in pain?" Miss Bonner asked, and broke his reverie.

"No; I am going away, and perhaps I sigh involuntarily."

"You like these grounds?"

"I have never been so happy in any place."

"With those cruel young men about you?"

Evan now laughed. "We don't call young men cruel, Miss Bonner."

"But were they not? To take advantage of what Rose told them—it was base!"

She had said more than she intended, possibly, for she coloured under his inquiring look, and added: "I wish I could say the same as you of Beckley. Do you know, I am called Rose's thorn?"

"Not by Miss Jocelyn herself, certainly!"

"How eager you are to defend her! But am I not—tell me—do I not look like a thorn in company with her?"

"There is but the difference that ill health would make."

"Ill health? Oh, yes! And Rose is so much better born."

"To that, I am sure, she does not give a thought."

"Not Rose? Oh!"

An exclamation, properly lengthened, convinces the feelings more satisfactorily than much logic. Though Evan claimed only the handkerchief he had won, his heart sank at the sound. Miss Bonner watched him, and springing forward, said sharply:

"May I tell you something?"

"You may tell me what you please."

"Then, whether I offend you or not, you had better leave this."

"I am going," said Evan. "I am only waiting to introduce your tutor to you."

She kept her eyes on him, and in her voice as well there was a depth, as she returned:

"Mr. Laxley, Mr. Forth, and Harry, are going to Lymport to-morrow."

Evan was looking at a figure, whose shadow was thrown towards the house from the margin of the stream.

He stood up, and taking the hand of Miss Bonner, said:

"I thank you. I may, perhaps, start with them. At any rate, you have done me a great service, which I shall not forget."

The figure by the stream he knew to be that of Rose. He released Miss Bonner's trembling, moist hand, and as he continued standing, she moved to the door, after once following the line of his eyes into the moonlight.

Outside the door a noise was audible. Andrew had come to sit with his dear boy, and the Countess had met and engaged and driven him to the other end of the passage, where he hung remonstrating with her.

"Why, Van," he said, as Evan came up to him, "I thought you were in a profound sleep. Louisa said—"

"Silly Andrew!" interposed the Countess, "do you not observe he is sleep-walking now?" and she left them with a light laugh to go to Juliana, whom she found in tears. The discovery of one lie always impelled the Countess to a fresh and a bolder one, and she was quite aware of the efficacy of a little bit of burlesque lying to cover her retreat from any petty exposure.

Evan soon got free from Andrew. He was under the dim stars, walking to the great fire in the East. The cool air refreshed him. He was simply going to ask for his own, before he went, and had no cause to fear what would be thought by any one. A handkerchief! A man might fairly win that, and carry it out of a very noble family, without having to blush for himself.

I cannot say whether he inherited his feeling for rank from Mel, his father, or that the Countess had succeeded in instilling it, but Evan never took Republican ground in opposition to those who insulted him, and never lashed his "manhood" to assert itself, nor compared the fineness of his instincts with the behaviour of titled gentlemen. Rather he seemed to admit the distinction between his birth and that of a gentleman, admitting it to his own soul, as it were, and struggled simply as men struggle against a destiny. The news Miss Bonner had given him sufficed to break a spell which could not have endured another week; and Andrew, besides, had told him of Caroline's illness. He walked to meet Rose, honestly intending to ask for his own, and wish her good-bye.

Rose saw him approach, and knew him in the distance. She was sitting on a lower branch of the aspen, that shot almost from the root, and stretched over the intervolving rays of light on the tremulous water. She could not move to meet him. She was not the Rose whom we have hitherto known. Love may spring in the bosom of a young girl, like Hesper in the evening sky, a grey speck in a field of grey, and not be seen or known, till surely as the circle advances the faint planet gathers fire, and, coming nearer earth, dilates, and will and must be seen and known. When Evan lay like a dead man on the ground, Rose turned upon herself as the author of his death, and then she felt this presence within her, and her heart all day had talked to her of it, and was throbbing now, and would not be quieted. She could only lift her eyes and give him her hand; she could not speak. She thought him cold, and he was; cold enough to think that she and her cousin were not unlike in their manner, though not deep enough to reflect that it was from the same cause.

She was the first to find her wits: but not before she spoke did she feel, and start to feel, how long had been the silence, and that her hand was still in his.

"Why did you come out, Evan? It was not right."

"I came to speak to you, Rose. I shall leave early to-morrow, and may not see you alone."

"You are going——?"

She checked her voice abruptly, and left the thrill of it wavering in him.

"Yes, Rose, I am going; I should have gone before."

"Evan!" she grasped his hand, and then timidly retained it. "You have not forgiven me? I see now. I did not think of any risk to you. I only wanted you to beat. I wanted you to be first and best. If you knew how I thank God for saving you! If you knew what my punishment would have been!"

Till her eyes were full she kept them on him, too deep in emotion to be conscious of it.

He could gaze on her tears coldly.

"I should be happy to take the leap any day for the prize you offered. I have come for that."

"For what, Evan?" But while she was speaking the colour mounted in her cheeks, and she went on rapidly: "Did you think it unkind of me not to come to nurse you. I must tell you, to defend myself. It was the Countess, Evan. She is offended with me—very justly, I dare say. She would not let me come. What could I do? I had no claim to come."

Rose was not aware of the import of her speech. Evan, though he felt more in it, and had some secret nerves set tingling and dancing, was not to be moved from his demand.

"Do you intend to withhold it, Rose?"

"Withhold what, Evan? Anything that you wish for is yours."

"The handkerchief. Is not that mine?"

Rose faltered a word. Why did he ask for it? Because he asked for nothing else, and wanted no other thing save that.

Why did she hesitate? Because it was so poor a gift, and so unworthy of him.

And why did he insist? Because in honour she was bound to surrender it.

And why did she hesitate still? Let her answer.

"Oh, Evan! I would give you anything but that; and if you are going away I should beg so much to keep it."

He must have been in a singular state not to see her heart in the refusal, as was she not to see his in the request. But Love is blindest just when the bandage is being removed from his forehead.

"Then you will not give it me, Rose? Do you think I shall go about boasting 'This is Miss Jocelyn's handkerchief, and I, poor as I am, have won it?'"

The taunt struck aslant in Rose's breast with a peculiar sting. She stood up.

"I will give it you, Evan."

Turning from him she drew it forth, and handed it to him hurriedly, with her head still averted.

It was warm. It was stained with his blood. He guessed where it had been nestling, and now, as if by revelation, he saw that large sole star in the bosom of his darling, and was blinded by it and lost his senses.

"Rose! beloved! I love you!"

Her hand, her arm, her waist, he seized, bending over her. And like the flower of his nightly phantasy bending over the stream, he looked and saw in her sweet face the living wonders that encircled his imago; she murmuring: "No, no; you must hate me. I know it."

Anything but a denial, and he might have retrieved his step, but that she should doubt his strong true love plunged him deeper.

"I love you, Rose. I have not a hope to win you; but I love you. My heaven! my only darling! I hold you a moment—and I go; but know that I love you and would die for you. Beloved Rose! do you forgive me?"

She raised her face to him.

"Forgive you for loving me?" she said, smiling the soft inward smile of rarest bliss.

Holy to them grew the stillness: the ripple suffused in golden moonlight: the dark edges of the leaves against superlative brightness. Not a chirp was heard, nor anything save the cool and endless carol of the happy waters, whose voices are the spirits of silence. Nature seemed consenting that their hands should be joined, their eyes intermingling. And when Evan, with a lover's craving, wished her lips to say what her eyes said so well, Rose drew his fingers up, and, with an arch smile and a blush, kissed them. The simple act set his heart thumping, and from the look of love, she saw an expression of pain pass through him. Her fealty—her guileless, fearless truth—which the kissing of his hand brought vividly before him, conjured its contrast as well in this that was hidden from her, or but half suspected. Did she know—know and love him still? He thought it might be: but that fell dead on her asking:

"Shall I speak to mama to-night?"

A load of lead crushed him.

"Rose!" he said; but could get no farther.

Innocently, or with well-masked design, Rose branched off into little sweet words about his bruised shoulder, touching it softly, as if she knew the virtue that was in her touch, and accusing her selfish self as she caressed it: "Dearest Evan! you must have been sure I thought no one like you. Why did you not tell me before? I can hardly believe it now! Do you know," she hurried on, "they all think me cold and heartless,—am I? I must be, to have made you run such risk; but yet I'm sure I could not have survived you."

Dropping her voice, Rose quoted Ruth. As Evan listened, the words were like food from heaven poured into his spirit.

"To-morrow," he kept saying to himself, "to-morrow I will tell her all. Let her think well of me a few short hours."

But the passing minutes locked them closer: each had a new link—in a word, or a speechless breath, or a touch: and to break the marriage of their eyes there must be infinite baseness on one side, or on the other disloyalty to love.

The moon was a silver ball, high up through the aspen. Evan kissed the hand of Rose, and led her back to the house. He had appeased his conscience by restraining his wild desire to kiss her lips.

In the hall they parted. Rose whispered, "Till death!" giving him her hands. She was then warm beneath his mouth, and one eternal kiss hung ripe for him. The force of his passion plucked him down, but his lips rested on her forehead.

(To be continued.)

NOT MOURN FOR THEE?

Not mourn for thee? Though tears be vain,
Our bursting hearts refute
The frigid philosophic strain,
That deepest woes are mute.
However stoic Reason preach,
Warm Nature will rebel,
And grief *must* strive to vent in speech
What words are vain to tell, Mary!

Not mourn for thee? It may be, Time,
That dries all human tears,
Will bid the flood of passion's prime
Ebb with the healing years.
But still from out our hearts will well
One low, undying strain,
A plaint, as of the murmuring shell
That ever mourns the main, Mary!

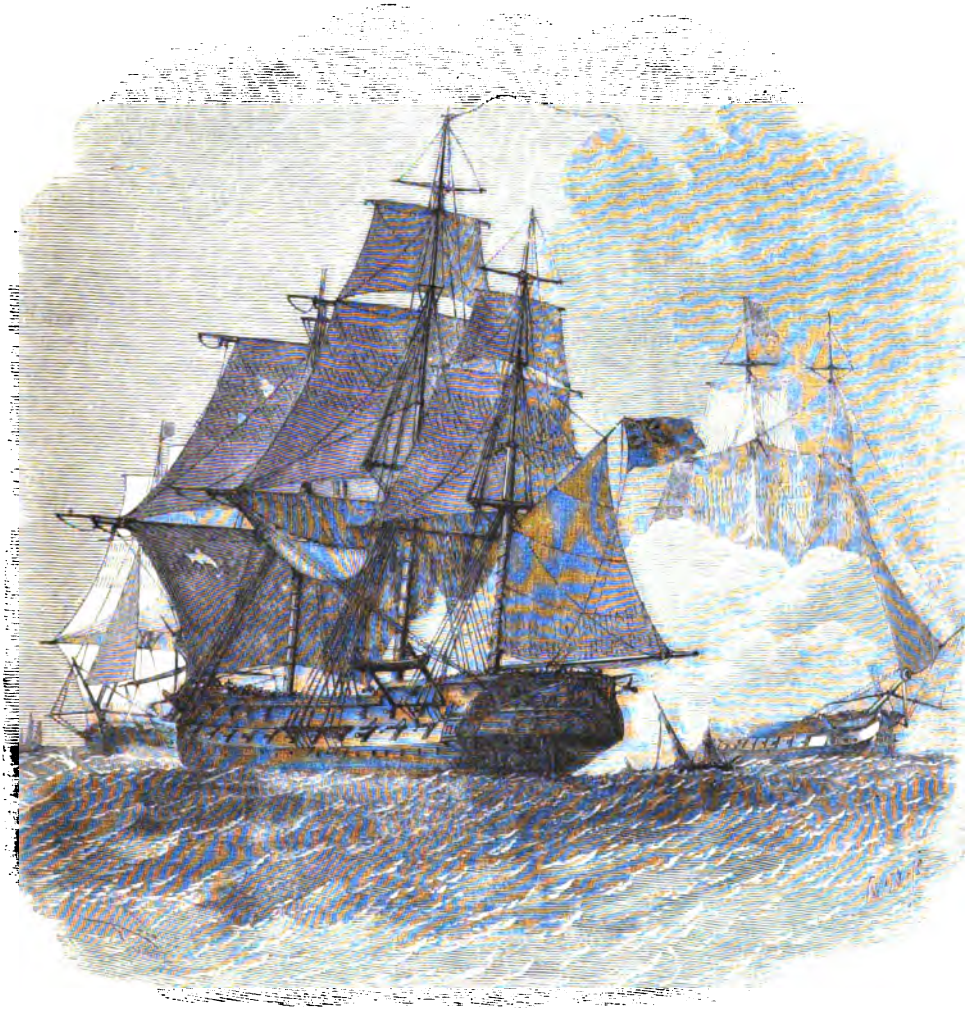
Not mourn for thee? It may be, Earth
Will circle as of yore,
And leaf, and flower, and fruit, have birth
As bounteous as before;
But we shall mark a charm the less
In earth, and sea, and sky,
Missed from that perfect loveliness
They wore when thou wert by, Mary!

Not mourn for thee? Ah, lying grief!
The tears which *will* have way,
O'erburden'd Nature's kind relief,
But *seem* to disobey.
It is but for ourselves we weep,
For our own loss repine;
Ah, God! unwittingly we keep
That dying charge of thine, Mary!

If, in that better world on high,
Where thou art dwelling now,
Thou yet canst bend a pitying eye
On us who weep below;
Oh, whisper, from that glorious sphere
The selfish love forgiven
That would have bound a Martyr here,
And grudged a Saint to Heaven, Mary!

HARRY LEROY TEMPLE.

A CRUISE IN A TUB.



AMID the varied improvements in naval architecture to which the latter half of the nineteenth century has given birth: at a time when a man-of-war may undergo so many alterations in the course of construction, that before she is launched all traces of the model on which she was designed are lost, there are still extant vessels with the distinguishing initials H.M.S. before their names, to which the profane are apt to apply the significant, if uncomplimentary epithet of "tub." And in so doing, these scoffers may be considered merely to imply that the craft in question does not reach their ideas of perfection.

But in the year 1782 the term "tub" possessed in the British Navy a more special signification. In the vocabulary of those days a tub was a forty-

four-gun ship. She carried sixteen guns on her main, sixteen on her lower, and the remainder on her quarter-deck and forecastle.

Her build was similar to that which popular prejudice assigns to the aldermen of the City of London; for her claims to symmetry were materially affected by the undue proportion which her circumference bore to her length. Her sailing powers were those of a hay-stack. She went before the wind admirably.

It was not then with feelings of unmixed satisfaction that the Honourable Captain James L—— received the intelligence of his appointment to a ship of this description.

The struggle between England and her American colonies was drawing to a close. France, Spain, and Holland had successively declared against us, and our naval supremacy was by no means undisputed.

Captain James belonged to a gallant family. Two of his brothers had won laurels both afloat and on shore, and he himself, at the age of eight-and-twenty, was already a distinguished officer. This, according to the rules of English naval policy from time immemorial, would fully account for his being selected to command a tub. Such as she was, however, he was fully prepared to make the best of her.

He sailed with orders to intercept, if possible, some of the convoys which were then leaving Brest for America with stores and munitions of war.

It was on a fine Sunday evening that he dropped out of Plymouth harbour, taking advantage of the ebb-tide under his lee, with light airs from the eastward. After making a good offing from the Lizard, he shaped his course so as to cross the track of the convoys as soon as possible.

On Monday, the wind got round a little to the southward of east, freshening a little at the same time, and with this leading breeze all the old tub's canvas told.

It was about daylight on Wednesday that the look-out announced that a strange sail was in sight. As the day broke, he gave notice of another and another, and by nine o'clock they had sighted five vessels—the largest apparently of heavy metal—and then about six miles distant, broad upon their larboard bow.

The first lieutenant was an old sailor and a Scotchman: and was imbued with the amount of caution which the combination of those two qualifications might naturally be expected to produce. He evidently did not like the aspect of affairs; and when they made out another of the ships to be a large corvette, apparently of French build, his anxiety became manifest.

"One at a time would have suited us better," said the captain, addressing him, and indicating the enemy.

"Weel, yer honor, we can just show them a clean pair o' heels, wi' the wind as it is i' the noo."

"It will be time enough to think about that, if the worst comes to the worst," replied the captain; "but I should like to have a better look at them first. Edge a little closer, master, and let us see what they are like."

The master smiled, as he gave the necessary orders. He had sailed with Captain James before, and formed his own conclusions with regard to what "a little closer" meant.

The squadron which they proceeded to survey was composed of French and American ships. The largest, which bore the broad pendant of a commodore, was nominally a fifty-gun ship, but, as was usual with French vessels of war at that time, she carried some half-dozen guns more than her rating, and a more numerous crew than would have been found in an English vessel of the same size. The second was a corvette, smaller than the English ship, but a beautiful craft, built on the last new model (without one alteration upon the original plan), and with a crew almost equal in number, though not in any other respect, to that of the "tub."

The third was a sloop of war, and the two remaining vessels were American merchantmen carrying letters of marque.

For some time the French were in doubt with regard to the identity of the stranger under their lee, being half-inclined from her personal appearance to put her down as a merchantman, making a greater show than her resources were likely to support. They felt grateful to her also for saving them the trouble of going out of their way to take her, which would have been contrary to their orders. When at last they made her out to be a man-of-war (such as she was), the French commodore signalled to the sloop and merchantmen to go on under easy sail, and that he would overtake them as soon as he had captured the Englishman.

Captain James had continued the process of "edging" for the purpose of "looking at them," till a distance of little more than a mile and a half intervened. Then the French commodore and the corvette hauled to the wind, and hove in stays to face their coming foe.

"We must fight now," said Captain James to the first lieutenant, trying hard to suppress the delight which *would* show itself in his countenance.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old Scotchman, getting ready with a will, now that they were in for it.

At this moment they were nearing the enemy rapidly, having the commodore on their weather bow, and the corvette still further to windward.

"Now, master," said Captain James, "haul sharp up to the wind, and let us try if we cannot weather them both."

And here the aldermanic build of the old tub stood her in good stead. She could wear and stay a great deal quicker, and in much less room, than the Great Eastern, though she could not go ahead quite so fast.

Fortunately, there was not much sea, and the French ships were now lying-to on the starboard tack, so that she passed within four cables' length of the commodore's bows, though not scatheless.

Boom! go all the main-deck guns of the Frenchman that she can bring to bear, and the loss of the foretop-gallant mast and jib-boom,

showed that the French were keeping to their usual tactics, notwithstanding their superior force.

Steadily the tub forges ahead, preserving a portentous silence. One old tar in command of a gun on the starboard quarter, who had followed Captain James from his last ship, with the licence allowed to favourites, besought piteously to be allowed to give her "just one" as they passed.

"Keep your physic for the corvette, Jack," replied the captain.

And the corvette received a full dose; for as the tub ran across her bows at half the distance at which she had passed the commodore, she hulled her with almost every gun, receiving only the contents of her bow-chasers in reply.

"Now, master, bear up and run us alongside of the corvette in the twinkling of a bedpost."

There was just time to reload the upper-deck guns, and to pour in one smashing broadside from both decks, when a crash aloft announced a collision between the two vessels. The helm had been put suddenly up, according to the captain's order, and the tub ran *stem* on into the corvette's quarter. The bowsprit caught her after-rigging, and in a moment the two vessels were heaving together upon the deep.

The boarders, under the first lieutenant, had been ready and waiting for some time, and the superior height of the tub enabled them to leap down with ease upon the decks of the corvette. As the two ships lay locked in a deadly embrace, Captain James would have reinforced his officer with his last man, rather than fail in his object. But there was no need. The old Scotchman, with a long two-edged Andrew Ferrara, which had done good service in many a well-fought field, led the way nobly, and more than one guard went down beneath its terrible sweep. The good cutlasses and long pikes which followed him made short work. The tide of battle never rolled backward for an instant. The quarter-deck was first taken. Then, after a desperate struggle, the Frenchmen were driven along the waists, the boarders battening down the hatches as they advanced. There was one gallant rally on the forecastle, till a last charge drove a mass of fighting men over the bows with their arms in their hands. In a quarter of an hour there was not a living Frenchman left upon the deck.

Captain James, who had coolly counted on the capture as a matter of course, had given the strictest orders that they were, if possible, to prevent the crew of the corvette from striking her flag, and this they succeeded in doing.

When at last the tub cast the corvette off, the French flag was still flying at her peak, and the commodore imagined that she had succeeded in beating off the attack.

An inquiry might naturally be made, how that respected officer had been employed during the interval. When the English ship luffed and crossed his bows without firing, he had imagined that she wished to decline the combat. He was undeceived when she opened fire upon the corvette, but his comrade soon lay so completely between them as to cover the English ship from his fire. After he had forged some distance ahead, by the time he had again borne up, so as to lay broadside on to the Englishman, the corvette was taken, and in charge of a prize crew.

The ship of the French commodore was a fine vessel, with a well trained crew; and when attacked exactly as she expected, or allowed to fight according to her own ideas of propriety, she acquitted herself very respectably.

When, therefore, she at last succeeded in exchanging broadsides with the Englishman, passing her almost within pistol shot, her superior weight of metal told with deadly effect, and the old tub almost heeled over on her beam-ends as she received the weight of shot, though fortunately none struck her below the water line. The commodore's ship suffered much less in proportion from the English broadside, and the crew gave a cheer as they hastened to reload.

"One more like that, and she must strike or sink," said the commodore. But his triumph was doomed to be short-lived. He has signalled to the corvette to stand off and rake the Englishman, but she does not appear to comprehend. Perhaps, in the smoke, she has been unable to interpret his orders, For now she sails under her former comrade's stern. But oh, horror! What is this? Crash go the cabin windows of the commodore. One, two shots strike the mizen-mast, and it goes by the board. The corvette pours in the whole of her broadside at biscuit-throwing distance, raking with every gun. Quite unsuspicious that she had passed into English hands, no effort had been made to avoid her manœuvre, and the old Scotchman had judged his distance admirably. Half a dozen guns are dismounted by her fire, and the French commodore and the next officer in command are killed by a splinter from one of them. The wreck of the mizen-mast fouls the rudder, and for a short time she becomes unmanageable. As she broaches to, the old tub takes advantage of her disaster, and crossing her stern, rakes her once more. Her decks are piled with killed and wounded. She fights gallantly for some time longer, but she can do little against the two ships, which are both beautifully handled. At last her fore-mast follows the fate of the mizen, and she is compelled to strike.

When the English captain came on board to receive the sword of the commanding officer, he found a midshipman in charge. Every superior officer was killed or placed *hors de combat*.

There was a great deal to be done in the way of making arrangements for the disposition of the large number of prisoners, and there was a terrible amount of work cut out for the surgeons.

At last Captain James found a few moments to exchange congratulations with his first lieutenant.

"You are not sorry we edged up to look at them?" he said. But there was still a cloud upon the careful brow of the gallant Caledonian, which success alone was unable to remove. He would have set little value upon a statue of Victory, if it was not very richly gilt.

"I canna help thinking aboot the merchantmen," he replied. "Its just a vara great pity they should get awa'."

For be it known to the uninitiated, that though capturing ships of war might give the greater

glory, taking merchantmen brought the larger profit.

Now, Captain James had no objection to prize-money; and for spending the largest amount in the shortest time, he might have been backed freely against any officer in H.M. service. Accordingly, he caught in a moment at the suggestion of the first lieutenant.

"If you think the corvette can catch them, you are quite welcome to try, but I cannot give you more than enough hands to sail her."

"Weel, captain, if we just keep up the French flag till we are pretty close, I've nae doot when we show our own they'll just streek without the firing a shot."

And the canny Scot's supposition proved perfectly correct. He sighted the chase early the next morning, and they very obligingly hove to for him to overtake them. When they perceived their error, it was too late to retrieve it. The three ships would have been more than a match for the corvette, manned as she was; but the sloop of war showed a clean pair of heels, and left the heavily-laden merchantmen to their fate.

They hauled down their flags, as a matter of course. After they had struck, the wary lieutenant ordered the greater part of their crews on board the corvette, and carefully stowed them away in irons below with the rest of the prisoners.

On the evening of the second day they overtook the tub and her great prize. Captain James had found great difficulty in keeping the latter afloat, and had been compelled to make the prisoners work at the pumps. But now the wind got round to the southward and westward, and enabled them all to reach Plymouth Sound in safety. A revenue cutter, who had spared them a few hands, acted as their herald, and the people flocked down in crowds to give the old tub and her four prizes a hearty welcome.

In the many long years of naval warfare which followed—in a thousand fights where the long odds lay against the British tar, the memory of Captain James and the old tub lit the road to victory, as the pointers guide the glance towards the polar star. HERBERT VAUGHAN.

THE POLICEMAN.

HIS HEALTH.

MOST of us have probably known some respectable working-class family, where it was the ambition of some spirited boy to get into the police-force in London or a large county town. It may not be very difficult to imagine the reasons which recommend that sort of engagement to youths who do not show the same eagerness to enter the army, though the qualifications requisite for the two services are nearly the same. In both, the men must enter young: they must be of a certain stature and bodily vigour: they must undergo examinations about their health: and they are understood to be possessed of a sort of combative energy, which relishes instead of shrinking from personal danger. There is also a degree of personal distinction belonging to both services which is naturally attractive to ambitious youths on their entrance upon life. The red-coated soldier, and the blue-coated policeman, pass along the street somewhat more proudly, and under more notice than the artisan in his apron and paper cap, or the labourer in fustian, or bearing the porter's knot. If the men with the porter's knot were inquired of, they would tell—very many of them—that they had been policemen: and so would the watchmen and porters who guard warehouses and halls of great mansions; and they might also inform us why young men had rather be in the police than in the army, and yet serve so much shorter a time in the one than the other.

The police bear a higher character for respectability than the soldiery. Some of my readers may be surprised at this: but it is certainly true, just in proportion to the knowledge of the two classes entertained by those who declare an opinion. No set of men in the world excels the British soldier in courage and patience, in spirit and patriotism, in attachment to worthy officers, and obedience to discipline: but when we come to speak of temperance, prudence, and personal self-respect, we find ourselves resting on the hope that the British soldier will do better in the future than hitherto. Some day I may go into the reasons which warrant such a hope, and explain how the soldier has been almost driven by mismanagement into intemperance, theft, and desertion; or rather, why thieves and drunkards and deserters have been tempted into the army instead of better men: but at present our business is with the police, who are proved, by the testimony of their medical and other officers, to be, generally speaking, a remarkably sober and self-respecting order of men. It is true we hear perpetual joking about the love-making of the policeman, by which he obtains good suppers from credulous cooks, and weighty money-gifts from soft-hearted housemaids: but a very small number of genuine anecdotes furnish a vast amount of imputation; and it is certain that the records of the police prove a very high average of honest and reputable conduct in the force.

This good repute may therefore well be one ground of preference of the blue coat to the red one. Another seems to be the popular notion that the policeman is the wielder of power, instead of the slave of discipline. To the careless eye it seems that the soldier is a machine, moved by the voice of his officer; whereas the policeman is absolute on his beat. The crowd opens to make way for the policeman: he commands help from men, and they yield it: he imposes quiet on women, and they stop brawling: he looks at children, and they slink out of sight. The old English reverence for the constable is renowned all over the world: and in the case of the policeman, there is something of the admiration and fear of the military office added to the awe felt for the constable. Throughout whole parishes of the metropolis, and wide districts of the country, there is nothing so formidable to the greatest number as the glance and the march of the policeman. The tax-collector, the vigilant pastor, the strict game-preserving squire, the severe landlord, the lecturing magistrate—are each and all less

formidable to the popular imagination than the policeman who sustains the dignity of his office. A perpetual mystery hangs around him—that of his access to "information." Every day, everywhere, "from information which he has received," he appears where he is least desired. If two women fight in the very middle of a closed house, he is fearfully expected to inquire into scratches and torn gowns. If a child is shut up in a dark closet till it goes into fits, the policeman is expected to come and inquire into its health. If there is any article at the bottom of a heap of marine stores, which could not be exactly classified with that description of goods, the policeman will be sure to sniff it out, and walk straight to the cellar where it is. The pedlar in remote regions will take the other side of the hill, or the other side of the hedge, if he has stolen thimbles in his pack, or smuggled cigars in his pocket, rather than meet the policemen on his beat: and the child who has gleaned fine ears of wheat before the last shock was carried, is afraid to go home, lest the omniscient man should follow and inform. Such possession of conspicuous power is very tempting, certainly; and especially to very young men. Thus we might expect a rush into the profession, though every female relation may hold up a picture of horrors at least as fearful as those which beset the soldier's trade. Mothers and wives and sisters do not like to think of the host of enemies which their lad will make among desperate thieves. They shudder at the thought of the kicks, the bitings, the blows, the throwings downstairs or out of the window, to be expected in such dreadful dens as the police have to visit: and then there are the perils of fires, and falling houses, and restive horses. In short, wherever there is danger, there the policeman must be; and the glory to be reaped is nothing like that which makes the soldier's reward. That there is a rush into the profession may perhaps hardly be said: but there is always a due supply of picked men, and a very large proportion of rejected candidates.

How is it, then, that the average length of service is no more than four years?

Is not this a remarkable fact? Is there any other occupation filled by picked men in the prime of their years, well-paid and highly privileged, reputable and well superintended, which changes its members on an average every four years? Let us see what the mode of life is.

Widow Benning's second son, John, wishes to enter the Metropolitan police force. That force consists, he is told, of somewhat under 6000 men; and more than 1000 are admitted yearly, to fill vacancies. These must be under thirty years of age, unless a soldier or two proved of valuable quality should apply, and should be admitted as an exception. None under twenty need make application, as they are not considered fully grown and hardened for the work. John is three-and-twenty; and the average is five-and-twenty. He stands five feet ten in his stockings, and is satisfied that he can walk five-and-twenty miles a day for months together without injury to his health. He is smart-looking and walks well: and it is therefore probable that he will be appointed to day-duty; and his mother rejoices at this, though John tells her that night-work is considered less laborious and wearing, from the quieter state of the streets. She can hardly credit this, because the day-work is divided into two portions, while the night police have to take their eight hours at a stretch, without even the liberty of sitting down for any part of the time. If John is chosen, she trusts it is true that he will have day-service.

As for the chances of his being one of the thousand engaged,—how many are the rejected likely to be? They are usually nearly double the number of the accepted. This seems remarkable, considering that the applicants are already so far sifted as to be of the specified age, and to bring the requisite twelve months' good character from their last situation, and a recommendation from two respectable housekeepers, not publicans. Many, however, who suppose themselves in good health, are reported otherwise by the surgeon: and the commissioners find many reasons why young fellows of decent character will not answer their purpose. A hot temper would never do; nor any vanity which would lay a man open to arts of flirtation; nor a too innocent good-nature; nor a hesitating temper or manner; nor any weakness for drink; nor any degree of stupidity. While three times the requisite number apply, the Commissioners will choose the cool, smart, self-reliant, penetrating, temperate, forbearing men, who can take orders and yet exert their own faculties, and who have an honest character of their own while up to other men's tricks; and good fellows who are less able must wait, or give up the chance. In the same way, the surgeon will choose the men who have the broadest chests, the best built spine and trunk, the most healthy limbs, vigorous heart, clear brain, and acute senses; dismissing many who never imagined they had a flabby heart, or muscles which would not bear a strain, or legs which would soon become diseased from eight hours per day spent on foot.

John goes in, when called to the surgeon; he strips, is measured, and proved and tested as to his capacity of lungs, &c.; and is declared sound in health,—as the Commissioners find him in character and apparent capacity. He is a made man now, if he does his duty well, of which of course his mother has no doubt: and the widow's heart sings for joy. She does not know, nor would John believe it to-day if he were told, that the average length of the policeman's service is only four years.

He is to begin, after a month of probation, on nineteen shillings a week, with many advantages: he hopes to rise to handsomely paid offices in course of time: after fifteen years of service he becomes entitled to a pension on retirement: and after five years he may hope for some gratuities, if he should become unfit for service. As he is a single man, he can be lodged at one of the Section Houses of the force, for a mere shilling a week. He will receive a considerable proportion of his clothing, and a fixed supply of coals; and as to his meals, the men are understood to live very well by messing together.

To his barrack therefore he goes, when he enters on his new employment. He has to try his capacity during four weeks of probation at lower wages, in the first instance. He finds he is to have yearly one coat, two pairs of trousers, and two pairs of boots, or three shillings a month to find them; and a great-coat and a cape once in two years. Belt, truncheon, and lantern are his apparatus. He must, however, be always provided with a neat suit of black at his own expense, in readiness for any occasion on which he may be sent out in plain clothes.

The first morning he wakes heavy and headachy. The beds in his barrack stand rather close, and most of the men refuse to let the windows be opened during any part of the evening, night, or morning before breakfast. Several of them are so drowsy, too, that they will not stir till the last minute, so that they have no time to wash and make themselves comfortable. They might if they pleased. There are windows enough, and doors and fire-places; but if the majority fasten the windows, and lock the door, and keep the chimney-board up, the minority must suffer for want of air; but as to the washing, each man can act for himself. There is water; and any one who provides himself with a tub and any sort of screen, and who chooses to get up twenty minutes sooner for the purpose, can have the comfort of a fresh and clean skin to begin the day with.

The meals are less regular than messing is commonly understood to be. The notion of a mess is that of meals served punctually three times a day, at which the members may attend or not; but they have no claim for food at other hours. In a police barrack the men are never all collected together, as they serve in relays; and, besides that some are out while others are at home, there is always a considerable number in bed, night and day. John begins with being one of the first relay, which goes out at six in the morning for four hours. He must have his breakfast first. His mother is not the only one who has urged this upon him, for the sake not only of his health, but of freedom from temptation. If he went out hungry he would be obliged to get something at stalls or shops; and this would be undignified, and might lead him into inconvenient gossip and familiarities, and perhaps into the temptation of accepting presents of food and drink when he ought to be minding his duty. All this is true enough; but it is not always easy for a single man to obtain his breakfast before six in the morning, among comrades who are too lazy to get up for it, or too headachy to care for it. As breakfast has to be provided, however, for the men of the night force, who will be coming in presently, the first relay have only to hasten the cooking of the chops as far as their own wants go. John will therefore have his coffee, chop, and potato in time to fall into rank at 6 A.M.

As he and his comrades march forth—one of them being dropped at each point as they traverse the district—they displace the night force, and send them home to breakfast and bed. Every one of these must be in bed before eight, and re-appear at 3 P.M. They will be in their deepest sleep when John comes off his beat at 10 A.M.; and he will have dined and gone forth again before they wake. The only time when he can make the acquaintance of this body of his comrades is in the evening, between his return at 6 and their going forth at 10, for the night.

On this first occasion of relieving them, he is surprised that they do not look more weary after having been on foot for eight hours. His wonder is not likely to be lessened the second day, when he has had experience of the fatigues of his new occupation.

The morning term seems a rather easy affair at first. The streets are cool and not overfull. Workpeople go out quietly to their day's labour: the shops open gradually and in a leisurely way: the merchants do not appear, and the clerks are in no great number till after nine o'clock. The great people are not visibly stirring, and it is only about a railway-station, or in a market, that there is any overpowering noise or hurry. So John returns in good spirits, rather pitying his comrades who are to support the noontide heat and bustle.

There had been three breakfasts by this time; and soon the series of dinners must begin. John has three hours for some kind of employment, if he can find one which will leave him within instant call of his officers, in case of need, and will not use up the strength he will want in the afternoon. He can read a little for his own amusement; and he likes gossip as well as most young men; but he thinks he must find some handiwork which he can take up at odd hours as he sits in the barrack-room.

The afternoon alters his view of his occupation a good deal. He had no previous conception of the difference between walking for four hours in London on one's own single and particular business, and doing the same thing in the pursuit of everybody else's. Every shop-door and cellar-window along miles of street is under his care. He must look to every child on the pavement, and every passenger at each crossing. Every high-couraged, and every stumbling, skinny horse must be watched by him. He must have his eye on every beggar, and must painfully discern suspicious from respectable persons, and make no mistakes. He has been recommended to acquaint himself with the faces of all the householders throughout his beat; a most tremendous task in itself. He is under a perfect pelt of questions for the four hours, as if there were a conspiracy to ask him things that he did not know. Half-a-dozen times he is angrily told that he has shown himself just too late on that particular spot, and that his superiors should be told that their men were never to be found when wanted. A few puzzling cases have already occurred which show him that he does not understand his own powers and duties so well as he had imagined: and when at length six o'clock strikes, he goes off his day's duty "dead beat," as his comrades jeeringly tell him. He is indeed nearly distracted with the noise, the hurry, the worry, and the general pulling to pieces, which make this incomparably the most fatiguing day he ever remembers to have passed in his life.

His dinner had been prime beefsteak, potatoes,

and porter: and his supper is to be the same. The butchers say the police buy no bone. The irregularity of their meals prevents their having good joints; and they live on prime steaks and cutlets.

As far as food is concerned, John will do very well. It is good meat, well cooked, and earned and digested by abundant exercise. The air in the house is not so good, as we have seen, and his duty leads him into various unwholesome places. Good food, sleep, and exercise may go a long way in guarding him against this danger: but the hurry and worry are his greatest enemies.

It did surprise him, on first entering his barrack, to observe how many invalids there were on the sick list; and he will see more and more of this every day. It seems strange that of a picked set of young men—the soundest and strongest that could be obtained between twenty and thirty—a larger proportion should be ill than of persons of all ages in many English towns; but the fact is, that 36½ out of every 1000 policemen are always ill, taking the year round. Of these, somewhat less than 4 are under treatment for injuries, to above 32 for sickness.

The married men, who live in homes of their own, are more numerous than the bachelors who live in the section-houses. They probably live in great comfort, as no candidate is admitted who has more than two children. The married men, therefore, are for the most part young husbands, recently settled on good pay. They are under the same medical care as the bachelors; and the doctors find that a smaller proportion of them are ill, and that they are ill for a shorter time. It would be an interesting thing to know whether any number of bachelor policemen marrying after five years' service, and continuing for another five years after removing to homes of their own, would show an improved state of health before the end of the ten years. If this should be proved, the natural inference would be that the quiet and convenience of a home arranged to suit a man's work and his rest, with meals cooked by his wife at the most convenient hours, are conducive to health to a very important extent. One can easily imagine, for instance, that night-workers—printers of daily papers, night porters, and policemen—may get better rest by day in a home of their own, with a wife to keep all quiet, than in any barrack where companies of comrades are entering and leaving, and meals and business are always going on. At best, however, the amount of sickness is considerable. Taking the metropolitan force all round, married and single, new men and old hands, each is ill from twelve to thirteen days in the year; ill enough to be in the doctor's hands, and to have a stoppage of one shilling a day made out of his pay for expenses. Four weeks per year are allowed for sickness on these terms. If a man is likely to get well, he is treated with indulgence after that time: but permission must be obtained from the Secretary of State. If he can never again be fit for service, he must of course be dismissed; but if he has served for five entire years, he has a small gratuity; and if fifteen, he has a pension.

Of the twelve or thirteen days of average illness in the year, less than one day and a half is from injuries received from violence or accident. Some readers may be surprised to hear how few deaths result from what they are apt to consider the special dangers of the police,—from assaults and accidents. These assaults and accidents, together with all diseases whatever except three kinds, caused only 62 deaths in five years, against 155 arising from those three kinds of disease. In the years from 1852 to 1856 (both inclusive) there were 25 deaths from cholera, 41 from fever, and 89 from consumption and other chest diseases. During those years there was not a single death from diarrhœa or dysentery, an evidence of both good diet and temperance on the part of the men. The other heads, at the same time, disclose the real sources of danger. Mothers, wives, and sisters need not be in any great terror of madmen, drunken women, or even brawling Irish, nor of street crushes, runaway horses, and burning or falling houses; but they may have some reasonable dread of the haunts of cholera and the nests of fever which the duty of the police requires them to enter and watch over. Far worse, however, is the disease which might be so easily guarded against,—the fatal consumption, which is directly bred of ignorance and carelessness. Too many of the police are as reckless as the soldiers, who die by thousands of night duty. It is not the wet weather that kills them; it is not the winter cold that kills them; but it is the fatal rashness with which they encounter both the one and the other.

The policeman's two pairs of boots are required to be in good order. He has, as we know, a great coat and waterproof cape, in addition to a good suit of cloth clothing. We know that getting wet does nobody any harm while he keeps in exercise so as to be warm. We know that the bitterest cold is not injurious to a person in exercise, unless he encounters it in either a chilled or a heated condition. The well-clothed policeman, with his fixed time of duty, need never be wet to a hurtful extent, and if he prepares, with any common sense, for going out into the cold, by night or by day, his lungs need take no harm. But this is exactly what is neglected by the men who die of consumption. Their lungs were sound when they entered the force, or the doctor would not have passed them. How is it that they have gone so soon?

One man is lazy about changing his boots and socks when he comes in on a wet day; and he even sits by a great fire with his coat and trousers reeking with damp, instead of putting on the old suit, which should always be at hand for use.

The night-force think they cannot shut up too close at home, when their nights are spent in the open air; so they stop up every chink where they sit and while they sleep, and go out in a state of perspiration to meet the bitter wind at the corners of streets, and probably stand in a draught under a gateway to escape a pelt of rain, which would not do them half as much harm as the wind.

If they were wise, they would keep their win-

dows open at home at all hours of all seasons :—just an inch or two at top, if no more, as is done at all our hospitals for chest diseases. They should go out warm and well fed ; but neither in a perspiration nor a fever, from too much fire and meat and drink. Thus prepared, and in dry and sufficient clothes, they have only to keep their blood flowing with exercise, to be able to defy wind and weather in any season. This is what policemen should do : but they seem not to understand it : for, of these picked young men, so sound in health at so late a date, eighty-nine died in the Metropolitan police in five years from disease of the lungs.

After a time John will have had his turn in the second relay of the day service, going out at 10 A.M., and returning at 2 P.M. : and being on his beat again from 6 till 10 in the evening. If he is like most of his comrades, he will find neither so agreeable as he expected ; and he will be glad to try night-duty,—little as he could once have supposed that he should desire to be on foot for eight hours of every night for months together. But the quiet is a very great thing ; and the duty is generally easy. To try the fastenings of shops and dwellings ; to see the last carriages drive away from balls and theatres ; to look to the proper closing of public-houses ; to watch suspicious loiterers, and examine doubtful-looking bundles carried furtively ; to keep mischievous people moving on, and take the destitute to some place of shelter ; to be on the look out for the sight or smell of fire or smoke, and quick to hear the springing of a rattle in any direction ; to keep order at the starting of the earliest railway trains, and at the entrance of the country waggons, bringing vegetables, fish, meat, and flowers to market ;—all this is easy in comparison with the day-work, from the more comparative emptiness of the streets and absence of noise.

Still, there will be another change for John. He will marry. He ought to marry ; for he can very well afford it ; he should have the comfort of a home of his own ; and he will be a more valuable member of the force for being a family man. He ought, after that, to rise. His mother may see him a sergeant : perhaps, in course of years, an inspector. She does not see why not.

Others do see why not :—that few men remain in the force many years. They see their comrades, fine young men like themselves, carried to the grave,—not in greater numbers per thousand perhaps than many in other occupations, but more than there should be of so select a class. Six or seven in the thousand each year is a high rate of death. Then, out of the thousand admitted each year, as many as 35 are invalided, above 40 more are dismissed, and above 130 resign from one cause or another. From one cause or another, nearly a quarter of the new men have left by the end of the first year ; and, as we saw before, the average length of service is only four years.

It is therefore probable that John's vocation will not always be that of policeman. His having been one, especially if he leaves the force from his own free choice, will assist his settlement in some favourable post where the virtues of the constable, with a dash of the quality of the soldier, are prized and paid for. In future years, when his old mother is sitting on one side of his household fire, and his boys are home from school and work for the evening, and John is supping before going to his post as watchman at the bank, or night-porter at one of the great hotels, he will bring out another of the thousand-and-one curious and romantic stories which all begin in the same way : —"When I was a policeman." Perhaps his old mother may sigh, and say there was a time when it was the first wish of his heart to be a policeman ; and if he had kept to it, he would now have been very near receiving his pension for life : upon which, his wife may probably observe that there is another side to the case ; and if he had not left the force before his health was lost, he might have been in his grave years ago, or a tottering invalid, on whom his epitaph would have been fixed while he was only half-dead :—"He was a good policeman."

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE LONDON CLUBS.

AT Number Blank, Baker Street—I would not for worlds disclose the number lest I might carry desolation into the breasts of a most respectable family—there was a dinner-party one day last week. Nor will I tell you the precise day, because, starting from that as an ascertained point, you might by a series of jesuitical inquiries prosecuted at the establishment of Capillaire and Sweetbread, pastrycooks and confectioners, ascertain where that banquet was held, and so all my precautions to insure the repose of the family in question would be entirely frustrated, and of no effect.

The Bakers of Baker Street—I say—were minded to give a dinner-party. They gave four every season, and by these four instalments of hospitality duly paid up, discharged their obligations in this kind to the human race in general, and to their friends and acquaintances in particular.

The Bakers pre-eminently constituted a type of English respectability. Mr. John Baker, of Baker Street—the second son of Mr. John Baker, also of Baker Street, but long since deceased—had been twice married. In the first instance he had intermarried with the Welbecks. By Miss Jane Welbeck, his first wife, he had issue now surviving : Margaret, married to Mr. Thomas Stubbs, solicitor, of Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop ; John, now doing a very fair commission business in the city of London ; Matthew, a surveyor, established at Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffordshire ; and Sophia, yet a spinster. By his second marriage with Mrs. Wimpole, the relict of Mr. Thomas Wimpole, late of Wimpole Street, he had issue four daughters : Martha, married to Mr. Tucker Eaton, junior partner in the firm of "Swill and Eaton," wine-merchants, of Abchurch Lane—private residence at Stamford Hill ; Mary Jane, married to Mr. Frederick Snowball, notary and conveyancer, of Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury ; and Lucy and Anna Maria, who were as yet un-

appropriated blessings. Of the little Bakers—the issue of both marriages, whom the gods peculiarly loved, and who were therefore taken early from this wicked world, I will say nothing. They were numerous, for the Bakers are an abounding and prolific race. Let us hope that they passed without much ado to an Upper Baker Street of their own.

The second Mrs. Baker had somewhat lost the exquisite perfection of form which in days long since gone by had attracted the attention, and fixed the affections, of Mr. Thomas Wimpole, when, as Miss Martha Wigmore, she used to attend service at the Church of St. Mary-le-bone; and still more when he followed the young lady to Broadstairs, and took note of the impression of her then little feet upon the yellow sands which extend in front of that celebrated watering-place. The once fawn-like Martha Wigmore, since Mrs. Thomas Wimpole, and actually Mrs. John Baker, was, I fear, somewhat stout at the date of the dinner-party last week. Upon that memorable occasion she wore a green satin dress, made rather low, with a toque adorned with a bird of Paradise, and a large yellow topaz brooch. Golden bracelets of considerable value set off the rich proportions of her matronly arms; and altogether there was a Sultana-like idea prevailing throughout her costume. This lady, it would only be right to remark, had projects connected with her dinner-parties of somewhat graver moment even than a due celebration of the return-rites of hospitality. The Misses Lucy and Anna Maria Baker were, in her maternal opinion, somewhat long in "going off." She was in the habit of attributing this result to the altered tone amongst the young men of the present day—and this alteration of tone, in last resort, she referred to the growth and progress of the London Clubs.

"What in the world," so this lady was frequently in the habit of observing, "was the use of these establishments?" The chief result of them—as far as she saw—was that they furnished young men with standards of luxury which they would never be able to realise in after-life. The comforts of a home were essentially different from the comforts of a club; but in our time young men arrived at a combination of the two systems, which if they could not realise they for the most part gave up the Home, and adhered to the Club. She (Mrs. B.) trembled to think of what the results must be. As to marriages, there was no use thinking anything more about them. Of course they were at an end. It was not however so much the fate of the women she deplored, as that of the poor, lost, misguided men, who, with no loving eye to watch over them and restrain them in the path of duty, would gradually become worse and worse, and sink into a condition from which it would be impossible to extricate them, even if at the twelfth hour they should awake to a dim consciousness of their forlorn state. What had a parcel of boys to do with velvet sofas, and golden mirrors, and French cookery in place of honest English fare, consumed at the eating-houses which had been good enough for their fathers? She only hoped the sons would turn out half as well; but upon this matter she entertained the most serious doubts.

This was a very favourite theme with Mrs. John Baker; and although I do not affect to give her precise words, she used to handle it much in the way indicated above. An event which seemed to have aggravated her pre-conceived ideas up to a high point of aggravation, was the occurrence in "The Times" of the recent correspondence with regard to Middle-Class Dinners.

"There they are again!" the lady would remark. "My worst anticipations are realised. What! pretend that anything in the world can surpass a saddle, or it may be a haunch, of roasted mutton, and a pair of boiled chickens with a nice delicate tongue! Are we all to be turned into a set of nasty Frenchmen? A judgment will fall upon the country—I say—a judgment! The experience of ages has fixed the character of the entertainments which respectable English families should interchange; and are we to be deprived of our traditions by these silly young men, and reduced to the level of the railway-stags at Bullone? No, we prefer our good old English fare to bullied beef; and I, for one, decline to eat frogs, even although a penny bunch of violets should be put by the side of my plate to give them a flavour."

Thus the lady would rail on, much in the style of the famous Lord Eldon of dilatory memory, in whose eyes "the sun of England was setting for ever," and the Throne and the Altar "were ever in danger," whenever a proposition was made for disfranchising a horse-trough in the Romney Marshes, and transferring the two members which represented it in Parliament to an upstart town in the manufacturing districts, containing half a million of inhabitants, or thereabouts. Better, however, than all argument, to convince the world that Mrs. John Baker was in the right, and these rash innovators of "The Times" in the wrong, will be a simple recital of the Baker *ménu* on the night in question.

A good rich Mock Turtle Soup.

Oyster Patties.		Sweetbread Rich Sauce.
Flanker. Rolled Veal.	Entrées.	Flanker. Tongue.
Curried Chicken.		Stewed Pigeons.

Turbot with Smelts.

The mock-turtle soup with the forced-meat balls was removed with a haunch of mutton; the pale turbot with its galaxy of smelts made way for a pair of boiled chickens with white sauce. When sufficient justice had been done to these delicacies the *débris* were removed by the hands of the ministering spirits, and the renovated board groaned under the following luxuries.

A pair of Ducklings.

Pastry edifice in castellated form. — Pink Cream.

Apple Tart. — EPERGNE. — Custards.

Jelly. — Blanc-mange.

Cabinet Pudding (in mould), starred with plums (flabby, and of weak constitution).

Third form of enchantment:

A Pyramid of Oranges.

Preserved Ginger. — Candied matters, hard and green.

Biscuits. — EPERGNE. — Biscuits.

Almonds, Raisins. — Figs.

A large Sponge-cake, in shape.

With slight variations according to the season, this *ménu* was produced and reproduced by the Bakers and the friends of the Bakers—one noticeable point being that at corresponding periods all the circle gave corresponding dinners. Thus, if in spring you had a decided taste for fore-quarter of lamb and green peas, or in winter for roast turkey and Cambridge sausages, it was sure to be gratified. In order to give a complete idea of a Baker banquet—and thus, as it were, to exhaust this important subject—it may be proper to add that the wine produced by Mr. John Baker at dinner to exhilarate the spirits of his guests, consisted of sherry and three "servings" of champagne. Now the champagne was served in tall glasses such as those which the stork in the fable would have produced when supping *en partie fine* with the fox, and I have always suspected that there was a certain degree of slyness on the part of the attendants; for although—true it was that your tall glass was for a moment full, or at least appeared to be so—in a very few seconds it was all but empty, without any exertions on your own part. After dinner liquid ruby was produced in the shape of fine old English port, and when the ladies had disappeared, a claret jug was the poor substitute for their amiable and enchanting presence. I do not think that the Baker idea either of the vintage of Champagne or Bordeaux would have satisfied the exigencies of a critical French palate. Upon the occasions to which I allude, the made dishes were for the most part supplied by the firm of Capillaire and Sweetbread, and an attendant from that establishment, habited in a grave and decorous suit of black, was present in aid of the footman with the yellow plush breeches and light green coat—the Baker livery. Additional assistance was given by the green-grocer in Crawford Street, a person quite irreproachable in his ministrations, save that he had an unfortunate habit of breathing hard down your neck when "offering" the stewed pigeons, pink cream, &c., &c. Could human ingenuity go farther in the way of luxury rightly understood than this? But the emissaries of the London Clubs had glided like serpents into the Baker Paradise, and had suggested that the *chefs* at their respective establishments could produce something in the form of a dinner more gratifying to the palate, and less injurious to the health, than a Baker banquet. Here, then, was an additional reason why Mrs. John Baker detested these institutions. In her opinion they had interfered with the marriage of her daughters, and they certainly had sneered at the constitution of her dinners.

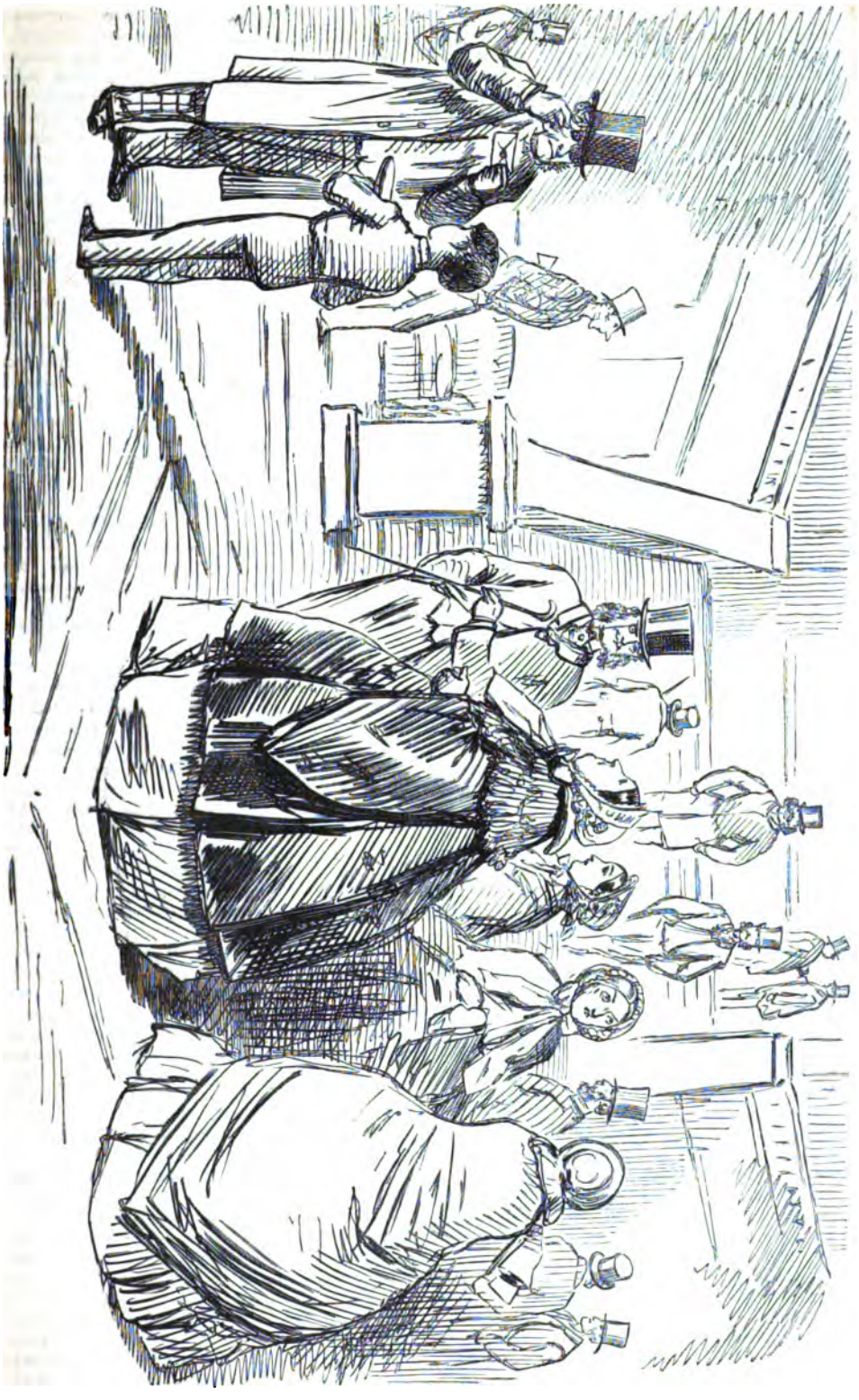
More than this, the young men who frequented these miserable clubs were in the habit of asserting that they did not derive much amusement, nor instruction either, from the conversation of the guests round the hospitable board of the Bakers, and the Baker-friends; in short, that these affairs were exceedingly dull.

The British matron had been touched in her two tenderest points.

During the progress of the banquet now under consideration, Mrs. J. B., supported by an awful bevy of British matrons, who represented public opinion in its most anti-club form in a very vigorous way, expressed the most decided opinions upon this painful subject. This she did in a more pointed manner, inasmuch as there was present at the banquet a youthful barrister, who was known to have been a member of *The Brutus* for some years, and who did not appear to be devoting any considerable portion of his attention either to his professional studies, or to his establishment in the world in a respectable way.

This young gentleman, however, was not deficient in a certain kind of ability; and from the line of argument he adopted on the evening in question, I should be inclined to augur not unfavourably of his chance of forensic success when he has spent every shilling he possesses in the world, and has involved himself in liabilities to the money-lenders to a considerable amount. It may be superfluous to add, that Mr. Horace Tickler—such was the name of that blooming jurisconsult—did not deliver his address at length as here represented. I only profess to give the substance of his remarks, which were offered to the notice of the company in a pleasant and conversational way.

"You are wrong, my dear Mrs. Baker, for once in your life you are wrong. I feel well assured, from your well-known candour, that you will be the first to admit, and to rejoice in, the discovery of your error. You have, indeed, argued correctly from imperfect, or rather from imaginary, premisses. The fact really is—paradoxical as such a conclusion may appear—that the London Clubs



Mr. Baker at The Club.

are pre-eminently institutions for the promotion of matrimony. When ladies discuss this subject, they appear invariably to lose sight of the story of the Grocer's Apprentices. What happens when a lad is first introduced into an establishment for the retailing of raisins, figs, candied sugar, and sweeties of various descriptions? Is the lad debarred from the privilege of tasting the luxuries which it will henceforth be his duty to dispense to his employer's customers? No; he is not only permitted, but rather encouraged, to take his fill; for it is certain that in a very short time he will be so disgusted with the lusciousness of those delicacies which had appeared to be so exquisite to his virgin palate, that he would prefer a hunch of bread and cheese to any of them. The same thing happens with the young men at the London Clubs. I will venture to say, that after his first six months of membership have expired, not one in a hundred cares one straw about the velvet sofas and upholsteries which have excited your indignation. It may indeed be that they permanently prefer the simpler repast which they find at their club to all the luxuries of your hospitable board. But surely this is not an evil of an anti-matrimonial tendency. Now, what happened to young men in London before the club system of this great capital had attained its present development? For their dinners they were bound to dive into some fetid holes redolent of the fumes of hot joints, and wet sawdust. The tablecloths were filthy—spotted with mustard-spots and blotches of gravy—the cutlery was not overclean; the glasses not uncommonly adorned with the marks of the waiter's thumb. Let us, for argument's sake, admit that the meat, when you got it, was fair enough in quality, but you bolted it in silence, or amused yourself during your repast with poring over yesterday's newspaper, for the papers of the day were always 'in hand.' The whole affair was abominable; and nothing but the nerves and digestive powers of youth in its vigorous prime could have gone through with it."

Mrs. John Baker here interrupted the speaker, and intimated, that even admitting Mr. Tickler's facts as true, she was entitled to the triumph of the argument—as in very truth by force of the very discomforts and privations which Mr. H. T. had so eloquently described, the young men were forced into submission, and driven *nolentes volentes* into the arms of a loving wife, and the comforts of a respectable home.

"Not so, Mrs. Baker; not so. The process I describe was not at all calculated to promote an admiration for the 'respectable' in the youthful breast. Amusement after their day's work the young men in London would have in one form or another, and I fear, in the majority of cases, that as you lowered the standard of comfort the amusement was taken in a more and more questionable form, and possibly the matrimonial fervour diminished. The young man about town in London of the present day is a great improvement, in my humble opinion, upon the Tom and Jerry type which found favour in the eyes of our fathers. At least in a London club a young gentleman associates with young gentlemen of his own class—his dinner is put before him with an attention to cleanliness and propriety of which, if English homes, almost of the humblest kind, are destitute, all I can say is, the English homes ought to be very much ashamed of themselves. It may probably surprise you to hear—but it is, notwithstanding, the truth—that 80 per cent.—I might even say more—of the dinners furnished every day to the members of the London Clubs collectively, are served at rates varying from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*,—surely a charge which does not imply any very wild degree of luxury or extravagance. The older members will then retire to the newsroom or the library, and doze in comfort over their paper, or their novel; and what would the poor old gentlemen do but for the resource of their club? The younger ones disappear in the smoking-room, where at least they meet with gentlemen like themselves, who—astounding as such an assertion may appear—would not, with rare exceptions indeed, tolerate any other subjects or forms of conversation than such as would be employed at your own dinner-table. Let us follow them up-stairs to the billiard-room. The time has happily gone by when it was supposed that a youth who would play a game at billiards was in a fair way to perdition—but even the bitterest opponents of that amusement can scarcely deny that it may be more safely indulged in amongst friends and gentlemen, members of the same club, than amongst the black-legs and sham-captains of the public billiard-tables. Of course there is a sprinkling of men whose acquaintance one would rather avoid in every club; but on the whole, as might have been expected from the constitution of the clubs, and the use of the ballot upon entry, the percentage of such is considerably smaller in the club than in general society."

These doctrines were very heretical, and in violent contradiction of the Baker theory: they were warmly contested by Mrs. J. Baker and by the ladies present at every point; and at length Mrs. J. B. got so heated with the argument, that she lost sight of her own position as the mother of two nubile and unmarried daughters, and appealed triumphantly to the existence of so many unmarried young ladies of the greatest loveliness—of the highest education—of the tenderest feelings—who were now wasting their youth and early womanhood in cheerless celibacy, as a proof that the desire for marriage amongst men had decreased—which decrease she still attributed to the anti-matrimonial action of the London Clubs.

"In the first place, my dear Mrs. Baker,"—how saccharine in his contradictions was this insinuating lawyer!—"in the first place, I suspect that the extent of this most crying evil has been very much exaggerated. There are more unmarried young ladies and young men, no doubt, than there were twenty years ago; but also there is a greater number of married couples. I do not observe in the Returns of the Registrar-General that there is any falling off in the rate of increase of the population of Great Britain—even passing over the point of how far emigration may affect the returns. But let us admit, for argument's sake, that the returns are maintained at their present amount by the marriages of the working classes, and that in

our own peculiar class, what we may call the upper-middle class of English society, there is a falling off in this respect, is this to be attributed to the actions of the London Clubs? It may well be true that the habits of English gentlemen are more expensive and luxurious than they were thirty years ago; but I would ask in all humility, has not the desire for social distinction increased in a corresponding way amongst English ladies? If Romeo longs for a *cotelette à la Soubise* tossed off in a fashion somewhat superior to the usual style of English domestic cookery, does not Juliet insist upon her brougham and her little house in Tyburnia, as indispensable conditions before she endows her lover with all the rich treasures of her virgin heart? Are not both too eager to begin life at the very point which their parents had attained just when they were on the eve of quitting it? How often do you meet with a young lady in society who is honestly ready to accept the risks of human life with a husband who has little to recommend his suit in the way of worldly endowments? And is it much to be wondered at, if men who have been left to bear the heat and burden of the day alone, should, when the struggle has been decided in their favour, be somewhat of opinion that they can manage without assistance to spend the produce of their labour in their own way?"

This heresy was not received very favourably amongst the ladies. Of course a woman was always not only ready but eager to make all possible sacrifices for the man of her heart; it was only the men themselves who were cold, worldly, and selfish. I am writing about London Clubs, and not, save by implication, about dinner-parties in Baker Street; and therefore I will say at once that the result of the conversation, not only at dinner, but subsequently in the drawing-room, was that on the next day Mr. Tickler should escort the Baker family over *The Brutus*—the club to which he belonged himself; and he felt quite sure that a mere glance at the style of accommodation provided for the members would entirely remove from Mrs. J. B.'s mind the false impressions under which she was then evidently labouring. *The Brutus* was a club which bore somewhat of a political character; and Mr. T. intimated that it was a pleasant and an encouraging sight to watch the young men who were destined at no distant date to be the foremost gladiators in the political arena, in training for the conflict. What midnight oil they consumed! How they scorned delights! How laborious were their days! How they pored over the Reports and Blue Books in order to prepare themselves for the coming strife! Mr. Tickler indeed admitted that there were certain odd characters and eccentric persons who adhered to *The Brutus*, as barnacles will adhere to the bottom of a gallant ship; but these were not to be taken as fair samples and specimens of the club.

Next day Mr. T. did effectually escort his friends over this famous club, and we have endeavoured, by calling in the aid of art, to give an idea of what the ladies saw on passing into the vestibule of the club. There was something almost painful in the spectacle of that young over-wrought politician, whose intellectual struggles had been of so vehement a kind that he lay exhausted on a sofa in the hall. Nay! it was just as though Mr. T. had prepared the sight as a kind of clap-trap; but I ask the ladies frankly to give me their opinion upon the old member who has just taken the three-cornered note from the hands of the page. Is that note evidence that the members—even the senior members of *The Brutus*—are insensible to female beauty, and to the invitations of the fair? I would add, as the party were conducted over the house, and shown into the news-room, the coffee-room, where the members take their little portions of black broth, and the library, what proof did they find of the wicked proceedings ordinarily attributed to the members of London Clubs? The place was comfortable enough—it was no more. Of course there was a considerable number of easy-chairs in the library, but there was also a considerable number of members to sit in them. By the easy process of considering the comforts provided for 1200 or 1400 persons to be provided solely for the comfort of the one, no doubt it would be easy enough to get up a case against any individual clubbist; but then there were 1199 or 1399 facts in strong opposition to this theory. I wish that space permitted me to indulge in sketches of the few odd members of London Clubs. *The Brutus* was certainly not deficient in this respect—but I forbear. The *quid-nuncs;* and "old boys"; and loud speakers; and after-dinner snorers; and the sharp, active members who are always in a state of permanent opposition to the committee, and in a condition of terrible excitement about the great "mutton-chop question;" and the fussy, vulgar men who are ever endeavouring to thrust their acquaintance upon quiet members who do not appreciate the privilege; and the old members who sit upon the newspapers in the news-rooms, may all stand aside for the moment. Justice may, perhaps, be done to them another day, but not now. I am quite sure that Mrs. J. B.—and still more the Misses Anna Maria and Lucy Baker—had no right to complain of want of deference and attention as they were conducted through the club. Could those two young spinster sylphs have understood the amount of excitement they created in many a manly breast, as they glided like sunbeams through the rooms of that desolate establishment, I am sure they would not have considered a London Club as an institution very violently opposed to their interests.

Under two peculiar heads I trust that Mrs. J. B. will never forget the lesson she received upon the afternoon in question. The club kitchen, and the little arrangements then in course of preparation for the comfort and refreshment of the members a few hours later, should have been pregnant with suggestions for the improvement of the culinary department at Number Blank, Baker Street. Mrs. J. B. might there have seen upon how little men are content to dine, and yet consider that they have dined well. The kitchen of *The Brutus* was a practical protest against the waste, the extravagance, and the discomfort of the Baker banquets. Nor was it an answer to say that these things can only be done on a large

scale. The same results can be produced for two persons as for 1400, almost under the most contracted conditions of space. It is merely a question of parading a corporal's guard instead of a regiment.

The smoking-room may be considered the *sanctum sanctorum* of a London club. Here it is that according to feminine opinion the foulest orgies take place! Here are the head-quarters of the great Anti-Matrimonial Conspiracy! Ladies, *credite experto*, this is an entire delusion! In that exceedingly simple room, with its oil-clothed floor, or possibly with its well-scrubbed boards, and leather-covered sofas, you see an apartment where a certain number of gentlemen meet after dinner to smoke their cigars, and take their coffee, and where they chat over the occurrences of the day, much in the same way that they would do in your presence. The conversation is for the most part carried on amongst knots of friends who have either dined together, or who are personally known to each other. Every London Club has of course its special "Smoking-Room Bores," who are the greatest and most preposterous bores in the club. There is the Bore who will let nobody talk but himself; the Awful Bore, who uses the smoking-room to the annoyance of everybody present as a practising-room for the House of Commons; the Argumentative Bore; the Dictatorial Bore; the Prosy Bore; and many others of similar descriptions; but who, after all, just do in the smoking-room of a club what they would do in general society. General society should, I think, be duly grateful to the London Clubs for absorbing even for a time so many of these social nuisances.

As Mrs. J. B. and the young ladies are conducted into this room, two gentlemen, even at that early hour, were partaking of the fragrant weed within its mysterious precincts—how odd! They were friends of Mr. Tickler's, and were presented by that gentleman to the two ladies with all due solemnity. Mr. Addison Capes, the junior partner in a well-established solicitor's firm in Lothbury; the other, a fervid young Irish member, full of ardour and lofty aspirations. Mrs. J. B. was perfectly overpowered when Mr. Timothy O'Garry, the Honourable Member for Kilbadger, was presented to her; and although her vehement denunciations against smoking and smokers had obtained for her great notoriety amongst her own circle, within five minutes she was converted into a proselyte of the weed by that energetic Irish statesman. The happiness of a home had been denied to him;—how was he to recruit his wearied brain when wasted by the political discussions of the previous night, otherwise than by seeking relief from the fragrant weed? Had Mrs. John Baker ever made trial of the remedy herself when her susceptibilities had been shocked by contact with the world, and the world's worldliness? Would she permit him to offer her a cigar—a Queen's?—and the young ladies? Ah! if Mrs. Baker did but know the amount of suffering endured by men in the gloomy dens—such as the one which they now graced by their presence—she would never blame them for attempting at least to snatch from fate the boon of momentary forgetfulness, There was nothing after all in the practice to which any lady should object if only precaution was taken not to annoy her by smoking in her sacred presence, nor to offend her delicate organ of smell by the next day's remains of the fragrant feast. Yes, London Clubs had their advantages, just like Harbours of Refuge, or Hospitals, but well did the members know that there was a Paradise—a Better Land—from which they were excluded. Ah! if amiable families would but invite him, Mr. O'Garry, to tea, and to sun himself in the fair presence of beings whom he would forbear more particularly to name!

The immediate results of this conversation were—

1st. That Messrs. Timothy O'Garry and Mr. Addison Capes were invited to accompany Mr. Horace Tickler to Number Blank, Baker Street, on a day named.

2ndly. That Mrs. J. Baker confessed on the spot that her opinions, with regard to smoking, had undergone considerable modifications.

The intermediate results were—

3rdly. That Mr. O'Garry confessed to Mr. Capes very shortly after, that his life hitherto had been conducted on mistaken principles, and that the hour had now arrived when he longed for sympathy, adding: "Ah! to think as I led her from the church-door that she was mine—mine—for life—— by George!" Whereupon Mr. Capes laughed, and jeered his friend most consumedly.

4thly. That the next evening two Hansom cabs drove up to the door of Number Blank, Baker Street, and out of the one stepped Mr. O'Garry with a bouquet, and out of the other Mr. Capes with another bouquet, and that Mr. O'G. offered his bouquet to Miss Anna Maria Baker; and Mr. Addison Capes his bouquet to Miss Lucy Baker.

5thly. That Mrs. John Baker, in the course of a conversation with Mr. John Baker, which occurred in the seclusion of the nuptial couch, vehemently rebuked that gentleman for being so far behind the age as never to have made a fair trial of a cigar. Mr. O'Garry had assured her that at the London Clubs the *cigar* had driven out the *bottle*, and she (Mrs. J. B.) would no longer tolerate the inebriety of Mr. John Baker and his associates.

The remote results were:

6thly. That Mr. Addison Capes, who was in a thriving way of business, readily obtained the hand of Miss Lucy Baker;—that Mr. Timothy O'Garry made similar proposals with reference to Miss Anna Maria; but as, upon inquiry, it proved that his worldly possessions were of a negative kind, consisting, for the most part, of liabilities incurred in the form of renewed bills, his proposals were rejected;—that poor little Anna Maria took it so dreadfully to heart that some time after Mr. O'Garry was sent for, lectured, blessed, and his liabilities placed in Mr. A. Capes's hands with a view to his extrication;—that Mr. A. Capes did prevail upon the Jews to accept settlement for 25 per cent. on the amount of the nominal liabilities, and that then the Jewish gentlemen were overpaid;—that Anna Maria Baker became Mrs.

Timothy O'Garry, and that in consequence of the grandeur of the connection, her aunt, Miss Smith, of Devonshire Place, settled upon her 400*l.* per annum for her own exclusive use;—that Mrs. T. O'Garry was presented at the Drawing-Room upon "her marriage" by the consort of "The O'Garry," and that Mrs. John Baker was so deeply impressed with the fact that a child of her own should have had a personal interview with the Gracious Sovereign, that she remained throughout the day in a state of mild hysterics, rejoicing in the discomfiture of the Baker friends who had been invited to see Mrs. O'Garry dressed for the Drawing-Room;—that, in consequence of the support afforded by the Member for Kilbadger to the Government at a time of political crisis, he was rewarded with the Governorship of one of the Windward Isles, and with the honour of knighthood; and that, consequently, Miss Anna Maria Baker is now Lady O'Garry;—finally, that Mrs. John Baker blesses the London Clubs.

As common-sense will sometimes find admission in the garb of nonsense when in its own pepper and salt clothing it would be sternly excluded from all hearing or sympathy, an attempt has been made in this little sketch to place in the mouths of fictitious speakers the arguments for and against the London Clubs. As an old clubbist I venture to think that the opinion which mainly prevails amongst ladies with regard to London Clubs, and their operations upon the minds and habits of London men, is substantially incorrect. The modern club is a purely modern institution—the growth of the last twenty years. The first London club was founded by Sir W. Raleigh in Friday Street at *The Mermaid*, and here Shakspeare, if he would, might have blackballed Ben Jonson; and Beaumont and Fletcher were on the committee.

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!

Then there was Ben Jonson's own club at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, where Childs' banking-house now stands. These were associations of literary men; and I do not think that during the reign of Elizabeth, or the first two Stuarts, the club system of London received any further development. The Commonwealth, of course, killed the clubs. A conventicle was the nearest approach to an association of this kind which would have been tolerated in those grim days. The Restoration brought back to town a more "clubbable" set of men; and we find during the reign of Charles II.—*The Club of Kings*, and *The Club of Ugly Faces*, and *The King's Head Club*—the latter a political True-Blue Protestant Association set on foot by Shaftesbury for his own purposes. It held its meetings at one of the Fleet Street corners of Chancery Lane. James II. did not help forward club life—the agitation of men's minds during his short reign was too painful to admit of regular meetings for the purposes of social intercourse. White's and Brooke's came in with William III.—White's being somewhat the older of the two. I cannot find the exact date of the foundation of Boodle's, but it was probably not much later than that of its two fellows in St. James's Street. These three clubs grew out of the Coffee Houses celebrated by Addison and Steele, and bore the names, probably, of the owners of the establishments when a set of gentlemen resolved to hire them for their own exclusive use, and for the use of any person whom they might afterwards elect into their society. The White's and Brooke's of to-day are very different from the White's and Brooke's of one hundred and fifty, or even fifty years ago. In their former condition, when frequented by the great statesmen, and persons of chief social distinction of the day, they had but little indeed in common with modern club life. *The Beefsteak Club*, now sadly degenerated from its ancient glories, is about a century old;—then there was the famous Literary Club of Goldsmith, Burke, Johnson, Garrick, Beauclerk, &c. These, with the *King of Clubs*, founded by the late Bobus Smith, in concert with Sir James Mackintosh and the present Marquis of Lansdowne, fills up the interval between the former and present generation of clubs. The really Modern Club dates from the Reform Bill agitation, and the club as it stands is the Modern Club *minus* the political agitation of that stormy time. The following is the best list I could procure of institutions of this kind actually existing in London.

Army and Navy	Oriental
Arthur's	Oxford and Cambridge
Athenæum	Parthenon
Arlington	Portland
Boodle's	Princes
Brooke's	Reform
Carlton	Royal London Yacht
Cavendish	Royal Thames Yacht
City of London	St. George's Chess
Cocoa Tree	St. James
Conservative	Stafford
Cosmopolitan	Travellers
East India U. Service	Union
Garrick	United Service
Gresham	United Service (Junior)
Guards	United University
Hogarth	Westbourne Athenæum
Mansfield	Westminster
Milton	White's
National	Whittingham

Windham.

These forty-one clubs contain probably from thirty thousand to forty thousand members, and are much frequented; so that, for good or for evil, they constitute an important element in the social constitution of the country.

With rare exceptions, they are but large hotels or coffee-houses. They are undoubtedly very comfortable; but it only depends upon private families to make their Homes so pleasant that they may run the Clubs off the road. A Baker Banquet—take it how you will—is not a pleasant ceremony. Young men and young women will take pleasure in each other's society if they are allowed to meet in a natural way. I have the highest respect for my dear old friend, Josiah Copperdam, of *The Brutus*, who tells me long stories about things as

they were in the year of Grace 1822; but I fear that that most respectable clubbist would stand a poor chance in my regard against sweet Bessie Primrose of Almond Villa, if that old snap-dragon of an AUNT JANE would only allow me to offer to the young lady the assurances of my respectful homage.

Let English mothers and English wives condescend to take a few lessons from these much-abused institutions, and make the Home more pleasant than the Club, a result easily in their power,—and I should be sorry for poor old Copperdam. How he would talk to the waiters! Never mind, Bessie dear; we'll ask poor C. up occasionally to Almond Villa, and give him something much nicer and less extravagant than a Baker Banquet; and —who knows?—Aunt Jane might "go off" yet.

GAMMA.

THE LAKE AT YSSBROOKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MIGNONETTE.

I HAVE often fancied that nature meant me for a painter, not because I have a taste for pictures, or the smallest talent in the way of design, but because the chief epochs of my life have always presented themselves to me through a halo of colour. There is, so to speak, a streak of a different shade dashed across each of my reminiscences. As it happens, my calling is that of a conveyancer, and my daily habits have been for five and twenty years moulded by contact with the driest, dustiest, and most prosaic details; but, for all that, the past still continues to present itself to me under the guise of a series of pictures. A quarter of a century of attendant terms, and contingent remainders; of long drawn out titles and undiscoverable fee-simples, has failed to cure me of this apparently dreamy tendency which I have come at last to recognise as an inherent feature of my existence. Everything is colour to me—blue or black or green or azure; and yet I would not have my readers suppose me a spooney fellow. I never was in love after the fashion with which men love in books. I am married, and I love my wife; but I wedded her more because she was a desirable than a specially attractive person, and more because I thought she would make me a good helpmeet, than on any score of personal loveliness. My marriage and its concomitant circumstances are about the only part of my life which is to me devoid of colour. I can afford to look back upon them with little of interest. Their results have been so welded into the progress of my daily life, that I care not to dream over them, or at all events I never do. It is widely different with other portions of my experiences. I recall often enough, against my own will, too, the day when Rhoda Gray committed suicide down at Purley, and her midnight funeral in the old churchyard; for there they buried her, though no one read a line or said a prayer, aloud, at least, over her. The cold, dark moaning night, the torches flaring thickly and smokily through the damp mist, and lighting ever and anon some village face; the muffled tread of many—all come back to me through a dark jumble of black and red, and not quite red either, say rather something thick, foggy, and lurid, like the splashes of colour in Rembrandt's pictures, terribly dark, and yet terribly visible. So again of the day after. It was Christmas time: an iron frost had bound up the earth. The very grass was black; its blades stood stiff and dingy out of the worm-hills. Nature seemed dead. A few murky crows flapped their presence over the fields; but life had to all appearance died out, or was to be found only in the red berries which decorated the tavern windows, or the few straggling children casting pebbles on the ice of the village pond. But I must not dwell on this. Some day perhaps I may have occasion to recount that sad story. Other purpose is before me now. I must say a word about a leaden tableau in my life, a certain slate-coloured chapter of my worldly experiences, which in my memory seems to bring back no sunlight, no gleam at all, but the horizon of a morning portending probable rain, and yet not rain positively: one of those skies which close upon a beholder, and make him fancy that it will never be fine again.

Such a sky seems to hang over my reminiscences of Yssbrooke. I have tried but I cannot call to mind, that during my visits there, though they extended over some few years, the sun ever shone. I was happy there, I believe; but the remains left by them recall no joy and certainly no sunlight. No cloud encumbers their horizon until the time of which I am about to speak: but no light, save that of a doubtful sky illumines them; a polar atmosphere, in short, devoid of a sensation of frost.

My parents were kept by the times in India: I was put to school at Harrow. At sixteen I spent my holidays at Yssbrooke. Yssbrooke belonged to my mother's brother; at least he occupied it, and his executors at his death disposed of it. There was a story about a trust, but that is neither here nor there. My vacations were, in most cases, passed there. It was a dull, odd, profitless sort of place, with gables of any age, that never seemed to grow older; large unthinned woods, and farmyards that never appeared either to thrive or to fall into decay; cattle grazing with a hopeless aspect on cold-looking pasture land, and thin crops of grain, which would have driven a farmer of these go-a-head times to suicide or the bottle. The whole establishment seemed but an abortive display of prosperity, which left its cold shade upon every person and thing brought within its compass; not that we were any of us habitually miserable, that I remember. The society at Yssbrooke was undoubtedly of a grave kind, but I do not think that it was distasteful to me on that account. I carried with me such schoolboy elasticity as was consistent with my temperament. It was not much, perhaps, for I was ordinarily a dreamy boy, and may have been more in my element in my uncle's domain than would most of my schoolfellows; but, on the whole, I was happy there. For was it not home to me, and at home who is not happy? My uncle had a daughter. She was some six years my senior; which circumstance, combined with a certain native superiority which made me feel myself immeasurably her inferior,

probably checked my development of an attachment that I have since thought was waiting to break out on my side. Tall, lithesome, with earnest hazel eyes, and soft silken brown hair, she could not have been more fascinating had she been an angel of beauty.

One could never look in her face without seeming to read the depth and fervour of her simple heart. A winning though retiring candour pervaded her whole person. Quiet and subdued in manner, she was perfectly open and frank in all she said and did. She inspired confidence with the first glance of her eye, and alas, as I have reason to know, she yielded it but too readily and fearlessly when it was sought by others. Well, I was not myself in love with her. In her eyes I was but as a boy. "Cecil, remember," she would say to me, "that you are baby, you goose," and I never had the hardihood to dispute that truth, nor could I make up my mind to be offended at its enunciation. For she was so taking —the tones of her voice were so soft and true, and her hair—well I may be excused for referring to it again, for have I not a small piece of it before me now?

But there was another reason for my not presuming upon hopes, against which my youth was itself a sufficient impediment.

Edith Gersom, as years drew on, yielded her heart to some one else. I say, as years drew on,—because when the affair commenced, I never knew. I have a sort of idea that the fact rather crept upon me, than that it was communicated to me as an actual occurrence that had taken place. I know that I disliked the favoured party even at the time when he could have been no more than a pretender. Not that I had any other ground for my antipathy than the instinct which is more or less inherent in the rest of mankind. Eldred (that was his name) was, to look at, tall, dark, handsome, and unobjectionable, and withal studiously civil to me. Edith, too, tried to interest my sympathies in his favour.

"Cecil, he is so clever and learned," she would say, "and he does so desire to be great. Oh! cousin, if you could learn from him!"

Thank God, I never did. The only deed for which he rendered himself famous, being the betrayal of the purest and warmest heart that ever beat.

The engagement between Eldred and my cousin hung on for, I should say, about two years. One other person in the household, besides myself, did not look upon the gentleman with the favour which he undoubtedly contrived to receive from the rest. That other person was Colonel Gersom, my uncle. And he, I think, was more against the match than against the man with whom it was to be contracted. What his exact scruples were, neither of the lovers would say. He was a grave, thoughtful, reserved man, morbidly sensitive on religious matters, and I have sometimes fancied that something on this score stood in the way of that final consent for which the young people were waiting, and which was, in the end, rather abruptly and harshly refused. That this refusal was ever distinctively anticipated in the earlier stages of the transaction I do not believe. Else why should my uncle permit this man to visit the house, unchecked, during so long a period, and the two to be thrown together in unreserved intercourse in rides and drives, and in other ways, on all occasions?

This licence was more dangerous, perhaps, for a girl of Edith's temperament, circumstanced as she was then, than it would have been for another. Trustful and confiding as she was herself, she had found, during her young life, but few receptacles for those feelings for which an ardent, passionate nature most craves.

Her mother had died when she was a mere child. Her father, though treating her always with a sort of sombre kindness, never had her confidence. She had no playfellow, except myself, and after Eldred became her accepted lover, there seemed, on some points, almost a distance between us. Besides, I was constantly away, and at last it appeared to me that my sweet cousin had bestowed on the one centre of affection the entire tendrils of her heart, and lived and breathed for none other.

I was just seventeen years of age when I returned to Yssbrooke to spend my last Harrow vacation. In another six months I was to go up to Cambridge. It was summer time, but the weather was gloomy and cheerless—dull also, though not rainy. Well do I remember the depression of spirits with which I drove by the edges of the lake through the park. The water looked so black and dull that my very heart seemed to shiver at the sight of it. This was the more remarkable as of all spots connected with Yssbrooke, I loved the lake most. It had been to me a constant source of recreation. I had fishing from it in spring time, and many's the summer-night I had spent musingly on its broad surface. The wild fowl upon its sedgy banks afforded many a fair day's sport, and in quieter moments the walks around ministered to my brooding and eccentric humour. But now there was a black meaning in its dull waters, half fretted by the fitful gusts of wind which swept across it, that filled me with foreboding. My companion, too, who had met me with the country trap at the neighbouring market-town, an old domestic as loquacious, on ordinary occasions, as anything connected with Yssbrooke could be, displayed a taciturnity which did not detract from my uneasiness. The questions I had put to him on the road respecting the news, the state of the crops, the welfare of the estate, and the health of the different members of the family, had either been answered evasively or put aside as not apprehended. It was then, with a distrust I could not master, that we approached the house, gladly, to my mind, for if there was anything amiss, Edith would clear up the mystery, or in default of her, old Markham, a *quondam* nurse, and later companion of my young cousin, with whom I had always been a favourite, and whose gossiping propensities I had come sometimes to regard as a virtue amid the prevailing closeness of the inmates of Yssbrooke. Not to be prolix, I may at once come to what she did tell me—it was not

for some hours after my arrival, nor until the stillness of the household, the absence of my uncle till close upon nightfall, and other circumstances had convinced me that something very serious had fallen out. Then the truth was told me by the lips of the old nurse, in sentences which seem as fresh and distinct to me now as on the night when my thirsty ears greedily drank them in, but which I would not put down intelligibly here, if I were to try for a lifetime. The worst part of the news, and that which admitted of no dispute or qualification, consisted of the abrupt flight of my sweet sister-cousin two days before. The circumstances attending the flight were not so intelligible.

It had been remarked, several weeks previously, that something was wrong between her and Eldred. How this was, or what was the ground of this estrangement, must ever remain a matter of conjecture. That my uncle had, by this time, refused to consent to their marriage except on terms which the lover was too poor or too haughty to accept, came later to my ears. That Edith should feel this acutely, and that the result, after all that had passed, would go nearly to break her heart, I knew her too well to doubt; but why the affection existing between them should be impaired by the result was a question much more hard to solve. There is an awful cold doubt clinging to my heart which I have in vain endeavoured to clear up. I hate to recall it, and why should I? After my uncle's ultimatum was passed, Eldred did not at first cease all communication with his mistress or with Yssbrooke. It was said she saw him often. That more than once they parted in anger, and that, on one occasion, she left him in a passion of tears. At last about a fortnight before my arrival, it was asserted that he had left the country. The Colonel received the news with apparent satisfaction, though he said nothing to his child or those about him. Edith, on the contrary, heard it with a look of terror far more striking than one which grief could have expressed, and for days saw no one but her nurse. Grim and reserved as was the Lord of Yssbrooke himself, he probably thought that condolence would only probe her distress, and for the days that succeeded she preserved a hopeless apathy, varied at times by fits of restlessness, and a vague dread of approaching inevitable horror. One afternoon she disappeared. Two entire days had elapsed since she left the house in her ordinary walking-apparel, without any reliable trace of her being forthcoming. She took no clothes or change of raiment for a journey, and her last act was the destruction of every letter or writing she had received from her lover, as well as of every trace which could bring him back to memory. She was gone and so was he, and up to the present moment they were, in fact, as if neither of them had ever been.

And what said my uncle to all this? I was mad to know what his hopes of her recovery were, and how he bore the disaster. On the first point I was enlightened that evening. He returned to Yssbrooke, with the idea impressed upon his mind that his child was hiding from him. He had been to a distant market town on the highroad to Liverpool. The country people had given him a clue, or a fanciful clue furnished by a post-chaise and a dark night. That the clue stopped there, only proved she was in hiding. The departure of Eldred from the country he regarded only as a feint. Her long depression during a fortnight, a feint also; and her systematic destruction of her private papers at the last moment, as proof of a scheme having a definite living purpose as its end. Nobody tried to undeceive him, for nobody had any more plausible solution to offer, and as long as there was a grain of hope it would be cruel to suggest the reverse. But the rector of our parish, I found out afterwards, thought differently: he felt that either Edith was close by, or further off than human aid could reach. Having some influence with the Colonel, he ventured to suggest, on the night of my arrival, that the woods, the farm cottages, and even the outlying thickets, should be searched. "Why," he pointed out, "should she have left home without clothing or means, if she meant to go a journey? Why, if your refusal of Mr. Eldred was only contingent, should she go at all? Of what good would the subterfuge of his emigration be, when by simply marrying her at once clandestinely he could take her with him? You say he refused your conditions?—by eloping with her, he at once accepts them, unless—what you will not believe?" No—the Colonel will not believe anything like that: he was satisfied it was a pre-arranged scheme; and perhaps the rector thought he had some better reasons for the supposition than he cared to mention, and did not press him further.

How did my uncle bear the shock in company? His conduct this night shall tell. To explain it, I must mention that about this time,—I am writing of what happened five-and-forty years ago,—there had been a great religious revival in the land. This revival has since been denominated the Evangelical Movement. It had, I believe, its good effects; but, like all sudden ebullitions of the sort, it had its extreme aspect. An example of this was furnished by the habits of Colonel Gersom and his intimate friends. For eighteen months previous to the moment of which I have last been speaking, he had become, so to speak, an ascetic. The idea upon him, which communicated itself to a considerable knot in the neighbourhood, was, that God was best propitiated by acts of retirement, sorrowful presence, and by grave repellant bearing towards the outer world. Melancholy *réunions* were consequently instituted at Yssbrooke, which were attended by all the converts to this view; mostly males, though there were a few of the gentler sex. The diversions on these occasions were of a most eccentric kind. After prayer and tea, the party placed themselves round a table, and proceeded to play at a serious game I denominated "Crumbs." The mode of amusement was this:—A player was seized with a Scriptural idea. Writing it upon a slip of paper, of which many were at hand, he threw it into a large jar which stood on the table. Another followed as conversation was carried on, and so on. As the process was repeated nightly, and as at first the ideas flowed with a fertility which must have been very gratifying to the host, the jar was

always tolerably stocked. On a signal, a species of tombolo ensued: certain of the crumbs were thrown out; the first person who felt himself inspired made a grab, or as it was more correctly termed a "pick," and a lecture, or rather series of interlocutory sermons followed, upon the text so drawn, which, with others, more or less diversified the evening until it was time for psalms and prayer again. To this amusement my uncle had rigidly adhered during my last two vacations. I find no fault with him for it, nor with those who joined with him in it, whatever distaste I may have felt at the time. I merely mention it to show how it affected the circumstances of which I am speaking, and of the temper in which my unhappy uncle regarded the loss of his daughter. I expected, of course, that on this night at least we should have to "pick no crumbs,"—that at all events the hours would be devoted to mourning and to silence, though a silence of wretchedness. Never was I more mistaken. The usual crumb-pickers assembled. There was the usual grave shake of the hand, the long prayer, the tombolo, and the sermons by those who felt themselves "moved." In the midst of it an express actually arrived with news respecting the fearful circumstance which held the household in suspense. The "crumbs" were at the moment on the table. With a feeling of instinct, each hand seemed stayed from grasping for them. My uncle, however, quietly squeezed the express paper in his hands, with the earnest adjuration to his next neighbour, "Pick, sir, pray pick."

But this could not last. The next day had gone and no tidings, and the next, and my uncle seemed at last to be giving in. The whole neighbourhood had been ransacked, every friend and acquaintance that Edith had ever possessed, had been applied to—magisterial aid had been evoked—but there were neither tidings nor trace of the missing girl. The fifth day from her loss was a Sunday. Early in the forenoon the friends and co-religionists of Colonel Gersom anxiously thronged the dining-room for intelligence. I was there, terribly sick at heart, for I had slept little since my arrival, and having contributed my exertions also for intelligence over the country, I was exhausted bodily as well as mentally. By degrees it was mentioned that the Colonel was ill, and the body of persons present diminished, from motives of delicacy, to some half-dozen. I waited however, mechanically, I think, for I had nowhere else to go, and I felt an irresistible attraction in remaining in the company of others whose thoughts were riveted on the same subject as my own. I conversed, however, with none. With my head leant partly on my hand, I sat in an angle of the room, my eyes resting on a large bowl, or rather glass trough of water, containing gold-fish, which stood in a recess hard by a window. It was before the days of "Aquaria," and the one before me would in these times have been thought insignificant. It was a curiosity however then, and the rare fish within it, had been especial pets of poor lost Edith. As I looked on them this fact came before me in full force, and it seemed to me as if the present still aspect of the little silvery finned tribe within had been unchanged since my arrival. Alive they all certainly were, and all placed differently; but each appeared to have one golden-rimmed eye on me earnestly, seriously, unwaveringly, while their gills and fins flapped mourningly, and in measured shake, as if upbraiding my want of vigour in this grievous strait. The thought afflicted me so much that I was turning my eyes away when my uncle entered. He pressed the hands of one or two friends in a weary manner, meant however to be grateful, and begged the rector who had entered the room with him, to explain his wishes on a point near his heart. They were, that those present should, before they separated for divine service, join in prayer in that spot in behalf of the one sole hope left him on earth. He could not leave the house, but it would be comfort to him to feel that they had in his company offered their united supplications to the Being of all mercy for help in his present visitation. There and then we all knelt together. The rector spoke—no other save by murmurs—earnestly and affectingly did he touch on the blow that had fallen on the house, and according to the mode of faith then in vogue, he not only prayed, but asked for some direct token of the lost girl's fate. I have no right, however, nor do I pretend here to complain of the form. The speaker's words were from the heart, and they went to my heart, and when we rose to our feet my face, at least, was bathed in tears. Still I felt calmer, and more tranquil, and save that I could not keep my eyes from the fish in the glass tank, I certainly was more composed. It is then from no excitement of mind that I came to behold that which was vouchsafed to the astonished eyes of all that little party.

When the persons present rose from prayer, they were grouped in a sort of semi-circle, looking towards the vase of water, the rector and my uncle being alone with their backs towards it. On a sudden, one of the party raised a cry, and the eyes of all, the two persons last mentioned included, turned in the direction of his gaze. Standing by the vase stood Edith—so plain that I for one, could have vouched for her being there in life. She wore the dress in which she had left home, but it seemed drenched as if by exposure to the weather. On her head was nothing; but her hair on one side, dripping and dishevelled, hung unkempt upon her shoulder, on the other it seemed matted, and held to its place by some means which I could not discern. Her face and look was stretched towards my uncle, and were for him alone. The countenance was tearful, and seemed anxiously to bespeak his attention, as if to some action she was about to perform. I just remember his giving a groan, bowing his head now, in a moment, more aged than it had been a moment before, and raising it with outstretched hand respectfully again as if in obedience to her demand. Then did Edith deliberately before us all dip her small hand into the vase, and raise it high, while the water fell palpably splashing from her palm into it. Again she dipped, and again repeated the action, and this time a sad, weeping look o'erspread her features—again the water fell—the fish sprang round at the sound, and, covering her features madly with her hands, she disappeared.

I had no time to think, or cry, or breathe. My uncle, with arm uplifted to heaven, cried out at once, "The lake!"

* * * * *

Beneath that sad sheet of water where I, in my youth, had spent so many happy hours, hard by the sedge, the sight of which but a few days before had spread such terror in my breast, the lifeless form of Edith Gersom was discovered. Dank, wet, and limp was her dress, for she had been there many days, and tangled and dishevelled one side of her silken hair, as in the room wherein she betokened to us all her sad fate; while the locks on the other side, still close fixed to their place,

told how closely her weary head had clenched the muddy sedgy pillow of its choice. Hand upon heart, sad smile upon lip, weary half-closed eyelid, told even then the history of her life. It was all love, and trust, and betrayal, and despair.

Many years have elapsed since the events of which I have spoken occurred, and of those who were witnesses of that sad scene all but three have gone to their resting-place. But the other six lived long enough to enable them, again and again throughout years, to compare with us their impressions of what we *all* saw. Yssbrooke has long since passed into other hands, and the girl-ghost of the Lake at Yssbrooke has, with additions and variations, become a story to amuse festive parties, or to frighten silly children. I need not say that with such it is regarded as idle gossip. Nevertheless, I was not many years ago at a gathering in that neighbourhood where the circumstances were mentioned more as they strictly occurred. The appearance of the dead girl was scouted as idle talk. To the dismay of the company assembled, there was another present who could with me lay his hand upon his heart, and say: "We were present, and we saw her!"

ERNEST R. SEYMOUR.

AN ICE STORM.

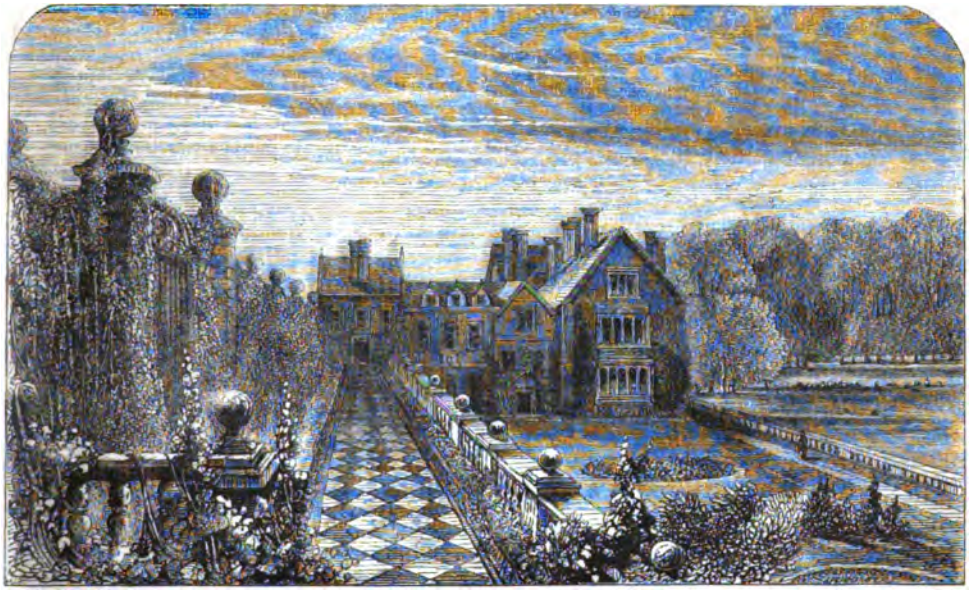
COMMUNICATED BY THE CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. SIMOON.

AT 11 A.M., on January 14th, in latitude 38° 0′ 50″ S., longitude 20° 0′ 45″ E., we were steering south, with the wind E.S.E. It had been looking dirty and rainy to the northward for an hour or so, and it gradually approached us. We commenced to take in some of the sails, and in a few minutes, with the wind changing to the N.N.E. it broke upon us with a pretty sharp squall and some rain; but all of a sudden down fell *large lumps* of ice, not at all resembling hailstones, but rough ragged pieces of clear ice as big as a breakfast-cup or a soap-dish. It only lasted about one minute or so, which was fortunate, or we should have had our sails knocked to pieces, and really, I think, loss of life. One piece, after passing from hand to hand, weighed three ounces, and I should imagine they were of six ounces weight

when they fell. Some few men got hit—one on the foot, and he was laid up a week from the effects of the blow. I got a hit on two fingers, and the marks remained for ten days, and at first I thought I should lose a nail; and another on my japanned hat, which chipped it. The binnacle glass (plate) was broken, and the sails were riddled as if with small shot from the sharp points. Had I not been on deck for two hours previously, I should have fancied we were under an iceberg, and the ice blowing off it on the top of us. It resembled half bricks falling on your head from a high wall: down below, the noise was that of 32-pound shot being thrown about the decks; and, indeed, both those on deck and below were much astonished. I never saw, nor did I *ever hear* of such a storm as this, although I *have* heard many strange stories.

The barometer remained steady at 29·86, and the thermometer at 70°. It cleared up afterwards, and gave us plenty to talk about for the rest of the day.

THE HOME AND GRAVE OF BYRON.



ON the highway-side from Mansfield to Nottingham, some four miles from the former place, stands an oak of such remarkable growth that attention is arrested by the beauty of its form and the extent of its branches. It partially overshadows the road, and stretching back its long arms to meet the trees on either side of it, overhangs with a mass of thick foliage a park-gate of unpretending appearance. This is the entrance to the romantic domain of Newstead. There is no lodge—no guardian at the gate, save this noble tree.

Lord George Gordon Byron, the poet, was only six years old when he succeeded to this property, and Moore mentions the delight with which he was here received by some of the tenantry, accompanied by his mother, on their journey from Aberdeen. It was in 1808 that these gates were afterwards thrown open to receive him as the owner and resident of Newstead, which had been occupied, during his minority, by Lord Grey de Ruthyn.

The original carriage-road to the abbey is nearly effaced, and the broad glade is intersected by the tracks of timber-carts. On the occasion of our visit, the rain of the preceding night had filled the turf ruts and washed the sandy road into furrows, while the oppressive heat of the morning sun, and the distant thunder were warnings of the returning storm. Scenes of sylvan beauty succeeded each other under the most brilliant effects of light and shade, until an extensive prospect opened over the woodlands of Nottinghamshire. From a seat on one of the finely grown stems, with which the woodman's axe had strewn the glade (trees which once must have overshadowed the young poet as he passed), we marked in the landscape such points as were connected with his brief residence among these fair scenes. Looking over a foreground of brake and briar—rich in their early autumn tints, and glittering with rain-drops—beyond yellow hillocks where the rabbits burrowed, and, again, over green slopes, studded with twisted thorns and stag-headed oaks, the eye rested on dark masses of elm, forming the middle distance of the picture. Embedded in that woody declivity lay the Abbey of Newstead:

> "perhaps a little low,
> Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind
> To shelter their devotion from the wind."

From this point of view the building was concealed, but the further end of the lake, fronting the abbey, was visible,—the brightest object in the landscape. The "hills of Annesley, bleak and

barren," lay in dark blue tone beneath a heavy thunder-cloud, and the avenue of trees was discernible, which leads through the domain of the Chaworths to the ancient hall, with all its sad associations and regrets. Sadder still were the thoughts with which we turned to the extreme right of the landscape and discerned, through the grey mist of the falling rain, the village and tower of Hucknall, where lie the mortal remains of the pilgrim poet, brought from the far distant marshes of Missolonghi, to rest in the chancel of one of the least picturesque of our country churches.

As the storm was coming up quickly over the hills, we hastened across the park; at a sudden, turning in the road, the abbey with its lake and overhanging woods presented the view, rendered so familiar in the illustrated editions of Byron's works, or in the more faithful delineations of his own graphic pen. The gothic entrance passed, we were conducted to the library, a room in which the artist and antiquary must delight; and there cannot be a fitter place than this—the favourite apartment of Colonel Wildman, the late possessor of the abbey—to render all respect to his memory, and to express a hope, now that the approaching sale of Newstead is occupying public attention, that this sanctuary of genius may continue to be as faithfully guarded by its future occupants. With all his misfortunes Byron was happy in these two respects—first, that his ancestral home, in which he took so much pride, was rescued from ruin by becoming the property of his old friend and schoolfellow; secondly, that his poetical works, that richer heritage of his mind, were consigned to those who have most liberally published them to the world in editions, remarkable for their variety, completeness, and richness of illustration.

From the library we were led by a dark panelled corridor to the different chambers, each bearing the name of some royal or illustrious visitor. As in many other show-places, there is the usual exhibition of family pictures, cabinets and chimney-pieces of exquisite workmanship, old china and faded tapestry. But these were not the object of our visit, and in traversing the grand drawing-room, we were glad to have our thoughts called from other subjects to the remembrance of him whose genius has given a more recent charm and interest to the abbey of Newstead. Here is preserved the cup, made by the poet's desire, from the cranium of a monk; it is mounted in silver, and engraved upon it, is that brilliant anacreontic which the subject suggested to his wild imagination. As we made a hasty sketch of the cup, we could not contemplate, without revulsion, such a relic consigned to such use, nor was this feeling diminished by the gloom of that vast room, once the monks' dormitory, while the pale lightning glanced through the high windows, and the surrounding silence was made more impressive by the thunder without, and the roaring of the full-leaved elms bending to the fitful wind.

On entering the grand hall, our fancy went back to the time of the young poet, when a wolf and a bear were janitors at the door, not in the mock savageness of the sculptor's art, but alive in chained and worried ferocity. There, too, is the high, over-hanging chimney-piece, under which such a fire was kindled on the first night of Byron's arrival at Newstead, that the safety of the abbey was endangered. A group of heedless dependents caroused in the centre of the hall; while their young lord, breaking sherds from the neglected hearth, showed the precision of his aim by scaring the bats from the timber roof, reddened from the blaze below. It is difficult to realise such a scene in the present hall, with its rich Gothic screen and music gallery, resplendent with polished oak, armour, and heraldic device. This, as well as other parts of the abbey, at the time of Byron's accession to the property, was a scene of melancholy degradation. The predecessor of the poet, rightly surnamed "The Wicked Lord Byron," had denuded the estate, destroyed the deer, felled the noblest trees, "condemned to uses vile" the most sacred and fair portions of the abbey; and at last, with difficulty, found a place in the vast building impervious to the weather, where he could close a life of the most daring profligacy. To such an inheritance did the young poet succeed.

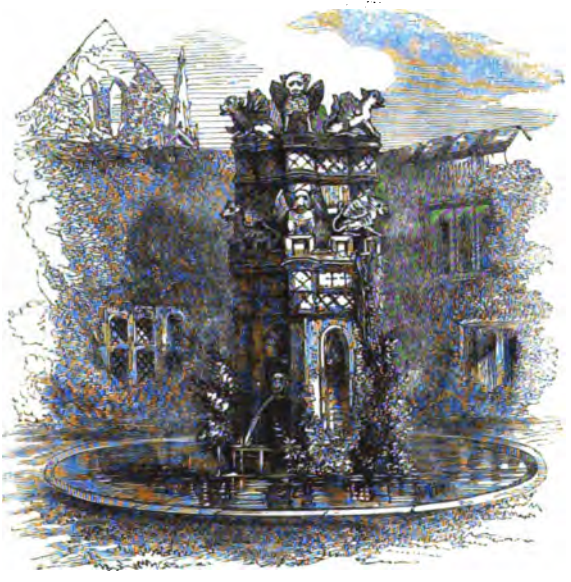
From the hall a winding staircase leads to the abbot's lodgings, one room of which was Byron's sleeping chamber. At the desire of Colonel Wildman, every article of furniture has remained in the same state and position as left by the poet; there is a melancholy interest in such identity: in the heavy bedstead with its gilded coronets; the favourite pictures of his college at Cambridge; the portraits of his faithful valet Murray, and of gentleman Jackson the pugilist, hanging on the faded paper of the walls. Before the oriel window which lights the room, and overlooks the lake and woods, stands his writing-table, with inkstand, &c., and near it, on a dressing-table, is a toilette glass; and we doubt not that it must have occurred to many a fair visitant how often his handsome features were reflected there.

Of all the precincts of this "vast and venerable pile," the cloisters are the most interesting and picturesque. They enclose a small turf quadrangle, in the centre of which stands a Gothic fountain, surmounted with grotesque figures, "here a monster, there a saint." The slender jets falling from grim "mouths of granite made" into the circular basin beneath, break with their monotonous splash the indescribable stillness of the scene. Awaiting the passing of the storm, time was given to reflect on the many scenes and generations which have passed away since those graceful arches were first chiselled by the skilful masons of that early age, at the command of the repentant Henry, who founded Newstead, like many other abbeys in England, in expiation of the murder of à Beckett. What variety of men and events! We could imagine the abbot, with his reverend conclave, in that small but exquisitely proportioned chapter-house now used as the chapel. We could see the cowled monks, descending the staircase of the strangers' hall, to distribute alms and sustenance to the poor and wayfaring. The stones of that uneven pavement have sunk over the accumulated dust of abbot and monk, and time has left no record of them, save the marks of the brasses abstracted from their graves. And then, in later years, we could picture the desecration of that spot. Alas!

how picturesque it must have been! The cattle were littered in those holy cloisters. Lastly, we could fancy the meditative poet pacing these aisles, and "muttering his wayward fancies as he went;" or can we not imagine him, on the eve of his departure from his ancestral home, while the sound of revelling breaks on the stillness of the night, here alone, with broken and remorseful spirit, weeping over blighted hopes and aspirations; and on the morrow the

"Childe departed from his father's hall."

Passing out into the pleasure-grounds, the eye is at once attracted by the ruin of the west end of the abbey church. It is best seen from the tomb which Byron built over his dog Boatswain. A broad expanse of light falls through the high dismantled window upon the verdant turf, all fresh and even from the recent rain and the gardener's scythe; in bright contrast to the grey masonry and the dark masses of the trees. The tracery of the window was thrown down, some thirty years since, by an earthquake; and the gaping chinks of the dog's tomb, as well as several horizontal fissures in the abbey walls, were produced by the effects of the same unusual phenomenon. The simple superstition of the neighbourhood has peopled the groves with apparitions; and certainly the trees are of the most grotesque growth, with their gnarled branches reflected in the fountains, which they half filled with their decaying leaves. Let us pass to that noble terrace, one of the longest in England. Beneath our footsteps break the twigs with which the recent storm has strewn it, and at the further extremity a limb from the overhanging elms is thrown across its broad path. The broken hollyoaks which have laid their flowered sceptres on its grey balustrade, the ruined sundial, long since fallen a victim to that insidious Time, against which it had warned so many generations, the weather-stained vases, from which the wind has torn the flowering creepers, the half-ruined steps, on which a peacock is trailing his bright plumage in the watery sunshine,—these and many other objects enhance the melancholy beauty of the scene, and have a touching sympathy with the memory of him who will ever be sadly remembered there.



From the terrace we descended to the old fish-pond, skirted on one side by a grove, in the recesses of which are two statues of Pan and a female Satyr, much defaced by time, and looked upon by the country people as the "old Lord's devils." The only object of real interest is a tree on which Byron, at his last visit to Newstead, engraved his name and that of his loved sister Augusta. On the other side, dark masses of yew, probably as ancient as the abbey itself, overhang the stagnant water, whose stillness is occasionally broken by the plunge of the heavy carp. It is probable that treasure and relics of the abbey lie at the bottom of that dark pond, since a brazen eagle, forming a lectern, was fished up from its depths some years ago, and its hollow pedestal was found to contain deeds and grants of the time of Edward III. and Henry VIII., together with immunities from Rome, granted to the monks of Newstead. These latter documents caused at the time of their discovery much curiosity and scandal, as proofs of papal leniency, and the laxity of monastic morals.

It is said, that Byron delighted to people these dark shades with supernatural visitants, and give currency to all the superstitious reports connected with the abbey, by pretending to believe them. Tales of terror were circulated by him, especially that of the Goblin Friar, the Evil Genius of the Byron family, whose appearance always portended misfortune to the lords of Newstead. But even a mind superstitiously and poetically inclined as that of Byron, could hardly have invented a tale more romantic and touching than that of the "Little White Lady"—such was the name given to a person who long haunted this spot. In her invariable dress of white, veiled, silent, and timid, she glided away at the approach of strangers into the recesses of the groves, or moving slowly along the glades in the evening twilight, returned to a lonely farm-house on the estate, where she had chosen her residence. To the country people she was an object of mysterious conjecture. Her appearance attracted the attention of Colonel and Mrs. Wildman, who became interested in her history, and showed her constant marks of kindness and liberality. Her enthusiastic admiration for the writings of Byron, and devotional interest in his fate, amounted to an infatuation, which, for nearly four years, kept her, as it were, spell-bound to the precincts of the abbey. After

Byron's death her constant companion was the noble dog which had been brought over at the same time with his master's remains from Missolonghi. Thus accompanied, she spent hours in reading and reflection, till family affairs or pecuniary difficulties compelled her suddenly to leave Newstead. On the eve of her departure she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a packet, requesting that it might not be opened till the morning. Besides MSS., written in her solitary walks about the abbey, it contained a letter explanatory of her friendless situation, and her gratitude for the attentions which she had so long received. On reading this note, Mrs. Wildman—having discovered that she had taken the road to Nottingham—dispatched a messenger to overtake her, and entreat her return. The bearer of this kind proposal, on entering the town, reined up his horse to pass more slowly through a crowd which had formed before the principal inn. An accident had occurred, and he beheld the lifeless body of the "Little White Lady," who, owing to her extreme deafness, had been run over, and died without suffering. The romantic issue of this tale remains to be heard. Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment at Hucknall, and she was laid in death near the body of him who had, during her life, been the idol of her imagination.

Passing by the principal front of the abbey, where we could see the extent of the restorations made by its late respected owner, we left Newstead in the direction of Hucknall. For two miles we followed the ridge of high land overlooking the forest of Sherwood, and the legendary haunts of Robin Hood, till we turned from the direct road to visit the venerable Hall, the home of Mary Chaworth, "that bright morning star of Annesley," who often lured the young poet's steps over those bleak and barren hills. The lover of picturesque illustration might here crowd a redundancy of subject into one picture—an avenue of stately elms—a gate-house, with its low archway leading to a court-yard which fronts the hall—the hall itself, built at various times and in various tastes, with high gables and massive chimneys. But in connection with the youth of Byron, and his love for the heiress of Annesley, the chief points of interest are the room over the gateway, supposed to be "the antique oratory" mentioned in his poem of "The Dream," and the terrace, where he loved to loiter with her whom he declared to be "his destiny." Not far from the Hall is the scene of their parting—

> "a hill, a gentle hill,
> Green and of mild declivity, the last,
> As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such."

The morning storm had passed away as we traversed "the landscape at its base." In the soft sunshine of a Sunday afternoon we arrived at Hucknall. The church bell had summoned to evening service groups of rustic labourers, whose ruddy health contrasted with that of the pale stocking-weavers who loitered about the unromantic street of a manufacturing village. As the bell ceased, those who had assembled passed through the churchyard with its crowded gravestones, and beneath its humble porch, we at once moved onward to the chancel, the burial-place of Byron. There was very little of that beauty peculiar to English village churches. On the south wall was a simple slab of white marble, and the silken escutcheon which bore the Byron arms hung from its frame, faded and torn. In the vault beneath lie the remains of the poet, with those of his daughter, Lady Lovelace, "sole daughter of his house and heart." When the congregation had

quitted the church, and a fee dropped into the palm of the obsequious clerk had ensured us the privilege of being alone with our meditations,—we passed from the contemplation of the poet's career to the beauty of his works. Our memory unconsciously went back to the time when the sensitive feelings of our childhood were first moved to tears by the "Prisoner of Chillon"—how we read it in later years with scarcely less emotion by the white castle "on the blue Leman." We remembered in school-boy days how the wet half-holiday was beguiled with the odd volume of his poems,—how we envied and admired the retentive memory of our favourite chum, who could charm the wakeful hours of the Long Chamber with the recital of "Mazeppa," and long quotations from the "Corsair,"—how in after life we appreciated more and more the meaning and music of his sweet verse, till in our mature, and perhaps partial judgments, we considered "Childe Harold" as the master-piece of modern poetry. There at the humble shrine of the Pilgrim Poet did we gratefully aspire to be among those who could respond to this, his parting wish :—

> "Ye who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
> Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
> A thought which once was his—if in ye dwell
> A single recollection—not in vain
> He wore his sandal shoon and scallop shell."

Percival Skelton.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXIV. CHRONICLES THE RETURN OF MR. RAIKES.

THERE is a peculiar reptile whose stroke is said to deprive men of motion. On the day after the great Mel had stalked the dinner-table of Beckley Court, several of the guests were sensible of the effect of this creature's mysterious touch, without knowing what it was that paralysed them. Drummond Forth had fully planned to go to Lymport. He had special reasons for making investigations with regard to the great Mel. Harry, who was fond of Drummond, offered to accompany him, and Laxley, for the sake of a diversion, fell into the scheme. Mr. George Uploft was also to be of the party, and promised them fun. But when the time came to start, not one could be induced to move: Laxley was pressingly engaged by Rose; Harry showed the rope the Countess held him by; Mr. George made a singular face, and seriously advised Drummond to give up the project.

"Don't rub that woman the wrong way," he said, in a private colloquy they had. "By Jingo, she's a Tartar. She was as a gal, and she isn't changed, Lou Harrington. Fancy now: she knew me, and she faced me out, and made me think her a stranger! Gad, I'm glad I didn't speak to the others. Lord's sake, keep it quiet. Don't rouse that woman, now, if you want to keep a whole skin."

Drummond laughed at his extreme earnestness in cautioning him, and appeared to enjoy his dread of the Countess. Mr. George would not tell how he had been induced to change his mind. He repeated his advice with a very emphatic shrug of the shoulder.

"You seem afraid of her," said Drummond.

"I am. I ain't ashamed to confess it. She's a regular viper, my boy!" said Mr. George. "She and I once were pretty thick—least said soonest mended, you know. I offended her. Wasn't quite up to her mark—a tailor's daughter, you know. Gad, if she didn't set an Irish Dragoon Captain on me!—I went about in danger of my life. The fellow began to twist his damned black moustaches the moment he clapped eyes on me—bullied me till, upon my soul, I was almost ready to fight him! Oh, she was a little tripping Tartar

of a bantam hen then. She's grown since she's been countessed, and does it peacocky. Now, I give you fair warning, you know. She's more than any man's match."

"I dare say I shall think the same when she has beaten me," quoth cynical Drummond, and immediately went and gave orders for his horse to be saddled, thinking that he would tread on the head of the viper.

But shortly before the hour of his departure, Mrs. Evremonde summoned him to her, and showed him a slip of paper, on which was written, in an uncouth small hand:

"Madam: a friend warns you that your husband is coming here. Deep interest in your welfare is the cause of an anonymous communication. The writer wishes only to warn you in time."

Mrs. Evremonde told Drummond that she had received it from one of the servants when leaving the breakfast-room. Beyond the fact that a man on horseback had handed it to a little boy, who had delivered it over to the footman, Drummond could learn nothing. Of course, all thought of the journey to Lymport was abandoned. If but to excogitate a motive for the origin of the document, Drummond was forced to remain; and now he had it, and now he lost it again; and as he was wandering about in his maze, the Countess met him with a "Good morning, Mr. Forth. Have I impeded your expedition by taking my friend Mr. Harry to cavalier me to-day?"

Drummond smilingly assured her that she had not in any way disarranged his projects, and passed with so absorbed a brow that the Countess could afford to turn her head and inspect him, without fear that he would surprise her in the act. Knocking the pearly edge of her fan on her teeth, she eyed him under her joined black lashes, and deliberately read his thoughts in the mere shape of his back and shoulders. She read him through and through, and was unconscious of the effective attitude she stood in for the space of two full minutes, and even then it required one of our unhappy sex to recall her. This was Harry Jocelyn.

"My friend," she said to him, with a melancholy smile, "my one friend here!"

Harry went through the form of kissing her hand, which he had been taught, and practised cunningly as the first step of the ladder.

"I say, you looked so handsome, standing as you did just now," he remarked; and she could see how far beneath her that effective attitude had precipitated the youth.

"Ah!" she sighed, walking on, with the step of majesty in exile.

"What the deuce is the matter with everybody to-day?" cried Harry. "I'm hanged if I can make it out. There's the Carrington, as you call her, I met her with such a pair of eyes, and old George looking as if he'd been licked, at her heels; and there's Drummond and his lady fair moping about the lawn, and my mother positively getting excited—there's a miracle! and Juley's sharpening her nails for somebody, and if Ferdinand don't look out, your brother 'll be walking off with Rosey—that's my opinion."

"Indeed," said the Countess. "You really think so?"

"Well, they come it pretty strong together."

"And what constitutes the 'come it strong,' Mr. Harry?"

"Hold of hands, you know," the young gentleman indicated.

"Alas, then! must not we be more discreet?"

"Oh! but it's different. With young people one knows what that means."

"Dios!" exclaimed the Countess, tossing her head wearedly, and Harry perceived his slip, and down he went again.

What wonder that a youth in such training should consent to fetch and carry, to listen and relate, to play the spy and know no more of his office than that it gave him astonishing thrills of satisfaction, and now and then a secret sweet reward?

The Countess had sealed Miss Carrington's mouth by one of her most dexterous strokes. On leaving the dinner table over-night, and seeing that Caroline's attack would preclude their instant retreat, the gallant Countess turned at bay. A word aside to Mr. George Uploft, and then the Countess took a chair by Miss Carrington. She did all the conversation, and supplied all the smiles to it, and when a lady has to do that she is justified in striking, and striking hard, for to abandon the pretence of sweetness is a gross insult from one woman to another.

The Countess, then, led circuitously but with all the ease in the world to the story of a Portuguese lady, of a marvellous beauty, and who was deeply enamoured of the Chevalier Miguel de Rasadio, and engaged to be married to him: but, alas for her! in the insolence of her happiness she wantonly made an enemy in the person of a most unoffending lady, and she repented it. While sketching the admirable Chevalier, the Countess drew a telling portrait of Mr. George Uploft, and gratified her humour and her wrath at once by strong truth to nature in the description and animated encomiums on the individual. The Portuguese lady, too, a little resembled Miss Carrington, in spite of her marvellous beauty. And it was odd that Miss Carrington should give a sudden start and a horrified glance at the Countess just when the Countess was pathetically relating the proceeding taken by the revengeful lady on the beautiful betrothed of the Chevalier Miguel de Rasadio: which proceeding was nothing other than to bring to the Chevalier's knowledge that his beauty had a defect concealed by her apparel, and that the specks in his fruit were not one, or two, but, Oh! And the dreadful sequel to the story the Countess could not tell: preferring ingeniously to throw a tragic veil over it. Miss Carrington went early to bed that night.

The courage that mounteth with occasion was eminently the attribute of the Countess de Saldar. After that dreadful dinner she (since the weaknesses of great generals should not be altogether ignored), did pray for flight and total obscurity, but Caroline could not be left in her hysteric

state, and now that she really perceived that Evan was progressing and on the point of sealing his chance, the devoted lady resolved to hold her ground. Besides, there was the pic-nic. The Countess had one dress she had not yet appeared in, and it was for the pic-nic she kept it. That small motives are at the bottom of many illustrious actions is a modern discovery; but I shall not adopt the modern principle of magnifying the small motive till it overshadows my noble heroine. I remember that the small motive is only to be seen by being borne into the range of my vision by a powerful microscope; and if I do more than see—if I carry on my reflections by the aid of the glass, I arrive at conclusions that must be false. Men who dwarf human nature do this. The gods are juster. The Countess, though she wished to remain for the pic-nic, and felt warm in anticipation of the homage to her new dress, was still a gallant general and a devoted sister, and if she said to herself, "Come what may, I will stay for that pic-nic, and they shall not brow-beat me out of it," it is that trifling pleasures are noisiest about the heart of human nature; not that they govern us absolutely. There is mob-rule in minds as in communities, but the Countess had her appetites in excellent drill. This pic-nic surrendered, represented to her defeat in all its ignominy. The largest longest-headed of schemes ask occasionally for something substantial and immediate. So the Countess stipulated with Providence for the pic-nic. It was a point to be passed: "Thorough flood, thorough fire."

In vain poor Andrew Cogglesby, to whom the dinner had been torture, and who was beginning to see the position they stood in at Beckley, begged to be allowed to take them away, or to go alone. The Countess laughed him into submission. As a consequence of her audacious spirits she grew more charming and more natural, and the humour that she possessed, but which, like her other faculties, was usually subordinate to her plans, gave spontaneous bursts throughout the day, and delighted her courtiers. Nor did the men at all dislike the difference of her manner with them, and with the ladies. I may observe that a woman who shows a marked depression in her conduct in the presence of her own sex will be thought very superior by ours; that is, supposing she is clever and agreeable. Sublime manhood distinguishes what flatters it. A lady approaches. "We must be proper," says the Countess, and her hearty laugh dies with a suddenness and is succeeded by a gravity almost superhuman. And the Countess can look a profound merriment with perfect sedateness when there appears to be an equivoque in company. Finely secret are her glances, as if under every eye-lash there lurked the shade of a meaning. What she meant was not so clear. All this was going on, and Lady Jocelyn was simply amused, and sat as at a play.

"She seems to have stepped out of a book of French memoirs," said her ladyship. "La vie galante et dévote—voilà la Comtesse."

In contradistinction to the other ladies, she did not detest the Countess because she could not like her.

"Where's the harm in her?" she asked. "She doesn't damage the men, that I can see. And a person you can laugh at and with, is inexhaustible."

"And how long is she to stay here?" Mrs. Shorne inquired. Mrs. Melville remarking: "Her visit appears to be inexhaustible."

Mrs. Melville was a specimen of the arrant British wife,—inflexible in her own virtue, and never certain of her husband's when he was out of her sight: a noble being (Heaven preserve the breed!), but somewhat wanting in confidence and Christianity.

"I suppose she'll stay till the election business is over," said Lady Jocelyn.

The Countess had just driven with Melville to Fallowfield in Caroline's black lace shawl.

"Upwards of six weeks longer!" Mrs. Melville interjected.

Lady Jocelyn chuckled. Friendship between the sexes was her doctrine, and the arrant British wife aroused therefore her strong aversion.

Miss Carrington was present. She had been formerly sharp in her condemnation of the Countess—her affectedness, her euphuism, and her vulgarity. Now she did not say a word, though she might have done it with impunity.

"I suppose, Emily, you see what Rose is about?" said Mrs. Melville. "I should not have thought it advisable to have that young man here, myself. I think I let you know that."

"One young man's as good as another," responded her ladyship. "I've my doubts of the one that's much better. I fancy Rose is as good a judge by this time as you or I."

Mrs. Melville made an effort or two to open Lady Jocelyn's eyes, and then relapsed into the confident serenity inspired by evil prognostications.

"But there really does seem some infatuation about these people!" exclaimed Mrs. Shorne, turning to Miss Current. "Can you understand it? The Duke, my dear! Things seem to be going on in the house, that really!—and so openly."

"That's one virtue," said Miss Current, with her imperturbable metallic voice, and face like a cold, clear northern sky. "Things done in secret throw on the outsiders the onus of raising a scandal."

"You don't believe, then?" suggested Mrs. Shorne.

Miss Current replied: "I always wait for a thing to happen first."

"But haven't you seen, my dear?"

"I never see anything, my dear."

"Then you must be blind, my dear."

"On the contrary, that's how I keep my sight, my dear."

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Shorne.

"It's a part of the science of optics, and requires study," said Miss Current.

Neither with the worldly nor the unworldly woman could the ladies do anything. But they were soon to have their triumph.

A delicious morning had followed the lovely night. The stream flowed under Evan's eyes, like something in a lower sphere, now. His passion took him up, as if a genie had lifted him into mid-

air, and showed him the world on a palm of a hand; and yet, as he dressed by the window, little chinks in the garden wall, and nectarines under their shiny leaves, and the white walks of the garden, were stamped on his hot brain accurately and lastingly. Ruth upon the lips of Rose: that voice of living constancy made music to him everywhere. "Thy God shall be my God." He had heard it all through the night. He had not yet broken the tender charm sufficiently to think that he must tell her the sacrifice she would have to make. When partly he did, the first excuse he clutched at was, that he had only kissed her on the forehead. A brother might do as much; and he would be her brother, her guardian. Behold, Rose met him descending the stairs, and, taking his hand, sang, unabashed by the tell-tale colour coming over her face, a stave of a little Portuguese air that they had both been fond of in Portugal; and he, listening to it, and looking in her eyes, saw that his feelings in the old time had been hers, and the thought made his love irrevocable.

Rose, now that she had given her heart, had no idea of concealment. She would have denied nothing to her aunts: she was ready to confide it to her mother. Was she not proud of the man she loved? When Evan's hand touched hers, she retained it, and smiled up at him frankly, as it were to make him glad in her gladness. If before others his eyes brought the blood to her cheeks, she would perhaps drop her eyelids an instant, and then glance quickly level again to reassure him. And who would have thought that this boisterous, boyish creature had such depths of eye! Cold, did they call her? Let others think her cold. The tender knowledge of her—the throbbing secret they held in common sung at his heart like a passionate nightingale. Rose, too, sat as if through the clatter of silly talk she at times heard a faint far music. She made no confidante, but she attempted no mystery. Evan should have risen to the height of the noble girl. Alas! the dearer and sweeter her bearing became, the more conscious he was of the dead weight he was dragging.

He was on the lawn with Rose, when a footman came and handed him a card. He read it, and asked Rose if Mr. Raikes should be shown out to them. Rose nodded.

"The gentleman wishes a private interview, sir," said the footman.

Evan hurried to welcome Jack, not so much from kindness as to mask any preliminary eccentricities he might be guilty of, and to give him a few necessary instructions.

The voice of Mr. Raikes was resonant in the hall.

"I thank you, no: her ladyship's fair favour
Another day I'll seek to win, but now
Let all men know I am on friendship's mission.
Laugh'st thou, vile slave?"

It is possible that the presence of three or four of the male domestics somehow suggested the gallery to theatrical Jack. Undignified as it was, he was acting to the footmen of Beckley Court; his cheek was inflated; he stood as one whose calves are shining to the footlights. Evan, sick with disgust, approached him while he was declaiming,

"I tell thee, wretch, that friendship
More is than homage to sweet womankind.
It is the social cement. Damon, erst,
And, as the lawyers say, 'with him another,'
These twain have friendship made; these twain
Ye see revived. What ho! a Harrington!"

As it was not easy to feel affright at the tragic emphasis and strutting frowns of this very small gentleman, the audience testified their sense of his merits by meeting his condescension half way, and sniggering. One especially tall footman gazed placidly at the performer, and said "Bravo." He had seen London. Another, whose powder vainly attempted to conceal the shock head of the newly-caught rustic, ventured to remark to his loftier comrade, "What's a affarandship? I ent been to the sea." Taken as a comment on the delivery of Mr. Raikes, it was not so bad.

Jack waved his hand to Evan, and was for continuing; but the latter pulled him violently into the dining-room, and crying, "Are you mad? are you drunk?" spun him clean round with an angry twist. Mr. Raikes spun himself back composedly.

"Now," said Evan, "you will undertake instantly to behave decently and quietly, or I shall kick you out of the house."

"Sir," returned Jack, "your language is unseemly, sir,—most unseemly. But you are acting under a delusion, my friend, and I forgive you. For in this breast fair Magnanimity is charioteer!—or, doth sit enthroned! metre's good in either case. Oh, I understand your meaning, my poor boy. In other days no one so aloof, so concentrated, in the presence of the serving-brood as myself. But I happen to be above all petty considerations of that sort now. The great who stoop are like angelic bodies, which, mixed with earth, base earth so elevate, and suffer no defilement. *Va!* an independent gentleman is one of the great to the plush gentry, I take it?"

Laughing at his friend's mystification, Mr. Raikes fell into a chair, muttering of extreme haste and not a minute to lose. He was portentously attired. A magnificent frill of fine cambric swayed loosely over a gold-spotted satin waistcoat, and his coat and pantaloons were of the newest cut of the period. He remained for some time perfectly still, gazing up at Evan while the latter questioned him, and letting loose an occasional "ha! ha!" and "ho!" of amusement and derision. Then he got up, and settled his hat by the looking-glass. Jauntily shaking it, he came and stood before Evan, saying:

"A truce to this. You're an excellent fellow, and I stand by you. Enough that in the solar beams of Luck I shine conspicuous. It's no use asking me for prose. Hanged if I can keep upon my toes. I feel light,—I soar. And you, who talk of self-restraint. Why, I only show this before you. To the world, I am a statue,—a petrifaction. Gravely I smile as Fortune's natural heir. And I'm *not* a lackered monkey, Mr. Harrington. Probably you require facts? Look yonder. That conveyance is called a curricle. You will observe two young gentlemen seated there. They, sir,—do not dispute my possession

of it, or of my senses. Likewise, you will observe a gaudy person of the other sex, happily of an age to defy imputations. To her a tale appends. She was crying your name over Fallowfield this morning: 'Mr. Evan Harrington has run away from his mother.' In rushed Friendship, or, in other words, John Raikes. 'Woman! what means this horrid clamour?' Of course she objects to being called woman. 'Man, then, clad in the garments of deception!' says I. That doesn't please her. 'Oh, that my Wishaw were by to defend me!' 'What,' says I, 'have you married a sneeze?' Lord, you never heard a thing take so! How the ostler laughed! I hear the echoes still. However, it ended in my driving her to Beckley; and as we journeyed, doubtful of the way, we met a carriage, and full short I stopped, and did inquire—but you like prose, old boy. I asked the road to Beckley Court—the bourne of heiresses that want the plucking. The gentleman—a regular nob—was pointing it, when up starts Woman, and addresses the lady sitting by him, as 'Sweet creature, how I rejoice in meeting you! I come straight from your mother.' Thereat the lady did, methought, turn pale. By the way, she was rather like you, Harrington. Such a spanker! If I could captivate her! What do you think she replied. And such a voice—and eyes! Oh, sugar and treacle, and candied lemon-peel! But these are base comparisons, that give you no idea of her. She's a duchess! 'Pray,' says she to me, 'drive as fast as you can to the Asylum;' and her coachman whipped his horses, and Woman falls bang up against me, and cries, 'Oh, you horrid impidence! oh, I never!' and a mass of vulgarity and madness, kicking her feet almost in fits. Feets!—aha! 'Let's sneeze,' said I aside, thinking to console her by filling her imagination with the notion of her husband. 'A Wishaw,' we all went. She got worse. She abused your family, Harrington,—said you had all been robbing Mr. Wishaw. 'A fondness for snuff, ma'am,' says I, 'is no shame and no disgrace.' I stood up for you manfully. There she sits. She won't come in, and I must drive her back. Now say, am I your friend or not—*ha!*"

When he had finished his tale Mr. Raikes retired to the looking-glass, to which his final question was addressed, and something satisfactory resulting from it in his mind, he asked:

"Shall I be introduced to the family now?"

"No," said Evan. "You must decidedly wait till you are cooler."

"Very well, very well," returned Jack indifferently. "I have press of business."

"Sit and explain what you have been doing," continued Evan, whose head was really whirling at Jack's strange fortune.

Mr. Raikes objected that he had not a moment, and must be off: his country called him.

"I'll make my bow to-morrow, and do the devoirs, Harrington. Any Dukes or Duchesses in the House?"

"Yes; so be on your guard."

Mr. Raikes tapped his hat cheerfully.

"By the way, I presented that letter," he remarked, and thrusting a bundle of notes into Evan's hand: "There you are. It's rather a pleasant country here," he pursued negligently. "Good hunting, I doubt not. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky—yoicks, hark away, and tally-ho. I must have a suit ready. Good-bye, Harrington. Expect me to-morrow. Explanations deferred. Ta-ta."

While Evan was untying the bundle, and gradually apprehending the fact that it was money he felt, Mr. Raikes turned on his heel, and bade the menials in the hall show him forth. He found Miss Bonner at the gate talking to Mrs. Wishaw, who seeing a young lady pass had suddenly been taken ill, and had consented to the administration of wine and water. His friends subsequently told him that Mrs. Wishaw had continued to abuse the Harrington family to Miss Bonner, and had entered into a great deal of the history of the family.

The hours flew past. Evan held in his pocket the price of his bondage to Tailordom, whilst he was every instant sealing his assumption of the character of Gentleman. He was of dull brain, and it had not yet dawned on him that he might possibly be tailor and gentleman in one: but events were moving to task him. As an instance of the power of Love, it may be related that not even the fact of his holding the money of his eccentric benefactor, nor the astounding revolution in the affairs of his friend Jack, dwelt on his mind half so much as the lighted edge of a mound of cloud against a grand sunset seen by him the day when his heart, bursting with deep desire, had been half prophetic of the happy night; or half so much as the little Portuguese Medinha sung by Rose: or those sweet solemn words of Ruth: words that conjured up his darling standing among piled sheaves in autumn fields, under stars sorrowful, but firm, brilliant, everlasting.

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND OF SWAFFHAM.

SOME ninety or a hundred miles N.N.E. of London, there is a thriving and populous market-town. Built on the summit of a lofty eminence, and surrounded by a well wooded country for the space of a couple of miles, which is further environed by an open tract of heath several thousand acres in extent, Swaffham has for many centuries maintained its position as one of the most healthy and well-to-do market-towns in England. My story dates three hundred and fifty years back, and at that time there lived in one of the outskirts of the town a poor pedlar, by name John Chapman. Very little was known respecting him; he had carried his pack into Swaffham one day, and liking the place and its inhabitants, and its inhabitants liking him, had forgotten to carry it out again. At least he carried it no farther than the outskirts in question, where he took possession of a small tenement, and dropping in some measure the roving life of a pedlar, contrived to obtain a decent livelihood by following the avocation of a tinker, some knowledge of which trade he had, in his peregrinations, managed to pick up. In this manner, John Chapman had lived amongst the town folk for the space of twenty years, only leaving them once or twice for a few weeks in

each year, when he undertook pedestrian excursions to dispose of the productions of his handiwork, for since his entrance into Swaffham he had to trust his own skill and ingenuity to furnish contents for the pedlar's pack. He was still a young man when he took up his residence in the town, but, in his capacity of pedlar, had done what was then considered a great deal of travelling, and being a close observer, and possessing a good way of retailing his experiences, he soon became the village oracle, a position which his half-yearly excursions enabled him to maintain with ease.

Some three years after his first appearance at her father's house, John had wooed and won the affections of "sweete Mary," the pretty daughter of the worthy Boniface who kept the hostelry yclept "Ye Redde Lyone," the inn patronised by John and his friends. The day was fixed for the wedding, and all prepared, when a malignant fever brought the girl to her bed, from which she was in a few weeks taken to be laid in a quiet grave in the neighbouring churchyard. There was nothing loud or showy about the grief of the bereaved lover; he followed his sweetheart to the grave, and then, the same evening, set out for a much longer tour than usual. When he returned, his mind had, to all appearance, recovered its usual healthy tone, and he had the same quiet, easy flow of spirits, but the blow had struck deep and sure, and the softest feelings the pedlar's heart ever knew were buried under the yew tree in the village graveyard.

Now I wish it to be distinctly understood that my hero was not at all superstitious. Of course he placed some little faith in a legend he heard from some one who took charge of him as a child, showing how a ghost had appeared to his grandfather, though for what purpose, and in what way the circumstance affected the fortunes of his family, it was difficult to say; and he was inclined to place a slight degree of credence in the story which the sexton used to tell over his tankard, how, once in a century or so, anyone visiting the village church at night would see strange lights moving about the interior of the building, hear strange voices proceeding from among the tombs, the pattering of invisible feet up the aisles of the church, and, lastly, most unearthly music coming from the organ.

Still, with one or two such well authenticated exceptions as these, John plumed himself on not believing in ghost stories; and boasted that no matter where it was his fortune to rest for the night, he could resign himself to the particular satellite of the drowsy god that watched over his nocturnal destinies without fear of being disturbed by any spectral visitants. There was, nevertheless, matter for deep and grave reflection when he awoke one morning after having dreamt that if within a week from that date he made a journey to London, he would hear of something that, in modern parlance, would be termed "greatly to his advantage."

The result of his cogitations was a resolution to say nothing concerning the affair to his friends at the hostelry, but to wait patiently and see what the next night's rest would bring forth, and in case the dream should be repeated to start at once for London. That night's rest brought with it a recurrence of the vision, and before noon on the following day John had started on his journey, having furnished himself with a stock of articles which he intended should defray his expenses. In those days people had no opportunity of complaining of the speed, or rather want of speed, of Eastern Counties' Railway trains; coaches, or public conveyances of any kind, were things unknown, and so the best, and almost only, way for a man strong in body, but weak in purse, to make the journey, was that adopted by our pedlar—*on foot*. Travelling thus, in the true pedlar style, and without anything extraordinary happening to him on the road, he in due time arrived at London, and leaving his pack with mine host of the Bull, in Aldgate, lost little time in proceeding to the Bridge, to which place he had, in his dream, been directed to proceed.

I am not about to bore my readers with a description of Old London Bridge, which has already been *done* so much better than I could do it. Suffice it to say that John had spent some hours in traversing its narrow footway without meeting with anything which would lead him to suppose that his dream was in course of fulfilment, and had commenced the attempt—which all of us have made at some time or other—to convince himself that what he was doing was not likely to prove of the slightest service to him, and that by far the wisest course of procedure he could adopt would be to make the best of his way back from whence he came, when he was accosted by an individual whose appearance presented somewhat of the soldier of fortune, sobered down by the habits of a merchant, and finished off with a slight dash of the gentleman.

"Thou seemest ill at ease, friend," said the new comer; "hast thou lost thy way? If so, I may, perchance, be of service to thee."

"And if I had," replied the pedlar, "I have years enough to know that the most unlikely way of finding it is to pace to and fro this bridge at night. But sooth to say (and thou may'st laugh at me an' thou wilt), I have come to London on the vain errand of a dream, and am somewhat ashamed of myself for having done so."

"Alas, good friend!" replied the other; "an' I had given way to such foolish fancies as that, I might have proved myself as very a fool as thou hast; for 'tis not long since I dreamt that at a place called Swaffham, in Norfolk, dwells one John Chapman, a pedlar; and, moreover, I was told in my dream that if I went thither, I should find at the back of the said John Chapman his house, a tree, under which is buried a pot of money."

If my hero possessed sufficient coolness not to let astonishment deprive him of the power of replying, he also possessed sufficient prudence to supply its place; so simply wishing his new acquaintance "Good night," he returned to the place where he had left his pack, and early the next morning hastened homewards.

It was a bright moonlight night. The neighbours had all retired to their respective homes, and the lights were extinguished throughout the place, when the pedlar, armed with spade and pickaxe,

walked quietly out at his back door, and commenced digging at the foot of a large tree that grew close by. He had worked on for some time perseveringly; and, as in the case of his walk upon the Bridge, was on the point of dubbing himself a fool for his pains, when his spade struck against something hard, and stooping to discover what caused the obstruction, he found a large brass pot filled with money, and inscribed :—

"Under me doth lie, another much richer than I."

The sentence was in Latin, but by the aid of what little learning he had, John contrived to make out something of its meaning, and to set to work with renewed vigour. His toil was rewarded by the finding of another vessel much larger than the first, and filled with old coin. Soon the hole was filled up, and the ground made to look as much as possible like what it did before he had made the excavation, and John conveyed his prizes into the house, examined them, found them of great value, concealed them, and then retired to

rest, to think over his treasure and the purpose to which he should devote it.

I should, perhaps, ere this, have mentioned, that for some years past Swaffham church had been very much out of repair, and those entrusted with its affairs had been straining every nerve to raise money for the purpose of re-decorating and partially rebuilding it, but as yet not more than half the requisite sum had been obtained. Now it occurred to our hero that he could not do better than devote some portion of his new gotten wealth to the cause; and he, therefore, took the first opportunity that presented itself of calling upon his pastor, and to the latter's no small astonishment offered to rebuild the north aisle and tower, informing him how he had "dreamed a dream, wherein was disclosed unto him a way in which he might become the possessor of an exceeding great treasure. That his dream had been fulfilled beyond his greatest expectations; and now, being no longer poor, he wished to show his gratitude by doing all he could for the service of the Church."

John Chapman lived to be a man of some standing in the parish of Swaffham, though tradition saith that he altered but little his simple manner of living, and did not give up his biannual excursions until years after the necessity for carrying his pack with him had gone by. It is also supposed that he strengthened the ties that held him to the place by taking unto him a wife; and I am led to place some faith in

this, from the fact that there once existed in the north aisle a seat, on which was carved the effigy of a pedlar with his pack and dog, and his wife looking over the door of a shop; the latter feature in the picture being accounted for on the ground that John's wife had a very natural desire to have her memory as much as possible associated with that of a husband whom she must have admired so greatly. Many years ago, when the nave and aisles were repaved, this and many other carved seats were removed, and now form a piece of patchwork, designated the Tinker's Seat, in the chapel of the north transept, by a visit to which, the curious may convince themselves of the veracity of my story.

George Heathcote.

HER BRIDAL.

The clanging steeple dins the air,
The banners flutter gay,
The maidens scatter roses fair
Along their homeward way;

And courtly bends the gallant, proud
To lead so sweet a bride;
She turns upon the greeting crowd
No gentle look aside;

No tender glance of love apart
To her high lord the while,
For memory of one trusting heart
That thrill'd 'neath such a smile,

He who first dared to seek her love,—
To seek it? ay, to win,—
Whom now (O pain all pain above!)
To think of is to sin.

He turns away, too stern for tears,
With haggard looks and wan,
A simple boy, it seems, in years,
In grief an aged man.

Long life may yet be his, to give
The wreck of faith full scope,
Long years of suffering to live
And nurse the widow'd hope:

Long, long unsolac'd vigils yet,
Visions of sadden'd eyes
To mock the mourner's mad regret
With guilty sympathies.

For seems not ever life too long
That lingers on a waste,
And such a sorrow's hand too strong
To be full soon displaced?

Not falling on some foreign strand,
In battle's reddest glow,
With dinted brand in fainting hand,
And face towards the foe;

Not sinking with some shatter'd ship,
Were it so hard to part
From her whose name were on the lip,
Whose image on the heart:

Not bending o'er the hopeless bed,
Watching the dear one die,—
Kneeling beside the dear one dead,
Were half the agony

That sears the soul, and burns the brow,
At consciousness of this,
That lips once his are shrinking now
Beneath a barter'd kiss!

Ralph A. Benson.

WHITE-BAIT DINNERS.

Jeddo beats Greenwich out and out under the head of fish-dinners. What marvellous results may yet be obtained from the opening up, as it is called, of Japan! The question hitherto has only been considered from a commercial or political point of view. This low ground should be abandoned at once. There is far too much buying and selling, as it is, going on in the world. As for politicians, they are really becoming a public nuisance. Let any one who doubts the assertion spend an evening in the agreeable society of a second or third-rate member of the House of Commons, or of an earnest party man, and if he does not, as the result of the experiment, admit that his evening has been painfully mis-spent, may I never assist at a white-bait dinner again! Let us attend to our fish.

We are informed upon the very highest authority—upon the authority of a mouth-witness who enjoyed ample opportunities at Jeddo itself of carrying on his philosophico-gastronomic investigations into this most important subject, that for one manner which the Western nations have of dressing fish, the Japanese have twenty or fifty methods of dealing with these marine delicacies—these succulent fruits of the ocean which we handle in so monotonous a way.

It is not a question of sauce.

That is, under the head of "Sauces" we are called upon to consider a very important part of the subject—a most interesting subdivision I grant—but this is far from being the real question at issue. I wish I could speak with more precision; but the fact is that my informant when at Jeddo neglected his duty to his country, and to the human race. He did not go further than to verify the fact that the fish dinners of Japan are a somewhat which a good man at the end of a well-spent life may dream of as possible under more beatific conditions of existence than those allotted to suffering humanity upon the surface of this planet. He is indeed a man whom to name would be to point him out to the admiration of his countrymen—but, alas! that there should be a speck in so shining and remarkable a character! When at Jeddo he did not exhaust the subject of Fish Stews!

He remarked indeed that sometimes in lusciousness — sometimes in delicate simplicity — they differed from all that he had tasted before in this kind. Some recommended themselves to the more grave and poetical faculties, as would a sonata of Beethoven to the appreciation of an accomplished musician; others fluttered delicately round the entranced palate as when the music of the Seville Barber, winnowing the air, glides like the sky-lark's song into the delighted brain of the judicious *connoisseur*. Others again were examples of grand simplicity—like the sweet conceptions of our own Purcell. Finally, others, Oh, marvel! Oh,

miracle! how shall I explain about these others? Reader, have you ever watched a mad fellow careering round a Circus, who even whilst the horse is at full speed throws off covering after covering; and is now a Highlander, now a Swiss peasant, now a jockey, now a British Grenadier. You have there a faint analogy to Japan's last word in fish-stews. With such consummate art do the illustrious Cooks of that far distant land combine the flavours of their great *chef-d'œuvre*—keeping them apart even in combination—that flavour after flavour shall pass over your palate—each distinct, yet each affecting the other by the halo, as it were, of its own surpassing delicacy—so that in one moment of time the perfumes of twenty, let us say, of these marine flowers have passed over your senses, yet each is perceptibly separate and distinct. Imagine a dolphin dying on your palate, and each of his changing and beauteous hues a delightful flavour. The Japanese fish-cooks could give you that sensation!

May it not be that we are upon the eve of a great revolution in this matter? Even now, we are informed that ambassadors from that ingenious Japanese people are on their way to our shores. Will they bring their cooks with them? Was that point stipulated in the treaty? It would be well if a question upon this matter were addressed at once to our Foreign Secretary; for even now, if there have been error or misapprehension it may not be too late. Let us tell them all we know about Armstrong guns, and astronomy and medicine; if we only receive in return their piscatorial secrets we shall have made a good bargain, indeed!

The utmost that I could obtain from my informant in the way of precise information—and indeed that is not very precise—was that the secret was not a secret of sauces. The Japanese have discovered some subtle methods of interpenetrating the very substances of the marine treasures submitted to their delicate manipulations with juices unknown to us. At other times they will take the fish itself—so it be one of transcendent flavour—and heighten that flavour, without the commixture of any foreign element, in a very remarkable way. The process—I cannot repeat it too often—is not the addition of a sauce to a fish; the fish and the sauce are *one*.

It would also appear, that by a series of long and interesting investigations, they have arrived at the knowledge of certain affinities of flavours which they employ in this wise. Before they exhibit any particular preparation of fish, they make all things ready for its reception; just as when you expect an illustrious guest whom you desire to honour, you take the coverings from the furniture, and place flowers about the room. Before the casket which contains the treasure is placed before the party for whose benefit it has been conceived, they are invited to place a somewhat upon their tongue, or to ingurgitate a mouthful of some liquid. At the critical moment, when this preparatory flavour is at its highest point of development, the dish is brought in. The bridesmaids, as it were, come before scattering flowers, and then the bride appears. Nay, my illustration is a false one: I should rather say, the bride and bridegroom join hands, and the result is—felicity.

I should rather presume that a Japanese fish-dinner is a solemn and a thoughtful proceeding. How would it be possible to bind one's attention to the jests of a professional joker, or to listen to the last thing about Pullinger, when every faculty of the mind is concentrated upon the appreciation of such nice and interesting considerations as those I have named? A few flowers, coolness, a crepuscular silence, such, methinks, should be the conditions under which fish-dinners are enjoyed at Japan.

This is not the way we manage such matters at Greenwich. I confess I long for greater variety in these entertainments—not, of course, for a greater number of dishes, or varieties of fish, at any one banquet—but I wish there were a larger area for choice, or that I could with a good conscience assert that during the last twenty years I had remarked any notable improvements in the methods of preparing fish. The water zootje, the lobster rissoles, the Spey trout, the salmon cutlets, and the white-bait prepared in the two different ways, are just what they were when I was a boy. Science, when it is not progressive, recedes.

The abominable stench from the Thames has also, of late, proved a serious drawback to Greenwich dinners. How can one sense do its work when another is suffering the last agonies? Could any one enjoy a fish dinner under the roof of a factory for the construction of steam boilers when the work was most assiduously plied? Could any one, I say, enjoy a fish dinner if surrounded by those unfortunate creatures with *goîtres* whom one sees in Switzerland? The nose has its susceptibilities as well as the eye or ear, and indeed there is a far more intimate connection between the organs of smell and taste than between any two others. Rather let me have the humblest meal amidst the pleasant woods of Marlow, where the Thames is flowing past in crystal purity, and the young leaves of tenderest green are rustling over my head, and the vocal songsters of the grove—I believe that is the correct expression—are doing just what is expected of them without overdoing it, than the most accurately prepared banquet at Greenwich until the great Trunk Sewer is completed. The beauties of Nature to a thoughtful mind add zest and flavour to cookery. I know of certain dishes which never give forth their full qualities save in presence of the setting sun. There is a particular species of anchovy sandwich of my own invention which I invariably make use of when the nightingale is performing one of her rich seraphic solos amongst the hedges in my garden. I feel my mind elevated and purified at such moments; and I have no doubt that there exists a very particular affinity between the flavour of the delicate fish and the delightful gurgling of the sweet songstress of the woods. How vain are all forms of artificial enjoyment when fairly weighed in the balance against the pleasures derived from the contemplation of Nature! To return to Greenwich.

I had almost made up my mind not to visit Greenwich this year for the reason assigned—namely, my dread of the foul stenches of the

Thames, although, I confess, it is not without a severe pang that any man of well-constituted mind can resolve to forego his two or three pilgrimages in the season to the Mecca of White-bait. I am well pleased that I broke through this resolution, as a little meeting there the other day was the means of securing the happiness of a very excellent young man, who before that pleasant little evening was suffering from the pangs of unrequited affection.

The tender passion had pervaded his soul. All his accustomed haunts and pursuits had grown distasteful to my young friend Septimus Cox, whose whole spirit had been drawn by one of those mysterious affinities which I suppose exist between the Anchovy and the Nightingale towards the spirit of pretty Fanny Almond. How he disdained us all! There was fat Jack Partridge—her cousin too—whose jokes were of so genial and sympathetic a kind, that they really might have elicited a broad grin from a milestone. Well, it was only about ten days ago that I was walking home to chambers, at about one o'clock A.M., with the enamoured Cox, and when we came to Covent Garden (it was on a Friday night, or rather early on a Saturday morning), he asked me if it would not be delightful to walk up and down in that celebrated locality, and see the early flowers brought to market. To humour him, I consented to take a few turns; and he then imparted to me, in strict confidence, his opinion that poor Jack was a coarse fellow; that his particular forms of pleasantry were very well in their way; but that a man who had anything better in him soon outlived all relish for them; and that the assiduous discharge of the duties of a laborious profession, coupled with the comforts of a home, and the charms of domestic life, &c., &c.

I had seen my young friends suffering from this kind of attack before, and knew well there was nothing for it but to let the disease run its course. Had he reason to suppose that the young lady appreciated the fervour of his devotion? Had he yet communicated with her upon the subject? No! He was so overwhelmed with the sense of his own unworthiness that he had not yet ventured on anything so audacious. Once, indeed, he had gone so far as to turn over the leaf of her music-book when she was warbling a delightful melody; but as he had rendered this assistance at a wrong moment, he had rather interrupted than aided the full tide of song.

Had he any reason to suppose that his suit would be ill received by this fair being? None in the world. Why, then, was he in such low spirits? Because he knew that he was so totally and absolutely unworthy of her, that he had not the remotest chance of winning her affections. There was nothing for it but despair and a premature grave. Perhaps, then, Fanny would one day know that one who had &c., &c., loved her, &c., &c., had passed away, &c., &c., and that after life's fitful fever, &c., &c. It was also possible under those circumstances that she might not disdain to drop a tear upon his untimely tomb. This was all very well—very much in the usual course of things—but I confess I thought Septimus was a little hard upon our poor friend Jack Partridge, who was not bound to know that he was imparting his very best jokes to a despairing lover.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Could I induce our young friend to accompany me to Greenwich? I had frequently known the very best results produced by a white-bait dinner upon young men who were very far gone indeed in the tender passion. Kindly middle-aged men must have a large experience of this class of case, and how difficult it is to make the poor foolish boys believe that Dr. Cumming's gloomiest anticipations are not on the point of being realised because Fanny would "take a turn" with Captain M'Puma the other night, in place of devoting her whole attention to the administration of comfort and solace to an individual member of that gloomy but enraptured band. The chief difficulty is to get them down to Greenwich, for when once there I have considerable confidence in a method of treatment which from my own experience of its successful action in many critical cases I would recommend for general adoption. The water-zootje with, say, two flounders, and a delicate roll of brown bread-and-butter, should first be presented in a quiet, sympathetic, "Ah,-poor-fellow!" sort of way. Do not at this point take much notice of your patient. His is, of course, a case of great and exceptional sorrow. No Fanny had ever ill-used and bedevilled any Septimus before that afternoon in June. For the rest of the company there are the usual interests of human life; for poor Septimus a little water-zootje and the savage grandeur of solitary despair. Leave Prometheus on his rock, and throw him a flounder or two just to keep him going whilst the vulture is as usual making himself happy with that eternal Strasburg pie which the mournful Titan is doomed to bear for ever upon his right side. When the water-zootje and a glass of Amontillado are fairly disposed of, I next exhibit a whiting pudding. It is a good, stodgy, pasty sort of mixture, cloying and anti-sentimental. Now throw in another glass of sherry, or—as you are dealing with a despairing lover who takes no notice of what he is drinking—a little Bucellas, and inquire, "If he has seen the second edition?" Of course he has not. The only telegram Mr. Reuter could possibly forward to "The Times" which would possess the slightest interest for Septimus, would be to the effect that "At 4·30 A.M. Miss Fanny Almond took her usual walking exercise on the banks of the Serpentine, in a plain straw bonnet—her eyes were suffused with tears, and she was heard in front of the Royal Humane Society's house to say '*Septimus, Oh, cruel, cruel!*'"—the cruelty referring to an ideal and somewhat voluminous letter in which Mr. S. C. had on the previous night embodied the history of his sorrows and his wrongs. No such telegram is of course forthcoming, and you have arrived at the lobster rissoles, where, in the majority of cases, a faint attempt may be made to entangle the Sep. in the meshes of a joke. With the salmon cutlets I have never known the experiment to fail; and by the time he has arrived at the white-bait and the cold punch, Romeo himself would think Mercutio a dull dog if he did not answer the whip in a sound convivial

manner. Ah! when Charlotte was about it, why could she not have introduced a neat plate of white-bait by the side of that famous bread-and-butter which captivated the affections, and ultimately led to the untimely end of her despairing lover! All this, however, though learning of the most useful kind, does not help us immediately on to Greenwich.

I should have mentioned that Mr. John Partridge, to whose jocular propensities I have slightly alluded, was a not very distant connexion of Mrs. Pokington Almond, the maternal parent of the enchanting Fanny. Mrs. P. Almond was in point of fact one of the Norfolk Partridges, and our friend J. P. came originally from Diss in that turnipy county. Now J. P. was perfectly aware that Septimus was in a very dreary way indeed on account of the various charms of feature, character, conversation, and general fascination which distinguished his cousin Fanny from all other maidens of mortal mould. Septimus, however, did not take the tender passion kindly—few persons in that unfortunate situation ever do—but he took it worse than most others.

Of all disagreeable unsocial wretches commend me to the lover who is brooding over the charms of his mistress. It is not a pleasant thing to spend an evening with a young man who thinks of you as a coarse, mercenary brute, simply because you are pursuing the ordinary objects of interest in human life in a very legitimate way; and who, as you are perfectly aware, would scorn your most elaborate efforts to entertain him for a suggestion on the part of his sweet Sophy to the effect that "it was rather warm." As a general rule, birds in love are pleasant—at least they tell the story of their sorrows in a pleasant way; men in the same situation are indescribable bores.

It was, however, resolved between us that, by hook or by crook, Septimus should be persuaded to accompany us to Greenwich. We contemplated nothing more than a very quiet sort of thing indeed—and at the same time that Mrs. Pokington Almond should be induced to make up a little party, as the ladies had never assisted at a fish dinner before. Our little project—subsequently modified—was, that the two parties should afterwards meet, as though by accident, in Greenwich Park to see the sun set, or the moon rise, or any kind of planetary entertainment which might be in progress at the time. The result rested, of course, with the young people themselves; still it was to be expected that under the balmy influence of the hour, and the cold punch, and what with the stars above and the coal brigs in the Pool below, Septimus might, at last, be induced to speak out like a rational being; for Jack and I, who were not under the despotism of sternest Eros, knew perfectly well that our little friend F. looked upon Septimus—bating his Jeremiads and belief in his own unworthiness, &c.—with a far from unfavourable eye. Partridge was to join our party, the ladies to be left under the guardianship of friends of whom no particular mention need be made, as they did not influence the fortunes of Mr. Septimus Cox and Miss Fanny Almond otherwise than as being *umbræ* to Mrs. A. on the memorable day in question.

What a pity it is that we can no longer go down to Greenwich by water. In the early summer time that fresh run through the Pool amongst the tiers of coal brigs used to form an apt and proper vestibule to the Temple of White-bait. I miss that daring mariner in the kind of South Sea canoe, who, with a double-headed paddle, used to steer his way by choice into the hubble-bubble made by the steamers, and when you felt perfectly assured that he had been sucked in by the paddle-wheels, and would be dropped out when the steamer stopped at the Thames Tunnel as flat as a pancake—lo! there he was on the other side of the gallant vessel, joyous as a river monster. I have never known how he got there—my impression is that he used to dive with his mysterious craft under the ship's keel.

Then what nervous work it used to be going through the Pool, and how you got into No Thoroughfare places from which it seemed impossible that any mortal skill could extricate the steamer, when just at the critical moment a portion of the obstacle seemed to fade away by enchantment, and you were off again! At other times, when all seemed fair and prosperous, a great lumbering lighter would drift across the channel, and you felt morally convinced that nothing could save the stoical lighterman from a watery death, no matter how great the forbearance and skill of your own skipper. And how coolly the lighterman took it, not even deigning to quicken his pace as he performed the usual feat with that enormous pole. Surely the empire of the seas will never pass away from England while she produces a race of men who can do such work as that which our noble captain has immediately in hand, and with such perfect facility as if he thought nothing of it. With what calm majesty he sits on a camp-stool on the paddle-box, and by a mere indication of his finger, which produces from the call-boy a shrill scream of "Ease her! Stop her! Go ahead!" regulates the motion of the craft with such nicety, that he brings her up alongside of a wharf, or drives her through obstacles with only a foot or two to spare, just as a Hansom cabman would guide his vehicle through a jam in Fleet Street. How excited the foreign gentlemen become as the steamer arrives near the Tunnel, and how stout old Englishmen point out to them the vast amount of shipping in the Pool, and with the conscious pride of enlightened patriotism ask if they have anything like that to show in their own country.

The whole scene used to be so fresh, and cool, and pleasant after the dust and turmoil of London. Here we are at last at the bend of the river where Greenwich opens upon us with the Observatory at the top of the hill, and the green park with its old thorn trees; and there lies the Dreadnought, dear to naval veterans from the recollection of other days, and to fish revellers, because when it is sighted they are well aware that the delicate banquet of which they have come in search is not far distant. And we have arrived at the stairs, and immediately we land are plied with invitations to come and take tea at various establishments, where it appears that tea, bread and butter and shrimps are served out at incredibly low rates,

and as far as locality is concerned, with peculiar advantages of view and situation. Shrimps, too, are offered to us in little paper packets—shrimps appear to occupy a very prominent place in the Greenwich dietary of the humbler classes. We are not, however, inclined to trifle away our time or appetites upon these delicate *crustaceæ*, for we have nobler game in view.

We take our way by the Hospital Terrace where the old Pensioners are pacing up and down, not, I fear, engaged in lofty conversation about their former victories, but rather gossiping over petty Hospital grievances, and desirous of small change for the purchase of tobacco. Another day we will investigate the grievances of these gallant men—but to-day we have other business in hand. We are now approaching a narrow passage down which we will take our way—not by any means in scorn of a lordly temple consecrated to white-bait, which we pass upon our way, but because time out of mind we have been in the habit of consuming these subtle luxuries at an older, if not a more luxurious establishment.

We have reached our destination at last, and find that most of the rooms have been pre-occupied. In one apartment a Club of Odd Fellows is dining, and in another the Royal Academy Club; in another a party of gentlemen met to celebrate a victory before some Parliamentary Committee connected with the passing of some Private Bill; in another a knot of Literary men; in another a select circle of friends who have assembled to give a valedictory dinner to one of their number about to enter into the Holy State. I scarcely think there is an event of English life which is not in due season sanctified and illustrated by a Fish Dinner. A few weeks later and one of the rooms in this very Hotel will be occupied by the Ministers of the Crown, who, when the toils of the Parliamentary campaign are over, and when they are just about to imbrue their hands in the blood of the Innocents, meet over their white-bait, and no doubt chuckle enormously over the dangers they have escaped during the last few months. I wish I could speak with the same freedom of the smaller parties who visit Greenwich, equally for white-bait purposes, but who evidently partake of it in a more secluded way. What a world of pathos there is in the inscriptions cut with diamonds on the window-panes of the smaller rooms:

Jemima Ann and I
dined here
June 5, 1837. *Philip Stubbs.*

That is twenty-three years ago. Let us assume that J. A. was twenty years of age at the date of the white-bait dinner in question—that would make her forty-three. Did she become Mrs. Stubbs? I hope P. S. behaved handsomely. In that case there is probably another J. A., a beautiful young olive-branch prepared to take the place of the maternal tree. It may be that P. S. was unfaithful (in which case I should like to be behind him with a big stick), and the recollection of that very Greenwich dinner partaken of on the 5th June, 1837, may be the one green spot in the waste of memory. The nose of J. A. may now be red, and her temper soured, but at least, come what may, she has been blessed. Or—on the other hand, for why should I desert my own side in so base a manner?—Jemima-Ann may have been a jilt, and have very severely mishandled poor Philip, in which case I hope he has not been fool enough to condemn a hundred good women for the sake of one bad one, but has since frequently come down to Greenwich in the pleasant society of some Sophy, or Catharine, or Mary-Jane, and indoctrinated that young lady in the not disagreeable white-bait mystery. The windows contain many records of this description, all significant of the fact that the engravers considered their presence at the fishy caravanserai in question upon a particular day in the agreeable society of some young lady, who since that period has been—as I trust—the partner of their toils, worthy of very particular record. The duty of awarding the palm, or rather the flitch of bacon, in matters connubial has not devolved upon me. Had I been the judge upon so critical a point, I should have considered that if the candidates had brought forward satisfactory evidence to the effect that, after one year of marriage, Roderick had proposed to Amelia a little white-bait dinner at Greenwich, but under the express stipulation that they were not to be burdened with the presence of strangers, and that Amelia had instantly assented without any suggestion for adding to the members of the party,—without making any difficulties about "baby,"—but with some little anxiety about the bonnet which she was to wear upon the occasion, I have no hesitation in saying that the court over which I presided would have made the rule absolute for the delivery of the flitch at their usual place of residence—carriage paid.

The tide was nearly up as our little party entered the room destined for the celebration of the mysteries. As the season was not yet far advanced, and as certainly we have had no sun as yet of sufficient power to draw out the latent virtues of the Thames mud, the somewhat peculiar odour which Father Thames now habitually emits had not yet arrived at that more advanced stage when we characterise it by a phrase of greater intensity. Two little Jacks-in-the-water were plying their trade as usual with great perseverance, obviously under the impression, that by tucking up their rags above their little dirty knees, and groping about in the Thames mud, they were rendering back commercial value for the halfpence which they received. It is pleasant enough from the windows and balconies of these white-bait establishments to watch the little river steamers flashing by; and, as the western horizon reddens as the day draws to a close, and the great smoke of London ascends between the white-bait and the setting sun, what strange Turner-like atmospheric effects succeed each other with marvellous rapidity! Whilst waiting for the attendants to bring in the water-zootje, I have seen the river off Greenwich red as though coloured with some red pigment, and the smoky vapour over London now red, now black, as it was moved about by the currents of air; and the great dome of St. Paul's, and the tops of the other monuments, looking as though they belonged to some city of the Genii. These Greenwich dinners have their poetry and senti-

mental attractions independently of the white-bait.

On that memorable day when Mr. Partridge and I had contrived our little project in promotion of the happiness of Mr. Septimus Cox and Miss Fanny Almond, and just before we sat down to our own dinner, I was advised by a slight wink from my fellow conspirator that the ladies were safely housed in a room up-stairs, in which they were to be indoctrinated in the rudiments of white-bait. So far, so good. We were but three in party—friends of the Almonds, and fast allies of Septimus Cox. We had a duty before us, and we resolved to do it. At first our patient's melancholy was allowed to have its way: he was left, according to my old and well-tried plan, to the flounders and whiting-puddings in comparative peace. Still, it was but right to show him the courtesy of taking wine with him, for this old-fashioned custom still prevails to a certain extent amongst men at these fish dinners. From pure abstraction Septimus emptied his glass upon each of these occasions, so that I really began to fear that matters might progress rather too quickly for the objects in view. Four courses of fish, each containing four varieties of these fluviatile and marine dainties, succeeded each other as usual upon such occasions, and the spirits of the melancholy man rose as the banquet advanced. The exhilarating effects of a fish diet are remarkable in the extreme. With the white-bait and the cold punch it was a *fait accompli*—our long-lost Septimus was restored to the affections of his loving friends.

"*Oh, flesh, how art thou fishified!*" was the old reproach directed against the tribe of lovers—I say, henceforth let it stand, "*Oh, fish, how art thou fleshified!*" Who would have recognised the despairing lover of 2·30 P.M.—I will be bound to say he had had a chop—in the light, buoyant, airy creature of 7·49 P.M.? Could F. A. see him now, I have no hesitation in saying that that young lady would surrender at discretion. It was just the white bait had made the difference.

I cannot within the slender limits assigned me enter at length into the subject of the spring chicken and the ducklings. Ours was not a noisy party—although I will not venture to deny that occasionally at these Greenwich dinners the fun does run somewhat fast and furious. I have seen instances at the conclusion of these fishy festivals when elderly gentlemen who, in their own houses, are as grave and discreet in their cups as church-wardens, have stood out in the balcony in front of the room which had been the scene of their revelry, and vowed eternal friendship with their pocket-handkerchiefs over their heads, and the fag-ends of cigars in their aged lips, in a manner which, if not sublime, was certainly next door to it. I have seen omnibuses depart from the precincts of the sanctuary, at a somewhat late hour, freighted with "personages" occupying very prominent posts in public estimation, and not a little elevated by the exhilarating influences of the place; but such was not the case with us. We had dined comfortably, and were in a condition of bland serene happiness befitting the dignity of human nature. Under these circumstances we ventured to rally our friend Septimus a little upon the melancholy turn which his passion had taken, and entreated him for our sakes to entertain a little higher estimation of his own merits and qualifications. Septimus was good enough to say that he would never be able to repay the debt of gratitude which he owed to J. P. and myself for putting the case before him in its proper bearings. Yes, he was sure at that moment, could he obtain the privilege of an interview with Miss Almond, he felt that, unworthy as he was, he would endeavour to get over that unworthiness, and to convince her of the purity and fervour of his passion; or as it used to be termed in old works, treating of this subject,—his "flame." J. P. quitted the room, and returned after a momentary absence. We pursued the glowing theme, and to the best of our poor ability tried to impress upon our young friend's mind the idea that the day was gone by when a Sir Charles Grandison, who, after a year or two of courtship and devotion, had got no further than to kiss Miss Byron's hand "with tender awe," was likely to prove successful in the object of his pursuit. Septimus, in a very emphatic manner indeed, expressed his contempt for that tedious Baronet, and stated it on his own conviction, after the maturest deliberation, that—

Happy's the wooing
That's not long a-doing.

Indeed, since we had shown so kind, so generous an interest in his fortunes, he would venture to introduce a toast to our notice. Unaccustomed as he was to address public assemblies (only J. P. and I were present), he certainly did feel himself imperatively called upon on the present occasion to propose to our acceptance a toast which he was well convinced required no great effort of oratory on his part to be instantly adopted by the illustrious assemblage which he had the honour of addressing on that occasion. "The Ladies," with three times three; and he begged to couple that toast with the name of one who, as he hoped, and as he was sure, we should all be rejoiced to hear, would soon be united to him by the most enduring and the most sacred, &c., &c.—in point of fact, with the name of one, of whom he would venture to say, in the words of the Poet—

She's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.
She's a jolly good——

At this moment Mrs. Almond and Aunt Sophy, and Miss Fanny Almond, emerged from behind the screen. Mrs. A. had casually heard that her nephew, with two intimate friends, was in the house: and as they were passing the door of the room in which we were sitting, the ladies had been good enough to look in upon our party to see if we would escort them for a little turn upon the terrace at the edge of the river—perhaps we would first like a cup of tea?

I could not help suspecting, from a malicious twinkle in Miss Fanny's eye, that she was not altogether unaware of the oratorical efforts recently made by our friend Septimus. She so earnestly hoped they were not intruding upon us—she should be so truly vexed if she could suppose for

Whitebait at Greenwich.

a moment that they had interrupted the interesting conversation in which we were engaged. She was sure Mr. Cox was speaking when they came in—would he not be good enough to proceed just as if they were not present? Mr. C. would not be so ungallant as to refuse a lady's request.

The young people must be left to settle their affairs in their own way. I have ventured to bring their names in incidentally to give a little interest and connection to a few remarks upon the subject of White-bait Dinners at Greenwich. All I can say is, that if in the course of that very evening when we were taking our stroll by the river-side, Septimus did not contrive to inspire some other expression than malice into Miss Fanny Almond's exceedingly fascinating eyes, he was neither worthy of her nor of a white-bait dinner. I will also add, as the result of my own long experience in such matters, that if the far brighter half of the human race were but aware of the full power of the white-bait dinner as a matrimonial weapon, they would never, even in thought, malign this most valuable institution. A ball-room is the very worst arena for action in such matters; the breakfast-table in a country-house, when the fair combatants step down from their robing-rooms fairer and fresher than Venus from the sea-foam, among the best. A Roman pic-nic, with a ride home by moonlight with a too-fascinating being by your side, is also a terrible trial to the manly heart; but then Rome is a good way off, and not every English mother can give her daughter the advantage of such a canter over an empire's dust, and the heart of a millionnaire's eldest son. For practical purposes try a Greenwich dinner!

But, all such transcendant purposes apart, the white-bait dinner is a satisfactory reason for one of the pleasantest little "outings" known to Londoners. Some way or another, I never see dull faces round me on these occasions; and happy human faces are to me the pleasantest spectacle in the world. I would at any time rather look on these than gaze upon a Swiss mountain or the Pyramid of that conceited old ape, Cheops. Far am I indeed from supposing that I have a monopoly of such feelings; and therefore I would say to our readers,—now that, after eight months of winter, the sun is shining down upon us again, *try a white-bait dinner!* Finally,—young ladies, and ladies not quite so young, never suffer yourselves to be deluded into the belief that a white-bait dinner is purely a man's affair. It only requires your fair presence to make it perfect! Whenever such heretical doctrines are propounded in your presence, run up-stairs, put on your "things," and say you are ready. Such is the advice of your devoted friend and admirer,

GAMMA.

THE TWO FINGERS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

AT the extremity of a little country town at no great distance from Tours, on the high coach-road from Paris to Bordeaux, there stood about thirty years ago a pretty wayside inn with white walls, and a swinging sign bearing the effigy of *Le Grand Roi*, otherwise Henry IV. On either side, and to the rear of the buildings, extended spacious gardens, which were carefully tended; and where trellised arbours, bowery trees, and beds of flowers framed it so charmingly that it would have looked, had its sign been removed, rather like the villa, or château, of some wealthy landholder, than a mere house of public entertainment.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely wonderful that it should have been the favourite halting-place of travellers, postillions, and merchants; and it was rarely indeed that *Le Grand Roi* was without other inmates than its own actual inhabitants. The interior of the establishment was, moreover, no less inviting than its exterior; for the white walls and green shutters without, were no whit more promising of comfort and cleanliness than the well-arranged and lightsome chambers within. On the ground floor there was a vast entrance-hall, from which opened on the right hand a dining-room; and, on the left, a spacious kitchen, where the cooking-utensils gleamed brightly in the light of a large fire that blazed within the ample chimney, and whence the savoury steam of many a well-cooked dish came temptingly to the craving appetite of the hungry wayfarer. Order and cleanliness were perceptible everywhere—strange features of a French road-side inn; not a broken pane of glass, not a loosened hinge, not an armful of decayed vegetables, either in front of the building or beside it; everything was swept, garnished, and arranged as though dirt and neglect had never been heard of in the district.

It was during a November evening, in the year 1818, when the wind was sighing and surging without, and the rain plashing down with uncompromising resolution, that the worthy landlord of *Le Grand Roi*, the honest but somewhat imperious M. Ebrard, his three children, and one of his neighbours, who had taken shelter from the inclemency of the weather at his comfortable hearth, were seated round an enormous fire of pine logs, talking over the local gossip, and enjoying themselves as those only can do who feel a sensation of security from the inflictions of such a storm.

"Just hear the rain!" exclaimed M. Ebrard, after an instant, during which all the party had been silenced by a louder and wilder blast than any by which it had been preceded. "This is the third day that it has been pouring down, without a prospect of any change for the better. I was looking at the clouds to-night before I fastened up the house, and I might as well have looked at the crown of my hat, for they were just as black and as unpromising. Even the wind has no power over it; all is as dark as the chimney-back. As to travelling in such a deluge, no one would be mad enough to attempt it; so, neighbour, it seems to me that we shall be wise to turn our feet to the warm ashes, and to make a night of it. Marie," he pursued, addressing a young girl who was seated near him. "Go, and fetch two bottles of my best wine. You know where to find it; on the left hand, at the far-end of the cellar."

At these words, uttered in a harsh and imperative tone, the young girl started as if awakened out of a dream; and, as it seemed, instinctively threw back upon the speaker a haughty and

indignant glance; but she recovered herself in an instant, and lighting a small hand-lamp, she left the room without remonstrance or remark.

"Ah!" ejaculated the landlord, with a low, hoarse, chuckling laugh, as she disappeared. "Mademoiselle Marie is somewhat of a *grande dame*, you know, *mon voisin;* but as pride and poverty pull badly in the same team, she knows that when I command she has only to obey; so that it matters little after all."

"*Elle est belle fille!*" said his friend admiringly.

"She might be; she might be, if she had any blood in her veins;" was the cold rejoinder: "but she is not to my taste, though she may suit yours. However, what can't be mended must be borne: we all know that."

Whoever could have looked on that young girl as she lighted her lamp, and then returned from the cellar with the wine in her hand, must have been struck by the immobility of her features, and the excessive pallor of her complexion; for no marble statue could have been colder and more impassive in appearance. Beautiful she was in no ordinary degree, and both her face and figure were perfect, but it was a beauty and a perfection which were unearthly in character, and altogether incompatible with the scenes and persons with which she was associated. She was not the daughter of M. Ebrard. Nature could not so far have belied herself. She was the only child of one who had been a merchant of great wealth and high standing, but who, having ruined himself by injudicious speculations, and not being possessed of sufficient moral courage to face his reverses, had terminated his own existence, leaving his penniless widow and helpless orphan to battle with a world by which he, the strong man, had been worsted. Strange cowardice, but not so singular as strange.

Madame Delfour, habituated not only to comfort, but to every luxury of life, and still young and beautiful, was so terrified at the beggary which stared her in the face, that when, after the first few months which followed her husband's cowardly suicide, she found her remaining francs were rapidly dwindling into sous, she was, after a sharp struggle, prevailed upon to give her hand to the landlord of *Le Grand Roi*, in order to secure bread for herself and her child; but the sacrifice was too great. Every habit and every association of her youth were opposed to the strange sphere in which she found herself; and although she still clung with almost frantic tenderness to the infant Marie, even a mother's love failed to counteract the misery and mortification of her new life. She pined and died, and the poor girl was left alone to expiate a father's crime.

M. Ebrard soon forgot his ailing and melancholy wife, and replaced her by another less beautiful but more congenial to his habits, and better suited to her position; a good, homely, buxom, stirring *femme de ménage*, almost a match for himself in energy and thrift; but he was fated to be unfortunate in his matrimonial speculations; as, after making him the father of two boys, she too left him a widower; upon which M. Ebrard, who considered himself extremely aggrieved by destiny, and who, moreover, remembered that Marie Delfour was rapidly attaining to a serviceable age, resolved thenceforward to suffice to himself, and to continue the Alpha and Omega of his comfortable establishment.

"I have tried both extremes," he argued with himself; "I have indulged in the luxury of a *dame comme il faut* without a penny, who had visited her Paris every year, and had the fashions at her fingers' ends as I have my wine-merchant's accounts, and who wound up by dying and leaving me with a child that was not my own; and what profit was she to me? I felt every hour in the day that she was ashamed of me; that she blushed for me; that I could neither talk nor act as she thought right; and that she was too proud to blame me, while she was not too haughty to despise me. Well, and what was the end of that? I found myself a widower, with Marie left upon my hands, who, in a year or two, began to cry if a traveller ventured to tell her that she was pretty, or a more adventurous admirer to talk to her of love. What could I do? Of course I tried again, and this time I did better, for I was not afraid to be master of my own house; but here I am, *en garçon* once more, with two boys—my own, this time, I suppose—and I may as well not run the risk of increasing the family. I am sick of women; when they are useless they worry out a man's heart, and when you can turn them to some account, they die."

M. Ebrard could not be branded as a sentimentalist.

"Come, come, Marie!" he shouted as she returned to the kitchen; "do you want to spend the night in the cellar? You must bestir yourself a little more, for I can't afford to keep you to be looked at; and if I could, you would not do me any credit, with a face as white as unbaked paste, and your great black eyes staring as though you saw a ghost from morning till night. Did you ever see such a girl?" he continued, turning towards his companion, "wouldn't you think that she had all the troubles of the world on her back to look at' her!—Now then, why don't you bring the glasses? Do you imagine that we are going to drink out of the palms of our hands?"

"Your health, neighbour," said the visitor, as he poured out a tumbler-full of wine from the bottle before him, when Marie had silently obeyed. And still the wind roared in the wide chimney, and the rain plashed against the windows, as unremittingly as though the storm had only just commenced, and had, as yet, had no time to exhaust itself. The two boys huddled together in a corner, half-frightened and half-amused by the elemental uproar without, while the pale beautiful girl resumed her seat and her knitting, and fell into another deep fit of abstraction.

Suddenly two distinct blows were heard on the house-door, given apparently with the handle of a riding-whip, and the men removed their pipes from their mouths and listened; the boys sprang up from the floor, and Marie started like a person suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep.

"Who on earth can this be!" exclaimed the landlord, "it can't be a traveller, unless the diligence is behind its time; and besides——"

Again two loud knocks echoed through the kitchen; and M. Ebrard, somewhat reluctantly, took up the lamp, traversed the wide passage which led to the outer door, and then, without attempting to open it, he demanded, in a harsh impatient voice, who was there?

"A traveller," was the reply; "are you going to keep me in the rain for another hour?"

"What do you want?" was the next interrogation.

"What do I want? Why, some supper and a bed, of course, if I am not quite drowned before you let me in."

"There, don't be angry, Monsieur, whoever you are;" grumbled the host, as he drew back the ponderous bolt and turned the large key in the lock. "Walk in, and remember you have arrived at such an unusual hour, that, when our part of the country is known to be swarming with robbers, a man who has anything to lose had need be careful not to open his door to one of the band."

As he spoke he raised his lamp to a level with the stranger's face. The investigation apparently terminated satisfactorily, for his manner changed at once; he bowed respectfully, shouldered a trunk which stood upon the threshold, re-closed the door, and preceded the new-comer to the kitchen.

A fine-looking young man threw off his large wrapping-cloak, which was dripping with mud and rain, made one bound towards the blazing fire, and seated himself upon the bench opposite to Marie, saying, in a clear, joyous voice as he did so; "This is charming, this is delicious, mine host! Had you expected me, I could not have wished a pleasanter welcome. And now I must ask you to hasten my supper, for I want to get off by the *patache* to —— to-morrow at daybreak; I should like to go to bed as early as I can."

"All will be ready in ten minutes," said Ebrard. "But you will excuse me if I venture to remind you that you might have gone on there by the diligence, as it passes through the town, instead of stopping here only to start again at dawn."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger; "you are either very curious or very timid, Monsieur mon hôte, for you have not as yet got rid of your distrust. In order to tranquillise you, therefore, I will explain thus much. My family reside in a country-house at a short distance from the town, and by continuing my journey in the diligence I should have arrived in the middle of the night—an arrangement which I was particularly anxious to avoid: whereas, by taking the boat at six o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall reach home by dinner-time. Have I now succeeded in satisfying you as to my honesty of purpose?"

"Oh, Monsieur!" was the somewhat embarrassed reply of the landlord, as he met the sly smile of the young man; "you have quite misunderstood me. One look into your frank and handsome face was enough; although, to be sure, I was puzzled a little to guess what caused you to stop here when you could have gone on without a halt to your journey's end."

During this brief dialogue the eyes of Marie and the stranger met more than once; and while he examined her with undisguised admiration and astonishment, she, on her side, was for the first time aroused into something like interest in what was passing around her: the pale cheek flushed to the tint of a hedge-rose, and the curved and flexile lips quivered with a nervous movement; while her head drooped upon her bosom, bowed down by a new and vague emotion, to which she could have given no name. A ray of light had mysteriously penetrated the darkness and desolation of her spirit; for the first time since her mother's death she felt as though she were no longer alone.

She turned one hurried look on the friend of her stepfather—the heavy, soulless peasant who sought to make her his wife, and her heart swelled with indignation and loathing; the glance wandered back, and it rested for an instant upon the high fair brow, the waving curls, and the beaming countenance of the young traveller—the guest of a few brief hours. Poor Marie! at that moment she fully appreciated all the bitterness of her position. What could she appear in the eyes of such a being as he who was before her, but a menial! a creature to come and go at the bidding of every one who could repay her services with money? While he— The poor girl shuddered, and choked back her tears; she was not free even to weep over herself.

The supper was served, and in less than twenty minutes had disappeared; and then her stepfather once more aroused her by harshly desiring that she would light a candle, and conduct Monsieur to his chamber.

The poor girl passively obeyed, and led the way to a large and cheerful room on the first story.

"You cannot be the daughter of the landlord?" said Adolphe de Rosval, as she placed the light upon a table.

"I am not, Monsieur," replied Marie; and a vivid blush overspread her cheeks.

"I thought so. Those white and delicate hands, and that crimson brow, are evidence to the contrary at this moment. Have you many travellers in the house to-night?"

"You are the only one."

"I am glad of it, for your sake. What is your name, Mademoiselle?"

"Marie, Monsieur."

"The sweetest of all names! It becomes you well."

"Does Monsieur require anything more?" asked the girl timidly.

"Nothing," said the young man, bowing as courteously as though she had been some high-born dame. "Good night."

The salutation was returned, the door of the chamber closed, and Marie descended the stairs, stumbling at every step.

Adolphe could not recover his astonishment. Who could this young girl be? Was he the victim of a mystification? No; that was impossible; for even his own family were not aware that he had obtained a month's leave of absence from Saint Cyr, in order that he might receive the congratulations of his friends on his promotion to a sub-lieutenancy. What, then, could it mean? That she was not the daughter of his

coarse and ungenial host, she had herself admitted: that she was a mere menial, was an idea to be scouted ere it was formed: and yet that this was her home was nevertheless evident. The bouquet of roses upon his dressing-table attested it; it had been arranged by no vulgar or servile hand. The graceful grouping of the somewhat scanty furniture, and the very sweep of the snowy draperies that depended from the windows and the bed, spoke of her care and taste. Who could she be?

As he reached this point of his reverie a log from the summit of the fire, fell noisily on the hearth. It was necessary to replace it, and this little domestic care sufficed to break the spell. After all, what was it to him? He was travel-worn and weary: and so M. le Sous-Lieutenant Adolphe de Rosval hastily divested himself of his clothes, and, without extinguishing his light, threw himself on his bed.

When Marie returned to the kitchen she found that her peasant-lover had availed himself of a sudden change in the weather to wend his way homeward, and that the two boys had retired to their bed in the *grenier;* but her father was not alone. A second traveller had taken up his rest at *Le Grand Roi*, and she examined him with a sudden and inexplicable feeling of curiosity. He was a man of between forty and fifty years of age, tall and powerful, with broad shoulders and ample chest; his grizzled hair was brushed low upon his forehead, and there was a sinister expression in his eyes; but his features were well-formed, and his manner self-possessed and easy. It was at once evident to her that his appearance had greatly impressed her step-father, who was waiting upon him with the utmost obsequiousness.

"I imagine," he said, just as she entered, "that I must be your only *pratique* to-night, for the weather will have kept all comfort-loving people under their own roofs."

"Pardon me, monsieur," was the reply; "the room next to your own is already occupied by a young man who arrived little more than an hour ago; but there is no fear that he will disturb you, for he appears to be a perfect gentleman, and is moreover so tired, and so anxious to get on, that he leaves us at daybreak to-morrow."

The brow of the stranger darkened, and he made no reply.

"Be careful," he said, a few minutes afterwards; "to call me in the morning at seven o'clock, for I must be at Tours by mid-day. Ah! by the bye, I shall require a saddle-horse—let one be ready for me, as my time is precious."

"My neighbour Marie-Joseph Carnac," responded the landlord, "has the best roadster in the district; he can be here by half-past six."

"Good," said the guest; "then I will follow the example of your other inmate, and betake myself to rest."

"Marie, a light!" cried Ebrard; and the young girl once more ascended the stairs to marshal the new-comer to his room.

Adolphe was, as we have stated, already in bed, with the candle still burning upon his table. He had, as yet, been unable to sleep; his brain was too busy. His newly-acquired rank; the anticipated meeting with his parents and his sisters; and, mingled with these proud and happy thoughts, the mystery attached to Marie, had made him wakeful; so that when he heard the heavy tread of a man's foot traversing the passage, and passing the door of his room, he was conscious of every sound. Suddenly a thought struck him; and, springing to the floor, he took a key from his waistcoat-pocket, opened his trunk, and seizing his uniform sword which lay upon the top, placed it under his pillow.

Midnight struck from the old clock in the kitchen, and all was profoundly silent in the house, but still Adolphe remained sleepless; when suddenly he was startled by a sound, which appeared to him like that of a key slowly turned in the lock. He listened attentively; but, as it was not repeated, he concluded that he had been the sport of his own over-excited nerves, and drawing the bed-clothes closer about him, he determined to profit by the few hours which were left, and to endeavour to obtain some rest. He had scarcely begun to sleep, however, when he was a second time disturbed, and on this occasion he was at once convinced that he had made no mistake. Some one was endeavouring to enter his room. The candle had burnt out; but, grasping his sword, he noiselessly groped his way to the door, and stood motionless beside it. About five minutes afterwards the noise ceased, and he began to hope that the would-be intruder had abandoned all hope of invading his privacy, whatever might have been his motive for seeking to do so. He had carefully locked the door of his room, and had little fear that the fastening could be forced; but, accidentally casting his eyes on the floor, he saw by the light of the moon which gleamed full upon the window of his room, and which, rendered more vivid by its contrast from the subsided storm, was pouring out its chastened radiance from a now cloudless sky, that a hand had been introduced between the boards of his chamber and the bottom of the door, and was seeking to lift it from its hinges. This was too much: and steadily raising his sword above his head, he struck downwards with all his force upon the hand thus traitorously employed. A smothered groan fell upon his ear, and then a half-articulated curse. These were succeeded by a sound of stealthy steps retreating along the passage, and ere long all was still—but two bleeding fingers remained lying upon the floor!

Adolphe rushed to the fire-place; a few warm fragments of wood enabled him to light a second candle which stood upon the chimney-piece, and he then proceeded to examine the hideous trophy of his victory. For a moment he shrank from touching the first "fleshing" of his maiden-sword, but he rapidly overcame the weakness, and picking up the severed fingers, he carefully washed away the blood, and folded them up in his handkerchief.

"On the honour of a *sous-lieutenant*," he murmured to himself, "that was a lucky stroke, and really, for a robber, the fingers are passably slender, and the nails tolerably clean. Well, I suppose that all is over for to-night; so, as I am shivering with cold, I had better go to my bed again."

Adolphe was young and fearless; and in a quarter of an hour he was sound asleep.

Day was breaking when the landlord awoke our hero, who accepted, with considerable satisfaction, a cup of excellent coffee prepared by the delicate hands of Marie. As he did so he instinctively cast a glance at those of M. Ebrard, and had no sooner ascertained that they were intact than he began to relate to him his nocturnal adventure, and to point to the blood upon the floor of the chamber, and to the ghastly parcel upon the chair. The honest landlord turned ashy white as he listened, and clung to the arm of Adolphe for support; but he had no sooner rallied than he rushed towards the room of his elder guest. The door was open, he drew back the curtains of the bed, and found it empty; traces of blood were distinguishable in the direction of the window, which was also open; he looked out; the heavy impress of a man's foot was visible on the soft soil of the garden which abutted on the high road; and thus M. Ebrard, excited as he was, soon convinced himself that the mutilated robber could be no other than the stately traveller who had honoured his poor house on the preceding night.

His indignation and horror were extreme; and he had no sooner seen Adolphe depart than he hurried off to acquaint the police with what had occurred; not forgetting to relieve his mind by the way, by communicating to every acquaintance whom he met the particulars of the tragedy which

had desecrated the hitherto respectable auberge of *Le Grand Roi*.

Adolphe de Rosval reached his home about mid-day; as he was not expected, and accompanied his first greetings with the welcome intelligence of his new honours, his appearance was hailed with the most vehement joy. His fond mother wept as she held him to her heart, and his sisters clung to him with mingled tenderness and pride.

"Only think, mamma, he is an officer already! Is it not charming? What will papa say?"

"But where is my father?" asked the young man—"*his* welcome is still wanting."

"You know he is often from home," said Madame de Rosval; "and we are as little as ever in his confidence. He left us three days ago, but we expect him home to-day."

"And is he still as low-spirited and as silent as when I saw him last?" inquired Adolphe.

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the gentle matron. "I fear that he has involved himself in speculations beyond our means; and that the idea of having compromised the future welfare of his children presses heavily upon him; but your unlooked-for return, Adolphe, and your happy tidings will, I trust, restore him to cheerfulness."

As soon as the family circle had become somewhat more composed, and that one person was at length permitted to speak at a time, Adolphe was overwhelmed with questions, every member of the party being anxious to learn all that he had done since their last parting.

"It is, at all events, a blessing," said his mother, as she fondly passed her hand over his hair, "that you have performed your journey without any accident, my son, however monotonous you may have found it."

"Nay, *ma bonne mère*," smiled Adolphe; "it was not altogether so monotonous as you may imagine; for I at least met with one adventure strange enough to bear telling."

"An adventure, and a strange one?" exclaimed his sisters simultaneously; "Oh, Adolphe, let us hear it."

He complied with their request, and no cheek around him grew paler than his own as he recalled the extraordinary event of the previous night.

"And, by the bye," he added, when he had brought his narrative to a close, "I must not forget to tell you that I carried away with me the undeniable proofs of my victory—here they are;" and as he spoke he drew a handkerchief from his pocket in which something was evidently folded.

At that very instant the door of the room opened, and a man entered, large in stature, but pale and weak, and with his clothes saturated with rain. He could scarcely stagger to a chair before he sank down like one whose vital powers were utterly exhausted; and in a moment the whole family were crowded about him.

"My father! my dear father!" exclaimed Adolphe; "weary as you evidently are, how thankful I am that you have returned; I have news for you that will, I know, be welcome."

As he spoke the young man extended his hand, but the action met with no response; and as he glanced towards that which was so strangely withheld, he remarked that it was enveloped in a blood-stained linen.

"What!" he asked anxiously, "are you suffering from more than fatigue? Have you been wounded?"

"Yes," was the faint reply; "as I was coming through the forest, four leagues from this, I was attacked by brigands. I had heard that they were in the neighbourhood, but I believed it to be an idle rumour. I endeavoured to defend myself; and in the fray one of the ruffians struck off two of my fingers. I am faint from loss of blood; give me some wine, and I shall soon be better."

Madame de Rosval hurried to the sideboard, and with a trembling hand and swimming eyes brought the required refreshment, while the two elder girls wound their arms about their father's neck, and wept piteously. Adolphe stood motionless, like one in a frightful dream; but little Rosalie, the pet and plaything of the family, too young to comprehend the sorrow on which she looked, and full of curiosity to see what her soldier-brother had really brought home, busied herself in unfolding the handkerchief which had fallen from his hand on the entrance of his father, and she had no sooner succeeded than, clapping her chubby hands in childish delight, she called out almost breathlessly:

"Mamma! Mamma! Adolphe has got the two fingers he cut off at the inn; give them to poor papa, and then he will be quite well again."

In another hour M. de Rosval was in the hands of justice. The landlord of *Le Grand Roi* had been so active in his exertions to redeem the honour of his house, that the gensdarmes had tracked the culprit by the traces of his blood; and in the extremity of their anguish his family had forgotten to urge upon him a second flight.

On the 20th of December, the assize-court of Tours was filled to overflowing. The event was one productive of unusual excitement; the idle and the unfeeling were on the tiptoe of expectation; a drama of real life, and involving real suffering, was to be concluded before their very eyes. A father was about to be tried for the attempted murder of his son; and, moreover, the prisoner was no common criminal, but a man of old and honoured family. No wonder that the whole city was convulsed with curiosity and animation!

The court had assembled: the prisoner was ushered to his seat; the jury were duly sworn, and the proceedings commenced.

Pale, agitated, and painfully excited, Adolphe de Rosval replied to the summons of the *greffier*, and prepared to give his evidence. He was closely wrapped in a large military cloak, but raised his right hand steadily, and repeated the oath in a clear and audible voice.

"What is your name?" demanded the President.

"Adolphe Ernest Leon de Rosval."

"Your profession?"

"Pupil of St. Cyr; sub-lieutenant of the —— regiment of the line."

"Your age?"

"Nineteen."

Then followed the whole detail of the nocturnal attempt upon his life; or, as he persisted in believing it to be, upon his property; but he was, as a necessary consequence of his position throughout the adventure, unable to establish the identity of the culprit. Not once had he ventured to turn his eyes towards the *Banc d' Infamie* on which his wretched father was seated between two gensdarmes; and the President, touched by the painfulness of his position, gave him permission to withdraw.

Jean Antoine Ebrard was the next witness called. He had been dead three weeks.

As the third name rang through the hall, a young girl dressed in deep mourning, and wearing a long black veil which concealed her face, was led to the witness-chair; as she took the oath she trembled violently; but when desired to say if she recognised the prisoner, she answered firmly: "No."

Poor Marie! She had perjured herself to save the father of the youth to whom, in one short hour, she had given away her heart. Adolphe had been, as we have already said, the solitary ray of brightness which had pierced through the darkness of her lot; and in seeking to save him one bitter pang, she had perilled her own soul.

The circumstantial evidence against M. de Rosval was overwhelming, but still failed to establish the identity of the culprit. The evidence of the landlord or his step-daughter must have condemned him; but the one was dead, and the other had positively sworn that she had never seen him before.

After the counsel for the prosecution (*procureur du roi*) had addressed the court, the counsel for the prisoner made an able speech, in which he strenuously endeavoured to prove an *alibi*. He stated that it was impossible to prove that the prisoner at the bar had slept at the auberge of *Le Grand Roi* on the night of the mysterious event which had led to the present trial, since the only witness now alive, who must have seen him had such been the case, had solemnly assured the court that she did not recognise him. "No, gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "the accused has been a victim, not an assassin. That he has been mutilated by violence is certain; but he has explained, in the clearest manner, the cause

of this unfortunate coincidence; and the sword of the son is unstained by the father's blood."

"To prove which fact," exclaimed a hollow and almost inarticulate voice from amidst the crowd in the body of the court, "there are the fingers which I cut off under the door of my room." And as Adolphe ceased speaking, an officer of the court laid them upon the desk of the President.

Having silently examined them, an expression of astonishment was visible upon the countenance of the learned judge, who handed them to the *procureur*, by whom they were in turn transferred to the jury-box. It was at once perceived that the severed fingers thus produced in evidence had belonged to the left hand, while M. de Rosval was mutilated in the right!

Three days subsequently Adolphe had ceased to live. Mortification had supervened upon the frightful wound which he had inflicted upon himself in order to save the life of his father, and to preserve the honour of his family.

The young soldier's career was over; his dream of fame had gone down with him to the grave. He met Marie once more: they had been self-sacrificed in a common cause. Each appreciated the devotion of the other—each felt that thenceforward they had done with the world, and the world with them. Adolphe de Rosval lies in the cemetery of his native town; and Marie Delfour, after performing a penance of many years as a Sister of Charity, has found a grave in one of the West Indian islands.

THE MONTHS.

OF all the months in the year, June seems to me the richest in natural pleasures. The only drawback is its being, at its close, the turning-point from the advancing to the receding year. We seem to have had so little of the opening and ripening of Nature,—the trees have so lately become green,—plants and animals are still so young, that it is very soon to be turning towards the declining seasons: yet we shall be making hay this month, in prospect of winter; and the days will be shortening before the end of it. Well, we must enjoy to the utmost the fruition in June of the first three months. In my family, we always do. We are out of doors more than in any other month,—the mornings and nights are so dry and balmy, and the mid-day still so fresh,—in the woods and by the water-side, if the fields are somewhat too sultry.

At the beginning, we look for the sheep washing; and we are always impatient for it, for the poor sheep's sake,—they are apt to be so troubled with the fly. In our neighbourhood the flocks are not so large but that they can be watched, and rescued in time. We seldom or never see the frightful spectacle of a sheep being driven wild by the misery, and breaking away beyond reach of help, to lie down at last, and struggle away its life in writhings on the ground, while being

devoured alive, as often happens in wide upland pastures, where the flock is too large for the shepherd's oversight: but there are always some which seem anything but comfortable after the fly has once settled. There is another danger for them. My girls do not forget their hot scamper home, for two miles, one season when they had followed the stream beyond and above the park, and saw from the high bank a poor sheep carried round and round in the eddy of a pool, into which it had fallen, overbalanced by the weight of its fleece. We were in time to save the animal by sending men and boys while its head was yet above water: but it was not so with a ewe which had met with the same mishap at a part where the waters rushed among rocks, between two of which we saw it fast wedged, on its back, with its four legs up in the air, and the stream bubbling away through its swollen fleece. It had fallen from a height—also from the weight of its fleece—and its head had obviously been under water from the first; so it must soon have been out of its pain. Its lamb was pacing to and fro on the bank above, baaing piteously.

It is a very different thing seeing sheep in the water when there are plenty of people to take care of them. There cannot be a better place for the washing than the pool under the bridge, just outside the park, where we station ourselves some fine June morning every year. The river is shoaly there: and a man and his boys take up their position on a shoal on the further side of the pool, while others stand under the bridge, in the shadow; and we look down, and see all they do. No one of the flock ever seems to learn by experience. They are all just as sure one year as another that they are going to be drowned; and violent is the exercise they give the shepherds in getting them through the pool. What tugging, pulling, and pushing it is! And how absurd is the floundering in that shallow place! And what a din there is of bleating and baaing, and shouting and laughing! And how the boys on the shoal enjoy holding the poor beasts by the head while the shepherd grasps and wrings and rubs the fleece, which grows whiter under the operation, and then sends them back through shallower water to the bank.

After watching the process till we have had enough of the noise, my boys and I leave the girls, and ascend the stream for *our* dip,—unless, indeed, Whitsuntide so falls as that the lads are at school on sheep-washing day. Little Harry, at all events, will be my companion henceforth till he enters upon his school-days. He is not too young for a dip with me: no, nor for learning to swim. Why should not our children swim as soon as they can walk, as children in other countries do? In the East and the West, and in the South Sea Islands, infants can tumble about in the water as freely as on the grass: and why should not ours? My Harry thinks it excellent fun to play in the water; as in truth it is; and he prides himself on being wiser than the big sheep, who can only cry, and not swim. He never felt any fear, and thinks that pool above among the rocks his best play place. I began by putting him in, letting him scramble, lending a hand when his head went under, and letting him ride on my shoulders when I was swimming; and now he can make his way anywhere in still water, and keep himself safe where the stream runs strongest. It will never be said of my children (the girls any more than the boys), in the case of a boat capsizing, "none of the party could swim;"—that dreary and shameful announcement which we see in the newspapers a dozen times a year. Whether they be sailors, soldiers, emigrants, or merely cross the sea in travelling, my sons will not be drowned for want of learning to swim.

We take our time in going up to that pool; for Harry cannot walk so far and back again. He goes on my back or his brother's, or is carried cherry-stone-wise at intervals: and we sit down in tempting places. In the little creeks where the sedges grow, we look for dragon-flies coming out of their sheaths; and many a time we have hit the moment when the creature is drawing itself up and out of its case, so that we could see the gauze wings unfold, and the body begin to shine, and the gay insect try the air for the first time. We track the water-beetle in shallow places; and in the shady parts there is sure to be a dimple on the surface here and there, as the fish leap at the skimming and darting flies. In the woods behind us the birds are still tuneful; and we listen for each, knowing that in two or three weeks they will almost all be silent. The note of the cuckoo has by this time changed, being deeper as well as louder, in sign of farewell for the year.

In the little thickets which overhang the stream at intervals, the wild roses are opening, hour by hour; and we gather specimens of every tint, from the deepest pink to the blush and the white. The white briony is the favourite ornament for little boys' hats and necks; while older folk carry wild honeysuckles in their button-holes. Little nuts peep out of their fringes on the hazels, promising pleasant excursions when autumn days come. There are not a few bees, though we know that the great multitude of them are busy in the clover-fields, and among the bean-blossoms below. There is good pasture for them up here in the clumps of hawthorns which actually shine in the sun against the relief of the park belt; and in the sweets of the hedges; and in the tall foxgloves under every boulder; and, above all, in the blossoms of the limes and the elder-flowers. We must find a day for gathering elder-flowers. My wife makes elder-wine of two sorts, because her mother made them before her; and her girls understand it, though our Quaker neighbour, who manages our Temperance Society, told them last year, on meeting them with a washing-basket brimming with blossoms, that the best use of elder-flowers was to make a cooling wash for the complexion.

Then we stop to make music and musical instruments, in some resting-place where the reeds grow strong. When we move again we are furnished with a Pan's-pipe and elder-whistles, and with a warlike apparatus of pop-guns—supplied also by the useful elder. Finally we reach our pool, and find no angler there, as we had dreaded.

The angler will come in the evening when the May-fly is floating and drying his wings, and the trout are lively, and the bream leaves its dim retreat at the bottom of the deepest pool. After lying on the grass till we are cool, we strip and go in, and do not come out again till the last minute that I can allow, after being reminded that in going home it is downhill all the way.

We trip it fast enough to be glad to find ourselves under the shade of the horse-chesnuts near the church. Those chesnuts are a superb spectacle now—each a great dome crocketed all over with little spires of glorious blossom. Whatever may be the charms of an early spring, it too often brings the drawback of spoiled horse-chesnuts. For many seasons in succession I have grieved over the stunted leaves and flowers which had been touched with frost after a brilliant early promise. Serious as have been the effects of the ungenial spring of this year, we now find some little compensation in the rich development of everything that waited for May before making any show. The splendid and safe late blossoming of our fruit-trees and forest-trees, and the profusion of cherries, gooseberries, and currants now ripening, are some reward for our efforts at patience when the winter would not go away. In two or three weeks now we shall have full bowls of cherries on the table, and we shall have gooseberry pies or gooseberry-fool every day now till the currants come in.

We dine early on sheep-shearing days because the work is always, by some means or other, done in time for the squire's shearing supper. We like to witness the ending of the business, and to do our part towards making the syllabub-under-the-cow, which is the most conspicuous dainty of the evening. In three days from the washing the fleeces are sufficiently dry for the shearing, provided the weather is fine, and the animals have been kept meantime on an airy and sound pasture. We have tried our hands on almost every one of the processes of the day; but I am afraid we are not regarded as effectual helps; so it is time enough to go after dinner. I have made an attempt at clipping: and my wife has rolled fleeces; and the children have daubed themselves with warm tar or with ochre in trying to mark the frightened and starting sheep just released from the shears; but I believe the real workers prefer our room to our company, unless we stand aside to admire people cleverer than ourselves. I own I am not soon tired of watching a clipper who is quick and dexterous, and does not wound the animal, nor yet leave it in a streaky state all over with wasted remnants of wool. He manages the creature as confidently as Rarey does the restless horse; makes it take its proper attitude, begins and ends always at the same point, clears all away, and never has to go back, makes no waste of wool or time, and sets the creature on its legs again before the raw hands have turned their victims. It is pleasant, too, to see the women's part of the work. My wife considers it a pity that they put on their Sunday clothes for the occasion: and certainly, while there are stock-farmers who advocate a late shearing on the ground that hot weather adds half a pound to the weight of the fleece by "the perspiration of the animal," it seems fitting that the coarsest dress should be brought into contact with the wool: but not the less does the trim and festive appearance of the girls add to the charms of the scene. They handle the wool, cut away and throw out the dirty and knotty parts, and then roll up the fleece, the cut side outwards, ending with the neck, which serves to bind the parcel round. After all the washing and squeezing and paring away, it is a dirty business at best, as any one will say who has unfolded a fleece in the mill.

Then comes the marking; and all the while observations are made, as every clipper well knows, on the work of the shearers. One is full of pride as his sheep are picked out for their appearance, and their number counted; and another is irritated or ashamed as his victims are pointed at with a giggle, or the bailiff shakes his head at his awkwardness, or the ladies and children pity the wounded animals as they come from his hands. He can only mutter that he should like to see them do it better.

There is more slashing, and some haste even in the best shearers as the sun gets low, and bustle is heard from the barn, and a clatter of knives and forks and plates. Then the idlers begin to look out for the cows—the two cows which are to supply the syllabub. There is not such a show of fashion and finery to frighten the kine as scared the late Duchess of St. Albans' cow, when her syllabub was spoiled on the Duke's birthday by the animal's fret at her blue ribbons and alarm at the grandeur around her. Allured by young ladies in white muslin, holding potatoes before her, and driven from behind, she was in course of time brought up the lawn: but what should make her stay there before the windows? She smashed the splendid old china bowl, overthrew the milker, turned tail, and careered down the lawn, flinging her blue ribbons about in frantic style, and leaving on the grass a too plentiful libation of wine, lemon, sugar, and spices. Our cows are brought up to the barn by their proper dairymaids. The ingredients are in large wooden bowls; and the vanity of the hour is not to let a drop be spilt. For my part, I never could discover the charms of that kind of syllabub, beyond the ideal aspect of its manufacture; but I have quite pleasure enough in seeing it relished by man, woman, and child at the barn supper.

Then we go round, and see that everybody has beef and beer enough; and then we drink everybody's health, and success to the wool-trade, and so on; and the next day the bare white sheep remind us that we have left behind us one of the annual observances of summer.

The longest day, however, is the gravest memorial of the lapse of the seasons. We let each evening go with reluctance for a week or two before the 21st. The nights are so exquisite that we make the most of them, in preference to the mornings, which we can enjoy as well further on in the year. We are on the water till eleven, and even twelve o'clock; sometimes with the lines set, and somebody on the watch for a bite; sometimes merely floating, to see the twilight creep over the water, after it has dimmed the shores. The sky

seems bright in reflection after it has ceased to appear so to the direct gaze; and we watch its sunset lights quite out, and stay for stars below us before we draw to bank. This year we shall have something better than a moonlight walk home. On no other night perhaps could we have anything better than a bright moon chequering the woodland park with dark shadows and white gleams; but on the shortest night we like to observe how short it is. By the tender twilight we thread our way through the copses, and when we come to our own lawn we linger and listen to the owls from their hollow tree, and start at the bats as they flit by us, and hear midnight strike from the church steeple, and observe how faint the stars are, though the moon is far away. This year the moon will be only two days old, and those must be good eyes which will have seen her at all, immediately following the sun. Wherever we look among the dwellings of our neighbours, we discover scarcely any yellow earthly lights. There are none, except in cottages where there is a young infant, or where some nursing of the sick is going on. There is no need of lamps when there is really no night.

Last June we were more than half seduced into a plan for going, some year before long, to the North Cape, or to Tornea at least, to see the sun at midnight. I dare say I shall be reminded of this on the 21st, and I shall not say that we will never go. It may be true, as some friends will be sure to tell us, that the spectacle is "just what you might expect," as I have known a man say about the Pyramids of Egypt, which took me more thoroughly by surprise than any other of the wonders of the world that I have seen. It may be true, that we can imagine at home every feature of the scene. It may also be true, as our Arctic voyagers tell us, that to people from our zone the sensation of perpetual daylight is fatiguing and unpleasant, so that it becomes almost an illness to the mariner to see the sunshine upon the sails at all hours, while he is longing for darkness and the refreshment of the sleep which belongs to darkness. But still I should like, as my children would, to see for once the unique light of an Arctic midsummer midnight on hills, and sea, and islands. It may be easy to imagine the sun declining to the horizon, and then beginning to travel upwards again; but the precise quality of the light, and the singularity of the sensation, can no more be known at home than the emotion belonging to seeing the green lapse of Niagara into its cauldron, or the blue sharp-cut angles of the shady side of the Pyramids, discerned from fifty miles off. So I should not wonder if we find ourselves on the summit of some Norwegian hill, or the rocky crest of some North Sea island, on some longest day, instead of on our own lawn or the squire's mere.

If we want to see yellow earthly fires on such a night, we may step over to Ireland for Midsummer Eve. Now and then we hear reports of observances of St. John's Eve by fires and rites of heathenish aspect in remote parts of England; but Ireland is lighted up by this torch of superstition over whole districts. There lakes reflect the glare of bonfires from mountain-tops, where black groups round the flame answer to the black boats and rowers on the red and yellow waters below. From the mountain-tops the valleys seem to be alight throughout their length; torches are carried from farm to farm, and children are handed through the flames, as if they were little heathens, being "passed through the fire to Moloch." It is exactly so. The practice is a remnant of Baal worship, permitted by the Romish Church because it could not be extirpated; so the people talk of St. John the Baptist and "Beal" in conjunction, and make charms of St. John's wort, and suppose the whole thing very Christian.

We are told, that in Cornwall a tall pole, with a bunch of flowers at the top, is set up and kindled on Midsummer Eve; and that in Gloucestershire the superstition lingers in many by-places; and I see by a "Guide to the Lakes" that the same practice is in full operation in that district, under the name of "the Need Fire." This fire is kindled by rubbing two sticks together, and igniting heaps of rubbish so laid as to produce the greatest quantity of smoke. People come from all the farms round, to kindle torches, and set light to their own piles, in order to drive their cattle through, and thus get rid of "the distemper." An old Cumberland farmer is said to have driven his wife through after the beasts, saying that he should then be safe from all distempers!

All this sounds very hot and smoky for such a season. It is pleasant to turn to the thought of cool vegetables and fruit, of lettuce and cold lamb, of cucumbers, cherries, and strawberries. Strawberries and cream are welcome morning, noon, and night. We in the country are better off than the Londoners, with their grand resource of ice-creams in the glaring afternoons, and at the dinners which busy men are too much exhausted to enjoy, after long mornings in counting-houses, or the law courts, or the committee-rooms of Parliament. The early mornings are pleasant in London, however, when the sun-blinds are down, and the streets are watered, and flower-girls are displaying their treasures in every street. The evenings are pleasant, too, in the parks, where the noble trees show their stately and graceful forms, and the water looks cool, and the aquatic birds are dabbling and splashing. At night there is a scent of hay from afar, perceptible even in Regent Street, not at all to the delight of such citizens as are subject to "the hay-fever." Those who are under this liability hasten, at any inconvenience, to Brighton, or any seaside place where no meadow-grass is near.

We hear nothing of any such malady in our part of the country; and not for all the sights at Kew or Chiswick would we give up the sound of the whetting of the scythe in the early morning, or the scent which pervades our dwellings as the dew rises.

The last great treat of the month is the haymaking. Some sad foreboding attends it now. The scythe is more and more superseded by the haymaking machines, which cut the grass and dry it in a day. Even this new and most laudable economy seems likely to grow more rare with the advance of civilisation; for farmers are now discovering that the most wasteful use they can make of their grass is to keep it for hay. They

now cut it fresh for stall-feeding, as the most profitable use of it. The next is to graze it as it grows throughout the season; and, while the amount of it limits their stock of cattle, they are sure to find out that to lay it by for winter cannot answer when hay can be brought in any quantity from abroad, and the materials for the winter feeding of stock are multiplying year by year. A sensible farmer of North Carolina has made himself the object of persecution by the whole body of American slaveholders, by his publication of the striking fact (among many which prove the bad economy of slave labour), that the hay crop alone of the free States exceeds in value the total production of the Southern States—cotton, tobacco, sugar, and everything else that is grown there. The wheat, corn, timber, and manufactures of the free States are all so much surplus over the natural wealth of the Slave States, which is overbalanced by the hay of the North alone. This discovery is the immediate occasion of the revolution now proceeding in the United States, where the organisation of Congress was last winter made to turn on the aid given to the circulation of Mr. Helper's book, in which this discovery of the relative wealth of the free and the slave States was published two years ago. The attempt was to exclude from the Speakership in Congress any public man who had assisted in the propagation of Mr. Helper's book, "The Impending Crisis of the South;" and it was the discussion of a resolution to that effect which delayed the appointment of a Speaker for nearly three months of the Session. The anti-slavery party won the day; and it will be strange if our stock-farmers do not now make the most of their grass in its season, and buy from America for winter food; and if our farmers of all orders do not increase their live-stock under this great resource, so as to augment our supply of animal food, till every household in Great Britain has its daily dinner of meat.

Meantime, in our rural districts these things are only beginning to be known. We still hear the mower in the early morning, and give ourselves a holiday on haymaking days, though the machines come nearer to us every season.

We are wondering what will become of the complacency of the squire's Norfolk labourer, Burkitt, when he is pushed aside by new-fangled ways of making the hay all in one day. He lords it over us all at that particular season, as he tries to do the whole year round. He thinks the Eastern Counties entitled to dictate to the rest of the kingdom in the matter of hay, as of turnips. According to him, it is the order of Nature that the smallest quantity of hay should occupy four days in the making in the best weather, and he has his rules for the disposition of it on each day; so that if we take our own way about any handful of it, he predicts ruin to the squire's crop at the hands of his neighbours. When the squire himself gave little rakes to my children of five and seven years old, that they might "help" in the field, this consequential gentleman took them away: and, when desired to restore them to the crying children, declared that he washed his hands of the whole business. When the children are protected in making cocks and tumbling in them, he turns upon the lads and lasses whom he may venture to scold, and makes himself as detested as the King of Naples. His victims laugh, mimic him, and, when we gentry are near, defy him; but they hate him very cordially. His efforts to be polite to young ladies who come in and take up a rake are droll enough. On a hot day last June he entreated one group of them "not to muddle themselves." Not being from the Eastern Counties, these young ladies supposed "muddle" to mean "fuddle," and took his anxiety about their fatigues to be an admonition to keep their hands off the beer-cans. One way of pleasing him is to pick out the weeds from the rows; and he will no doubt tolerate even my little Harry if he sees him with a sheaf of oxeye daisies in his arms.

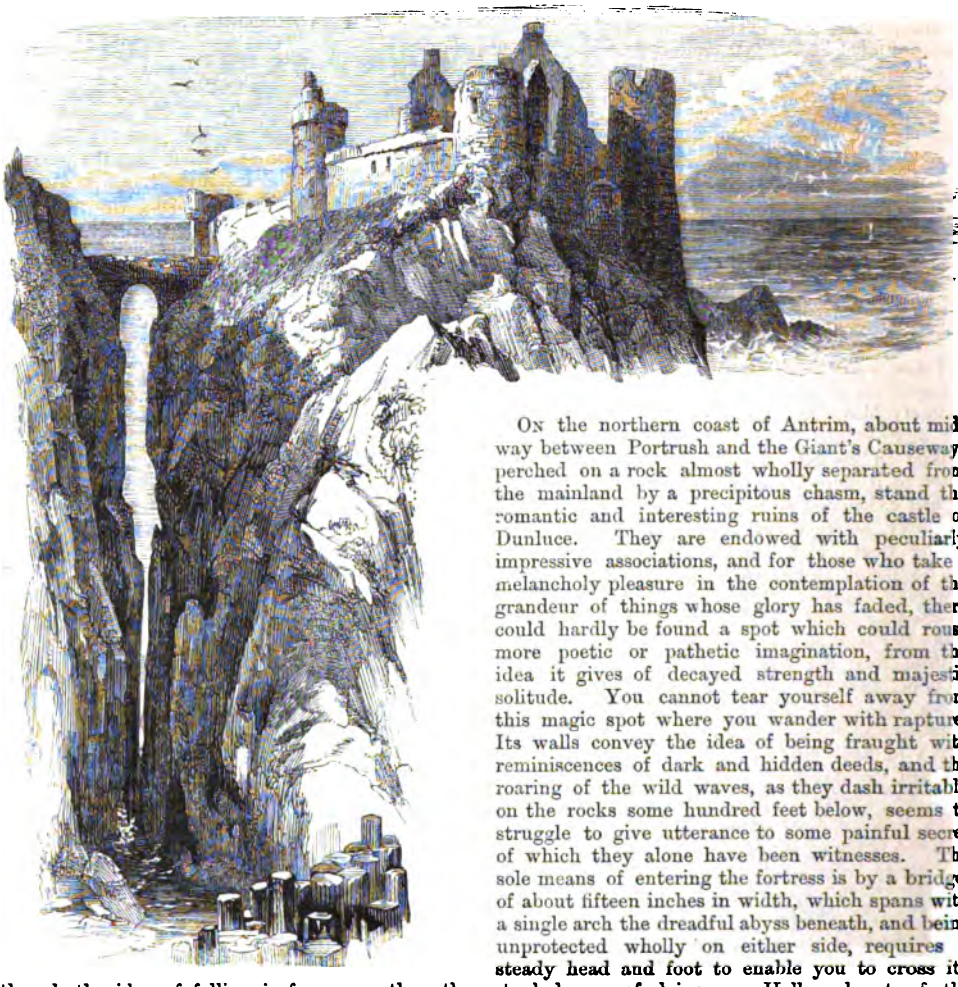
Well! we will not trouble poor Burkitt, nor ourselves either, in the hay-field with the progress of civilisation and the benefits of free trade, but go on working and playing among the grass as if haymaking were an immortal institution in England. But, whenever we see the business done by machinery, and follow the eddies of grass drying by perpetual motion, we shall perhaps observe that we certainly did always get a headache after half-an-hour's work with the rake, and that perhaps Burkitt was not altogether wrong in considering our help worth very little, and our presence among the workers rather a nuisance.

There is one other busy day in the month, and that is Quarter-Day. In towns, and some prosperous rural districts, it is simply a day of what Burkitt would call "muddle"—a day of fatigue, heat, and dust, in removing to a new dwelling. We see carts pass, piled up with tables and chairs and bedding, and women and children carrying light weights of domestic utensils and ornaments. We see how heated and worried they look, and remark that even that is better than removing in the short days, and through the snow and mud of Christmas. But there are parts of the country where quarter-day means more than this, where sales of furniture abound when removals are going on. In those primitive districts people are not apt to be very prosperous, and they *are* apt to drink and get into debt when they are not prospering. To be "sold up" is the natural consequence, and sales are almost as much a matter of course as quarter-day. There is the auctioneer's voice, and the tap of his hammer, as he stands on a table on the green, or under some spreading tree. There are the rows of housewives and gossips on benches, sometimes buying very bad bargains, and always held by enchantment the long day through. There are the gentry—young ladies and their brothers, or old gentlemen—stopping their horses as they ride past, to speak to some acquaintance, or to see how much some imaginative person will give for an article not worth anything. There are the trays, handed round, with little glasses of gin or rum, which are always emptied. There, finally, when the sale closes, are tipsy fellows, beginning to quarrel, and led apart by their wives, who have themselves had quite enough beer or worse. Everybody knows what will follow. In a few days a petition will be going round the place, asking subscriptions to set up

with tools, or in a farm or shop, the destitute man or widow who has been "sold up."

There are pleasanter spectacles than this in the high summer tide: but we must not overlook the drawbacks of either the natural or the social season. We must hope that while seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, day and night shall never cease, but wheel round with eternal regularity, men will by degrees outgrow their ignorance and folly, and keep a steady progress onward.

THE SWEEPER OF DUNLUCE.



On the northern coast of Antrim, about midway between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, perched on a rock almost wholly separated from the mainland by a precipitous chasm, stand the romantic and interesting ruins of the castle of Dunluce. They are endowed with peculiarly impressive associations, and for those who take a melancholy pleasure in the contemplation of the grandeur of things whose glory has faded, there could hardly be found a spot which could rouse more poetic or pathetic imagination, from the idea it gives of decayed strength and majestic solitude. You cannot tear yourself away from this magic spot where you wander with rapture. Its walls convey the idea of being fraught with reminiscences of dark and hidden deeds, and the roaring of the wild waves, as they dash irritably on the rocks some hundred feet below, seems to struggle to give utterance to some painful secret of which they alone have been witnesses. The sole means of entering the fortress is by a bridge, of about fifteen inches in width, which spans with a single arch the dreadful abyss beneath, and being unprotected wholly on either side, requires a steady head and foot to enable you to cross it; though the idea of falling is far worse than the actual danger of doing so. Hollowed out of the rock on which the castle is built, and immediately beneath it, is a cavern of vast dimensions, and the beating surge re-echoes with thundering monotony through its lofty recesses.

If you have courage to cross the bridge, on reaching the other side, you are conducted to the right, into a circular apartment called Mava's Tower, and are desired to remark how carefully it is swept.

"Who undertakes that office?" you ask.

"No living being," is the answer. "Every night this prison-like chamber is swept like a ball-room, and yet no one enters it."

"Who, then, keeps it in order?"

"Mava, the Sweeper of Dunluce, and the banshee of the Macquillains, the ancient lords of Dunluce."

In the fifteenth century, Mava (according to the old legend connected with the spot), a young girl of seventeen, was the only daughter of the Lord of Dunluce. Gentle and charitable, she rose at day-break, and went forth daily to relieve the wants of her father's poor dependents.

"Look at her!" said the shepherds, as they saw her pass along, "she is as bright as the spring sun, and fairer than the morning star."

But, alas! a handsome cavalier had met her several times in her walks. He had even spoken to her. Who was he? Mava had not discovered; she only knew him by the name of *he*. When she saw a bark glide slowly and secretly under the castle-walls,—she felt her heart beat.

"It is *he!*" she said. When, at eve, a distant voice was heard in the cliffs—"It is *he!*" she said,—"*He!*" That word said all. There is but one *he* in a woman's life.

The secret of her love was soon revealed to the Lord of Dunluce.

Macquillain, the proudest of chiefs, was the harshest of fathers. He vowed the year should not pass without her being married to the son of one of his powerful neighbours. "I will die first," thought the young girl, and anticipating, as it were, the sacrifice of her life, she began to prepare her shroud. Happiness could no longer be hers, since she could now be nothing to *him*.

Her father, one day, finding her sewing a white robe, asked her drily:

"Is that a bridal dress?"

"No, my father," answered she, "it is a shroud for my tomb."

"A shroud! We shall see that."

"Yes, father, you *shall* see it."

These words were uttered in a prophetic tone. Macquillain seemed troubled by them. Unfortunately Mava had no longer a mother to defend her against her father. The lord of the castle shaken in his determination, for an instant, persisted in it more firmly than ever. Convinced that he had exhausted all means of persuasion with his daughter, he tried what severity would effect.

The poor child, condemned henceforward to see no living thing, was shut up in one of the towers of Dunluce. Her food was thrust in through an opening in the wall: she herself was obliged to make her bed and sweep her chamber. She had nothing near her but the walls of her prison,—no hope, save the tomb; no support, but prayer. Mava, resigned to her fate, took her broom every evening and swept her chamber in silence.

"You have only to say one word," cried Macquillain, one day from without, "and I will restore you to liberty. Promise to wed the noble chief, whom I have destined to be your husband."

Mava made no answer.

"Speak! child. What is your resolution?"

"To sweep my chamber."

"For how long?"

"For ever!"

"Another dismal prophecy!" replied Macquillain. You think to frighten me with your sybilline tone, but you will not succeed. Are you still making your shroud?"

"It is finished; you shall see it."

The lord of the castle began now to feel remorse; he was convinced that nothing would shake Mava's determination. Either he must yield or she must die. Paternal love was not extinct in his heart; fear revived the flame of his affection. He had but this one child: could he make up his mind to lose her? but the pride of the castellan spoke as loudly as the affection of the sire. To yield to his daughter, to confess himself conquered and to retract his sentence would be an unpardonable weakness. He would be laughed at everywhere. Could he subject himself to such an indignity?

Macquillain had obtained exact information respecting Mava's lover. Reginald was of noble birth, brave, and well-connected; wealth alone was wanting. Enough. The castellan's resolution was taken. He would not yield to his daughter—he would not revoke his decision; but he would save his child.

One day, Mava, alone in her turret, holding her fatal broom, with her head leaning on the handle of this instrument of toil, was shedding bitter tears. On a sudden she heard the well-known sound of music of a harp through the bars of her window; the sounds came from a fisherman's skiff which lay alongside the shore. That morning she had seen her father leave the castle with an escort of soldiers. Armed *cap-a-pie*, he was doubtless gone on some expedition, and would not return for several days. Mava began anew to hope.

"That boat is *his*," said she; "*he* comes and I shall escape from this my prison by his means, and for him."

Alas! the sea began to swell; the wind to whistle menacingly, and peals of thunder rumbled from the darkening shades which were sweeping in fast from the ocean, almost drowning the sweet and clear chords of the minstrel in the boat, which had become the sport of the elements, and, ere long, was impelled by the hurricane to the foot of the rocks beneath the castle. Was it about to be dashed in pieces there? No; the brave hand that steered it braved the billows that assailed it in broken and impetuous fury. It glided in between the rocks, and was lost to view under the steep rock which overhung the cavern of the castle.

The captive scarcely breathed. What a surprise awaited her! A key turned in the lock of her prison; one of the servitors of the castle, in a brown cloak, advanced towards her:

"You shall be saved!" said he. "Follow me!"

"And *he?*" she asked.

"And he also."

"Whither must I go?"

"Under the cavern of the fort. He awaits you. Come quickly."

"I am ready."

Mava followed her guide, she learned from him that her lover, having procured information respecting the localities, had bribed the gaoler of the tower. Heaven seconded his designs.

Reginald perceived a glimmering light at the far end of the cavern. Mava advanced towards him, pale and trembling; her white dress torn by the rough projections of the cave; her feet wounded by the sharp pebbles which she had to traverse. What matter? She approached, she reached him.

Who could describe their transport. They forgot their dangers and their situation, their misfortunes and the storm. Years, trials, time and tide were all alike forgotten.

"Fly, fly, and speedily," exclaimed the gaoler.

The lovers quitted the cavern, and the frail boat emerged on the open stormy sea.

Thus did Mava leave her home.

* * * * *

From one of the windows of the fortress, a man completely armed watched the fugitives. This was none other than Macquillain. His departure had been only a feint, and during the storm, under cover of the darkness, he had re-entered the castle unperceived. He had himself arranged everything to facilitate his daughter's escape, and had played into Reginald's hands. The gaoler, who had opened the prison door, was the most devoted servant he possessed, and obeyed, while he appeared to betray him. Macquillain now felt confident of the success of his scheme. He rejoiced to have discovered the means of restoring life and happiness to his child, without having in any way sacrificed his pride. Circumstances alone had changed their positions; and Providence appearing to direct everything, his own *amour-propre* was saved. He could not take his eyes off the little boat, as he saw it disappearing in the darkness which was creeping over the view. The little white figure in the stern was the focus on which his eyes were immoveably fixed. The crests of the boiling waves showed themselves fearfully white against the dark hollow depths from which they rose.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "that I should be obliged thus to see my daughter driven from her father and her home, and myself the cause of it. Those two beings at this moment, think of nothing but their love. Night has no darkness, the storm no terrors for them. It matters not, I am content; Mava will forget me, I am resigned even to that; may she be happy—without me. I have saved her, but I weep for her!"

But a fearful retribution for his mistaken harshness was at hand. The tempest increased each moment in fury. The frail bark hurried along by the storm with resistless violence, now mounted to the summit, and now sank down in the abyss of waters beneath. No succour could be given; all was lost—hopelessly lost. The wretched father beheld with his own eyes the fate of his child, and it was he himself, it was his own blind pride, that had hurled her into the gulf. He perceived amid the flashes of lightning, his daughter on her knees in the boat with her hands raised to Heaven. The boat was perfectly unmanageable, and was being driven in towards the land, and must inevitably be dashed ere long upon the rocks. Reginald was doing his utmost to resist the fury of the waves, but even the agony of his position could not render his efforts of any avail against the cruel force of the remorseless ocean. Macquillain fancied he heard a mournful cry come upon the winds amid the howling and crashing of the hurricane; and thought he heard the words:

"My father!"

He saw the white figure throw up her hands, and dart towards Reginald, who panting and exhausted, was still manfully striving for what was dearer to him than his life. The little frail bark was again for one long moment distinguishable on the tops of the waves, the next was lost for ever in the whirl and vortex of the waters which yawned over it. It had dashed against the Skerries, and broken in a thousand pieces, had disappeared for ever from the scene.

At this dreadful moment, the castellan forgot all his pride and resolutions: he rushed from his retreat. He was heedless of all that might be thought or said. A father's love and anguish for the loss of an only child alone animated him. He would save his daughter before all things, at the price of his fortune, his reputation, and his life. His daughter! All else was nothing to him.

"Dunluce, and half my wealth to him who will restore my child to me," he shrieked, in paroxysms of despair. Alas! that even gold should be so powerless!

The servants of the castle ran down in numbers to the foot of the White Rocks, opposite the Skerries, many of them with torches. They had boats, and ropes, and were aided by sailors and divers, who feared neither sea nor storm; but hell itself seemed to have risen against the lovers of Dunluce. The boats were driven back on the shore, and shattered upon the rocks, the sailors and swimmers were swallowed up by the waves. The flashes of lightning ceased to play, now that their glare might have assisted in showing something of the position of the unfortunate victims, but the storm still continued. Macquillain wringing his hands, and tearing his hair, would fain have plunged into the sea.

"But an instant ago she lived," he cried, "and then I said I weep for her! Oh! I knew not what it was to weep; Mava! my child—my life."

Yet one more ray of hope. A man was seen swimming towards the shore; he bore along with him the figure in white. It was Reginald and Mava. He was redoubling his efforts in the struggle, when a frightful wave met him; it struck the unhappy lover, and hurled him against a rock; his skull was fractured—

On the following day, at early dawn, the body of Reginald was found on the strand, between the White Rocks and Portrush. As for the virgin of Dunluce, she had disappeared for ever. The sea never restored its victim.

Macquillain, almost mad with grief, wandered frequently along the shore, calling upon the name of his daughter. One day he was passing beneath the tower, where his captive had shed so many tears. He raised his head. Oh! strange vision. He fancied he beheld Mava at the bars of her window. She had her broom in her hand, and was clad in a shroud.

Bereft of reason, he cried:—

"For how long?"

"For ever."

And the figure with her eyes fixed on Macquillain, continued sweeping. She showed him her shroud. He fancied he heard the words:—

"It is finished: you see it."

Since that time, at a particular hour, the sweeper of the turret never ceased to appear, cleaning her room, as of old, in spite of all obstacles.

She became the Banshee of the Macquillain family, and always appeared before the death of any of the family.

The Banshee has ceased to appear, for she can no longer announce death to the Macquillains. Her broom alone keeps constantly moving, and this is to last for ever.

R. V. P.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXV. IN WHICH THE STREAM FLOWS MUDDY AND CLEAR.

You will think it odd, not to say reprehensible, and a fatal declension from heroics, that Miss Rose Jocelyn should devote the better part of the day following her love-avowal, to dog-breaking; and I doubt not that you wonder how a young man could be inspired by such a person with transcendent, with holy, and with melting images. It was that Evan felt the soul of Rose, and felt it akin to his own. Her tastes, her habits, could not obscure the bright and perfect steadfastness which was in her, and which Evan worshipped more than her face; and indeed that firm truth of her character gave a charm to all her actions. Among girls you have creatures of the morning, of the night, and of the twilight. Rose was of Aurora's train: soft when you caught her, shy in your shadow; capable of melting wholly to your kiss, but untroubled, and light-limbed, and brisk, a fresh young maid when you withdrew the charm. Her friend Jenny Graine flitted bat-like round William's figure, and Juliana Bonner loved sombrely. There are some who neither thoroughly sleep nor thoroughly waken, but dream while they walk, and toss while they lie. Rose was a cool sleeper, and the light flowed into her open eyes as into a house that lifts the blinds. Slightly, perhaps, even while dog-breaking, a little thought would thrill her, and move a quivering corner in her lips, but it passed like a happy bird from the bough, and was as innocent under heaven.

An Irish retriever-pup of the Shannon breed, Pat, by name, was undergoing tuition on the sward close by the kennels, Rose's hunting-whip being passed through his collar to restrain erratic propensities. The particular point of instruction

which now made poor Pat hang out his tongue, and agitate his crisp brown curls, was the performance of the "down-charge;" a ceremony demanding implicit obedience from the animal in the midst of volatile gambadoes, and a simulation of profound repose when his desire to be up and bounding was mighty. Pat's Irish eyes were watching Rose, as he lay with his head couched between his fore-paws in the required attitude. He had but half learnt his lesson, and something in his half-humorous half-melancholy look talked to Rose more eloquently than her friend Ferdinand at her elbow. Laxley was her assistant dog-breaker. Rose would not abandon her friends because she had accepted a lover. On the contrary, Rose was very kind to Ferdinand, and perhaps felt bound to be so to-day. To-day, also, her face was lighted very sweetly. A readiness to colour, and an expression of deeper knowledge which she now had, made the girl dangerous to friends. This was not Rose's fault: but there is no doubt among the faculty that love is a contagious disease, and we ought not to come within a thousand miles of the creatures in whom it lodges.

Pat's tail kept hinting to his mistress that a change would afford him great satisfaction. After a time she withdrew her wistful gaze from him, and listened entirely to Ferdinand; and it struck her that he spoke particularly well to-day, though she did not see so much in his eyes as in Pat's. The subject concerned his departure, and he asked Rose if she should be sorry. Rose, to make him sure of it, threw a music into her voice dangerous to friends. For she had given heart and soul to Evan, and had a sense, therefore, of being irredeemably in debt to her old associates, and wished to be doubly kind to them.

Pat took advantage of the diversion to stand up quietly and have a shake. He then began to kiss his mistress's hand to show that all was right on both sides; and followed this with a playful pretence at a bite, that there might be no subsequent misunderstanding, and then a bark and a whine. As no attention was paid to this amount of plain-speaking, Pat made a bolt. He got no farther than the length of the whip, and all he gained was to bring on himself the terrible word of drill once more. But Pat had tasted liberty. Irish rebellion against constituted authority was exhibited. Pat would not: his ears tossed over his head, and he jumped to right and left, and looked the raggedest rapparee that ever his ancestry trotted after. Rose laughed at his fruitless efforts to get free; but Ferdinand meditatively appeared to catch a sentiment in them.

"Down charge, sir, will you? Ah, Pat! Pat! You'll have to obey me, my boy. Now, down charge!"

While Rose addressed the language of reason to Pat, Ferdinand slipped in a soft word or two. Presently she saw him on one knee.

"Pat won't, and I will," said he.

"But Pat shall, and you had better not," said she. "Besides, my dear Ferdinand," she added, laughing, "you don't know how to do it."

"Do you want me prostrate on all fours, Rose?"

"No. I hope not. Do get up, Ferdinand. You'll be seen from the windows."

Instead of quitting his posture, he caught her hand, and scared her with a declaration.

"Of all men, you to be on your knees! and to me, Ferdinand!" she cried, in utter discomfort.

"Why shouldn't I, Rose?" was this youth's answer.

He had somehow got the idea that foreign cavalier manners would take with her; but it was not so easy to make his speech correspond with his posture, and he lost his opportunity, which was pretty. However, he spoke plain English. The interview ended by Rose releasing Pat from drill, and running off in a hurry. Where was Evan? She must have his consent to speak to her mother and prevent a recurrence of these silly scenes.

Evan was with Caroline, his sister. After Mr. Raikes had driven off, he was coming back to Rose, but seeing Laxley at her side, the lover retired. Evan could not understand why Rose had pressed Laxley to remain and assist her with the dogs. He was half jealous: not from any doubt of Rose: from mere lover's wilfulness and despotism. Rose certainly gave Laxley most of the messages; she made him fetch and carry, and be out of the way beautifully; but then also she gave him bright smiles; she spent her divine breath on him; and once or twice he touched her!

It was contrary to the double injunction of the Countess that Caroline should receive Evan during her absence, or that he should disturb the dear invalid with a visit. These two were not unlike both in organisation and character, and they had not sat together long before they found each other out. Now, to further Evan's love-suit, the Countess had induced Caroline to continue yet awhile in the Purgatory Beckley Court had become to her; but Evan, in speaking of Rose, expressed a determination to leave her, and Caroline caught at it.

"Can you?—will you? Oh, dear, Van! have you the courage? I—look at me—you know the home I go to, and—and I think of it here as a place to be happy in. What have our marriages done for us? Better that we had married simple, stupid men who earn their bread, and would not have been ashamed of us! And, my dearest, it is not only that. None can tell what our temptations are. Louisa has strength, but I feel I have none; and though, dear, for your true interest, I would indeed sacrifice myself—I would, Van! I would!—it is not good for you to stay,—I know it is not. For you have Papa's sense of honour—and, oh! if you should learn to despise me, my dear brother!"

She kissed him convulsively. Her nerves were agitated by strong mental excitement. He attributed it to her recent attack of illness, but could not help asking, while he caressed her:

"What's that? Despise you?"

It may have been that Caroline felt then, that to speak of something was to forfeit something. A light glimmered across the dewy blue of her beautiful eyes. Desire to breathe it to him, and have his loving aid: the fear of forfeiting it, evil as it

was to her, and, at the bottom of all, that doubt we choose to encourage of the harm in a pleasant sin unaccomplished; these might be read in the rich dim gleam that swept like sunlight over sea-water between breaks of cloud.

"Dear Van! do you love her so much?"

Caroline knew too well that she was shutting her own theme with iron clasps when she once touched on Evan's.

Love her? Love Rose? Let the skylark go up and sing of her. It became an endless carol with Evan. Caroline sighed for him from her heart.

"You know—you understand me; don't you?" he said, after a breathless excursion of his fancy.

"I believe you love her, dear. I think I have never loved any one but my one brother."

His love for Rose he could pour out to Caroline: when it came to Rose's love for him his blood thickened and his tongue felt guilty. He must speak to her, he said,—tell her all.

"Yes, tell her all," echoed Caroline. "Do, do tell her. Trust a woman utterly, if she loves you, dear. Go to her instantly."

"Could you bear it?" said Evan. He began to think it was for the sake of his sisters that he had hesitated.

"Bear it? bear anything rather than perpetual imposture. What have I not borne? Tell her, and then, if she is cold to you, let us go. Let us go. I shall be glad to. Ah, Van! I love you so." Caroline's voice deepened. "I love you so, my dear. You won't let your new love drive me out? Shall you always love me?"

Of that she might be sure, whatever happened.

"Should you love me, Van, if evil befel me?"

Thrice as well, he swore to her.

"But if I—if I, Van—— Oh! my life is intolerable! Supposing I should ever disgrace you in any way, and not turn out all you fancied me. I am very weak and unhappy."

Evan kissed her confidently, with a warm smile. He said a few words of the great faith he had in her: words that were bitter comfort to Caroline. This brother who might save her, to him she dared not speak. Did she wish to be saved? She only knew that to wound Evan's sense of honour and the high and chivalrous veneration for her sex and pride in himself, and those of his blood, would be wicked and unpardonable, and that no earthly pleasure could drown it. Thinking this, with her hands joined in pale dejection, Caroline sat silent, and Evan left her to lay bare his heart to Rose. On his way to find Rose, he met Harry Jocelyn slouching about the grounds, and Harry linked his arm in Evan's and plunged with extraordinary spontaneity and candour into the state of his money-affairs. What the deuce he was to do for money, he did not know. From the impressive manner in which he put it, it appeared to be one of Nature's great problems that the whole human race were bound to set their heads together to solve. A hundred pounds—Harry wanted no more, and he could not get it. His uncles? they were as poor as rats; and all the spare money they could club was going for Mel's election expenses. A hundred and fifty was what Harry really wanted; but he could do with a hundred. Ferdinand, who had plenty, would not even lend him fifty. Ferdinand had dared to hint at a debt already unsettled, and he called himself a gentleman!

"You wouldn't speak of money-matters now, would you, Harrington?"

"I dislike the subject, I confess," said Evan.

"And so do I." Harry jumped at the perfect similarity between them. "You can't think how it bothers one to have to talk about it. You and I are tremendously alike."

Evan might naturally suppose that a subject Harry detested he would not continue, but for a whole hour Harry turned it over and over with grim glances at Jewry.

"You see," he wound up, "I'm in a fix. I want to help that poor girl, and one or two things——"

"It's for that you want it?" cried Evan, brightening, to him. "Accept it from me."

It is a thing familiar to the experience of money-borrowers, that your "last chance" is the man who is to accommodate you; but we are always astonished, nevertheless; and Harry was, when notes to the amount of the largest sum named by him were placed in his hand by one whom he looked upon as the last to lend.

"*What* a trump you are, Harrington!" was all he could say; and then he was for hurrying Evan into the house, to find pen and paper, and write down a memorandum of the loan; but Evan insisted upon sparing him the trouble, though Harry, with the admirable scruples of an inveterate borrower, begged hard to be allowed to bind himself legally to repay the money.

"'Pon my soul, Harrington, you make me remember I once doubted whether you were a gentleman," said Harry. "You'll bury that, won't you?"

"Till your doubts recur," Evan observed; and Harry burst out, "Gad, if you weren't such a melancholy beggar, you'd be the jolliest fellow I know! There, go after Rosey. Dashed if I don't think you're ahead of Ferdinand, long chalks. Your style does for girls. *I* like women."

With a chuckle and a wink, Harry swung off. Evan had now to reflect that he had just thrown away part of the price of his bondage to Tailordom; the mention of Rose filled his mind. Where was she? Both were seeking one another. Rose was in the cypress walk. He saw the star-like figure up the length of it, between the swelling tall dark pillars, and was hurrying to her, resolute not to let one minute of deception blacken further the soul that loved so true a soul. She saw him, and stood smiling, when the Countess issued, shadow-like, from a side path, and declared that she must claim her brother for a few instants. Would her sweet Rose pardon her? Rose bowed coolly. The hearts of the lovers were chilled, not that they perceived any malice in the Countess, but their keen instincts felt an evil fate.

The Countess had but to tell Evan that she had met the insolvent in apples, and recognised him under his change of fortune, and had no doubt that at least he would amuse the company. Then she asked her brother the superfluous question,

whether he loved her, which Evan answered satisfactorily enough, as he thought, but practical ladies require proofs.

"Quick," said Evan, seeing Rose vanish, "what do you want? I'll do anything."

"Anything? ah, but this will be disagreeable to you."

"Name it at once. I promise beforehand."

The Countess wanted Evan to ask Andrew to be the very best brother-in-law in the world, and win, unknown to himself, her cheerful thanks, by lending Evan to lend to her the sum of one hundred pounds, as she was in absolute distress for money.

"Really, Louisa, this is a thing you might ask him yourself," Evan remonstrated.

"It would not become me to do so, dear," said the Countess demurely; and inasmuch as she had already drawn on Andrew in her own person pretty largely, her views of propriety were correct in this instance.

Evan had to consent before he could be released. He ran to the end of the walk, through the portal, into the park. Rose was not to be seen. She had gone in to dress for dinner. The opportunity might recur, but would his courage come with it? His courage had sunk on a sudden; or it may have been that it was worse for this young man to ask for a loan of money, than to tell his beloved that he was basely born, vile, and unworthy, and had snared her into loving him; for when he and Andrew were together, money was not alluded to. Andrew, however, betrayed remarkable discomposure. He said plainly that he wanted to leave Beckley Court, and wondered why he didn't leave, and whether he was on his head or his feet, and how he had been such a fool as to come.

"Do you mean that for me?" said sensitive Evan.

"Oh, you! You're a young buck," returned Andrew, evasively. "We common-place business men—we're out of our element; and there's poor Carry can't sit down to their dinners without an upset. I thank God I'm a radical, Van; one man's the same as another to me, how he's born, as long as he's honest and agreeable. But a chap like that George Uploft to look down on anybody! 'Gad, I've a good mind to bring in a Bill for the Abolition of the Squirearchy."

Ultimately, Andrew somehow contrived to stick a hint or two about the terrible dinner in Evan's quivering flesh. He did it as delicately as possible, half begging pardon, and perspiring profusely. Evan grasped his hand, and thanked him. Caroline's illness was now explained to him.

"I'll take Caroline with me to-morrow," he said. "Louisa wishes to stay—there's a pic-nic. Will you look to her, and bring her with you?"

"My dear Van," replied Andrew, "stop with Louisa? Now, in confidence, it's as bad as a couple of wives; no disrespect to my excellent good Harry at home; but Louisa—I don't know how it is—but Louisa,—you lose your head, you're in a whirl, you're an automaton, a teetotum! I haven't a notion what I've been doing or saying since I came here. My belief is, I've been lying right and left. I shall be found out to a certainty. Oh! if she's made her mind up for the pic-nic, somebody must stop. I can only tell you, Van, it's one perpetual vapour-bath to me. There'll be room for two in my trousers when I get back. I shall have to get the tailor to take them in a full half."

Here occurred an opening for one of those acrid pleasantries which console us when there is horrid warfare within.

"You must give me the work," said Evan, partly pleased with himself for being able to jest on the subject, as a piece of preliminary self-conquest.

"Aha!" went Andrew, as if the joke were too good to be dwelt on; "'Hem;" and by way of diverting from it cleverly and naturally, he remarked that the weather was fine. This made Evan allude to his letter written from Lymport, upon which Andrew said: "Tush! pish! humbug! nonsense! won't hear a word. Don't know anything about it. Van, you're going to be a brewer. I say you are. You're afraid you can't? I tell you, sir, I've got a bet on it. You're not going to make me lose, are you—eh? I have, and a stiff bet, too. You must and shall, so there's an end. Only we can't make arrangements *just* yet, my boy. Old Tom—very good old fellow—but you know—must get old Tom out of the way first. Now go and dress for dinner. And Lord preserve us from the Great Mel to-day!" Andrew mumbled as he turned away.

Evan could not reach his chamber without being waylaid by the Countess. Had he remembered the sister who sacrificed so much for him? "There, there!" cried Evan, and her hand closed on the delicious golden whispers of bank-notes. And "Oh, generous Andrew! dear good Evan!" were the exclamations of the gratified lady.

There remained nearly another hundred. Evan laid out the notes, and eyed them while dressing. They seemed to say to him, "We have you now." Materially, he was bound to Tailordom before; now he was bound in honour. At the thought he turned cold; it shot him in an instant millions of miles away from sunny Rose. And he must speak to her and tell her all. How would she look? The glass brought Polly Wheedle somehow to his mind; and then came that horrible image of Rose mouthing the word "snip," and shuddering at the hag-like ugliness it reduced her to. Speak to her, and see that aspect with his own eyes? Impossible. Besides, there was no necessity. A letter would explain everything fully. Evan walked up and down the room, rejoicing in the inspired idea of the letter, and not aware that it was the suggestion of his cowardice. The pains and aches of the word snip, too, set him thinking of his merits. He brought that mighty host to encounter the obnoxious epithet, and quite overwhelmed it; he all but stifled it. Unfortunately, it would give a faint squeak still. And in company his merits evaporated; and though there was no talk of tailors, Snip arose in its might, and was dominant. I am doing the young man a certain injustice in thus baring to you his secret soul, for he made himself agreeable, and talked affably and easily, while within him the morbid conflict was going

on; but if you care for him at all, you should know the springs of his conduct.

That night the letter was written. When written, Evan burned to have Rose reading it to the end, just as condemned criminals long for instant execution. He heard a step in the passage. It was Polly Wheedle. Polly had put her young mistress to bed, and was retiring to her own slumbers. He made her take the letter and promise to deliver it immediately. Would not to-morrow morning do, she asked, as Miss Rose was very sleepy. He seemed to hesitate—he was picturing how Rose looked when very sleepy, and a delicious dreamy languor crept through his veins, and he felt an unutterable pang then. Why should he surrender this darling? And subtler question—why should he make her unhappy? Why disturb her at all in her sweet sleep?

"Well," said Evan. "To-morrow will do.—No, take it to-night, for God's sake!" he cried, as one who bursts the spell of an opiate. "Go at once." The temptation had almost overcome him.

Polly thought his proceedings very queer. And what could the letter contain? A declaration, of course. She walked slowly along the passage, meditating on love, and remotely on its slave, Mr. Nicholas Frim. Nicholas had never written her a letter; but she was determined that he should, some day. She wondered what love-letters were like? Like valentines without the Cupids. Practical valentines, one might say. Not vapoury and wild, but hot and to the point. Delightful things! No harm in peeping at a love-letter, if you do it with the eye of a friend.

"BELOVED ROSE:

"I call you so for the last——"

Polly spelt thus far when a door opened at her elbow. She dropped her candle, thrust the letter in her bosom, and curtsied to the Countess's voice. The Countess desired her to enter, and all in a tremble Polly crept in. Her air of guilt made the Countess thrill, scenting prey. She had merely called her in to extract daily gossip. The corner of the letter sticking up under Polly's neck attracted her strangely, and beginning with the familiar "Well, child," she talked of things interesting to Polly, and then exhibited the pic-nic dress. It was a lovely half-mourning; airy sorrows, gauzy griefs, you might imagine to constitute the wearer. White delicately striped, exquisitely trimmed, and of a stuff to make the feminine mouth water!

Could Polly refuse to try it on, when the flattering proposal met her ears? Blushing, shamefaced, adoring the lady who made her look so adorable, Polly tried it on, and the Countess complimented her, and made a doll of her, and turned her this way and that way, and intoxicated her.

"A rich husband, Polly, child! and you are a lady ready made."

Infamous poison to poor Polly; but as the thunder destroys small insects, exalted schemers are to be excused for riding down their few thousands. Moreover, the Countess really looked upon domestics as being only half-souls.

Dressed in her own attire again, Polly felt in her pockets, and at her bosom, and sang out: "Oh, my! Oh, where! Oh!"

The letter was lost. The letter could not be found. The Countess grew extremely fatigued, and had to dismiss Polly, in spite of her eager petitions to be allowed to search under the carpets and inside the bed.

In the morning came Evan's great trial. There stood Rose. She turned to him, and her eyes were happy and unclouded.

"You are not changed?" he said.

"Changed? what could change me?"

The God of true hearts bless her! He could hardly believe it.

"You are the Rose I knew yesterday?"

"Yes, Evan. But you—you look as if you had not slept."

"You will not leave me this morning, before I go, Rose? Oh, my darling! this that you do for me is the work of an angel—nothing less! I have been such a coward. And my beloved! to feel vile is such agony to me—it makes me feel unworthy of the hand I press. Now all is clear between us. I go: I am forgiven."

Rose repeated his last words, and then added hurriedly: "All *is* clear between us? Shall I speak to mama this morning? Dear Evan! it will be right that I should."

For the moment he could not understand why, but supposing a scrupulous honesty in her, said: "Yes: tell Lady Jocelyn all."

"And then, Evan, you will never need to go."

They separated. The deep-toned sentence sang in Evan's heart. Rose and her mother were of one stamp, and Rose might speak for her mother. To take the hands of such a pair and be lifted out of the slough, he thought no shame: and all through the hours of the morning the image of two angels stooping to touch a leper, pressed on his brain like a reality, and went divinely through his blood.

Towards mid-day Rose beckoned to him, and led him out across the lawn into the park, and along the borders of the stream.

"Evan," she said, "shall I really speak to mama?"

"You have not yet?" he answered.

"No. I have been with Juliana and with Drummond. Look at this, Evan." She showed a small black speck in the palm of her hand, which turned out, on your viewing it closely, to be a brand of the letter L. "Mama did that when I was a little girl, because I told lies. I never could distinguish between truth and falsehood; and mama set that mark on me, and I have never told a lie since. She forgives anything but that. She will be our friend; she will never forsake us, Evan, if we do not deceive her. Oh, Evan! it never is of any use. But deceive her, and she cannot forgive you. It is not in her nature."

Evan paused before he replied: "You have only to tell her what I have told you. You know everything."

Rose gave him a flying look of pain: "Everything, Evan? What do I know?"

"Ah, Rose! do you compel me to repeat it?"

Bewildered, Rose thought: "Have I slept and forgotten it?"

He saw the persistent grieved interrogation of her eye-brows.

"Well!" she sighed resignedly: "I am yours; you know that, Evan."

But he was a lover, and quarrelled with her sigh.

"It may well make you sad now, Rose."

"Sad? no, that does not make me sad. No; but my hands are tied. I cannot defend you or justify myself, and induce mama to stand by us. Oh, Evan! you love me! why can you not open your heart to me entirely, and trust me?"

"More?" cried Evan: "Can I trust you more?" He spoke of the letter: Rose caught his hand.

"I never had it, Evan. You wrote it last night? and all was written in it? I never saw it—but I know all."

Their eyes fronted. The gates of Rose's were wide open, and he saw no hurtful beasts or lurking snakes in the happy garden within, but Love, like a fixed star.

"Then you know why I must leave, Rose?"

"Leave? Leave *me?* On the contrary, you must stay by me, and support me. Why, Evan, we have to fight a battle."

Much as he worshipped her, this intrepid directness of soul startled him—almost humbled him. And her eyes shone with a firm cheerful light, as she exclaimed: "It makes me so happy to think you were the first to mention this. You meant to be, and that's the same thing. I heard it this morning: you wrote it last night. It's you I love, Evan. Your birth, and what you were obliged to do—that's nothing. Of course I'm sorry for it, dear. But I'm more sorry for the pain I must have sometimes put you to. It happened through my mother's father being a merchant; and that side of the family the men and women are quite sordid and unendurable; and that's how it came that I spoke of disliking tradesmen. I little thought I should ever love one sprung from that class."

She turned to him tenderly.

"And in spite of what my birth is, you do love me, Rose?"

"There's no spite in it, Evan. I do."

Hard for him, while his heart was melting to caress her, the thought that he had snared this bird of heaven in a net! Rose gave him no time for reflection, or the moony imagining of their raptures lovers love to dwell upon.

"You gave the letter to Polly, of course."

"Yes."

"Oh, naughty Polly! I must punish you," Rose apostrophised her. "You might have divided us for ever. Well, we shall have to fight a battle, you understand that. Will you stand by me?"

Would he not risk his soul for her?

"Very well, Evan. Then—but don't be sensitive. Oh, how sensitive you are! I see it all now. This is what we shall have to do. We shall have to speak to mama to-day—this morning. Drummond has told me he's going to speak to her, and we must be first. That's decided. I begged a couple of hours. You must not be offended with Drummond. He does it out of pure affection for us, and I can see he's right—or, at least, not quite wrong. He ought, I think, to know that he cannot change me. Very well, we shall win mama by what we do. My mother has ten times my wits, and yet I manage her like a feather. I have only to be honest and straightforward. Then mama will gain over papa. Papa, of course, won't like it. He's quiet and easy, but he likes blood, but he also likes peace better; and I think he loves Rosey—as well as somebody—almost? Look, dear, there is our seat where we—where you would rob me of my handkerchief. I can't talk any more."

Rose had suddenly fallen from her prattle, soft and short-breathed.

"Then, dear," she went on, "we shall have to fight the family. Aunt Shorne will be terrible. My poor uncles! I pity them. But they will soon come round. They always have thought what I did was right, and why should they change their minds now? I shall tell them that at their time of life a change of any kind is very unwise and bad for them. Then there is grandmama Bonner. She can hurt us really, if she pleases. Oh, my dear Evan! if you had only been a curate! Why isn't your name Parsley? Then my grandmama the Countess of Elburne. Well, we have a Countess on our side, haven't we? And that reminds me, Evan, if we're to be happy and succeed, you must promise one thing: you will not tell the Countess, your sister. Don't confide this to her. Will you promise?"

Evan assured her he was not in the habit of pouring secrets into any bosom, the Countess's as little as another's.

"Very well, then, Evan, it's unpleasant while it lasts, but we shall gain the day. Uncle Melville will give you an appointment, and then?"

At this arch question he seized her and kissed her. The sweet, fresh kiss! She let him take it as his own. Ah, the darling prize! Her cheeks were a little redder, and her eyes softer, and softer her voice, but all about her looked to him as her natural home.

"Yes, Rose," he said, "I will do this, though I don't think you can know what I shall have to endure—not in confessing what I am, but in feeling that I have brought you to my level."

"Does it not raise me?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"But in reality, Evan—apart from mere appearances—in reality it does! it does!"

"Men will not think so, Rose, nor can I. Oh, my Rose! how different you make me. Up to this hour I have been so weak! torn two ways! You give me double strength. No! though all the ills on earth were heaped on me, I swear I could not surrender you. Nothing shall separate us."

Then these lovers talked of distant days—compared their feelings on this and that occasion with mutual wonder and delight. Then the old hours lived anew. And—did you really think that, Evan? And—Oh, Rose! was that your dream? And the meaning of that by-gone look: was it

what they fancied? And such and such a tone of voice; would it bear the wished interpretation? Thus does Love avenge himself on the unsatisfactory Past, and call out its essence.

Could Evan do less than adore her? She knew all, and she loved him! Since he was too shy to allude more than once to his letter, it was natural that he should not ask her how she came to know, and how much the "all" that she knew comprised. In his letter he had told all; the condition of his parents, and his own. Honestly, now, what with his dazzled state of mind, his deep inward happiness, and love's endless delusions, he abstained from touching the subject further. Honestly, therefore, as far as a lover can be honest.

So they toyed, and then Rose, setting her fingers loose, whispered: "Are you ready?" And Evan nodded; and Rose, to make him think light of the matter in hand, laughed: "Pluck not quite up yet?"

"Quite, my Rose!" said Evan, and they walked to the house: not quite knowing what they were going to do.

On the steps they met Drummond with Mrs. Evremonde. Little imagining how heart and heart the two had grown, and that Evan would understand him, Drummond called to Rose playfully: "Time's up."

"Is it?" Rose answered, and to Mrs. Evremonde: "Give Drummond a walk. Poor Drummond is going silly."

Evan looked into his eyes calmly as he passed.

"Where are you going, Rose?" said Mrs. Evremonde.

"Going to give my maid Polly a whipping for losing a letter she ought to have delivered to me last night," said Rose, in a loud voice, looking at Drummond. "And then going to mama. Pleasure first—duty after. Isn't that the proverb, Drummond?"

She kissed her fingers rather scornfully to her old friend.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

MISS EDGEWORTH opens one of her tales with a recipe of great length, for the cure of every sort of complaint, copied from a receipt-book of some beneficent great-grandmother: a recipe which serves as a good exponent of the quacking tendencies of women in days when the popular idea of medical science was less advanced than at present. The yellow old receipt-books of our grandmothers, written in ink now pale brown, in a stiff upright hand, abounding in bad spelling, are usually found to contain instructions for the composition of extraordinary medicines, intermixed with recipes for all sorts of good things, savoury and sweet; and while we laugh at the absurdities propounded with all the confidence of credulity, we are crossed by grave thoughts of the mischief done, and especially of the number of children sent out of the world, by the desperate practice which every gentlewoman formerly considered to be one of her first natural duties. When the evil began to be recognised, the remedy was found, not in giving knowledge to women, but in committing the charge of everybody's health to men. This was a great benefit, but only a partial one. Women never have been, and never will be, debarred from practising medicine, openly or on the sly. It is so natural to them, and so irresistible while they live in families, and have the charge of the sick, that no remonstrance or ridicule has ever availed to put a stop to female quacking. The best informed and most rational physicians have always seen, and the most courageous of them have always said, from that day to this, that the only cure is in making physicians of some well-qualified women, who alone can convince their sex of the seriousness of medical practice, and the infinite mischief of meddling with the delicate organisation of the human frame, without all the knowledge that can be obtained of the structure and action of its various parts. The time has arrived for this reform to begin, as my sketch of the career of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell will show.

As might be expected, the preparation for the change began with the case of childbirth. Three generations back, children were usually brought into the world by midwives,—ignorant and prejudiced women generally, who treated their patients with the same amount of sense and skill shown by nurses who, in fever and small-pox cases, shut doors and windows, lighted great fires, and administered brandy and gin. When this had gone on long enough, the charge was delivered over to the surgeons, to the infinite disgust of their patients. Many of us have heard tell of the domestic resistance offered when the husbands dismissed the wise woman, and bespoke the surgeon; when the pain of mind of young mothers under the new system really endangered their lives; and when, after their recovery, they would run into a shop, or down an alley, rather than meet their doctor in the street. It was at this stage of the business that Dr. Spencer, a Bristol physician, contemporary with our grandfathers, brought up his daughter to the profession of an accoucheur. She obeyed, and I believe, practised for some time; but she had not courage to go through with an experiment which drew so much notice upon her; and she changed her occupation for that of educator, in which she won the respect and attachment of all who knew her. Soon after, the late Mrs. Hockley began to practise as an accoucheur, and a very considerable practice she had; but we do not hear of her having had any comrade or successor. As there are always women who choose to be attended by women, there are always surgeons who will sell a certain amount of instruction, while protesting against delivering over their art into female hands. In our large towns, some surgeon or another has a class of women of the lower ranks for a guinea course of lectures; and now and then a woman of higher education attends a lying-in hospital for practice; but the influence of the medical profession generally is, in this country, strongly put forth to prejudice and frighten society out of any serious consideration of a method for committing this natural woman's work into woman's charge.

In the case of children's diseases, the existing

mischief and misery are even greater than in that of their mothers. How many of us there are that can bear witness to the unutterable distress of young mothers when their suffering infants are in the hands of men, often bachelors, whom they see to be incapable of interpreting the natural language of mute infancy, and unaware of the infinite delicacy of the changes which take place in a sick child, and the special nicety required in its treatment! Where is the wonder if they apply to ignorant women, as a resource against the insensibility of inexperienced men? I have seen a strange-looking infant, under a year old, large, puffy, and white in the face, to whom an eminent physician had been giving eight grains of calomel daily for weeks. Is it a wonder if the mother follows the advice of the first sympathising old nurse she meets, who can understand the child's feelings, and foretell what will happen next, while wholly unlearned in scientific treatment? That there is no wonder in it is shown by the continued existence of quackery in a very vigorous form wherever women and children are living. It will always be so till we have able women educated for the medical profession: and some of the wisest physicians in all countries plainly admit the truth.

Our own country is behind almost every other in this admission, and in the action to which it leads. While in England we are always hearing of the preposterous remedies prescribed by women of all ranks and degrees of education, there are at least certain branches of practice regularly committed to female hands in other countries. While Florence Nightingale remarks on the wild confidence with which ladies give blue-pill as an ordinary remedy in their families, as they would give colocynth pills or salts and senna, we find lower down in society that epileptic fits are treated by tying three sprats upon the breast, when the patient goes to bed, and that the trusted remedy for tic-douloureux is putting live worms into a muslin bag, and laying it on the seat of torture, "to draw out the pain." We find women braying snails in a mortar to make snail-tea for a consumptive patient. We find a prevalent persuasion among the poor, and among many above the poor, that "the doctors don't know anything about the bones," however wise in other matters; and the large fraternity of "bone-setters," men and women, are very apt at referring a wide variety of diseases to some disorder in "the bones." In Germany, meantime, several branches of small surgery are committed to women; and in France much more is done, and well done, by women for their own sex, and for children, than the medical profession in England would at all approve. In every German town there are female practitioners who do all the cupping and bleeding, as well as the management of blisters and the dressing of wounds and sores. It may be agreed before long that bleeding is vicious practice, and cupping little better: but while it is the approved practice, it is no small comfort to patients that the dexterous touch, and fine observation of women are available for the process. Vaccination, again, is proper woman's work; and if it has hitherto been badly managed under female care, it can be only for want of instruction and training.

The United States are, however, before all other countries in the improvement so universally needed. In all the large towns there are now female physicians established in good practice, after undergoing the best professional training that society affords. In several of the States the legislatures vote an annual grant for the support of female medical schools and hospitals. Nowhere, perhaps, is such a reform more needed. For many years past it has been becoming evident that the greatest peril of the American nation lies in the decline of its physical condition; and especially in the feeble health of its women. The mortality of children there is beyond all precedent and example. Without going into the causes of this perilous liability, I may just say, that the best promise of a remedy lies in the establishment of a class of duly qualified female physicians who can set forth "the Laws of Life, with special reference to the Education of Girls," as Doctor Elizabeth Blackwell has done, in her work under that title. Such a professional class is established there: and it is she who has done it.

She could tell dreary and heart-breaking things, no doubt (judging by what we otherwise know), of the recklessness with which human life is trifled with in a country where the physical vigour of the race should correspond with its political youth: she has more power to deal with the causes of the mischief than any physicians can possess who have a less free access to female confidence and to children's nurseries: but we need not go so far from home to learn how infant mortality might be checked everywhere if the health of mothers and babies were in the charge of physicians who possess instincts of interpretation of female and infantine nature, which science alone can never compensate for. Add science to the natural gift, and the health of half the human race will be under such guardianship as it has never enjoyed before. One immediate consequence of the institution of female physicians and surgeons is that the natural practice of mothers nursing their own infants has a chance of restoration. If we had such attendance in all our towns, the practice of wet-nursing would decline from its present fearful prevalence. The influence of female physicians is altogether on the side of nature and duty; and they cannot be misled and coaxed as our doctors are by self-indulgent, or timid, and feeble women.

Women know what women can do and bear better than anybody else can know: and a trained and practised physician of their own sex can stimulate, and admonish, and encourage, and re-assure a dependent and ignorant and irresolute mother as few or no men are able or willing to do. At present our medical men, especially in London, are easily won upon to recommend a wet-nurse; and, in far too many cases, it is they who suggest and urge the mother's relinquishment of her first duty to her child; so that we have reached such a pass that something must be done. We shall ere long know from the Registrar-General what proportion of infant mortality is due to this practice: and we are told by those who are likely to know, that

of the children of wet-nurses not above one in twenty survives the age when weaning would be natural.

Thus the time had arrived for the appearance and action of such a woman as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell—the first woman who ever practised under a medical diploma. She is the representative of a class now fairly established in the New World, and sure to extend over the most civilised portion of the Old.

She is our countrywoman, though our associations with her are American. Her father, Mr. Samuel Blackwell, was a sugar-refiner at Bristol, where one of the intimates of the family was Foster the essayist, whose essay on "Decision of Character" made a strong and deep impression on Elizabeth's mind. The nine children were brought up healthily by a healthy and sensible mother, while their father was a man of great energy and benevolence. The girls had a home education, under a governess and masters; and while their intellects were duly attended to, they had a physical training of rare vigour. Long walks were not enough: there was also romping and play with their brothers, which made Elizabeth, for one, so strong that, being provoked to the trial, she, when almost a child, lifted and carried repeatedly round the room, in the presence of his wife, a saucy family friend who had insisted that nothing could give muscular strength to women. At this time she was small and fair, with delicate hands and a soft voice, and so quiet and reserved that her father nicknamed her "Little Shy." Thus was she early qualified to give an opinion on the physical education of girls.

When she, the third of the nine children, was twelve years old, the family migrated to the United States; and when she was seventeen, her father and two aunts were dead of the climate of Ohio, and the family were left without other resource than their ability and industry. She and her elder sisters opened a school, and educated the younger ones. They experimentally felt the hardship that it was for educated women to have no other occupation at command than teaching. They talked it over, much and long; but there was nothing else to be done while others were dependent on them for bread and education.

At four-and-twenty Elizabeth found herself free to follow her own course—the younger members of the family being able to take care of themselves. In order to save money enough for a thorough professional education she continued to teach, her learning and accomplishments procuring her a high salary. She learned Latin privately, saved her money, and in three years made the bold attempt which the world will never forget. At Philadelphia her applications for admission to the medical schools were rejected with anger and insult; but she found instructors who privately prepared her to enter upon the fullest use of any opportunity which she might be able to seize of going through the regular professional course. In the midst of some shame and regret for the sort of treatment she met with, then and for several years after, from our sex, we find it a relief to know that there were men at that early time, when there were no precedents to act upon, who were willing to give instruction simply because was desired, and would be paid for in the usu way. The first professional men who acted witl out "respect of persons" deserve very gre credit. Professor Allen and Dr. Warrington, Philadelphia, carried her through private cours of instruction in anatomy and midwifery, and D Dickson, of New York, had before furthered h plans to the utmost of his power. At a lat time she had conquered the profession; but t names of her earliest sympathisers should be grat fully remembered by others than herself.

In his last work, "Transformation," Mr. Hav thorne gives us a glimpse of American life in t paragraph in which he speaks of "our Ne England villages, where we need the permissic of each individual neighbour for every act th we do, every word that we utter, and eve friend that we make or keep." In a state society like that, it requires no little moral ind pendence in a professional man to countenance t enterprise of the first woman who seeks a diplon to enable her to practise medicine: and we ma derive encouragement for older countries, whe more social freedom exists, from the fact th three eminent physicians gave her their be assistance before they could have any idea wheth she would conspicuously succeed or ridiculous fail.

Her next step was to make a list of all t medical colleges existing in the United State and she applied to them in succession. Twel of them rejected her application, supported as was by certificates of her preparedness. Sermon insults, rebukes, lectures on her views and pr ceedings accompanied the refusals to admit he The college which did itself the honour of treatir her properly was that of Geneva University, the State of New York. The Faculty, having objection on their own part, but thinking t matter concerned the students more than then selves (a view which of itself was an evidence sense and liberality), consulted with the student The students considered the question, and dre up an invitation to their proposed comrad assuring her that she should never have cause regret joining them in their studies. It was the that she acquired the unmoved manner and t command of countenance which are the attribut first commented on by strangers who meet her society. It was an object of extreme importan to avoid blushing at lessons which she was sharin with five hundred young men: and she starve herself down to the requisite bloodlessness. S meant that there should be schools of medicir by-and-bye in which women could study mo comfortably and properly; but this point cou be gained only by somebody undergoing what s was now suffering under: and she went throug with it with a calm and cold exterior. She passe to and from her seat in the lecture rooms as if s were alone in the place, and never recognised t existence of any person but the lecturer. H eyes went straight from him to her note-boo and from her note-book to him, and saw nothin besides. Her sister, from whose Memoir Elizabeth* these anecdotes are derived, tells

* Englishwoman's Journal, April, 1858.

what she did on the only occasion of breach of promise on the part of the students.

In the midst of a lecture in the amphitheatre, on a particularly critical subject, a note was thrown to her from a back row. It fell on the sleeve of her black dress. There she let it lie, making notes as if she did not perceive it: when she had finished, she raised the arm on which she knew that all eyes were fixed, and by a slight movement threw off the paper upon the floor. A burst of cheers rang through the place, followed by some hissing of the writer. She took no more notice of the one demonstration than of the other; and all that she knew of her fellow-students from that day forward was that they at once respected her reserve, and afforded every facility in their power to her attainment of her object.

She had more trouble outside the walls, where the New England village character, described by Hawthorne, seems to have extended across the frontier of the Puritan States. She could not get a lodging; she was stared at and quizzed in the street as "the lady-doctor;" and it required the countenance of the Professors' wives to obtain admission for her to a respectable boarding-house. When they called on her she was no longer denied bed and board. She soon lived down all this prejudice: but it needed very great courage and fortitude for a woman under thirty to pass alone through so dreary a stage of social prejudice. I trust that that passage of Elizabeth Blackwell's life is remembered by the young women who now sit in peace in the lecture-rooms of their own colleges, among congenial comrades, and safe in the respect of society. Nobody insults them: nobody wonders at them: and they do not know what it is to be alone, as she was alone. Let them never forget that she took the whole difficulty upon herself, and made the roughest places plain for them.

After a complete course of instruction, with some practice in hospital and college, she graduated in January, 1849. The occasion was memorable; and it was acknowledged to be so by the presence of a crowd of strangers, including a large proportion of women, and by the special and encouraging notice of the particular case taken by the president. He testified to the excellent effect produced upon the whole institution by the presence of the sensible and indefatigable student of the other sex; and he probably felt that the authorities and the students had reaped the natural reward of a bold course of justice and good sense. The authorities of our medical schools have not so much faith and courage. A precisely similar opportunity has been afforded to them by a countrywoman; but there was no man among us qualified to act as the Geneva Faculty had grace to act.—It is melancholy to be obliged to add that professional bigotry was so brought to bear on the Faculty at Geneva that they afterwards refused admission to Dr. Emily Blackwell, a younger sister, who obtained her object at Chicago. The same process was gone through there: and when Emily Blackwell, distinguished for learning and ability, went to resume her place for a second year, she found the doors shut against her. The Professors were grieved: but the Faculty of the State Medical Council were peremptory, and nothing could be done.

When Elizabeth Blackwell was finishing her professional education in Europe, she received very characteristic advice at Paris, where the Faculty would not hear of her attending lectures and hospitals under her own name and aspect, but advised her to wear men's clothes. Her reply was, that as her aim was to open the profession to women, she must appear as a woman. She obtained private instruction in anatomy, with facilities for dissection; and she became an inmate of the Maternité Hospital for a course of practice.

While struggling with difficulties in Paris, she was gratified by an invitation from Berlin to go and study at the Royal Hospital there, where every facility would be afforded her. Such are the differences in civilisation of contemporary societies! She studied at St. Bartholomew's finally; and we may be glad that we had not the disgrace of turning her away, as we think it necessary to do with our own countrywomen. She was regarded as an American, as she had graduated there; and hence she was permitted to pick up some knowledge in London.

She settled in New York in 1851; and there she is now, though more than once tempted to take up her abode in London. She has a large private practice: but (what she cares for far more) hospitals, dispensaries, and female medical schools are also flourishing under legislative grants, and large private subscriptions—some supplied, I am happy to say, from England. This is a proof that there is an English public ready to support such institutions, whenever an opening can be found for their establishment.

This case is a clear confirmation of the great truth that the emancipation and elevation of any class (outside of personal slavery) must be achieved by the class itself. There is little use in talking about wrongs—whether of women, or of the working class, or of oppressed nations. Nobody can help them till they have first proved that they can help themselves. As it is also true that the only education for the use of rights is in the exercise of them, the despots of human society chuckle over their own security. If the exercise of rights is the only education for the use of them, and if also none but the wronged can achieve their own rights, the depressed seem to be confined within a vicious circle from which they cannot escape. But the despots are mistaken in their confidence. The process of emancipation is always the same; and it never fails of success, sooner or later. Some one, or some few, cannot for ever endure the repression; and individual effort bursts the barrier, and opens the way for the many to follow. It is thus that art and science have been opened to women, never to be closed again. It is thus that every pursuit of which women are capable will in time be at their choice. It is mere loss of time to argue in advance what women can do, and what they ought to do. One after another women will do whatever they are capable of doing; and what they can do they ought to do, and will assuredly do. If they will drop all talk of rights and wrongs, except in moral disquisition, and silently prove, like the Blackwells, their capacity and their

convictions, it is not possible for the whole world, of either sex, to keep them down. Meantime, I do not know that self-respecting and benevolent women can have a better example or encouragement than Elizabeth Blackwell, with her silent determination, her indomitable fortitude, and her womanly mind and manners, shown in her quiet dress, her gentle demeanour, her steady industry, her devotedness to the suffering, and her life-long practical testimony to social right and feminine duty. The women of all civilised nations may be thankful for her as the Representative of an ever-enlarging class. INGLEBY SCOTT.

THE SMALL THINGS OF LONDON.

WITHOUT acorns you can't have oaks. When you speak of cocks and hens you imply chickens. If you would enrich the world with an Epic poem (not that I particularly wish to see any addition to that class of literature), you must begin by writing, or at any rate by arranging in your head the two first lines. So of men and women. When you speak of Shakspere you imply a baby, yes! there was a moment when William Shakspere was little Willy in long clothes. No doubt nurse Dorothy, or—if the family, as some commentators suppose, were not very rich—good Mrs. Shakspere herself, took the little Willy in question out in her arms, and strolled with him along the banks of placid Avon. King Lears, and Hamlets, and Othellos as yet lay latent somewhere about the region of the *pia mater* in that remarkable child, but I have no doubt that he sucked his little fat thumbs much as other babies are wont to do. It is also probable that good Mrs. Shakspere, like other mothers—God bless them all—talked that sublimest sense, mother's-nonsense, to the boy, and in her beatific visions saw him in her mind's eye—it is only mothers who dare to draw on the future for such portentous sums—Lord Mayor of London. If so, she was wrong, as poor mothers sometimes are. Little William missed *the Civic Chair*.

The ingenious French writers who get up those mendacious books about the First Napoleon, are very eager to tell us that when the infant was just born, in the confusion of the moment, and by pure accident, he was placed upon a tapestry on which the skill of the artist had represented some terrible feats of arms. It might have been the doings of the Argonauts under the command of that filibustering fellow Jason; it might have been the battle of the Amazons, or of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; my recollection only serves me so far that I can assert with perfect confidence that the Napoleon tapestry in one form or another represented *Broken Heads*, an antique. Now they would have us believe that a wise spectator could have translated the contortions, and whinings, and squeakings of that troublesome child into some such phraseology as this—*En avant la Garde! Nom de—nom de—nom de tonnerre. Affrontons la mitraille. Soldats, la victoire est la-bas prête à nous verser des petits verres, allons trinquer avec elle.—Nom de soixante mille cochons—la Garde en avant.* I do not believe that this was the case, but that little Napoleon bawled upon that occasion simply because he felt rather cold, and would have been glad of a little milk in the usual way.

I am about to offer a few remarks upon the subject of children in general and London children—the Small Things of London—in particular; but although anxious to begin at the beginning, I cannot say that I in any way sympathise with those excellent people who can make out so many fine things from the whinings of babyhood. English mothers forgive me, I don't like a baby. Mrs. Fondlechild, I know exactly what you are about to say; I was once a baby myself, and I will add that, according to my own view of the case, I must then have been a most objectionable atom. I should not have liked myself. I should not have wished to have been given myself to hold. I should have shrunk from touching myself. I would not have called myself a "Pobsy-Wobsy," nor would I have admired my own pink toes. I could not with a clear conscience have asserted of myself that "bless my little heart I was the very image of papa." I never could see the smallest resemblance between an infant and a stout middle-aged gentleman with a hooked nose and spectacles. This, however, but adds to the unpayable debt of gratitude we all owe to our mothers; but for female protection during those months of human jelly-dom, what would become of us? Nay, gentlest motherhood apart, are not all women *ex officio* protectors of helpless infancy? By some mysterious law of nature they appear to rejoice in human duodecimos at the very time they are most distasteful to me; and, I believe, if they would make a clean breast of it, to most of my fellows. The little creature that has a cap on, and cries in a sort of basket is to them a cameo, or a choice engraving. They see its points, and love to handle it. For myself I must say that I am distinctly afraid of a baby.

I do, however, most thoroughly see the beauty of the mother holding her child in her arms, or to her breast—(so I am not asked to touch it)—and I think it was well that this combination was selected as the favourite subject of Christian artists in the middle ages. But—here I fall back upon the subject of pretty little Mrs. Buttercup, of Number Blank, Blank Square—it is certainly the mother and not the child who exacts my tribute of admiration. Assume the baby to be absent, I should be well content to spend half-an-hour in Mrs. B.'s agreeable society; assume Mrs. B. to be absent, I would as soon spend half-an-hour with a young rook as with the baby. Baby so far plays into the hands of an æsthetic friend of the family that he is the unconscious instrument of educing very beautiful forms of expression upon Mrs. B.'s pure and gentle features, and he can conjure a look out of her eye which never, as I believe, fell to poor Buttercup's lot, even when he had pulled her up fifteen miles against stream in the gladsome days of wooing and pink bonnets—just allowing himself time for a little beer on passing the locks. I never could see any poetry in the staring blue eyes of babyhood, although fully aware that, according to the doctrines of the true faith upon the Angelina model, we are required to believe that baby has recently quitted the realms aloft, and does not like its new quarters upon the

crust of this fussy, hard-working planet. Of course, if this were so, it is enough to put an infant out to exchange the kisses of a seraph for the demonstrations of Mrs. Sago's—the monthly nurse's—professional affection. But I don't believe the theory. I cannot help thinking that if I had ever enjoyed the supernatural comforts suggested in a previous state of existence I should have remembered something about the matter even now. I am, however, clear upon this point, that my very earliest recollection is of being on board a steamer in the Thames—my second of being taken to Astley's, where an eminent artist of those days gratified us by personating the character of the French Emperor. He was always riding on and off the stage upon a white horse, and taking snuff in front of the foot-lights. I have also a recollection upon that occasion of a terrific combat between a Highland regiment and an overpowering French force, which terminated entirely to the advantage of the Highlanders. Now, remembering these things so well, how is it possible that I should have forgotten everything about the Elysian Fields—if, indeed, I had ever been there in a pre-infantine period of existence? Surely I should have been accustomed to play with a few favourite cherubs, I should have been friends with some ghosts. What had I done? Why was I turned out to work for my living? I protest I do not remember anything about the matter. Reader—do you?

Let us leave the young babies in the arms of their mothers. There lies the true Paradise for these little unsolved enigmas. When they come to be three or four years of age it is quite a different affair. When that happens, I can put myself right with the mothers of England. Who can ever forget those lovely groups of children which poor Sir William Ross knew so well how to translate upon ivory? Poor man! he is just gone from amongst us to a place where, as I hope, he sees more beautiful forms than he used to copy upon earth. Were they children — were they flowers? Yet what human intelligence and possibilities about them! One could see that the clear-browed little fellow with the long brown hair (numbered 1723 in the Miniature Room) might, at no very distant time, conduct the sweet little entity with the blue sash, who is thrusting back her fair silken curls with a little pink hand, where there are dimples instead of knuckles, to the hymeneal altar at St. George's, Hanover Square. I mean that little girl yonder, numbered 1745. But what a deal of trouble the little fellow will have with the impersonal verbs between this and then—as yet he knows nothing about supines, and the child is glad. My little friend, too, in the blue sash has some hard days and red eyes before her on account of Cramer's Exercises and her inveterate habit of thrusting her little ivory shoulder—it is the left one—out of her frock. But it will all go right in the long run. "Supines in *um* have an active signification:" *Ut Re Mi Fa Sol—Fol-de-rol-de-riddle-dol.* There are troubles on both sides, but they will meet at last.

Children at the age when Sir William Ross loved to arrest their beauty in its rapid flight are the sunbeams of a house, when they are not allowed to be its tyrants. For my own part, I should like to see boy children born at five years of age, if this could be contrived without inconvenience. I would then keep them at this age for twenty years, and let them awake some morning twenty-five years old, and be captains, or perpetual curates, or junior partners, or something of that sort. The girl-children—also born at five years old—should be kept at that age for fifteen years; and on a given day be returning from their wedding tours. I should wish to be preserved from the worry of blessing my son-in-law, and wondering whether he was a young scoundrel or not, and the speeches at the wedding breakfast. No, let Emily-Jane come in with the oranges one day, and the next turn up as the beloved wife of some manly, straightforward young fellow, and mistress of a nice little house somewhere in South Kensington, with an arm-chair dedicated to the use of the aged Gamma.

One point is remarkable enough about London children of the humblest classes, and that is (despite of all the drawbacks of confined space, and I fear unwholesome dormitories, and improper or insufficient food), their healthy appearance. I would, however, make especial exception of unfortunate children who live down below Thames water-mark—Wandsworth way. It has often made my heart ache to watch the poor little ricketty creatures in those regions which are, as it were, the Pontine Marshes of London. They live, or rather stagger on through a few years of life in rows of houses with palings before them, incrusted with some green deposit which I am unable to describe by its scientific name. The back-yards abut upon each other; you commonly pass in upon the rows through turnstiles, the advantage of which I could never explain to myself, for certainly they are of no kind of use for keeping the poor little green children within bounds. On the contrary, these little human fungi cling to them like limpets to a rock, or if the sun one day shines with unusual fervour upon Paradise Row or Paragon Buildings, the creatures display their exhilaration of spirits by walking upon them, and twisting round them, and cultivating the science of callisthenics according to their feeble means. Alas! for the children of the poor, when the poor live below the Thames water-mark. Things, I believe, are in a somewhat better condition now; but when I knew the place it was full of open sewers and various forms of liquid abomination. When these were in a seething state, and covered with globules of gas under a July or August sun, the appeal to the senses was forcible but unsatisfactory. Nor did the ebb and flow of the tide make things better. The cruel time, as the medical men in those regions will tell you, was in the interval between the aggrandisement of the town in that direction and the introduction of improved systems of sewerage. So long as the place was only a filthy, ill-kept outskirt of London, there were hedge-rows and half-and-half country spots to which the children could betake themselves, and carry on the manufacture of dirt-pies under comparatively healthy conditions. It was, however, a terrible thing when the little Britons were bricked in, and compelled to carry on their scrofulous sports round the edges of open sewers.

What a dreary business it was to watch them at their sluggish play; and how thin, shrill-voiced, big-boned women, who always appeared to be in a frenzy, would rush forward and with a few cuffs—to put a little spirit in them, I suppose—drag them to their wretched homes. There you might see them again crawling in and out of the mouldy houses in a listless way, or probably there would be one hollow-eyed little fellow who had got his cuffing over, and therefore was comparatively comfortable, sitting in the dirt before the paternal mansion with his back to the wall, and looking out upon vacancy in a speculative way.

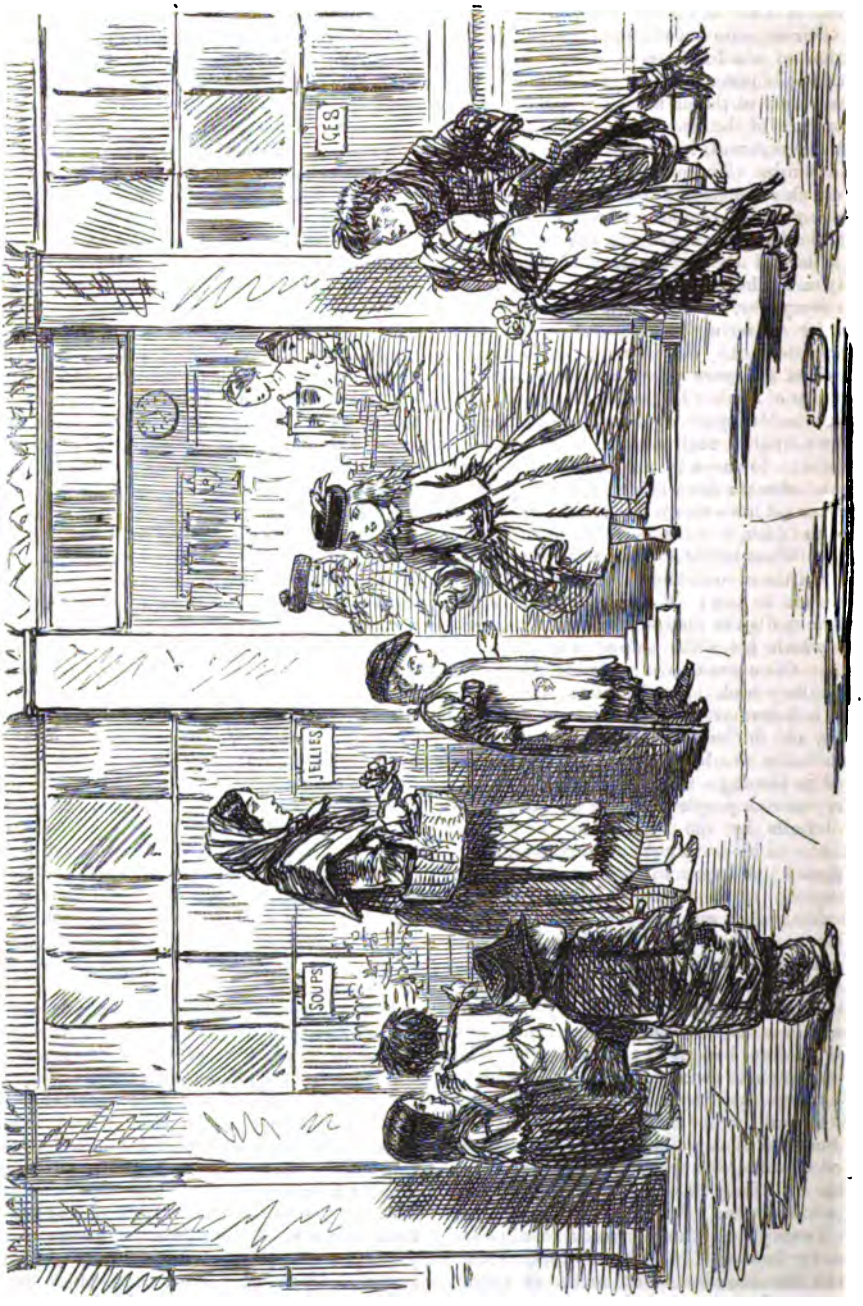
Happily this description does not apply to the greatest portion of London. The children of the poor are to all appearance dirty, but healthy. It may well be that the explanation of this fact is that they are allowed to remain so long in the open air every day, chasing each other about the markets, or "overing" the posts according to their own pleasure. The London children soon gain a look of excessive sharpness, probably from the difficulty of solving the great halfpenny question with which they are brought face to face at a very early period of their existence. In my own quarter of the town—and no Londoner can pretend to an intimate knowledge of more than his own quarter—I have scores of little ragged friends whose ways of life I have daily opportunities of watching. What infinite pains they will take—what superhuman exertions they will make to earn the smallest coin! I know the exact corners where they will go to play it away at "buttons" when they have given themselves so much trouble to earn it. Of course this is not what takes place in the good-boy books, but it takes place in the streets of London. Had I been the son of a costermonger, and kicked by my parent out of the family residence at about seven A.M., and had I succeeded in earning a few halfpence by standing in the way of rich people who ride in cabs, or by turning wheels by the side of an omnibus, I believe I should have bought an eel-pie and a nice slice of greasy pudding, and risked the remainder of my earnings at "buttons." There could but be a thrashing when one got home, and my papa could not have thumped the eel-pie, and the pudding, and the enjoyment I had derived from "buttons" out of me. What a singular thing it is that the little fellows—the progeny of professional beggars apart, who are brought up to the trade—so seldom beg of the passers-by. They are eager enough to render uncalled-for and unwelcome service, and to claim a reward, but that is purely a commercial transaction.

This is curious in a small and collateral way; but the real wonder is the enormous number of the London children. I don't believe a word of the Registrar-General's return. I have no kind of confidence in those Census papers which are occasionally distributed at our houses. In point of fact, when I know how the cook and housemaid at Gamma Lodge set the laws of their country at defiance upon the occasion of the last returns, and yet have not been sent to Newgate or the Tower—neither has the Attorney-General done anything to their prejudice in an *ex officio* way—how is it possible to have confidence on more critical points? Cook is fifty-seven years of age, if she is a day; she represented herself as twenty-six. Betty is a Particular Baptist, but returned herself as a member of the Establishment, because she considered it more genteel. Go and number the sands of the sea-shore, or the gnats who fly round your head on a summer's evening, and you may be able to number the children of London. They ooze out from the pavement; they settle on the windows of the humblest apartments like flies. You can't drive in a cab at a moderate speed down any of the London streets for fear of crushing a score or two of them under the horse's feet. There is not a blind alley which is not choked with them. There is scarcely a shop where eatables are sold where they may not be discerned flattening their noses against the window-panes, and enjoying the pleasures of gastronomy in a vicarious way. It was but the other day I was lingering fondly about the Seven Dials, a locality which suits my humour on account of the bird-shops and the Celtic population, as well as from historic recollections, when on a sudden I became aware that I was afflicted with a plague of children. The place was crowded, but the children out-numbered the adults as two to one. I do not believe that the Seven Dials have any peculiar advantage in this respect.

It should also be remembered that we are only taking into calculation the children of the very poor. Petty tradesfolk of a very humble order indeed would not suffer their children to be running loose about the streets. These you may see on working days—at least the boys—returning from the schools at which they are imbibing the sweet rules of Practice and the French conjugations, generally with their arms round each other's necks. Their little sisters are for the most part at boarding-schools, between certain limits of age, as say ten and fourteen; before and afterwards they are kept religiously at home under the maternal wing. Of course "genteel" children are out of the question. They are not allowed to swell the ranks of my dear little friends, the London Bedouins, a race with which I protest I have more sympathy than with the more orderly classes whose minds have been all set to Greenwich time, and who are really little better than incarnate formulæ, or machines.

It would require a treatise especially devoted to the subject to give an accurate and scientific idea of the street children of London. There are the child-thieves, the child-beggars, the child-loungers, the child-tradesmen; or, more properly speaking, the trades-children; the child-wheels, the child-messengers, the child-sportsmen; or, say again, rather, the sports-children;—the Savoyard children who live by white-mice; the child-sweeps, and fifty other divisions which I must suggest rather than indicate. Every interest which is in full play amongst adults, equally stirs the child-mind of London. In the case of the children we can philosophise about them, and weigh and measure the value of their proceedings. The same thing might be done about ourselves by Beings slightly elevated above us in the scale of intelligence. I wonder how the idlers, and the lawyers who are killing themselves by overwork; and the spend-

thrifts, and the gentlemen in the City who spend dreary and dyspeptic existences in order to accumulate fortunes which their sons will dissipate, would come out of the trial, if they were tried by similar tests. Lilliput has its Gulliver; Gulliver his Brobdingnag;—we have a little advantage over



the children,—let us therefore rejoice, and be wise at their expense.

The mimicry amongst them of adult-life is seen in the smallest as in the greatest things. Observe how they follow the fashion. Albert paletôts and tunics with wide sleeves, and the last thing in trowsers, and wide-awake hats, &c. &c., infallibly come upon the streets in last resort, and are imi-

tated in rags. Of course there is a depth of ragdom where form and colour never penetrate; but speaking of a stratum in child-society, a little above this we shall find that the adult fashions, of about two years ago, now prevail there. It is clear that the little fellows can't be dressed in the cast-off clothes of their superiors of the same age—for that is a question of child-fashion, and they do not imitate that. It is just as certain that little ragged Dick at the corner of the mews is not wearing the discarded apparel of the attorney's clerk or medical student—*modo et formâ*, for that would be too big for his small limbs. There must have been a deliberate intention amongst the children of following the fashions prevailing amongst men. How far are the authorities at home concerned in this matter? I think I see indications of the mother's pride, and the mother's hand.

Another very curious feature of the London streets—as far as the children are concerned—is the recent praise-worthy attempt to inaugurate the reign of a child *bourgeoisie*. One would suppose that an infantine Louis Philippe had been abroad proclaiming the triumph of the middle-classes. Look at that little sturdy member of the Shoe-Black Brigade! What a microscopic representative he is of the pursy respectability of Ludgate Hill. With what an evil eye he regards the proceedings of the groups of little Bedouins who are devoting themselves to the too-fascinating game of "buttons" on the church-steps! He knows they will never come to any good. You see ledgers in his eye, as he pulls the halfpence he has earned from underneath his dirty apron, and whistles "*a penny saved is a penny got*" with variations. I am sure, if he could, he would send the little gamblers to a Reformatory after a severe preliminary lecture on the advantages of industry and self-control. He is a budding churchwarden—an alderman in the egg.

So many wise and excellent people seem to think it all right that children should be at once converted into men—have men's opportunities—and be judged by the tests which we apply to the performances of manhood—that I suppose this movement should be cause for rejoicing to us all. I confess I have scruples. Children, I have always thought, should be children; and men, men. There is danger else that the man-child may become a child-man. In the condition of life in which I have been born, I have never known infantine or youthful prodigies come to much good. At three or four and twenty the hares are told out, and the poor stupid tortoises come lumbering along—and in real life, as in the fable, are for the most part best placed at the end of the race. As I have stood watching the demeanor and proceedings of those little Shoe-Black heroes, I have often wondered what manner of men they would turn out when twenty years have passed over their round smutty faces. Look at the poor little children who are obliged to work in the factories till they become just so many cogs and wheels in the cotton-spinning machine. In the agricultural districts again, I do not find that the human intelligence is improved by the process of putting children to work at seven, six, and even five years of age. The thing may be a hard necessity, and therefore not admit of discussion; but I cannot, as you would say, look on with a cheerful heart when I find poor children working hard whom I would much rather see devoting their energies to "corners" or prisoner's base. I am told that the benevolent patrons of this movement have taken great care that every opportunity should be given to the sturdy little burghers of improving their minds in ragged schools, evening schools, night schools, Sunday schools. *When do they play?* Only conceive blacking shoes all day, and fagging all night at big A, little *b*, and the multiplication-table, and the course of the River Jordan; and the subject of the experiment a child of eight or nine years of age!

Still knowing, as I do too well, the child-misery of the London streets, I would not do more than enter a hesitating protest in favour of poor Jack as to the all-work-and-no-play system. It may be the best that can be done for him; and let us all be thankful that there are men amongst us who have influence, and leisure, and money, and above all kind hearts, who will look after the interests of these diminutive waifs and strays—these small flotsams and jetsams of the great human family. Their ultimate fate may not be as bright as I should wish it to be, but I know of something far worse—it is the short career of the little ricketty offspring of gin-drinking parents. It must have sucked in vitriol, adulterated with morbid humours, even from the moment it first opened its unfortunate blinking eyes upon men and things in general. It is then used as an instrument for stimulating the benevolence of soft-hearted people, and secretly pinched to make it squall by the drunken virago in the tattered cloak. It is not difficult to note the further progress in life of the poor little victim. The forms of misery of course are various—here is one.

Not very long since I used to pass every night by the low wall which girds in the churchyard of St. Martin's church. In the winter time, when the snow lay thick on the ground, there were nightly seated there in the snow, and against the wall, two wretched little children, who crouched and nestled against each other for shelter as well as they could. Sometimes the snow would fall thickly upon them; and at first as you passed along you might have mistaken them for a heap of something which had accumulated there, and been covered by snow. The two creatures had been placed there by their parents or owners to excite the commiseration of the passers by; and any trifle that might be given to them was instantly seized and confiscated by one or other of these wretches who were lurking close at hand. At last they disappeared: I never knew what became of them.

This was just the hey-day time of plum-puddings and Christmas-trees, and Twelfth Night drawings for king and queen; when the bright rosy-cheeked children in velvet tunics and curious frills were in the full swing of infantine mirth and jollity. I would not deprive them of a single taper, or of a morsel of their cake; still might it not be well if even then some little memento were introduced to remind them of their poor little brothers and sisters without? I don't exactly

want the pastrycook's art to be taxed for the production in sugar of the two forms of the two children in the snow; for I am sure that Johnny with the best intentions would hand one of them to Louisa, and then the two children would look each other gravely in the face, and bite off the heads of the two abandoned ones, without much thought of St. Martin's church. They would look at the incident solely from a gastronomic point of view. Still it might be done. If the Egyptian revellers introduced the figure of a skeleton at their banquets to remind the adult revellers of Death; a hint might well be given to the children at a Christmas feast, that there is such a thing as poverty in the world, and that it presses sharply upon poor little creatures as little fitted to contend with the world as they are themselves.

I have particularly noticed two points at which rich children and poor children are brought into contact in the streets of London. I should not infer, from what I have seen, that the spectacle of the struggles and longings of his little fellow-creatures is very impressive to the mind of young Dives. How often it happens, when a carriage is drawn up in front of a silk-mercer's shop, and mama inside is engaged in the purchase of a silken dress, that you see it filled with bright pleasant children's faces. There is no doubt here that the small people who are out taking carriage exercise were put to bed each in her or his little white nest at about eight P.M. last night; that at seven A.M., or thereabouts, they were roused from their slumbers by a bevy of handmaidens and nurses—the careful housemaids of that small human furniture—who rubbed, and scrubbed, and polished them up to the best point of perfection, and parted their hair with straight "walks;" and they were made to kneel down and lisp their prayers for papa and mama and their daily bread, which latter supplication was habitually answered in a very satisfactory way. Then all but little Emily and the baby went down to breakfast in the dining-room with Mr. and Mrs. Dives, and carried on negotiations with more or less success for the tops and bottoms of eggs, and stray comforts in the shape of an odd spoonful of jam or marmalade. Then the lessons began, under the mild auspices of Miss Pansy; but the rudiments of science and literature had been so marvellously lightened by the labours of ingenious artists, that in truth philosophy in sport was made jest in earnest. Then the little Divites went to play. The contents of a toy-shop were at their disposal. Tommy set up his leaden soldiers—the only restriction upon his military independence being that he was not to suck the Sappers and Miners, nor stick the points of the weapons weilded by the Lancers into Mary Jane's eye. Mary Jane took to her magnetic ducks; and little Horace summoned Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in their brilliant long coats, from the ark, to give an account of their stewardship. Then came one o'clock, and the legs of mutton, and the rice puddings, and dear mama again. Yes; they should be taken out for a drive in the carriage; and it was very true that a considerable period had elapsed since their stock of toys had been renewed; and if they would only make the sacrifice of being good and patient whilst their mama selected a dress at Messrs. Tulle and Sarsnet's, their just remonstrances should receive practical attention at the new German toy-shop.

The carriage is drawn up in front of the establishment of those eminent silk-mercers. A fresh, country-looking young woman, tidily dressed, is seated on the front seat holding the fat baby on her lap—the baby in question being got up to a very dangerous point with feathers and laces and a long blue riding-habit sort of thing. Little Emily, also splendidly attired, but in a manner more fitted to her maturer years, is gravely sucking a finger of her glove—whilst Mary Jane, with all the *aplomb* and decision of a small woman, is endeavouring to keep the boys quiet, as these young gentlemen are playing at "castle" on the back seat of the carriage—Horace, the defending party, being at that moment in imminent danger from the vigorous manner in which his brother Thomas is pressing the siege. At this moment the combat is stopped by the appearance on the pavement of two apparitions which you would suppose to be two sets of the emblem of the Isle of Man in motion. Two young gentlemen are, in point of fact, endeavouring to earn an honest livelihood by being "wheels." Their day has been spent in a very different way from that of the occupants of the carriage.

I fear they took their rest in the Adelphi Arches, as they had, "in a moment of excitement," played away the amount of the previous day's gains at pitch-and-toss, and consequently were unable to meet the demand for their night's lodging at the "tight rope" which they usually patronised—that establishment being conducted strictly upon the "ready money" system. They had turned out from their airy caravanserai at a very early hour on the chance that something might turn up to their advantage. Nothing had turned up. Consequently they had stood for about half-an-hour in the immediate neighbourhood of a "saloop-stall," with watering mouths, longing for a steaming cup of that fragrant liquid, and for a thick slice of bread and butter. They could not get it: they were consequently enabled at a subsequent period to enter upon their professional duties in admirable condition. They are, indeed, little else than dirty legs and small black heads. The less said about their clothing the better—for certainly the first act of any one who took them in hand would be to strip them of those filthy rags and chuck them into the fire. Now, do you suppose that Tommy and Horace in the carriage have the smallest idea of the significance of those human wheels in the mud? Not they! I will be bound to say if they have any feeling at all upon the subject, it is one of envy towards the fortunate individuals who are able to accomplish such feats in so masterly a way.

Come again to the window of this fashionable pastry-cook—it is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross. See the little rich patricians inside laying the foundations of Rich Man's Gout, and the little plebeians outside, flattening their noses against the window-panes, and, whether they like it or not, also laying upon their side the foundations of Poor Man's Gout. I confess that the

new theory—at least it was so to me—of gout is indescribably satisfactory. I like to think that rich and poor—the capitalist and the beggar—the bishop and the curate, must meet at last in the same form of suffering; unless, indeed, the rich man, the capitalist, or the bishop, has had bowels of compassion for his struggling, sorrowful fellow-creatures—in which case may his years be long, and painless, and when he has at last accomplished the period of man's pilgrimage, may he gently fall asleep amidst the blessings and tears of all around him! Look at that fat, stupid boy inside—his cheeks all sticky with raspberry jam—he is doomed. I see him at forty-three years of age with bloated cheeks waddling along, and fumbling with a dinner-pill in his waistcoat-pocket. Look at that eager little girl who is slobbering down the custard, but with her eye upon a three-cornered cranberry-tart. The thin long boy has partaken of two sausage rolls, and innumerable tartlets, and he is now washing them down with ginger beer. Ah! young gentleman, there will come a day of reckoning for these things: Far better would it have been to commit half the duty of digestion to one of those small dirty parties outside, to whom a Bath bun would have been a foretaste of Paradise. Poor little things!—how eager and intent they are!—how their eyes follow the acts of the mid-day revellers as they plunge their fingers into the labyrinth of tarts, and—so help me Jellies and Blancmanges—they feel the first crunch of the happy-one's teeth all up their hungry spines. You see they interchange rapid glances as a fresh tart is chosen, and then their attention becomes keen again, and they watch its gradual demolition with a look of Egyptian fixedness. Now may all bright fortunes follow on that little lady's path in life who has interchanged some few words with her mother, I suppose, and has taken the open raspberry tart to the poor little cripple outside! May all good attend upon her as she passes on her gentle way through life—happy and shedding happiness around her! It is but a child's act if you will; but she does not give herself the airs of a patroness, nor wait to be thanked, but runs back to her mother as half ashamed of what she had done. The little cripple does not seem to know what to make of it, but holds it up in an appealing way to his ragged grimy sister who is looking after him. He would, I think, only that his wits do not work quickly, transfer the responsibilities of the tart, with its delights, to her, only he lets the moment for action fly past. She encourages him to proceed with his labours, and the little Bedouins gather round to see Limping Bob perform the feat of disposing of the tart. They lick the smut on their hands as though it were jam, and encourage him to proceed. I had almost feared that when he had taken the first bite, and animal passion had obtained the mastery over him, he would in the delirium of the moment have forgotten everything in the world save the sensation of raspberry jam. No, he is not quite half way through the tart, and his infantine sense of justice whispers to him that enough is done. As he leans on his crutches he holds the tart up to his sister—there is the mark in the jam of his last bite—and says in a husky, undemonstrative way, "Now, Jenny, you have a go-in!" There was something in Adam after all!

Dear me—here I am, well-nigh arrived at the end of my allotted tether, and it seems to me that I have only just begun to talk to you about London children. I had wanted to tell you all about the child-crowds which gather round PUNCH, and how they look round to the parlour windows to see if their child-betters are taking their jokes:—and about the processions for beating the bounds, when my little friends are so grand with their banners and flags;—and about the babies in the perambulators, who have determinations of blood to their large heads, whilst the nurse-maids are flirting with the tall Horse Guards who sit by their sides sucking the nobs of their rattans;—and how angry the old gentlemen get when the perambulators are run over their dear old toes;—and about the Fifth of November, when all my sympathies are with the merry crowd who

> see no reason
> Why gunpowder treason
> Should ever be forgot;—

and about the Blue Coat Boys, and the Sons of the Clergy upon their Great Field Day at St. Paul's;—and what the little boys say to the Grenadiers at St. James's Palace, and the tall Life Guards (Blue) at the Horse Guards, and how those men of war lose their warlike tempers, only it isn't any use,—they can't desert their posts, and they can't shoot my young friends down on the spot;—and about the naughty little boys who, when I take my favourite chesnut charger to Rotten Row, are so anxious to know "if I have left the key of the animal at home," and "why I do not get inside him." Well, well, it is no use, my friends, we have talked together awhile about London children,—now each of you add something of his own, and so you will fill up my shortcomings. Only let me say, in conclusion, that I hope we shall all be always very gentle and considerate in our conduct to these little miniature Adams and Eves—for we can do somewhat for Childhood and Youth—it is more difficult to be of service to our fellow-creatures afterwards. They will then take their own way, and sometimes they had better not. But we can keep children out of scrapes, and make the first years of their lives bright and happy. GAMMA.

ANA.

IT is well known that Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester both enjoy the singular privilege of standing covered in the presence of royalty. Lord Forester obtained this concession from Henry VIII.; but the right belonging to Lord Kingsale dates from the reign of King John. It originated as follows: His ancestor, the Earl of Ulster, had a very strong arm, and one day, at the desire of the king, he chopped a massive helmet in twain in the presence of the French sovereign. King John was so pleased at the feat that he desired him to ask at his hands any favour that he pleased; and the Earl replied that as he had estates and wealth enough, he would only ask for himself and his successors the singular privilege alluded to above.

SHIPWRECKS.

THERE is a grim map annually published by the Government, called the "Wreck Chart," which pictures the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, peppered all round with small shot, hollow shot, red-hot shot, and crosses. In some spots, such as the whole of the east coast, near projecting headlands, and the sites of lighthouses, the cannonade seems to have been the most furious, just as though they were salient angles of some bastion made special marks of by marine artillery,—and on investigation such turns out to be the fact. But the artillery in this case is the wild force of storms, and the expended shot do but represent noble ships hurled against the solid bastion of our cliffs, or the more treacherous earthworks of sandbanks and quicksands. To survey the map, it would seem as though all the ships of the world had been attracted by our shores as by some magnetic mountain, and then shattered helplessly upon them. When we remember, however, that England is the centre of the commercial world, and that hither are attracted the mercantile navies of all nations, as well as of our own; and when we again remember that our island is surrounded with narrow seas, skirted by dangerous rocks, headlands, and sands, the wonder ceases, and we are no longer surprised, as we were when children, that in great storms sailors should seek the open sea. In scrutinising this map, it does at first sight seem astounding, that wherever we see a lighthouse marked, there we see the fatal marks showing the largest number of wrecks. It would appear as though, like unhappy moths, they are attracted by the light, towards the danger which they see, too late to avoid. It must be remembered, however, that these lighted headlands and sands are the true danger-points of the coast, and if they remained without the far-searching ray of the lighthouse, our wrecks would of a certainty be greatly increased.

Does it not seem strange, however, that we, the greatest maritime power in the world, should be behind our neighbours in our scientific arrangements for lighting our coasts? We have illuminated our smallest country towns with gas, and the electric light is a common thing in our places of amusement to show dissolving views; yet in the sailor's last agony, when his noble ship is amid the breakers, he finds no better light than the oil-lamp and reflector to warn him of his danger! How different they manage matters in France. A ship sailing up Channel sees on the English shore the feeble flicker of the oil-lamp at Dungeness, whilst on the opposite side the dioptric light at Cape Grisnez flashes a piercing ray far over the ocean. Possibly those who visited the Great Exhibition of 1851 remember a great cage of glass, the whole surface of which was cut in steps, as it were; this was the dioptric light, now universally adopted by the French, which, consists, in fact, of a combination of powerful lenses, which concentrate the light in a series of brilliant flashes. It is a singular fact, however, that the very perfection of this light is now and then a cause of disaster. Its aim is to throw all its rays in parallel lines so as to give forth a thin yet concentrated disk of light, which penetrates to a great distance. Unhappily, however, it is just possible for a ship in a fog to get underneath this ray, and thus fall upon the danger. This was the case with the unfortunate Dunbar emigrant ship, which went on shore on the Sidney Headland, the dioptric light on whose summit did not suffice to show the danger immediately at its foot; illustrating the old proverb, that "the darkest place is underneath the candlestick."

There can be no doubt that lighthouses, notwithstanding what we have said, are in many cases the direct cause of wrecks, inasmuch as although they indicate points of the coast to be avoided, it is nevertheless necessary first to find them, in order to show the seaman his whereabouts. It is the first aim of a captain to make certain lights; to seek the danger, in order that he may avoid it; hence the disasters that sometimes occur. A knowledge of this fact has led Mr. Herbert, of the Trinity House, to propose a scheme of lighting, what he calls the "Fair way," instead of the danger points on shore. Thus, he would moor a series of light-ships, shaped somewhat like a common kitchen candlestick, so as to oppose the least resistance to wind and waves, up the middle of the English Channel. The powerful lights of these ships would be seen perhaps thirty miles off; by moving them, say at forty miles distance from each other, they would afford a continuous light all up Channel; and the ship making the westernmost, off the Lizard, would be enabled to feel her way up the mid channel, almost with as much safety as a cab would go up Regent Street.

If such a plan could be carried out, and the necessity of sighting land for the sake of the lighthouses could be avoided, an immense saving of life and property would be the result. During the year ending 1859, in which one of the most disastrous storms ever remembered occurred, that of the 25th and 26th of October, no less than 1416 casualties happened upon our coasts, and 1645 persons were lost, and property to the amount of nearly 2,000,000*l.* of money. The different sides of the island have by no means contributed equally to this tremendous loss. The east coast, iron-bound and bestrewn with sandbanks, has long held the fatal pre-emience in this particular, and the collier brigs and schooners trading between the coal districts and London are the main sufferers, no less than 621 casualties having occurred among them last year; whilst on the south coast there were only 136, and on the west coast 466, an unusual number. But it must be remembered that the most destructive gales have been from the west and south-west, the great cyclone of October 26th moving towards the north-east. The minute manner in which this remarkable storm was watched has resulted in the elucidation of some very remarkable facts, which have been given to the world by Admiral Fitzroy, the chief of the Meteorological Department of the Admiralty. He tells us that this circular storm swept northward within a very limited area, not more than 300 miles in diameter, or about the breadth of our own island; whilst the wind swept round in a circle the contrary way to watch-hands,

having a central lull, at the rate of eighty miles an hour, the whole storm did not progress at a greater speed than twenty miles an hour—an express train, in fact, would have run away from it—and places in the north-east of Scotland did not come within its influence until a day after it had ravaged the south coast. Admiral Fitzroy deduces from this fact, that we shall possibly be enabled in future *to telegraph the approach of storms*. Thus, if the unfortunate Royal Charter had been telegraphed from the southern point of England of the approach of the cyclone in which she was lost, and for which there would have been ample time, she might have steamed out of her perilous position, and received the hurricane in the comparative safety of an open sea.

Are our sailors more reckless than those of other nations, or are our ships worse built, found, and navigated? We ask the question because of the remarkable fact, that very nearly double the number of casualties occur to British ships than to those of other nations employed in precisely the same service—the coasting trade of the United Kingdom; and this remarkable discrepancy seems an increasing one, for while the casualties of British coasters rose from 927 in 1858 to 1187 in 1859, the casualties to foreign ships similarly employed have decreased from 209 to 188! As it is certain that we are not less skilful than other maritime nations, this remarkable discrepancy can only be accounted for by the drunkenness of our captains, and the want of ordinary care on board our ships. Mr. Lindsay boldly asserted before a committee of the House of Commons, that in consequence of these known faults on board British ships, shippers generally gave the preference to foreign vessels, feeling certain that their goods would arrive at their destination in better order and more securely than if sent in native craft. If this be true, it affords a remarkable instance of the material loss entailed upon the country by our national habit of intemperance.

There can be no doubt, however, that one fertile source of disaster among British shipping springs out of the go-a-head character of the times. Collisions have for years been on the increase—the numbers having run up from 57 in 1852 to 349 in 1859. The introduction of steam has been the main cause of this blundering conduct, for the pace has been greatly increased without a corresponding vigilance with respect to the look-out. It would seem almost impossible for two ships to come together in the open channel by daylight, but such wilful mishaps are constantly occurring owing to the disregard of the rule of the road, and the blundering manner in which steamers go a-head without looking before them. The proverbial carelessness of the sailor is fully borne out by the list of causes to which shipwrecks are attributable. The simple duty of casting the lead—a practice which enables the bewildered seaman to ascertain for certainty, and with little trouble, whether he is near land or not—is, in the great majority of cases, neglected altogether. Another most reckless piece of carelessness on the part of seamen is to neglect to shackle spare anchors on to their chains. We can only feebly parallel such recklessness as this, by supposing coachmen who had long down-hill journeys to perform, to stow away the skid in the front boot.

There are other causes at work in modern ships which lead to shipwrecks, which are little suspected. Among these are the effects of masses of iron upon the compass, especially in iron ships. It seems extraordinary that the precaution of "swinging" the ship, for the purpose of ascertaining if there is any deviation of the compass, should be confined to Queen's ships. Emigrant vessels go to sea with as many lives, and often of a more valuable character than a second-rate, yet this precaution is utterly neglected. It is believed that an iron tank on board the Reliance Indiaman, which was lost with all hands near Ambleteuse, on the French coast, within sight of our shores, after a voyage from the East, was the cause of the disaster. When the Agamemnon adjusted compasses preparatory to sailing with the Atlantic telegraphic cable, it was found that there was a deviation in her compass of no less than seventeen degrees! Nevertheless, a ship will sail for India with a cargo of railway iron in perfect ignorance that her compass, under such circumstances, is only a delusion and a snare. But it does not require a mass of iron to vitiate the trembling needle, and turn it into an instrument of destruction instead of safety. A very small particle of this metal will suffice, provided it be only placed near the binnacle. A singular instance of this occurred during the Crimean war. A transport sailing with troops and stores was observed to shape her course safely enough by day; but at night her steering was perfectly wild. The whole thing was a complete puzzle, until some one suggested that possibly the binnacle lamps had something to do with it, and, on examining them, it was found that concealed iron hoops had been introduced to strengthen their framework. Underneath brass-work, in the form of hand-rails, stoves, &c., iron is generally found lurking in the immediate vicinity of the compass—thus, unknown to the navigator, a second hand may be said to be at the wheel, counteracting the calculations of the helmsman, and often sending the ship on to the sunken rock. It is the custom now, in some iron-built ships, to have what is termed a standard compass placed at the head of the lower mizen-mast—an elevation sufficient to take it out of the influence of the iron in the hull. The Great Eastern is, we believe, fitted with one of these compasses by which to correct the errors of the compass on deck.

Another source of shipwreck is also to be attributed to the want of scientific accuracy—we allude to the defect in the generality of charts used by the merchant marine. It is very often the case that a ship will sail with some antiquated map of an utterless worthless character. The Admiralty are obliged to post up their own charts within twenty-four hours of any intelligence of the change of buoys or the erection of new lighthouses having reached head-quarters. Private chart-sellers should most certainly be compelled to correct their plates at the earliest possible date, otherwise they prove but blind leaders of the blind.

It will scarcely be believed, however, that very many seas and shores in Europe have not been yet surveyed. Our readers who remember that the African and Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean were the earliest seats of civilisation, will be surprised to hear that we know nothing of them with any accuracy. The topography of the eastern seas, according to the dictum of the hydrographer of the Admiralty, is as little known as that of the mountains of the moon; is there any wonder, therefore, that we so often hear of fearful shipwrecks of large vessels in those regions. If, however, our want of scientific knowledge imperils commerce in the east, we fear that in the west, positive fraud is far more destructive.

The Florida Reef is now the head-quarters of wreckers, but it is a notorious fact that in a vast number of cases the captains of the American marine are in collusion with these villains. Thus it is a common thing for a Yankee skipper to put his ship wilfully in such situations of danger in these latitudes as to demand the services of these harpies, who then demand salvage, which they divide with the captain! Sometimes, however, this worthy does this villainous work all himself, that is if he is owner as well as commander, in which case he deliberately sails his ship to destruction for the sake of netting the insurance, but too often effected upon a cargo that has previously been surreptitiously removed. In other cases, when there has been no absolute fraud on the part of the captain, there can be little doubt that the system of marine insurance comes in to complete the destruction accident may have commenced. For instance, if a ship receives any damage, but is rescued from it by the exertions of the captain, he is certain to entail a direct loss upon his employer, inasmuch as the assured in such cases is obliged to bear one-third of the loss; but if the loss is "total" the assurance is paid in full.

The working of this absurd regulation, in the majority of cases, is to cause the captain to leave his ship to her fate whenever she gets damaged, in order not to risk the displeasure of his owner. There can be no doubt that if the insurers were to agree to pay the whole amount of the assurance, whether the ship were saved or lost, that a large number of vessels would be brought into port, that are now abandoned for the sake of saving the full assurance.

In order to counteract the villainies that are perpetrated with respect to assured property at sea, Lloyds and the other marine assurance offices maintain agents in nearly every existing port. Thus the insurers in London and other great ports are Argus-eyed, as it were, and handed like Briareus. For no sooner does a wreck occur, in any European water, at least, than the fact is instantly reported to Lloyds. Here the nature of the calamity is posted into a large volume, termed the Loss Book, which remains open in the long room of this establishment.

To this portentous folio the merchant makes his way in the morning, possibly to find that his argosy was lost during the night on some far-off reef in the Mediterranean; to this book, with still greater concern, the underwriter, makes his way, perchance to find half the earnings of the year sunk on some hidden rock! But if the telegraph is thus swift to tell of disaster, it is also swift to bring succour. Thus the underwriters no sooner learn that a ship in which they have an interest has just touched the shore, than the steam-tug is sent to her rescue, and what otherwise would have been a "total" is mitigated into a partial loss. Thus interest counteracts interest, and, in a rough way, fair dealing is maintained. The ramification of telegraphic wires over the seas and along the coasts of the habitable globe will, year by year, tend to the preservation of voyaging ships and their hardy crews, for no spot will be hereafter beyond the call of powerful corporations and associations banded together to save life and property.

In the wreck chart which we opened before our readers at the beginning of this article, besides the black dots strewn around the coast, indicative of the sites of marine disasters during the past year, certain red characters, are seen which mark the stations of our life-boats and mortar and rocket apparatus. Where the black dots are thickest, there also the red dots crowd. On the east coast, especially near the fatal Yarmouth sands, these red spots form quite a thick rash upon the seabord. Where the chief danger is, there these means of rescue jostle each other to rush to it. No less than 158 life-boats watch by night and day around our coasts, and are ready to put off in storms, through which no other light craft could for a moment live, to the assistance of the drowning mariner. Besides these gallant boats, rocket and mortar apparatus are posted in 216 stations along the coasts of the United Kingdom and Ireland, and these instruments of salvation are in the trained hands of the coast-guard service, and, together with the life-boats, were instrumental, during the last year, in saving the lives of 551 fellow-creatures. If we compare the state of our coasts at the present time with their condition a hundred years ago, we shall find two pictures which most forcibly illustrate the humanising tendency of the age. In the former period, the object of the people on the coast was to make wrecks, rather than to prevent them; large numbers of our seafaring folks used to eke out their means of subsistence by plundering vessels that, in many cases, they had lured on shore by hanging out decoy lights. At the present moment there is not a dangerous headland, a treacherous sand-bank, or a sunken rock, but there also is to be found the gallant boat's crew listening for the minute-gun through the storm, or the patient coast-guard with ready match, prepared on the instant to speed the fiery rocket or the round shot laden with the life-line to the stranded ship. Whilst Nature fights against the mariner, and hurls him on the coast with relentless fury, Art, from the land, hurls forth her cunning engines, and wrestles with her for the stake of human life. Who that has seen a life-boat put forth in the very fury of a storm but has watched this fight with the elements with intense excitement! Who that has seen the same boat return, laden with rescued human life, but has felt a sublime emotion such as we experience only by

witnessing the most heroic acts! May this good fight go on year by year, and may the date 1870 so give us the mastery over Nature that we shall not have to record in that year, as during the last, that 1645 sailors have been drowned upon our coasts. A. W.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Remains of the Confessor's Buildings at Westminster Abbey.

SOMETHING new about Westminster Abbey! What, after the library of books that have been written, from the account of Keepe to the "Minsters of England," published by Stanford in this year of grace 1860, can there possibly be anything new said? Even so; under the shadow of the old Abbey are "things not generally known," and certainly inaccessible to the general public. Let us try, as well as we are able, with the means of pen and ink, to give a sketch of this *terra incognita* to our readers. We shall simply detail, with one exception hereafter to be noticed, the aspect of places which we have actually seen and traversed—buildings of the time of the Confessor, remnants of a larger pile eight centuries old.

Few persons, as they cross the Broad Sanctuary or Palace Yard, or take their way to St. John's Square—mayhap to trace the house in which D'Israeli's Sybil counted the hours tolled by the clock of that extraordinary piece of barbaric magnificence, the church which fills the centre of the enclosure—can reproduce to their mind's eye the ancient grandeur of that superb abbey, its accessory buildings, and ample precinct. Allow us to recall the scene. To the south of King Street stood the northern gateway of the abbey, a double prison-gate, with doors opening westward and southward—the Bishop of London's prison for refractory clerks, and subsequently of John Selden, Sir Walter Raleigh, jovial Pepys, and Colonel Richard Lovelace, who sung here that glorious strain within his gloomy cell,—

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage.

On the site of the present Sessions House was the detached belfry tower of the abbey, like that now to be seen near Chichester Cathedral, and adjoining it stood the chapel of the Sanctuary, the Alsatia of the west of London, and the birthplace of the unhappy Edward V., from which he was consigned to a more fatal durance in the Tower. Westward, where the new hotel is rapidly approaching completion, was the Almonry, in which Caxton first practised his immortal art—a site deserving a national commemoration. Fronting the gateway was a bridge, first built by "good Queen Maud," across the arm of the Thames that moated Thorney Island, at the head of Tothill-street. Westward and southward the walls bent round along the modern Dean and College streets; to the south of the latter were the bowling-green, with the hooded gamesters busy at their sport; the Abbat's pleasaunce with its sweet flowers and

babbling runnels, and the Hostry garden of the hospitable Guest-house, well-filled with vines and fruits, adjoining the Paradise and orchard, and beyond which stretched the meadows of Tothill, Eubery, and Neyte, where the snipe and wild duck fed among the marshes, and fish for fasting-days filled the pools; where the golden corn ricks redden in the sun, and the ruddy cattle and snow-white sheep have their folds. At the foot of College Street was another bridge; and to the eastward lay the king's palace.

Entering by the southern gateway, on the left are granaries, with their massive tower and double tier of pointed windows, the bakehouses and brewhouses stretching westwards; on the right are monastic offices, with old walls of grey flint and coigns of stone. Two gateways flank the cellarer's apartments on the east side, and these still remain; the northern tower was, as now, the porter's lodge; the southernmost opened into the quadrangle, and the present Little Dean's-yard, but then surrounded with the lodgings of the subordinate great officers of the abbey—the prior, sacrist, chamberlain, and lesser ecclesiastical magnates.

If we now pass under the porter's lodge, we shall see on the left a small court-yard; on the north is the Jerusalem Chamber, once the abbat's great chamber, and deriving its name from pictures of the Holy City which adorned its walls; on the west is the Abbot's Hall, now the dining-room of the Westminster schoolboys; and on the east and south is the deanery, formerly the abbat's lodge, and the palace of the Bishop of Westminster during the short episcopate of Dr. T. Thurlby. The Jerusalem Chamber, in which King Henry IV. died, and Sir Isaac Newton and Campbell the poet were laid in state, contains some curious glass of the time of Henry III., a quaintly-carved Jacobæan mantlepiece of cedar-wood, and portions of the old tapestry hangings which long formed the ornament of the choir.

We will now enter the South Cloister, in which rests the great canonist Lyndwood, Bishop of St. David's, whose remains were transferred hither not many years since from the undercroft of St. Stephen's Chapel. Beautiful indeed is the solemn grey light—beautiful the misty perspective; yet it is not a hundred years ago since the wife of a reverend canon felt herself oppressed by the spleen, the vapours, or some similar complaint—mysteriously restricted to be the torment of the gentler sex—and prayed and besought her reverend spouse to alter what to her appeared a dim funereal hue. The canon consented: the edict went forth for whitewash: and whitewashed these glorious alleys would have been, but that the dean, one of the first of Oxford scholars as well as a man of taste, suddenly appeared—a *Deus ex machinâ*—when he was supposed to be snugly rusticating in the country, and stayed the profane hands, we trust for ever and a day. In these days we should have a storm of indignation raised at such an act of barbarity, as efficacious as that unearthly tempest which routed Dr. Dee under these grey roofs when he was plying his magic wand to discover the monks' buried treasures. On the right-hand side of the door, which is marked by a brass plate bearing the name of the sub-dean, is a blank arcade, which served as the lavatory of the monks. Let us pass through another door on the lower side. We enter a little yard surrounded by sheds, and stumble, if we are not forewarned, over planks and garden tools; one moment—just peep behind that woodstore, and on that bit of rugged wall you will, even in the imperfect light, discern traces of a round-headed arcade: that is a fragment of the south wall of the monks' refectory. Now look up, with your back turned on that relic of one of the oldest parts of the conventual buildings; it is Saxon work, and you will see a range of decorated windows in that South Cloister wall, which lighted once the north side of that same chamber, where, on the annual high day, the salmon was served after having been laid before the high altar of the choir; there the successor of Edric the fisherman sate as the guest of my lord abbat. For the monks could tell a wonderful story of the ferry of Lambeth; how, at stormy midnight, a cry from the reedy shore of the Thames awoke the Saxon fisher to convey across the swollen river a mysterious stranger; how the unconsecrated minster suddenly blazed with tapers, and became vocal with pealing hymns; and when the bishop came at early dawn with holy oil and solemn procession, he found on walls and altar the unction administered by no less holy hands than those of St. Peter himself; and how the saint commended Edric to all good fortune, on condition that he and his sons should offer year by year a salmon in the new church dedicated to his honour.

Once more in the old Cloister. We glance up at the grand pile of the Minster through the bars of the moulding arcade, and down at the rude effigies of abbats laid under the low-arched recesses below the bench table, and tread upon Long Meg, the huge stone that covers the Forty who fell victims in a great year of plague and pestilence, centuries ago; on the right side is the last alley of the Cloister, on the left hand are the Dark Cloisters—alas! they have been whitewashed. Along the walls will be seen a range of doors; the northernmost the superb entrance of the vestibule of the Chapter-house; the next that of the Library, whereby hangs a tale; the third that of the Pyx-chamber, and then others which we shall enter in succession; nearly at the extreme end is the passage into the Little Cloisters.

This line of building, raised by the Confessor, forms the substructure of the Dormitory, now the Westminster boys' schoolroom. It runs in a direct line southward from the south transept, and is divided through the greater part of its length, about 100 feet in extent, by an arcade of massive columns. The range was once continuous and open like the ambulatory of Fountains Abbey, which was in fact a series of store-chambers allotted to the reception of the wheat grown and wool shorn by the homely farmer-like Cistercians, in preparation for their annual fair, and the base of the market-cross still stands among the ruins. The buildings at Westminster are similarly divided. The rude pillars, three feet six inches in diameter and three feet five inches high in the shaft, have only a rude abacus and chamfer, like a Doric capital, with bases as simple. They carry a plain groining with

square transverse ribs: and the southern portion has a waggon vault of tufa laid in rubble work still retaining in the plaster the traces of the centering-boards. One rude loop window yet remains. The Norman monks were sorely grieved with the simplicity of the capitals, and pared down the homely axe-hewn block, ornamenting the edges with quaint masks, and the opposite sides, where no partition intervened, with patterns of foliage of graceful design.

The Chapel of the Pyx is entered only by the representatives of the Exchequer, Treasury, and Goldsmiths' Company, who are armed with six mighty keys, when they come to assay new coin with the standards of the realm, which are here preserved. No other "Sesame" can open this mysterious door, or admit to the secrets that lie behind. And a gloomy, murky, low-browed den it is, after all, with presses against the wall, once containing records of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and retaining drawers labelled in the handwriting of "painful Master Agarde," and on the floor empty chests and cases of the XIIIth century, one of leather, powdered with fleur-de-lys, and strapped with iron, another with thick plates of the same material; and a third, of richer work in metal, with the dies of medieval coins. In the eastern bay stands a stone altar, with the round hollow for the "mensa;" and a water-drain of the XIIIth century placed conveniently on one side. A detached column fills the centre of the building. The small windows are doubly grated, to prevent mischance from itching palms; they were probably added, according to the proverb, on the principle of shutting the door after the steed has been stolen, subsequent to the loss of 100,000*l.*, laid up prudently by Edward I. for his Scottish wars: a precedent worthy of imitation by modern Chancellors of Exchequer in these evil days of double and anticipated income-tax. The abbat and forty monks fell under bare suspicion, and were sent without benefit of clergy, or of judge and jury, to taste the cold comfort of the Tower.

On the east side of the chapel is the staircase to the Library; under which is a modern wine-cellar. On the door, once, probably, the entrance of the Pyx-chamber, are some dry, hard strips—fragments of white leather which once covered the entire surface—they are human skin! probably, flayed from some wretched thief caught in the act of peering too curiously into the dim darkness on the other side, and set up here as a warning to all bold robbers. A very narrow strip—a mere passage—lies between the cellar and the chamber beyond; when the present excellent architect of the abbey first entered it, he found the floor heaped up with rubbish, which had a springy motion beneath his feet. He searched this mass, which lay feet deep, and found a number of little poplar-wood boxes, with parchment deeds and seals of the XIIIth century, and a deposit of vellum packets, writs of the courts of justice, from the reign of Edward III. to Henry VII., and encaustic tiles with the glaze as fresh as when they left the kiln.

The undermost part of the heap was in a state of hopeless decay, the salvage lies on the floor of the Library. This room is part of the grand old dormitory, and retains its timber roof. Most of the old chartularies or MSS. of the abbey are in the keeping of that "helluo librorum," the British Museum. But still there are some curious books: old copies of the English Bible, 1540—1706; a Welsh Bible of 1588; a Suetonius, 1490; Suidas and Avicenna, 1498; Littleburius in Threnos, printed at Oxford, 1482; the Complutensian Polyglott, 1515; the first printed Greek edition of the Holy Scriptures, by Aldi at Venice, 1518; Day's Service Book, with the musical notation; Barnard's Cathedral Music (the only other known copy is at Berlin); Abbat Litlington's Missal, dated 1362, and the first edition of Aristotle, and Lucian, Florence, 1517; and an Editio-princeps of Plato on vellum. There is also a Μέγα ὄργανον, but not of Aristotle: curious fragments of iron-work spurs, rowels, &c., lie on a table, and in a book-case hard by are copies of Coronation Services; that of James II. is radiant with crimson and gold, a style of binding decreasing in splendour as it grows more modern, till, under the Reformed Parliament it dwindles into a thin ill-printed 4to. "done up" in glazed black covers. We took it at first for a form of Burial, or the Sermon preached before the Lords.

Let us now descend the stairs, and following the line of the Dark Cloisters and the very work of the Confessor, but deformed by modern whitewash, turn sharply to the eastward through the cross passage to the Little Cloisters. On the right is an oak-door and a small tower; the one was the entrance of the gloomy Star-chamber, that English Inquisition through which many a bold heart has passed fluttering and apprehensive of fine and mutilation. The other was the belfry of the Infirmary Chapel of St. Katharine. It is impossible now to decide whether the infirmary-hall lay east or west across the little garth, or may be traced in an apartment now converted into servants' rooms by floors and partitions in a canon's house, which boasts a fine Tudor-roof with carved bosses and beams, carefully whitewashed! In the south-west angle of the Little Cloister a door admits into the hall of the Infirmarer's house, built by Abbat Litlington, which has been recently restored; a gallery on the north side, once extended over the south aisle of the chapel beyond; the fire-place is still visible. The early perpendicular door of the Infirmary Chapel occupies the centre of the east alley of the Cloister, and the southern arcade of its nave of late Norman work, which remains, bears a great resemblance to that of a similar building at Ely.

Ruins of infirmary chapels are found about Canterbury and Peterborough. They were so designed that the sick monks could hear the service as they lay on their pallets. This chapel was the scene of the battle ecclesiastical between à Becket and Roger of York, when the northern primate plumped down in the lap of "Canterbury" on failing to dispossess himself of the presidential chair, and monks and retainers fought lustily, northern and southern, only ceasing when with bloody crowns and broken limbs, they at length took breath, and York, with a torn rochet and crimson face, betook himself to Windsor to complain lustily before the king. The College Garden was the Paradise of the infirmary, where Queen Mary kept tryst with Duke Maximilian,—the one

bright spot in a long life of sorrow. Here it was that the royal pursuivant brought the mandate of exile to the aged Feckenham, as he was planting some young trees.

"Sir," said the last of the Abbats, "suffer me to finish my work; but I know of a truth, that this Abbey of Westminster shall ever be preserved."

We must retrace our steps to the Great Cloister. Before us the beautiful double doorway, with faint traces of gold and colour; its exquisite scroll-work and foliage, with a tree of Jesse entwined, admits us to the vestibule of the Chapter-house, which is situated under the old dormitory. Those prints upon the stone-pavement were by the feet of the monks. On the right is the door with its ugly fringe of human skin; on the left the former entrance to the sacristy, commonly but erroneously known as the Chapel of St. Blaise. Before us is the inner vestibule with a flight of stairs leading up to the great portal of the Chapter-house; the walled-up windows on the side lighted the altar of the sacristy, which is now entered from the south transept. The footpace of the altar at the east end, and a fresco in oil of the Madonna, a crucifix with a Benedictine in prayer, remain, with a monkish distich:

Me, quem culpa gravis premit erige Virgo suavis,
Fac mihi placatum Christum, deleasque reatum.

The western end was the vestry, and years ago the rack for copes and vestments remained on the wall; the aumbries for the sacred vessels and jewels have been preserved; and so valuable was the store that three strong-doors—one lined with

The door of the Star Chamber, Westminster Abbey.

human skins—were considered to be indispensable to its security. A bridge of stone and a winding stair once formed a communication between the dormitory and transept.

The Chapter-house was, soon after its erection in the latter part of the thirteenth century, alienated from use by the Benedictines. In the two last parliaments of King Edward III. we find the Commons desired to remove from the Painted Chamber—"a leur ancienne place en la maison de chapitre de l'abbaye de Westm'." Almost 60 ft. in diameter, and only inferior in point of size to the Chapter-house of Lincoln, but far surpassing it in beauty, it is an octagon, a form substituted for the oblong ground-plan of the former century in imitation, probably, of the circular churches introduced by the Templars. The height of the crown of the vaulting is fifty-four feet; the groined roof was taken down upwards of a century since, but the ribs have been found carefully packed away in a recess in the walls. The central shafted pillar of Purbeck marble, thirty-five feet high, is still standing; beneath the boarded-floor lies a superb encaustic pavement with tiles of noble design, and stained with the legend of St. John and the Confessor; and the walls are arcaded with stalls, and, in one portion, have oil-paintings of the fourteenth century, representing the Saviour showing His five wounds to the Heavenly host, and angels with wings full of eyes within, and inscribed with the names of virtues, receiving the souls of the ransomed and setting crowns of gold upon their heads, as also some later paintings of subjects from the Apocalypse.

Some fine images and statues have survived the wreck wrought by iconoclasts; lovely little figures still stand among foliage of exquisite daintiness; capitals still retain their refined and delicate work; but the tall windows are blocked up with brick and stone, and the whole building betrays the neglect and ill-usage to which it has been for years subjected since it was converted into a public record office in the reign of Edward VI., and so continued until last year, when the curious collection was removed: Wills and pipe-rolls, rolls of parliament and treaties of state, the Domesday-book of the Norman, the golden bull of Clement VII. conferring the title of Defender of the Faith on Henry VIII., the resignation of the Scottish crown by John Baliol, and the exquisite seal wrought by the hands of Benvenuto Cellini, and attached to the treaty of perpetual amity signed by Bluff Hal and Francis I.

Below the Chapter-house is an undercroft—a crypt with a vault supported on a round pillar. Midway in its height the latter has a deep set aumbry for relics, cut into its very centre. There are also in the walls a water-drain, altar-recess, aumbry, and the sockets of a screen.

Once more in the Cloister; the door in the turret opposite is open, and up the winding stair we rise step by step until we stand alongside of the roof of the dormitory, which still retains two windows of the time of the Confessor. Southward rises the long north wall of the Refectory; were the windows divested of their brickwork, we might fancy the remainder of the building was yet perfect. We stoop our head, and pass under a low door into a small room with timbered partitions and plastered walls; it contains the indentures of the chapel of Henry VII., in a trunk of that period. On the other side of the compartment is the large painting of the White Hart, the badge of Richard II., and we think of his prophecy, that when that supporter was removed from the arms of England, her green fields should be crimsoned with the blood of her sons, warring one with another. We are standing in a tribune, built over the east alley of the cloister, which occupies the place of what would have been otherwise a west aisle of the south transept. Those muniment chests of oak, that quadrant-shaped cope-box, those coffers and trunks, some reaching back to the XIIIth century, contain the archives of the abbey. The *cope-box* is not here, but in the triforium gallery.

There, before us, is that glorious interior, the grandest of all Gothic buildings, majestic, imperturbable, sublime, beautiful as ever. The haze of grey and purple fills distant chantry and aisle, and floats through tall arches and along the gilded roofs: but on the diapered walls fall golden gleams, bars of light cast by the fast-westering sun; two lines of tapers in the choir grow momentarily brighter as we stand and gaze across the transept: and then from the white-robed choristers—the white robes gradually fading paler and paler with the waning daylight—rises the soft, low anthem in a minor key—in that voice of boys that seems with innocence to lose also its freshness and thrilling power. There is a passive inspiration in all around: the air grows thick with crowding fancies, enhanced by the indistinctness which falls shadowy and mysterious on the chanting choir, and the building that apparently dilates its vast dimensions; a sovereign anodyne for every sorrow seems to fill the very atmosphere. And then the glorious organ lifts its grand voice—broad waves of glorious music beat against the windows, shivering in every pane, as though they trembled for pleasure at those triumphant tones. Then all is still again, and—

> From yonder tower
> The day is tolled into eternity!
> How hollow, dread, and dismal is the peal,
> Now rolling up its vast account to Heaven!
> Awhile it undulates, then dies away
> In mutter'd echoes, like the ebbing groans
> Of drowning men!

We cannot close this paper without adding a few lines in acknowledgment of the great debt which the abbey owes to Mr. G. G. Scott, who has not only exposed to view the columns of St. Catherine's Chapel, which were formerly concealed in dust-bins and coal-cellars, opened and restored the vestibule to the Chapter-house, and discovered and reopened the staircase to what once was the Dormitory, but has stereotyped a large portion of the internal surface which was fast crumbling to decay, by saturating it with an invisible resinous solution. This process has been recently applied to the Royal tombs and the whole of the wall-arcading of the more ancient parts of the church, the older triforium, and the entrance to the Chapter-house; and it is intended to extend it to the rest of the building. Though much has been done in the way of preservation, and of restoration too, we fear that the spirit in which the Chapter, as a body, deal with the old monastic buildings is somewhat utilitarian, and that they are collectively too much inclined to view the remains of antiquity as a lot of rubbish which militates against the convenience of their residences and those of their officers and dependants. It is to be feared too that this utilitarian spirit may derive some encouragement from the contemplated removal of Westminster School from the precincts of the abbey to a more rural and retired spot, which would probably be followed at no distant interval by a removal also of some of the most interesting of ancient landmarks.

THE SALONS OF PARIS.

IT is not to be denied, that, under the present empire, the Parisian salons are one of the chief centres of opposition. Of all the institutions of France, the salons of the capital are those which have least wavered in the antipathy to the "*Neveu de l'oncle*," as Louis Napoleon has been proverbially called. But at this I see my English readers ready to ask one question; namely, what on earth I can mean by calling the salons of Paris an "institution?"

Now, in truth, I know of no other name to give them; for they seem to me to be somewhere about the only force that is persistent and self-subsistent, and that, springing from what I can only call the moral soil of the country, has grown with the

growth of the nation, identified itself with its habits and manners, and resisted governmental oppression under all its several forms. Every country has its particular agent of opposition to the executive power that rules it. We alone, in this happy island of ours, we being a self-governing set (which is precisely one of those "eccentricities" that no foreigner can understand), escape all necessity of confining the *Protestant* or opposing element to this or that particular portion of society. We have our House of Commons, our great public meetings, and our "Times." Of what use on earth would it be to us, who can speak for ourselves on all subjects, and at all times, to commit the guardianship of our rights and liberties to a hundred fine ladies, a hundred sprightly wits, threescore members of the Institute, or a thousand long-haired students with flat woollen caps and sea-spawn pipes. Yet these are the guardians of public liberties both in Germany and in France; and when they do not succeed in guarding liberty from insult or attack, they, at all events, undertake to protest against and worry out of their lives those who have attacked or insulted the glorious goddess. *We*, perverse, mad-headed, *indecorous* islanders (disrespect for the conventionalities of decorum is what we are most reproached with abroad), we do all the work for ourselves, and object to being "cared for," or even "made free," by lawyers, or bishops, or heroines, or poets, by duchesses, or even by *Herr Professors*. This is a whim of ours, and it being an averred fact, that we are the most obstinate and "contrairy" race in existence, we had e'en best be left to our own devices, and not meddled with, though not necessarily taken as an example by other better brought-up nations. They do these things in a very different way in France and Germany. When a small German potentate has attempted, by some obscure, incomprehensible enactment, to change the current of civilisation in the state over which he holds sway—when he has ordained something in the matter of beer, for instance, or made it unlawful to enter his metropolis by some one particular gate after ten o'clock at night—we all know what he has to look out for: the *Herrn Studenten* assemble, and, after some talking, more drinking, most of all smoking, they sally forth by daylight or torchlight, as it may be, and with any amount of patriotic choruses, shouted at the top of their voices, they bring what is termed "public opinion" to bear upon "the State," which is usually represented by a dozen heavy dragoons and one gunner. Whether Government or the "youth of the schools" gain the victory, is a matter of small moment. Public opinion has not its own way upon every occasion, even in the freest country in the world; but the important thing for us is, to know where "public opinion" resides—where the "corrective" for despotism is to be sought for. The corrective for despotism is to be sought for in Germany in the youth of the schools.

The analogous force in France must be looked for in the salons of Paris. What the German students do by dint of smoke, the salon-haunters of Paris do by dint of talk. Their pipes inspire the former to protect the rights of their fellow-citizens, the noise of their own tongues prompts the latter to a work of protestation that is eternal. What Mr. Bright does at Birmingham or elsewhere, when the spirit moves him to wage war upon the aristocracy of these realms, and declare the existence of dukes and marquises incompatible with the freedom of "the artisans whose labour fills all our shops and all our ships"—what Mr. Bright does upon these occasions, is done in France by great ladies and members of the Académie Française. And far be it from me to seem, in word or tone, disparaging to either. If France at the present hour has still retained any notion of social dignity, or any tradition of what would appear to us the commonest honesty or conviction, she owes it entirely to the steadfastness of opposition of the salons of Paris. Russians, under the reign of the first Emperor, Alexander, and just after the mysterious suppression of his father the madman Paul, used (quoting Voltaire) to say of their own form of Government, that it was "despotism tempered by assassination;" now you may really say of Imperial France, that its Government is "despotism tempered by talk."

Let us only fancy what a curious state of things it would be in which all our great "houses" should be either closed or hostile, sulky or shut. No Stafford House, or Devonshire House, or Cambridge House. No Houses at all! Suppose all Piccadilly, all Park Lane, Belgravia, and May Fair — suppose all those "family mansions" with their shutters shut, as in the month of September, or opened only to the voice of discontent. The thing would seem odd even to such Londoners as never participate in their stately festivities. When London is alive, and going its usual round of "dinners, balls, and parties," the very cabman on the stand knows that, though he and the owner of the palace opposite may not think alike on all points, there are some on which there is small difference of opinion between them. Try the unanimity of feeling on such a subject, for instance, as the Volunteer movement, or our Indian heroes, or the Queen, and see whether the duke and the dustman are not of one mind, and whether upon all occasions, when the national *heart* is touched, every fibre of the national body does not quiver responsively from head to heel! But here is just what does not take place in France. All the houses in Paris, from the Hôtel Pozzo to the Hôtel Duchâtel, are inhabited by masters and mistresses whose business it is, if they open their doors at all, to open them only to people who repudiate and declaim against the acts of the Government. And if you believe that honesty is better than fraud, and freedom preferable to oppression, you are obliged to be very glad for the morality of France that these centres of opposition still exist. They, at all events, keep alive a certain abstract moral sense in the public.

For instance, just take the following as a slight example of the "manners of the day." We are in a magnificently furnished apartment, upon whose plain white (very soberly gilded) panellings hang a few pictures by masters of the old French school (mostly family portraits). There is splendour everywhere and some comfort (except that the doors shut badly). Quiet is the presiding deity

of the scene; the lamp-light is subdued and quiet; the dresses of the ladies and the manners of the men are eminently quiet—all is quiet except the voices of the talkers; these are harsh in the male, shrill in the female occupants of the salon. Towards ten o'clock visitors drop in; and here is a vicomte, or a marquis, or simply Gaston de This, or Roger de That, from either the Jockey or the Baby Club.* And these young men are full of what has just happened to one of their own friends, and they tell the following story:

M. de N——, having a very fine horse, for which he does not particularly care, sells him one fine day to the administration of the Imperial stables. He sells him at the price he bought him for—200 guineas. A fortnight after the sale, his club-mates greet him laughingly, and say he has known how to "make a good thing for himself out of his nag." He looks surprised, and he is treated to the information that his horse was paid for by the Emperor four hundred pounds.

"You *only* doubled, old fellow, which was no bad result!" says one man among the rest, and M. de N—— is so determined to sift the entire business to the uttermost, that at last, much as he dislikes it, he is driven to ask an audience from the Emperor Louis Napoleon. And from the Emperor he gets the truth, and the truth is, that he, M. de N——, *sold* the horse for 200 guineas, but his Majesty paid 400! and the remainder has gone into the pockets of a very high-placed star-and-cross-bespangled personage. To M. de N——'s very natural indignation, his Majesty only replies the following:

"Well, I have an excellent stud-master,—perhaps you have too. Mine cheats me—perhaps yours does too. But what remedy is there?"

Now, in the salon we are in, this whole proceeding is spoken of indignantly, and is it not well that it should be so? In Imperialist circles, alas! if allowed to be spoken of, it would not be condemned, because where would be found those who could venture to "throw the first stone?" Is it not, therefore, well—whatever may be their other little absurdities—that there should be some few social centres where honesty and dishonesty are still called by their names?—where family traditions have for several generations taught that fraud was ungentlemanlike, and where really the very portraits on the walls would blush if they saw the younger ones of their race resorting to practices to which the law—when it takes cognisance of them—uses hard terms?

Here, then, the salon is useful as a corrective.

We will now step into another of these drawing-rooms: but this one shall be situated in another quarter, and shall be somewhat less aristocratical. It shall be less quiet too. Here there is gilding in profusion, and great magnificence, and a large assemblage of men and women are gathered together, among whom you may note all the celebrities of Louis Philippe's day, and they talk loudly of all that is going on. At last some one says: "But is it true that Madame M—— has been taken back to her husband by her father-in-law?" and at this question there is a slight lull in the conversation. People look round, and seem cautious; and then a few voices say, in a low tone: "Of course it is true:" and some one adds: "I was at O——" (naming a provincial town), "when it happened, and I know all about it." Then the speaker steps forth, and comes near to the master of the house, and they whisper together, and the story is this:

The son of a great Imperialist dignitary marries a large fortune, represented by a young lady. They go honeymooning to O——, where the bridegroom is named (by his own father) to a high financial post. The bridegroom had clamorous creditors, however, who, now he is married richly, *will* be paid. He charges a friend of his to settle all these unpleasant affairs; but they are not to be settled, and no money is forthcoming. So at last the young husband flies to his young wife, and says: "Lend me 20,000*l.*" (400,000*f.*), and the young wife says: "I won't;" besides which she adds, "I can't; for papa tied up my money, you know, before marriage, by the "*régime dotal.*" Then the young lord and master flies into a rage, and ends by horsewhipping his fair spouse, who runs away, and takes refuge with her father in the town of R——. Scandal therefore is terrible in two provincial cities, and soon in Paris, and "everybody" who is "anybody" knows the whole story in a week, and this creates fierce anger in high quarters.

Well then, here are our salon-full of people occupied about this anecdote, when a lady, addressing an elderly man of singularly intelligent countenance, but whose whole attitude is one of the bitterest contempt that can be incarnate in a human form, says: "But you, M. V——," (and she names such an illustrious name!) "you must know all about this." The man thus addressed nods his head: "Of course I do," he replies, in a whisper; "and so do many others,—but I request you will not quote me!"

And now, why does a man so illustrious as V——, a man who was one of his sovereign's ministers for many years, and to whom all France looks with pride—why does he hang back, and about a mere piece of drawing-room scandal "request" not to be quoted as an authority for what he admits he "well knows?" Why? Why because two nights before, a lesser man, an obscurer citizen, had been seized by order of the Ministry of the Interior, and transported from his home to the prison of Mazas, where it was thought advisable he should reflect upon the danger of talking too freely. Here was his crime: he had "talked!" This citizen was the "friend" who had been charged to "settle" M. M——'s affairs with his creditors, and his testimony to the truth of the whole, imprudently given, had brought down upon him the ministerial rigours, and probably several months will now pass by before this helpless victim of despotic rule will be restored to freedom. This is why such a man as V—— is desirous "not to be quoted;" and this is the kind of "talk" that goes on in Paris salons. In some, there is more indignation than fear; in others more fear than indignation: but in all

* The supplementary Jockey Club, incorporated just now with the former, but which, until quite lately, subsisted under the name I give, from its members being young men of one or two-and-twenty.

there is opposition, and all contribute, in a greater or less part, to the work of "correcting" the despotic form of government under which France now groans. Who shall be prepared to say their action is a mistaken or a useless one? Shall we, who live in the very midst of publicity and daylight, sneer at just this one only little evidence of public opinion that escapes from all the silent obscurity that hems the French nation in?

Parisian salons *are*, I maintain, an Institution, and the French of this day may be as glad they have got them still, as they had a right to be, when, under Louis XV., Madame du Deffand "spoilt and flattered" Horace Walpole in her own salon, or when, under Louis XIV., Madame la Marquise de Sévigné, in the salon of Madame de Rambouillet, played at Blind Man's Buff with the great Corneille.

MUSA.

AWAY with you, baby, away to the garden,
And leave ugly Latin to Algernon, do:
He *must* learn the lesson, although it's a hard one,
But, darling, there's plenty of time before you.

Oh, if you but knew, dear, you'd run like the kitten,
And scamper away from a future that waits:—
If you knew the dry nonsense the big folks have written
On purpose to pester the little folks' pates.

We want all poor Algernon's deepest attention,
You see his sad case by the way that he frowns;
He's fighting a thing that they call a declension—
A sort of a regiment of soldiers called nouns.

He'll beat them, you know, for he's brave and he's willing;
And going to work at them, hammer and tongs,
And mamma knows who'll give him a splendid new shilling
As soon as he's perfect to—here, see,—"*By Songs*."

So don't interrupt him, my darling, with chatter,
He stops in his lesson to look up and laugh:
His fragile conception of datives you scatter,
And cut his poor ablative plural in half.

What, blue eyes wide open at hearing such tidings,
At being accused in such very long words,
And looking as wistful as if they were chidings?
No, darling, run off to the flowers and the birds.

Eh? *you* want a lesson? Well! count all those roses,
For each you leave out you must pay me a kiss:
And Al shall be free, too, the moment he knows his
Musæ, musarum, mu—what, Al?—*musis*.

So off with you, baby, and O! be contented
That you've got no lesson to cloud that white brow,
Some day you'll wish Latin had not been invented:
Perhaps, in her heart, mamma wishes so now.

E. M. B.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXVI. MRS. MEL MAKES A BED FOR HERSELF AND FAMILY.

THE last person thought of by her children at this period was Mrs. Mel: nor had she been thinking much of them till a letter from Mr. Goren arrived one day, which caused her to pass them seriously in review. Always an early bird, and with maxims of her own on the subject of rising and getting the worm, she was standing in a small perch in a corner of the shop, dictating accounts to Mrs. Fiske, who was copying hurriedly that she might earn sweet intervals for gossip, when Dandy limped up and delivered the letter. Mrs. Fiske worked hard while her aunt was occupied in reading it, for a great deal of fresh talk follows the advent of the post, and may be reckoned on. Without looking up, however, she could tell presently that the letter had been read through. Such being the case, and no conversation coming of it, her curiosity was violent. Her aunt's face, too, was an index of something extraordinary. That inflexible woman, instead of alluding to the letter in any way, folded it up, and renewed her dictation. It became a contest between them which should show her human nature first. Mrs. Mel had to repress what she knew; Mrs. Fiske to control the passion for intelligence. The close neighbourhood of one anxious to receive, and one capable of giving, waxed too much for both.

"I think, Anne, you are stupid this morning," said Mrs. Mel.

"Well, I am, aunt," said Mrs. Fiske, pretending not to see which was the first to unbend, "I don't know what it is. The figures seem all dazzled like. I shall really be glad when Evan comes to take his proper place."

"Ah!" went Mrs. Mel, and Mrs. Fiske

heard her muttering. Then she cried out: "Are Harriet and Caroline as great liars as Louisa?"

Mrs. Fiske grimaced. "That would be difficult, would it not, aunt?"

"And I have been telling everybody that my son is in town learning his business, when he's idling at a country house, and trying to play his father over again! Upon my word, what with liars and fools, if you go to sleep a minute you have a month's work on your back."

"What is it, aunt?" Mrs. Fiske feebly inquired.

"A gentleman, I suppose! He wouldn't take an order if it was offered. Upon my word, when tailors think of winning heiresses it's time we went back to Adam and Eve."

"Do you mean Evan, aunt?" interposed Mrs. Fiske, who probably did not see the turns in her her aunt's mind.

"There—read for yourself," said Mrs. Mel, and left her with the letter.

Mrs. Fiske read that Mr. Goren had been astonished at Evan's non-appearance, and at his total silence; which he did not consider altogether gentlemanly behaviour, and certainly not such as his father would have practised. Mr. Goren regretted his absence the more as he would have found him useful in a remarkable invention he was about to patent, being a peculiar red cross upon shirts—a fortune to the patentee; but as Mr. Goren had no natural heirs of his body, he did not care for that. What affected him painfully was the news of Evan's doings at a noble house, Beckley Court, to wit, where, according to the report of a rich young gentleman friend, a Mr. Raikes (for whose custom Mr. Goren was bound to thank Evan), the youth who should have been learning the science of Tailoring, had actually passed himself off as a lord, or the son of one, or something of the kind, and had got engaged to a wealthy heiress, and would, no doubt, marry her if not found out. Where the chances of detection were so numerous, Mr. Goren saw much to condemn in the idea of such a marriage. But "like father like son," said Mr. Goren. He thanked the Lord that an honest tradesman was not looked down upon in this country; and, in fact, gave Mrs. Mel a few quiet digs to waken her remorse in having missed the man that he was.

When Mrs. Fiske met her aunt again, she returned her the letter, and simply remarked: "Louisa."

Mrs. Mel nodded. She understood the implication.

The General who had schemed so successfully to gain Evan time at Beckley Court, in his own despite and against a hundred obstructions, had now another enemy in the field, and one who, if she could not undo her work, could punish her. By the afternoon coach, Mrs. Mel, accompanied by Dandy her squire, was journeying to Fallowfield, bent upon desperate things. The faithful squire was kept by her side rather as a security for others than for his particular services. Dandy's arms were crossed, and his countenance was gloomy. He had been promised a holiday that afternoon to give his mistress, Sally, Kilne's cook, an airing, and Dandy knew in his soul that Sally, when she once made up her mind to an excursion, would go, and would not go alone, and that her very force of will endangered her constancy. He had begged humbly to be allowed to stay, but Mrs. Mel could not trust him. She ought to have told him so, perhaps. Explanations were not approved of by this well-intended despot, and however beneficial her resolves might turn out for all parties, it was natural that in the interim the children of her rule should revolt, and Dandy, picturing his Sally flaunting on the arm of some accursed low marine, haply, kicked against Mrs. Mel's sovereignty, though all that he did was to shoot out his fist from time to time, and grunt through his set teeth: "Iron!" doubtless to express the character of her awful rod.

Mrs. Mel alighted at the Dolphin, the landlady of which was a Mrs. Hawkshaw, a rival of Mrs. Sockley of the Green Dragon. She was welcomed by Mrs. Hawkshaw with considerable respect. The great Mel had sometimes slept at the Dolphin.

"Ah, that black!" she sighed, indicating Mrs. Mel's dress and the story it told.

"I can't give you his room, my dear Mrs. Harrington,—wishing I could! I'm sorry to say it's occupied, for all I ought to be glad, I dare say, for he's an old gentleman who does you a good turn, if you study him. But, there! I'd rather have had poor dear Mr. Harrington in my best bed than old or young—princes or nobodies, I would—he was that grand and pleasant."

Mrs. Mel had her tea in Mrs. Hawkshaw's parlour, and was entertained about her husband up to the hour of supper, when a short step and a querulous voice were heard in the passage, and an old gentleman appeared before them.

"Who's to carry up my trunk, ma'am? No men here?"

Mrs. Hawkshaw bustled out and tried to lay her hand on a man. Failing to find the growth spontaneous, she returned and begged the old gentleman to wait a few moments and the trunk would be sent up.

"Parcel o' women!" was his reply. "Regularly bedevilled. Gets worse and worse. I'll carry it up myself."

With a wheezy effort he persuaded the trunk to stand on one end, and then looked at it. The exertion made him hot, which may account for the rage he burst into when Mrs. Hawkshaw began flutteringly to apologise.

"You're sure, ma'am, sure—what are you sure of? I'll tell you what I'm sure of—eh? This keeping clear of men's a damned pretence. You don't impose upon me. Don't believe in your pothouse nunneries—not a bit. Just like you! when you *are* virtuous it's deuced inconvenient. Let one of the maids try? No. Don't believe in 'em."

Having thus relieved his spleen the old gentleman addressed himself to further efforts and waxed hotter. He managed to tilt the trunk over, and thus gained a length, and by this method of progression arrived at the foot of the

stairs, where he halted, and wiped his face, blowing lustily.

Mrs. Mel had been watching him with calm scorn all the while. She saw him attempt most ridiculously to impel the trunk upwards by a similar process, and thought it time to interfere.

"Don't you see, sir, you must either take it on your shoulders, or have a help?"

The old gentleman sprung up from his peculiarly tight posture to blaze round at her. He had the words well-peppered on his mouth, but somehow he stopped, and was subsequently content to growl: "Where's the help in a parcel o' petticoats?"

Mrs. Mel did not consider it necessary to give him an answer. She went up two or three steps, and took hold of one handle of the trunk, saying: "There; I think it can be managed this way," and she pointed for him to seize the other end with his hand.

He was now in that unpleasant state of prickly heat when testy old gentlemen could commit slaughter wholesale with ecstasy. Had it been the maid holding a candle who had dared to venture to advise, he would have overturned her undoubtedly, and established a fresh instance of the impertinence, the uselessness, and weakness of women. Mrs. Mel topped him by half a head, and in addition stood three steps above him; towering like a giantess. The extreme gravity of her large face dispersed all idea of an assault. The old gentleman showed signs of being horribly injured: nevertheless, he put his hand to the trunk: it was lifted, and the procession ascended the stairs in silence.

The landlady waited for Mrs. Mel to return, and then said:

"Really, Mrs. Harrington, you are clever. That lifting that trunk's as good as a lock and bolt on him. You've as good as made him a Dolphin—him that was one o' the oldest Green Dragons in Fallifield. My thanks to you most sincere."

Mrs. Mel sent out to hear where Dandy had got to: after which, she said: "Who is the man?"

"I told you, Mrs. Harrington—the oldest Green Dragon. His name, you mean? Do you know, if I was to breathe it out, I believe he'd jump out of the window. He'd be off, that you might swear to. Oh, such a whimsical! not ill-meaning—quite the contrary. Study his whims, and you'll never want. There's Mrs. Sockley—she's took ill. He won't go there—that's how I've caught him, my dear—but he pays her medicine, and she looks to him the same. He hate a sick house: but he pity a sick woman. Now, if I can only please him, I can always look on him as half a Dolphin, to say the least; and perhaps to-morrow I'll tell you who he is, and what, but not to-night; for there's his supper to get over, and that, they say, can be as bad as the busting of one of his own vats. Awful!"

"What does he eat?" said Mrs. Mel.

"A pair o' chops. That seem simple, now, don't it? And yet they chops make my heart go pitty-pat."

"The commonest things are the worst done," said Mrs. Mel.

"It ain't that; but they must be done his particular way, do you see, Mrs. Harrington. Laid close on the fire, he say, so as to keep in the juice. But he ups and bounces in a minute at a speck o' black. So, one thing or the other, there you are: no blacks, no juices, I say."

"Toast the chops," said Mrs. Mel.

The landlady of the Dolphin accepted this new idea with much enlightenment, but ruefully declared that she was afraid to go against his precise instructions. Mrs. Mel then folded her hands, and sat in quiet reserve. She was one of those numerous women who always know themselves to be right. She was also one of those very few whom Providence favours by confounding dissentients. She was positive the chops would be ill-cooked: but what could she do? She was not in command here; so she waited serenely for the certain disasters to enthrone her. Not that the matter of the chops occupied her mind particularly; nor could she dream that the pair in question were destined to form a part of her history, and divert the channel of her fortunes. Her thoughts were about her own immediate work; and when the landlady rushed in with the chops under a cover, and said: "Look at 'em, dear Mrs. Harrington! do look at 'em!" she had forgotten that she was again to be proved right by the turn of events.

"Oh, the chops!" she responded. "Yes: they don't look bad. Send them while they're hot."

"Send 'em! Why you don't think I'd have risked their cooling? I have sent 'em; and what do he do but send 'em travelling back, and here they be; and what objections his is I might study till I was blind, and I shouldn't see 'em."

"No; I suppose not," said Mrs. Mel. "He won't eat them?"

"Won't eat anything: but his bed-room candle immediately. And whether his sheets are aired. And Mary says he sniffed at the chops; and that gal really did expect he'd fling them at her. I told you what he was. Oh, dear!"

The bell was heard ringing in the midst of the landlady's lamentations.

"Go to him yourself," said Mrs. Mel. "No Christian man should go to sleep without his supper."

"Ah! but he ain't a common Christian," returned Mrs. Hawkshaw.

The old gentleman was in a hurry to know when his bed-room candle was coming up, or whether they intended to give him one at all that night; if not, let them say so, as he liked plain-speaking. The moment Mrs. Hawkshaw touched upon the chops, he stopped her mouth.

"Go about your business, ma'am. You can't cook 'em. I never expected you could cook 'em: I was a fool to try you. It requires at least ten years instruction before a man can get a woman to cook his chop as he likes it."

"But what was your complaint, sir?" said Mrs. Hawkshaw, imploringly.

"That's right!" and he rubbed his hands, and brightened his eyes savagely. "That's the way.

Opportunity for gossip! Thing's well done—down it goes: you know that. You can't have a word over it—eh? Thing's done fit to toss on a dung-heap, aha! Then there's a cackle! My belief is, you do it on purpose. Can't be such rank idiots. You do it on purpose. All done for gossip!"

"Oh, sir, no!" The landlady half curtsied.

"Oh, ma'am, yes!" The old gentleman bobbed his head.

"No, indeed, sir!" The landlady shook hers.

"Damn it, ma'am, I swear you do!"

Symptoms of utter wrath here accompanied the declaration; and, with a sigh and a very bitter feeling, Mrs. Hawkshaw allowed him to have the last word. Apparently this—which I must beg to call the lady's morsel—comforted his irascible system somewhat; for he remained in a state of composure eight minutes by the clock. And mark how little things hang together. Another word from the landlady, precipitating a retort from him, and a gesture or muttering from her; and from him a snapping outburst, and from her a sign that she held out still; in fact, had she chosen to battle for that last word, as in other cases she might have done, then would he have exploded, gone to bed in the dark, and insisted upon sleeping: the consequence of which would have been to change this history. Now while Mrs. Hawkshaw was up-stairs, Mrs. Mel called the servant, who took her to the kitchen, where she saw a prime loin of mutton; off which she cut two chops with a cunning hand: and these she toasted at a gradual distance, putting a plate beneath them, and a tin behind, and hanging the chops so that they would turn without having to be pierced. The bell rang twice before she could say the chops were ready. The first time, the maid had to tell the old gentleman she was taking up his water. Her next excuse was, that she had dropped her candle. The chops ready—who was to take them?

"Really, Mrs. Harrington, you are so clever, you ought, if I might be so bold as say so; you ought to end it yourself," said the landlady. "I can't ask him to eat them: he was all but on the busting point when I left him."

"And that there candle did for him quite," said Mary, the maid.

"I'm afraid it's chops cooked for nothing," added the landlady.

Mrs. Mel saw them endangered. The maid held back: the landlady feared.

"We can but try," she said.

"Oh! I wish mum, you'd face him, 'stead o' me," said Mary; "I do dread that old bear's den."

"Here, I will go," said Mrs. Mel. "Has he got his ale? Better draw it fresh, if he drinks any."

And up-stairs she marched, the landlady remaining below to listen for the commencement of the disturbance. An utterance of something certainly followed Mrs. Mel's entrance into the old bear's den. Then silence. Then what might have been question and answer. Then—was Mrs. Mel assaulted? and which was knocked down? It really was a chair being moved to the table. The door opened.

"Yes, ma'am; do what you like," the landlady heard. Mrs. Mel descended, saying: "Send him up some fresh ale."

"And you have made him sit down obedient to those chops?" cried the landlady. "Well might poor dear Mr. Harrington—pleasant man as he was!—say, as he used to say, 'There's lovely women in the world, Mrs. Hawkshaw,' he'd say, 'and there's duchesses,' he'd say, 'and there's they that can sing, and can dance, and some,' he says, 'that can cook.' But he'd look sly as he'd stoop his head and shake it. 'Roll 'em into one,' he says, 'and not any of your grand ladies can match my wife at home.' And, indeed, Mrs. Harrington, he told me he thought so many a time in the great company he frequented."

Perfect peace reigning above, Mrs. Hawkshaw and Mrs. Mel sat down to supper below; and Mrs. Hawkshaw talked much of the great one gone. His relict did not care to converse about the dead, save in their practical aspects as ghosts; but she listened, and that passed the time. By and by the old gentleman rang, and sent a civil message to know if the landlady had ship's rum in the house.

"Dear! here's another trouble," cried the poor woman. "No—none!"

"Say, yes," said Mrs. Mel, and called Dandy, and charged him to run down the street to the square, and ask for the house of Mr. Coxwell, the maltster, and beg of him, in her name, a bottle of his ship's rum.

"And don't you tumble down and break the bottle, Dandy. Accidents with spirit-bottles are not excused."

Dandy went on the errand, after an energetic grunt of "Iron!"

In due time he returned with the bottle, whole and sound, and Mr. Coxwell's compliments. Mrs. Mel examined the cork to see that no process of suction had been attempted, and then said:

"Carry it up to him, Dandy. Let him see there's a man in the house besides himself."

"Why, my dear," the landlady turned to her, "it seems natural to you to be mistress where you go. I don't at all mind, for ain't it my profit? But you do take us off our legs."

"Iron!" was heard in muttered thunder from Dandy aloft.

Then the landlady, warmed by gratitude towards Mrs. Mel, told her that the old gentleman was the great London brewer, who brewed there with his brother, and brewed for himself five miles out of Fallowfield, half of which and a good part of the neighbourhood he owned, and his name was Mr. Tom Cogglesby.

"Oh!" went Mrs. Mel. "And his brother is Mr. Andrew."

"That's it," said the landlady. "And because he took it into his head to go and to choose for himself, and be married, no getting his brother, Mr. Tom, to speak to him. Why not, indeed? If there's to be no marrying, the sooner we lay down and give up, the better, I think. But that's his way. He do hate us women, Mrs. Harrington. I have heard he was crossed. Some say it was the lady of Beckley Court, who was a beauty when he was only a poor cobbler's son."

Mrs. Mel breathed nothing of her relationship

to Mr. Tom, but continued, from time to time, to express solicitude about Dandy. They heard the door open, and old Tom laughing in a capital good temper, and then Dandy came down, evidently full of ship's rum.

"He's pumped me!" said Dandy, nodding heavily at his mistress.

Mrs. Mel took him up to his bed-room, and locked the door. On her way back she passed old Tom's chamber, and his chuckles were audible to her.

"They finished the rum," said Mrs. Hawkshaw.

"I shall rate him for that to-morrow," said Mrs. Mel. "Giving that poor beast liquor!"

"Rate Mr. Tom? Oh! Mrs. Harrington! Why, he'll snap your head off for a word."

Mrs. Mel replied that her head would require a great deal of snapping to come off.

During this conversation they had both heard a singular intermittent noise above. Mrs. Hawkshaw was the first to ask:

"What can it be? More trouble with him? He's in his bedroom now."

"Mad with drink, like Dandy, perhaps," said Mrs. Mel.

"Hark!" cried the landlady. "Oh!"

It seemed that old Tom was bouncing about in an extraordinary manner. Now came a pause, as if he had sworn to take his rest: now the room shook, and the windows rattled.

"One 'd think, really, his bed was a frying-pan, and him a live fish in it," said the landlady. "Oh—there, again! My goodness! have he got a flea?"

The thought turned Mrs. Hawkshaw white. Mrs. Mel joined in:

"Or a ——"

"Don't! don't, my dear!" she was cut short. "Oh! one o' them little things 'd be ruin to me. To think o' that! Hark at him! It must be. And what's to do? I've sent the maids to bed. We haven't a man. If I was to go and knock at his door, and ask?"

"Better try and get him to be quiet somehow."

"Ah! I dare say I shall make him fire out fifty times worse."

Mrs. Hawkshaw stipulated that Mrs. Mel should stand by her, and the two women went up-stairs and stood at old Tom's door. There they could hear him fuming and muttering unearthly imprecations, and anon there was an interval of silence, and then the room was shaken, and the cursings recommenced.

"It must be a fight he's having with a flea," said the landlady. "Oh! pray heaven, it is a flea. For a flea, my dear—gentlemen may bring that theirselves; but a b—, that's a stationary, and born of a bed. Don't you hear? The other thing 'd give him a minute's rest; but a flea 's hop—hop—off and on. And he sound like an old gentleman worried by a flea. What are you doing?"

Mrs. Mel had knocked at the door. The landlady waited breathlessly for the result. It appeared to have quieted old Tom.

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Mel, severely.

The landlady implored her to speak him fair, and reflect on the desperate things he might attempt.

"What's the matter? Can anything be done for you?"

Mr. Tom Cogglesby's reply comprised an insinuation so infamous regarding women when they have a solitary man in their power, that I refuse to place it on record.

"Is anything the matter with your bed?"

"Anything? Yes; anything is the matter, ma'am. Hope twenty live geese inside it's enough—eh? Bed, do you call it? It's the rack! It's damnation! Bed? Ha!"

After delivering this, he was heard stamping up and down the room.

"My very best bed!" whispered the landlady. "Would it please you, sir, to change—I can give you another?"

"I'm not a man of experiments, ma'am—'specially in strange houses."

"So very, very sorry!"

"What the deuce!" Old Tom came close to the door. "You whimpering! You put a man in a beast of a bed—you drive him half mad—and then begin to blubber! Go away."

"I am so sorry, sir!"

"If you don't go away, ma'am, I shall think your intentions are improper."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried poor Mrs. Hawkshaw. "What can you do with him? I never was suspected of such a thing."

"And I'll open the door, ma'am, and then—ha! Then!—though I am the only man in the house —"

Mrs. Mel put Mrs. Hawkshaw behind her.

"Are you dressed?" she called out.

In this way Mrs. Mel tackled old Tom. He was told that should he consent to cover himself decently, she would come into his room and make his bed comfortable. And in a voice that dispersed armies of inuendoes, she bade him take his choice, either to rest quiet or do her bidding.

Had old Tom found his master at last, and in one of the hated sex?

Breathlessly Mrs. Hawkshaw waited his answer, and she was an astonished woman when it came.

"Very well, ma'am. Wait a couple of minutes. Do as you like."

On their admission to the interior of the chamber, old Tom was exhibited in his daily garb, sufficiently subdued to be civil and explain the cause of his discomfort. Lumps in his bed. He was bruised by them. He supposed he couldn't ask women to judge for themselves—they'd be shrieking—but he could assure them he was blue all down his back. He knew it by the glass. No mistake. He believed the geese in the bed were not alive now, or they took a deuced deal of killing.

Mrs. Mel and Mrs. Hawkshaw turned the bed about, and punched it, and rolled it.

"Ha!" went old Tom, "what's the good of that? That's just how I found it. Moment I got into bed geese began to put up their backs."

Mrs. Mel seldom indulged in a joke, and then only when it had a proverbial cast. On the present occasion, the truth struck her forcibly, and she said:

"One fool makes many, and so, no doubt, does one goose."

Accompanied by a smile the words would have seemed impudent; but spoken as a plain fact, and with a grave face, it set old Tom blinking like a small boy ten minutes after the whip.

"Now," she pursued, speaking to him as to an old child, "look here. This is how you manage. *Knead* down in the middle of the bed. Then jump into the hollow. Lie there, and you needn't wake till morning."

Old Tom came to the side of the bed. He had prepared himself for a wretched night, an uproar, and eternal complaints against the house, its inhabitants, and its foundations; but a woman stood there who as much as told him that digging his fist into the flock and jumping into the hole—into that hole under his eyes—was all that was wanted! that he had been making a noise for nothing, and because he had not the wit to hit on a simple contrivance! Then, too, his favourite and semi-consolatory jest about the geese—this woman had put a stop to that! He inspected the hollow cynically. A man might instruct old Tom on a point or two: old Tom was not going to admit that a woman could.

"Oh, very well; thank you, ma'am; that's your idea. I'll try it. Good night."

"Good night," returned Mrs. Mel. "Don't forget to jump into the middle."

"Head foremost, ma'am?"

"As you weigh," said Mrs. Mel, and old Tom crumpled his lips, silenced if not beaten. Beaten, one might almost say, for nothing more was heard of him that night.

He presented himself to Mrs. Mel after breakfast next morning.

"Slept well, ma'am."

"Oh! then you did as I directed you," said Mrs. Mel.

"Those chops, too, very good. I got through 'em."

"Eating, like scratching, only wants a beginning," said Mrs. Mel.

"Ha! you've got your word, then, as well as everybody else. Where's your Dandy this morning, ma'am?"

"Locked up. You ought to be ashamed to give that poor beast liquor. He won't get fresh air to day."

"Ha! May I ask you where you're going today, ma'am?"

"I am going to Beckley."

"So am I, ma'am. What d'ye say, if we join company. Care for insinuations?"

"I want a conveyance of some sort," returned Mrs. Mel.

"Object to a donkey, ma'am?"

"Not if he's strong and will go."

"Good," said old Tom; and while he spoke a donkey-cart stopped in front of the Dolphin, and a well-dressed man touched his hat.

"Get out of that damned bad habit, will you?" growled old Tom. "What do ye mean by wearing out the brim o' your hat in that way? Help this woman in."

Mrs. Mel helped herself to a part of the seat.

"We are too much for the donkey," she said.

"Ha, that's right. What I have, ma'am, is good. I can't pretend to horses, but my donkey's the best. Are you going to cry about him?"

"No. When he's tired I shall either walk or harness you," said Mrs. Mel.

This was spoken half-way down the High Street of Fallowfield. Old Tom looked full in her face, and bawled out:

"Deuce take it! *Are* you a woman?"

"I have borne three girls and one boy," said Mrs. Mel.

"What sort of a husband?"

"He is dead."

"Ha! that's an opening, but 'tain't an answer. I'm off to Beckley on a marriage business. I'm the son of a cobbler, so I go in a donkey-cart. No damned pretences for me. I'm going to marry off a young tailor to a gal he's been playing the lord to. If she cares for him she'll take him: if not, they're all the luckier, both of 'em."

"What's the tailor's name?" said Mrs. Mel.

"You *are* a woman," returned old Tom. "Now, come, ma'am, don't you feel ashamed of being in a donkey-cart?"

"I'm ashamed of men, sometimes," said Mrs. Mel; "never of animals."

"'Shamed o' me, perhaps."

"I don't know you."

"Ha! well! I'm a man with no pretences. Do you like 'em? How have you brought up your three girls and one boy? No pretences—eh?"

Mrs. Mel did not answer, and old Tom jogged the reins and chuckled, and asked his donkey if he wanted to be a racer.

"Should you take me for a gentleman, ma'am?"

"I dare say you are, sir, at heart. Not from your manner of speech."

"I mean appearances, ma'am."

"I judge by the disposition."

"You do, ma'am? Then, deuce take it, if you are a woman, you're——" Old Tom had no time to conclude.

A great noise of wheels, and a horn blown, caused them both to turn their heads, and they beheld a curricle descending upon them vehemently, and a fashionably attired young gentleman straining with all his might at the reins. The next instant they were rolling on the bank. About twenty yards ahead the curricle was halted, and turned about to see the extent of the mischief done.

"Pardon a thousand times, my worthy couple," cried the sonorous Mr. Raikes. "What we have seen we swear not to divulge. Franco and Fred—your pledge!"

"We swear!" exclaimed this couple.

But suddenly the cheeks of Mr. John Raikes flushed. He alighted from the box, and rushing up to old Tom, was shouting, "My bene—"

"Do you want my toe on your plate," old Tom stopped him with.

The mysterious words completely changed the aspect of Mr. John Raikes. He bowed obsequiously and made his friend Franco step down and assist in the task of re-establishing the donkey, who fortunately had received no damage.

(To be continued.)

WHAT ONE YEAR BROUGHT.

If they had told me a year ago,
As I lay, all love, at my darling's feet,
That our hearts would become more cold than snow,
And our eyes never meet when we meet—

If they had told me the treasured tress [flames;
Would be shrivell'd and shrunk in the heedless
That love, and devotion, and tenderness
Would become but idle names—

If they had told me the ring you wore
(Well chosen, the opal's changing hue)
Would be lying crush'd at my feet on the floor
For its crime that it bound me to you—

If they had told me your love was a lie,
That your faith was faithless, and false your heart;
That you would change sweetness to scorn, and I
Should give scorn for your scorn, and depart—

I should have said, with a laugh, that the sun [sea:
Would be dark, the hills tottering, and shallow the
One short year through its snows and its roses has run,
Yet you are wedded, and I am free. W. W. M.

FISH OUT OF WATER.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FOREIGN GENTLEMEN RESIDENT IN LONDON.

I DO not know a much more terrible spectacle than the deck and cabin of a Calais and Dover steamer, when one of those vessels is bound for the shores of England, with a good stirring breeze from the N.W. The foreign gentlemen mostly act upon a system; and the system consists in lying down flat upon their backs, with a *cuvette* in the immediate vicinity for fear of the worst. Suppose the packet to start at night. After you have succeeded in wringing your passport and the *permis d' embarquer* from the stern official with the long shade to his cap, and coursed along the pier with a number of small uneasy packages in your grasp, you arrive at length at the spot where the fussy little steamer is scolding away, and overpowering with its shrill tones the howling of the wind and the roar of the sea. It appeared that you must be too late, but there is always a quarter of an hour to spare, and you descend to the cabin, where the foreign gentlemen are awaiting their doom. Are these the Lucifers of the Boulevards? How are the mighty fallen!

Here indeed may be seen intense misery and intense selfishness. They know what is coming, and have distinctly made up their minds for the worst. There is but one swinging lamp in the cabin—but what a scene it reveals! Fat, pasty, pale men, whose beards seem to have attained a two days' growth in a few hours, already groan with what they would call their emotions. All the vivacious cackle of the great nation—all the self-applausive politeness of our friends of the Palais Royal—quite, quite gone! The retching and the moaning have not yet commenced; but the curtain is about to draw up on the performances in this kind. Each gentleman as he enters the cave of despair, deposits on the table a little leather bag, something like a lady's reticule, and lets slip the buckle of his trousers in order to give himself greater ease during his forthcoming throes. He then lets himself drop on the first sofa where he can find room to accommodate his miserable limbs—or it may be on the floor—but always taking care to have a *cuvette* within easy reach. In answer to the eager questions of many anxious inquirers, the phlegmatic steward only remarks, that, "Well, it may be just a little fresh, but we shan't feel it till we gets out to sea." There is a general movement amongst the sufferers, as if the steward's words were very precious. They look up from their uneasy resting-places. "Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" is asked on all sides. The reply is, "Il dit qu'il fait un peu frais, mais qu'il n'y aura rien jusqu'à ce que nous sommes en pleine mer!" Then there is a growl, and a remark that "Ce garçon là se moque de nous, dans quelques instants nous serons en marche, et sortis du port, et alors —Ah! mon Dieu!" There is a movement upon deck. They are drawing up the steps—a cry to cast off—and a general groan below.

In a few moments, just as the gentlemen had anticipated, the little steamer appears to be "taking" a series of turnpike gates. She is what is called by seamen a lively craft, and is giving conclusive evidence of her natural gaiety of character. Speaking from my own experience of such performances, I should say that the most fearful moment is when the steamer is at the top of a wave, and preparing for a fresh plunge, while a sort of thrill seems to run throughout her frame. You know too well what is coming, whilst she is balancing herself and rolling from side to side; then a pause, a fresh plunge, and horrible utterances from the afflicted creatures below. "Ah, mon Dieu! ça me soulève le cœur! Ayiai! Que sommes nous donc venus faire ici? Ayiai! Encore une cuvette!" Someway or another, the British mariner does not seem to feel as much commiseration for these unfortunate persons as the real misery of their situations might inspire, even into the most hardened hearts. "He didn't ought to do it here, sir," said an old sailor to me one night (I admit that on the night in question other feelings than those of scientific curiosity drew me occasionally to the bulwarks of the Eagle). "Why can't you go to the side, you dirty brute?" This soothing question was directed to an unfortunate French gentleman, who was positively livid with misery, and as capable at that moment of reaching the side of the lively craft as he would have been of taking command of the ship. But we will not linger on the miseries of that middle passage. I think, however, I shall not be far wrong when I say, the foreign gentlemen don't like it.

Those blessed, blessed lights of Dover! there they are at last. There is no use in attempting to keep the deception up any longer. I must give up the piratical dreams of my youth. I was not intended to be a Red Rover; indeed I fear, that although my marine miseries are not so complete as those of our foreign friends below, I should in the midst of any considerable hubbub of the elements prove but a Pea Green Rover after all. When my gallant crew were expecting the stern command of "Boarders away!" to fall from my iron lips, I should call out feebly, "Steward, steward!" The fact is, that my soul does sicken o'er the heaving wave; and if Lord Byron puts it as an inevitable inference that I am a "luxurious slave," I cannot help it. I suppose it is so, and I

must make the best of my position. How near those Dover lights seem! but what a way they are still off, if the lapse of time is to be computed by painful sensation! It is bad enough even in my own case; but I imagine that an Englishman's worst miseries at sea are merely as the disagreeables consequent upon under-done muffins or crumpled rose-leaves when compared with the horrible sufferings of our continental friends from the like cause. What test, what gauge have we of the appalling agonies of a sea-sick Frenchman?

Even when we glide into Elysium within the protecting arms of that gentlest masonry and stone work, is there any term to the sufferings of our friends in the cabin? Here we are at Dover, I say, and are they all right? Not a bit of it. Still they are lying prostrate in grim and awful woe—one sufferer with the toe of his boot in his neighbour's mouth; a second desiderating yet another *cuvette*, although the Eagle has folded her strong pinions, and is at rest; a third continues his moaning song of "Ah! mon Dieu! Ayiai!" Every now and then a patient sits up in a feeble way, and does exactly what he would have done had we been in mid-channel. The swinging lamp, which has ceased to swing, still lights up the human misery, while the steward, not without a certain scorn in his accent, which would I doubt not crop out more strongly but for his anxiety upon the subject of fees, endeavours to convince his passengers that they are divided but by a few steps from solid land. A clearance is effected at last, and slowly those forlorn Frenchmen stagger out of the cabin, and are passed up the ladder to the Custom House I know not how. The nearest approach I can imagine to their performances would be that of two or three dozen blue-bottle flies in a state of intoxication endeavouring to make their way up the slippery surface of a window-pane. However, at the Custom House they arrive at last, and when a Frenchman is once within the friendly shelter of the walls of a douane he is comparatively comfortable.

It is possible that the greater miseries endured by our French neighbours at sea must be referred to the manner and quality of their diet. The notion that all Englishmen are amphibious animals is quite a delusion. We have no doubt a much larger sea-faring class than the French, but an average Londoner and an average Parisian are pretty much upon an equality as far as matters nautical are concerned. The experience of each is probably confined to a dozen trips in the course of his life across the Straits of Dover. A good deal of stress has been laid upon our yachting propensities, and English yacht clubs. At one time I saw a good deal of yachting men, and my own testimony must decidedly be to the effect that when the sea was rough we were all invariably poorly; when it was very rough we were very poorly. Our authors of marine songs and marine ballads and marine novels are a good deal answerable for blinding our eyes upon this point. My position then is, that as far as nautical habits are concerned, the great bulk of Englishmen are much in the same position as their continental friends, but that their sufferings at sea are less intense. I refer this result to the difference in diet.

I want, to-day, to offer a few remarks upon the varieties of foreign ladies and gentlemen whom one sees about the streets of London, and therefore will not take advantage of the tempting opportunity for describing at length the manner of their landing upon our shores after a tempestuous passage. Enough is said. The humours of the southern ports are well-nigh at an end in consequence of the extension of our railroad system. He must be an unfortunate Frenchman indeed who cannot contrive to get a *bouillon* and a *petit verre* at the railway station, and to complete the clearance of that huge box which contains his "effects," and to be snugly seated in a carriage on the Dover line within two or three hours, at most, of his disembarcation. They are off at last, and how they converse with each other upon the magnanimity with which they endured the trials of the passage, and how courteously they interchange confidences upon the details of their misery! Still they can scarcely have been pleased with the manner in which they were wafted to our shores. It was not a triumph. They cannot think so themselves. Here they are at London Bridge at last, and there is a general call for cabs, and general directions for Lester Squar.

A Frenchman's first impressions of London can scarcely be favourable. He has but small appreciation of the comforts and conveniences which the town really contains; and he has an intense longing for various luxuries which it does not contain. Our foreign visitors would scarcely care a button about the well-paved and well-lighted streets on either side of Regent Street—but in Regent Street itself they would miss the splendour of the cafés, and the glare of lights at night, and the rattle of the dominoes, and the little marble tables under the canopies, and the moving gesticulating crowds. This is the sort of thing they have been accustomed to look for ever since they were little French boys with concave stomachs—they are now middle-aged Frenchmen with convex stomachs—how can you expect them to change their views in an hour, and adopt our habits and methods of thought?

If it were possible to name the time and occasion when you would preferably introduce a French friend to London, you would, I think, choose the latter spring or early summer, when the leaves were yet of tender green, their freshness uncontaminated by the London smoke; you would then lead him judiciously through the squares into Piccadilly—by the Green Park into Hyde Park—and so into Kensington Gardens. He would, no doubt, indulge you with a little rhapsody about the *arbres séculaires* in the locality last named—pining all the while to be back in Rotten Row, to see the young ladies on horseback. That spectacle is what the French gentleman would really enjoy—his vegetable enthusiasm being a pure delusion or fetch. I cannot blame him. A graceful young English girl upon her horse is a much prettier thing to look at than an elm or an oak. Be sure that your French friend, after some few courtesies of speech, will drop a hint to the effect that what he sees before him is very well in its way, but there is Madame de Something-or-other in the

Bois de Boulogne who does these things in a more complete manner. In order not to wound his just susceptibilities, you leave him to infer your assent to that proposition, though perfectly aware that the fair equestrians of the Bois de Boulogne in its palmiest moment are no more to be compared with—may I not say what I think?—the far fairer equestrians of Rotten Row, than Piccadilly can stand comparison with those wonderful Boulevards of the French capital.

That sight is the one in London which would, as I think, most recommend itself to the appreciation of our continental friends. We certainly have nothing to show them which would strike upon the spectator's eye like the old Place de la Concorde (I know not by what name it has been known for the last twelve months,) at Paris—with the Tuileries and the Triumphal Arch, and the Madeleine, and the former Palace of the Deputies. With all our legitimate pride about the value of our institutions, and the solid advantages derived from the labours of our Gas and Water Companies, we must in fairness admit that the position of a Frenchman in London, without friends or acquaintances, is exceedingly forlorn. His one idea is a visit to the Thames Tunnel, and when that entertainment, which at best is not of a very exciting character, is over, whither shall he turn for amusement? We are speaking, of course, of a Frenchman of respectability and character, for I suspect that continental blackguardism is more at its ease—has more elbow-room in London—than in any capital of Europe. It is removed from the daily and hourly surveillance of the police, and festers, and ferments, and conspires, and invents new forms of rascality in its own way. In the main, however, continental blackguardism in London lives upon itself. Continental blackguardism cannot master the difficulties of the English language. Those evil-eyed, sinister-looking men whom you see hanging about the streets in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and behind Regent Street, prey upon each other. They have secrets about each other. They farm each other, as it were, and each one contrives to get a shilling or two out of his neighbour in some marvellous manner which has always been a mystery to me. One would rather not inquire what is the ultimate source of their gains.

The police will tell you that there is almost always to be found in London a considerable number of foreigners who are engaged in various schemes for forging the notes of Foreign Banks, and of the Continental Trading Companies and Associations. The conductor of an enterprise of this kind, however, would not be much seen in the classical regions of Leicester Square. He would live quietly up at Pentonville or Islington, and not impossibly hold himself out as a Master of Languages. He would come down-stairs to take in his own pennyworth of milk, and occasionally offer a bunch of flowers to his landlady—such a nice man! He would have his agents at Birmingham, or Sheffield, and would display the most remarkable ingenuity in carrying on his negotiations with our English mechanics, so as to baffle the investigations of the police. At last the plot is discovered. It may be from the first that Joseph Mogg and Sons, of Sheffield, had informed the police that they were in trade relations with a queer customer, and had been instructed to go on as though nothing were the matter. One fine morning a business-like looking visitor, in plain clothes, calls up at 23, Elysium Crescent, and informs M. Anatole Charpentier that the sitting magistrate at Bow Street, or the Lord Mayor, would like to have the opportunity of making his acquaintance. The authorities are somewhat importunate in their courteous anxiety for an interview. M. A. Charpentier, in point of fact, is "wanted," and the next day the town is made aware that for six months past there has been subtle machinery at work in London for largely defrauding the Bank of St. Petersburg.

It must always be remembered that there are large colonies of foreigners—merchants and others—settled in London, and indeed, in other chief towns of England, whose lives escape scrutiny altogether, because they follow up their objects of pursuit in a very legitimate way, and consequently are never submitted to the microscopic investigations of the police. The circles in which they move are, to use a cant word, "exclusive," and few English people are ever admitted to their friendship, or even acquaintance. There is in London, and again in Liverpool, a Greek set; in London, and again in Manchester, a German set. I know of a set of Spanish merchants resident in London and the suburbs, and amongst them the presence of an English face is quite an exception to the rule. You find, of course, at the embassies and at "The Travellers," little knots of the *corps diplomatique*, who necessarily, and as part of their professional duties, mix, to a very considerable extent, in English society; but in order to arrive at the arcana of their existence, you should meet these gentlemen at the lodgings of some of their own countrymen. These are generally in streets dependent upon Portman or Cavendish Squares. You would then awake to the painful consciousness, that the praise which you had heard lavished in public by these courteous diplomatists upon the three kingdoms, and our institutions, was not quite as sincere as might have been imagined. They get rid of their John-Bullisms with painful facility—and, hey presto! a little Paris or Vienna with all the prejudices, and all the cockneyisms of those great capitals, is reproduced in a moment before your astonished eyes. The Russian Embassy, before the Crimean War, used to be nearer to the mark of one of the great London houses than any other; but, since that event, both English and Russians regard each other with considerable suspicion. The English shut up their mouths,—and the Russians are too polite by half. These gentlemen, however, to do them but justice, never lose an opportunity of impressing upon your mind the good old St. Petersburg dogma, about the manifest destiny of the great Russian nation. The staple of their talk is a kind of namby-pamby mixture of sentimental philanthropy and man-of-the-worldism,—such as I suppose was talked at the Court of Catherine II. when the Polish question occupied her Majesty's attention. If Marshal Suwarrow could have gone to a fancy ball in the character of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, that would,

to a certain extent, have hit off the Russian idea. Another point that always struck me about the very highly polished representatives of the nation whom you meet in the capitals of Western Europe is their apparent omniscience, and their real ignorance when you come to converse with them half-a-dozen times. They have a kind of talk which answers somewhat to the Chinese *taoli*, of which Mr. Wingrove Cooke tells us in his admirable letters about China. It is all about *la haute politique*, and of permutations and combinations of the limitary boundaries of European states, and of Russia extending her hand to France, and of various wonderful but improbable alliances. But, at the bottom of all this you will find the most painful ignorance of the realities of political life—certainly of English political life.

The Prussian Embassy, under the learned and courteous auspices of the Chevalier Bunsen, could only be challenged in one particular—for assuredly not a word, save it were of respect and admiration, could be expressed with regard to the accomplished host. The only drawback there was, that the society was too learned for unlearned people. A gentleman would murmur something to you over a cup of tea, about a Sanscrit Root, and if you could not by a system of astute diplomacy, conceal from your interlocutor the fact that you were wholly unable to call for your boots in Sanscrit, you ran the risk of being considered an illiterate person. Another gentleman would tell you the last good thing in Runic. And what a fuss there used to be if Sir Henry Rawlinson had succeeded in digging up an inscription somewhere in Central Asia! You would commonly find that when submitted to the learned investigations of the company, its meaning was taken to be somewhat as follows: "*I Collihops—son of Lollipops—the Great King—took towns—butchered the inhabitants, to my great glory, and the nations tremble which are the underneath named.*" Then followed lists of the poor fellows whose throats this truculent sovereign had slit open during his glorious career, as well as of those who still trembled before him. The bearing of this inscription upon disputed points in the history of Rameses the CXLVIII. was so obvious that it luckily did not require much discussion. And how a learned professor—by whose side you had taken refuge, because he looked mild, and a safe, perennially-talking sort of man—would, in an intellectual sense, come down sixteen pairs of stairs, in order to meet you upon your own level, and instruct you as to the true point of view from which pretty Miss Oliver's performances in the "Bonny Fish-Wife" ought to be regarded. There was always, however, something about "objective" and "subjective" which I could not make out; and then the last joke of our friend "Punch" was to be looked at "æsthetically;" and what was a man to do who had simply thought it funny, and so, not impossibly, had indulged in coarse laughter upon wrong grounds?

Before arriving at my true "Fish-out-of-Water," who are rather the foreign wanderers in the streets, and the occasional visitors to our capital, I would add a few words about the Greek set in London, for I imagine it is not much known. The London Greeks, then, cannot be said to be fish out of water in one sense, for the maxim of the nation would seem to be *ubi pecunia, ibi patria*. They are almost as complete cosmopolitans as the Jews. The great Greek families who have established themselves well in commerce (their chief dealings are in corn and the money transactions of the Levant) are not only closely connected in business, but they daily strengthen their connection by intermarriages. The chief,—sometimes it is the chiefs,—of a firm, exercises an almost patriarchal authority over his tribe. It is somewhat of the old feudal kind, somewhat of the sort exercised by the General and Leaders of the Jesuits over the brothers of the order. No matter what Pericles or Epaminondas may be doing in London at the time he receives the order from above to proceed to New Orleans, or Shanghai, or Thibet, he must gird up his loins and be off. Nay, were Lysander upon that very day about to pass under the soft yoke of the Marriage Deity, hand in hand with his cousin Aspasia, Aspasia must be left in her bridal veil, and the concerns of the establishment receive his first attention. Five years hence, when he returns, he will find Aspasia, who in the meanwhile has inclined somewhat more to *embonpoint*, waiting for him. I think this is the most characteristic feature of this Greek set—in addition to their great aptitude for money-making. As a general rule, they strongly dislike the English; and in their less reasonable moments—that is, when they are not doing sums in their heads—they are apt to talk considerable nonsense about a great and powerful Greek kingdom which is looming in the future, and of the hideous atrocities exercised by the English authorities in the Seven Islands. It sounds, too, very strange to an educated Englishman who has been duly whipped and driven through his course of Greek literature at a public school, and at one or other of the Universities, to hear classical names pronounced in the usual intercourse of domestic life in a trivial way. "Themistocles, if you can't behave yourself you shall be sent up-stairs to bed without your tea." "Oh, mama! dear Alcibiades has fallen down and broken his nose over the fender." "It is high time that Pericles was put into trousers; they should be of the same material as Conon's, but with a stripe down the sides like those of his cousin Agasippus." "Please, mum, Master Eteocles is punching Master Polynices' head in the back garden, and they are making each other such figures!" The Greek merchants in England are a very wealthy body.

It does not fall within the scope of these remarks to enter further into the subject than to say, that down by the Thames—Wapping and Rotherhithe way—there is a colony of Lascars and Chinese, who live in lodging-houses exclusively devoted to the reception of Eastern seamen, and wanderers. Their story may for to-day be dismissed with the repetition of Sir John Malcolm's short chapter on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of Muscat: "As for manners, they have none; and their customs are very nasty." The existence of this Eastern colony is a feature in London life well worthy of study;

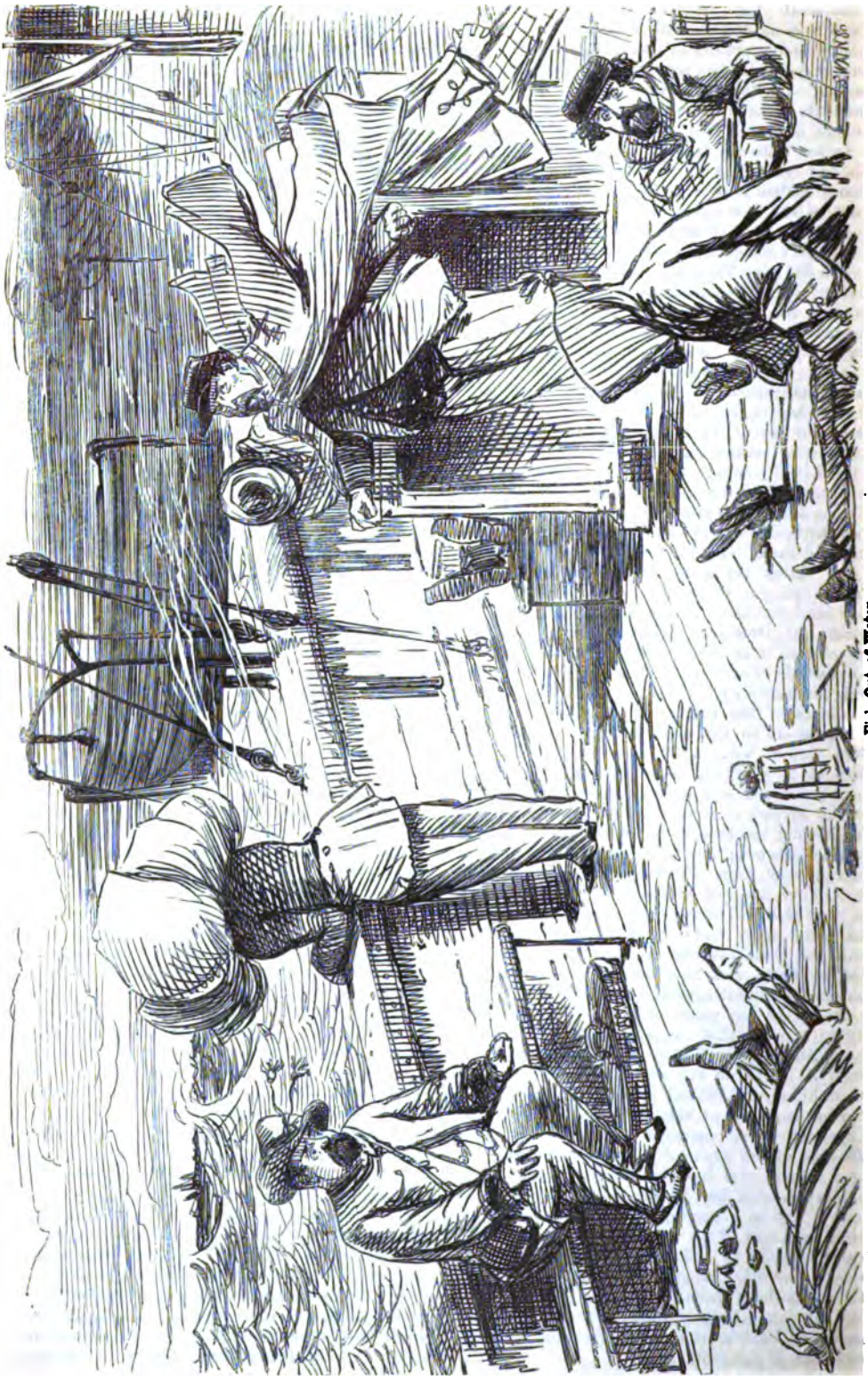
occasionally you hear of them in the Police Reports in connection with a murder or robbery.

The foreign *artistes* in London again compose a society which, in one sense and more especially at one period of the year, lives apart. In the season, however, of course you will meet with the chief singers from the two operatic establishments at the great houses of London. It is as much a part of their profession to sing at such places for a money reward as it is to make their appearance in front of the foot-lights at the Haymarket or in Covent Garden. Those persons again whose names throughout the season you see duly recorded every day in the advertisement columns of the "Times" are, by the very exigency of their position, driven out into the world to seek for a connection. For the most part they give lessons on the piano, or in singing, and a concert once or oftener in the season. The less considerable professors—ladies as well as gentlemen—generally succeed in obtaining the use for the day of the rooms of Mrs. ——, in Harley Street, or some locality of that kind. Those who feel that they are treading upon safer ground boldly engage the Hanover Square Rooms, and support themselves by their own strength. Amongst this class you will commonly meet with most agreeable additions to any social circle. You will find them living for the most part Brompton way. They are generally economical in their habits, and put by money, which is intended as the fund for their future support at Paris, or Berlin, or Dresden. English people who are accustomed to consider large establishments with a multitude of servants, &c., as the test of comfort and respectability, would be astonished at the smallness of the income with which persons of this class are in the main content. When they have earned what they deem enough for their purposes they quietly retire from the exercise of their profession, and decline further labour merely for the purpose of accumulating money. Some of the leading teachers have indeed realised considerable fortunes; but in the main their earnings are not very large. During their stay amongst us, if they are not precisely fish out of water, they are at least longing for a change of stream.

I have never had any personal acquaintance with the great operatic singers, but I have been told by those who have cultivated their society that they are most agreeable companions. Surely it cannot be any great strain upon human credulity to suppose that Madame Grisi, and Alboni, and Titiens, and Csillag must be charming in society. Were we not all ready to put on crape for Malibran, and Sontag, and poor Madame Bosio, who but last year at this very time was warbling her sweet strains amongst us, and by the mere influence of her graceful presence converting Mr. Gye's theatre into her own drawing-room? The curtain fell upon her, to the apprehension of the writer of these remarks, as Zerlina in the "Don John," and now of all that music, and grace, and genius there is an end! I should almost grudge to hear any other singer take the part. Surely Mario must be a genial companion; and if Ronconi could not keep a dinner-table in a roar, the science of Lavater is a mere imposition upon the good sense of the public.

The ladies and gentlemen and wealthy merchants of whom I have hitherto been speaking are all too respectable, and too well hedged in by all the appliances and fences which money can purchase, to afford material for touching upon the ridiculous side of a foreigner's visit to London. Many of those poor people at whose disembarcation at Dover we recently assisted, will have their trials before they become free of the town. Their first difficulty is with the class of cabmen. Even we Londoners who know something about London, and the situations of the various streets and squares, and have a general idea of the laws and regulations affecting public carriages, know to our cost that the London cabby is not always an individual of a placable and disinterested character. I remember meeting one evening at about 10·30 P.M. with an unfortunate French gentleman, who had thrust his head out of a cab, and was calling out "Rue du Duc" at the top of his voice. This was in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square. It appeared upon inquiry that he had been driven away at about 2 P.M. by the cabman under whose guardianship I found him, from the Custom House, and had spent all the afternoon and evening driving about the town in search of Duke Street. Cabby had taken him to every Duke Street in London except the right one, which was Duke Street, Portman Square, and had now a small bill against him of 1*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, or some sum of that kind. This was a good many years ago, and I hope that things have got better since. But let us suppose our French friend safely deposited at the Sablonnière in Leicester Square, or some humbler hostelry in that classical locality—what shall he do with himself?

His first idea—a very proper one—is to go and have a bath in order to wash off the impurities of the journey: that is not a very difficult matter under the auspices of the *garçon* at the inn where he may have taken up his abode. Breakfast of some kind is to be procured either in the house or in some of the dreary little cafés which have recently been established in and about Leicester Square. But how different is all this from the Boulevards and the Palais Royal! When this is done we will suppose M. Alexis de Corbillard and his friend M. Aristide Canard to sally forth in search of amusement, with the Guide Book to London in their hands. There are no doubt in this great capital many objects well worthy of the attention of our foreign visitors. Westminster Abbey is worth a dozen of Notre Dames. The shipping in the docks and river is what a Frenchman could scarcely conceive as existing even in his dreams. St. Paul's not only extinguishes all Parisian rivalry, but may challenge comparison even with the great Roman cathedral. The town itself, from Putney to Blackwall, and from Hampstead to Dulwich, is, as far as we know, the largest human hive which has ever existed since we have had any record of man's presence on the surface of this planet; but I am afraid my two French friends do not care much for these weightier matters. They want to see something corresponding to their own Boulevards; they miss the tap of the drum and the march of a regiment through the public streets.



Fish Out of Water.

They want glasses of *eau sucrée*, and to sit before a café staring at a passing crowd of idlers. They want to see many things which they do not see—and they care very little about seeing what they do see. Above all things, they want to be seen themselves, and nobody seems to notice the fact of their existence.

Is not this the true secret of a Frenchman's discomfort in London? His own utter insignificance in the midst of this busy, jostling, hurried multitude. I should say that the best chance for our friends MM. Corbillard et Canard would be a lounge in Regent Street, if the afternoon be reasonably fine. They have a correct appreciation of the beauty of the *charmantes Miss* whom they meet in the course of their walk; but they make a slight mistake as to their own irresistible qualities *vis-à-vis du beau sexe*. Mrs. John Smith and her swan-like progeny, last from Montague Place, who are sailing down Regent Street in so stately a manner, their minds intent upon the newest patterns in the silk-mercers' windows, care very little for the murderous glances of our two friends. Mrs. Thomas Mitten and daughters, who are on their way to Exeter Hall, rather regard them as specimens of the wholly reprobate, and entirely lost; and if they give them a thought at all, it is just such a one as a sentimental connoisseur bestows upon those unfortunate persons in Rubens' famous picture, who are well-committed to that portion of the performance upon which the great artist has lavished such an abundance of yellows and reds. But, soft, whom have we here? The two brothers Thompson—one a stout and most respectable solicitor, resident in St. John's Wood; the other a tall thin West Indian merchant, living at Highgate. MM. Corbillard et Canard had a slight acquaintance with these gentlemen in Paris; they are to them here as manna in the wilderness. I protest the two brothers do not appear as gratified as they ought to be when they see their French friends bearing down upon them, and seem disposed to pass them with a frigid British nod. Such a conclusion, however, does not enter into the views of the MM. CC. They stop the way, and, to the astonishment and disgust of the Thompson brothers, Corbillard embraces John Thompson, and Canard embraces Thomas Thompson, in the manner of the French nation on the occasion of arrivals and departures at the railway stations. John Thompson's hat falls off in the process, and the little boys gather round to see the fun. Well, it is tiresome for a respectable middle-aged Englishman to be kissed in the public streets by a foreign gentleman with an exuberance of beard and moustaches, just as if he was a sweet girl in the embraces of her long-lost, long-loved Roderick just returned from the Punjaub—but in the young lady's case, without any damage to the proprieties, as the transaction occurs in the back drawing-room of 510, Welbeck Street. Whatever his feelings might have been, Roderick would never have *ventured* upon such a thing in Regent Street at 4 P.M., as the French gentlemen have done with regard to the Messrs. Thompson, who someway or another do not seem to enjoy the process. "Et comment se porte Madame Tonson, votre aimable épouse, et Miss Elise, ce charmant petit bouton de rose, qui vous ressemble comme deux gouttes d'eau?" These and other such inquiries are entirely thrown away upon the two brothers, whose one idea is to escape as speedily as possible from the grasp of their two Parisian acquaintances, and from the somewhat too lively demonstrations of their affection.

Really, after this meeting, the afternoon and evening do hang somewhat heavily on hand. If they had any friends or acquaintances in London who would receive them at their houses, or invite them to their clubs, and, above all, be competent to converse with them in their own language, the whole aspect of affairs would be entirely changed. London, as far as a foreign visitor is concerned, is a picture with a curtain before it—and no other than an English hand can draw the curtain. To the bulk of foreigners who visit London this curtain is the picture.

I am not the least surprised if, being left to their own devices, and driven to seek for their dinner in some of those dreadful dens near Leicester Square, they leave our shores under the impression that the human race cannot dine in London. It may be that, as the dens in question seem to them but spurious imitations of their own establishments in this kind, they boldly make their way into some third-class London eating-house, and appease their hunger with under-done boiled beef and greens, and when they return to their own country, and record their "Impressions de Voyage," they set it forth in a very solemn way that "*la cuisine anglaise est infâme.*" They do not pause to consider how many English people—save driven to it by hard necessity—ever do take their meals in these *Restaurants*, as they would call them. I am not sure that Parisian dinners, served at the rate of 2 francs, or 1 f. 25 c., would receive the entire approval of gastronomic connoisseurs.

But what are our two "Fish out of Water" to do with their evening? I could not suggest anything better for them than the *Café Chantant*, in Leicester Square. They would there at any rate find cups of coffee, and great facilities in the way of *eau sucrée*, and meet with many of their countrymen. English Theatres are out of the question. Perhaps in the hey-day of summer, Cremorne, if they could find their way there, might prove a resource, and be to them a substitute for the Jardin des Fleurs, and other establishments such as those which are found in the Champs Elysées at Paris. If MM. Corbillard et Canard are compelled to spend a Sunday in London, I am truly sorry for them.

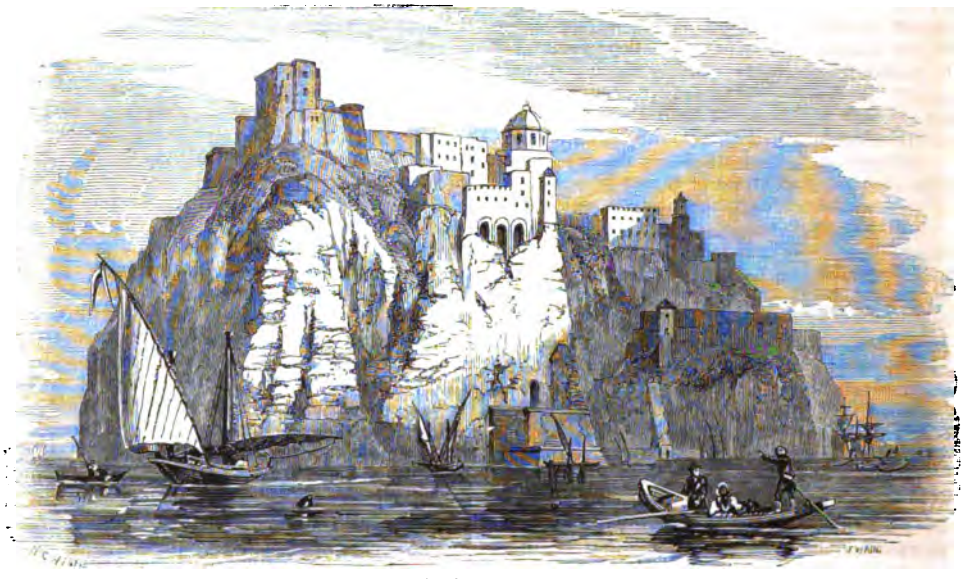
I do not know how many foreigners are to be found in England at any given time. We know from official sources—but then the French keep such registers in a more accurate way than we do—that at the present time there are 66,000 English residents in France; and assuming the average expenditure of each to be five francs a day, the sum total would amount to about 4,820,000*l.* a year. The number of the French in London alone must be very considerable; and it would be well in the present period of the world's history if we were always to do our best

to meet them with courtesy and kindness, remembering that they have not been brought up with ideas like our own. They may have much to learn from us—we, much to learn from them. The French immigration into England, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was one of the most important events in our history.

I have purposely avoided in these remarks all reference to Foreign Political Refugees—the real ones, and the impostors. Amongst the first are to be found some of the noblest men; amongst the second, perhaps the greatest scoundrels in Europe. They deserve a notice apart.

GAMMA.

SUMMER DAYS IN ISCHIA.



Castle of Ischia.

"SIGNORI miei," said Michele, looking back at us from the driving-seat of his calessino, "if we meet any men with Ischia cherries, shall I stop for you to buy some?"

We were bowling along the dusty road to Pozzuoli, after passing through the Posilipo tunnel, under a burning Midsummer sun; and the idea of cherries rose refreshingly before our minds. Besides, we made a point of attending to Michele's suggestions, which generally proved to be valuable: so we readily acceded. Michele was a treasure of a hackney-man: the best driver in Naples (where the best whips in Europe, next to the London cabmen, are to be found), and perhaps the only Neapolitan who did not grumble at his fare, or his gratuity: with a good carrettella and a fast-trotting horse, he added to these virtues those of intelligence, good-humour, and a punctuality hardly to be found out of England, and by no means universal there. What wonder that, having chanced upon such a Phœnix, we cheerfully gave ourselves up to his guidance? even in such serious matters as the purchase of a basket of Ischian cherries.

The wished-for opportunity soon occurred. Michele pulled up, and after a short debate in a to us nearly unintelligible language, consisting principally of gesticulation and double *mm's*, he concluded a bargain for us, and the cherries were handed in. Such cherries! fair and rosy, plump and smooth as the cheek of a cherub! tender, juicy, and luscious to the taste as they were lovely to the eye.

"The Signori have never been in Ischia," resumed Michele, who generally kept up a running fire of conversation over his shoulder as he drove along. "I wonder they do not go! they are so fond of fine views and of drawing. They would find so much to draw. Artists often go there. And there is such a good inn. And it is not so hot as Naples. And then the fruit! Why the apricots at Ischia are twice as big as those at Naples, 'e d'una sugosita!'" And here he wound up with one of those ineffable grimaces and gestures with which men of his nation are wont to intimate that words fall short to express their enthusiasm.

We had intended making an excursion to the island in question, taking passage by the little steamer which in summer daily toddles over from Naples at the rate of four or five knots an hour; but now, after taking counsel with our guide, philosopher, and friend, Michele, we decided on proceeding thither on that same evening by a sailing boat from beyond Miseno, after going through the proper routine of sightseeing on the Pozzuoli shore. The day was splendid; there was a good breeze to carry us over, and we had per-

formed our duty to the gods and goddesses, the Sybils, the Mephitic grottoes and legendary terrors of the shore, in time to make our little voyage before sunset, when we drove down to Miniscola. Who knows not Miniscola? the scene of so many varied adventures, "deeds and gestes" of ancient and modern heroes,—Dædalus, Æneas, Pliny, Nelson.

But I am not going to take an unfair advantage of my reader, and proceed to detail the interesting circumstances connected with these shores and commanders, after looking them up myself carefully in Virgil and Ovid, Middleton's Cesare Cantu, and Southey's Narratives. "If he knows them already, what is the use of telling him?" as Dangle justly asks Puff. If he does not, he will find them all concisely put together in Mr. John Murray's Handbook.

So I proceed to relate a recent passage of arms, which he will not find even in the latest editions of that valuable epitome of information.

As we approached this historical strand, a number of picturesque-looking men, brown-eyed, brown-skinned, and brown-clothed, started up from the beach, where they had been lying basking in the sun among the fishing-boats, and came rushing after the carriage, vociferously and eagerly offering their services, and each extolling the exclusive excellence of the boat to which he belonged.

We drew up. "Yes! we want a boat. How much will you charge to take us to Ischia?"

There was a moment's pause. They had not expected us, or any other fare: they were merely awaiting the hour of fishing, and had not decided to what amount they might attempt to fleece the forestieri. After a moment's thought, however, the answer was ready and confident. "Four piastres!"

This was something so audaciously beyond the ordinary rules of extortion, that the regular process of beating down was not available. It could be met only with offended integrity. Rising from my seat, and throwing all the tragic expression they could assume into my colourless Anglo-Saxon face and eyes, I regarded the men a moment with appalling severity; and then, waving my hand to Michele, imperatively bade him drive back to Naples.

"Ah! briganti! Ah! scelerati!" cried the faithful Michele, seconding my motion. "Is this the way to treat strangers? Is this the way to make them prefer your boats to the steamer? Ah! you thought you could rob them at your ease, did you? But they know better; and if they did not, do you suppose *I* would bring them here to have their pockets picked? Your boats may go empty to Ischia. They won't have them now, at any price!"

So saying, Michele turned his horse's head, and, with a vigorous application of the whip, set off at as brisk a pace as if determined not to draw rein until we reached Naples. Never was *fausse sortie* better executed. In three minutes the whole crew were at our heels, running, shouting, and offering to come to terms. As if unwillingly, our Jehu pulled up once more.

"Che cosa darete Signori? Buon battello! Quattro rami!" said one of our breathless pursuers.

Now supposing that the usual battle was going to begin, and would end in our getting at the fair price by a process of elimination, I thought it necessary to start as much too low in the scale, as their pitch was too high. I therefore answered, "Un ducato."

To my amazement, it was accepted; and as we drove back to the shore, I felt the sort of remorse that affected poor Poll Sweedlepipes when he had charged Bailey, jun., three halfpence for a penny Redpoll, because he thought he would beat him down, "and he didn't!" Nevertheless, we embarked upon as amicable terms with our crew as if no difference of opinion had existed between us: for the mobile southern temper blazes up and subsides with a rapidity that is unintelligible to our phlegmatic natures. In fact, the struggle that a Neapolitan makes to extort more than his fair remuneration, is merely a duty that he owes to himself. Once this duty discharged, successfully or unsuccessfully, he dismisses it from his mind, feeling neither gratitude nor animosity towards his adversary. If he conquers, he is pleased with himself: if you conquer, he rarely sulks. He fights to the last: he prays, he remonstrates, he swears, he calls all the gods of heathendom and saints of Christendom to witness to the justice of his demand: but once convinced that you are not to be overcome, he gives in with a good grace, and rather likes and respects you for the prowess you have shown. The same man who one minute would be throwing himself into attitudes of despair, and threatening, cursing, swearing, imploring and invoking all sorts of mischief on his head, if he were not the most ill-used of mortals, and we the most cruel of tyrants and oppressors,—the next, if he found his appeal disregarded, would be lounging beside us on the grass or shore, affably conversing, watching our sketches, and asking questions on the subject of our manners and customs, without a trace of ill-humour remaining.

The breeze carried us merrily off, and we scudded rapidly through the blue waters till, under the lee of Procida, it died away. The sail was lowered and the oars put in requisition. Now, our offered ducat seemed more than ever disproportionate to the service required. Just as we had, however, decided that the ducat should be a piastre, and that then we would, in our magnanimity, bestow something more for *una bottiglia*, we were anticipated by a proposal from the Padrone to bring us back again from Ischia when we wished to return.

"But we mean to stay a day or two."

"*Non fa niente*,—we can fish there or here,—all alike."

So we agreed for a piastre each way, ultimately vindicating the liberality of forestieri, as we had already borne witness to their commercial ability, by giving a gratuity which was received with unusual thankfulness, and parting with mutual satisfaction.

As we neared Ischia, the declining sun, casting a rosy light on the noble rock and Castello di Nerone, which stands out like a sentinel to challenge

all comers—warned us to lose no time, so we determined to accept the services of the first guide who should offer himself on landing; and committing to him the care of our *sacs de nuit*, and of hiring donkeys to take us to Casamicciola, indulge our artistic estro by setting off immediately to sketch.

We were not as yet aware of all our importance and its inconveniences. It was too early in the year for the water-drinkers' season to have commenced, and we were among the first visitors. The appearance of our boat was therefore the signal for the simultaneous appearance on the shore of half the guides and donkeys in the town, and more were seen advancing in the distance. The candidates for our custom came running down the beach and even into the water, pressing their services upon us with the accustomed volubility of their class.

"I strongly recommend the Signori to engage me in preference to all other guides," said one disinterested gentleman.

"I charge no more, and I know a great deal more; I can tell them the dates of all the eruptions of the mountain. I can take them to all the best points of view. I was guide to an illustrious English painter, Stefil (Stanfield?) was his name, and went everywhere with him."

As there was no basis of comparison, except of the outward man, where all were unknown to us, we accepted him, and installed him in the

Lacco, from Monte Tabor.

care of the carpet-bags, desiring him to come for us with the donkeys in an hour to a spot whence we were going to make our sketches. But we were not to be let off so easily. The donkey-drivers would not submit to the indignity of being selected by the guide, but insisted on an appeal to ourselves, and the bipeds crowded round us screaming, jabbering, pushing, dragging the unfortunate quadrupeds by the bridle, vaunting the strength and speed of one—the saddle of another—all stunning and bewildering us with their noise; till, at last, a man who was running backwards before us up the street stumbled over a little half-naked urchin who had joined the cortège to stare at us, rolled the child over, fell himself against a donkey which immediately began kicking, and a chorus of loud brays and a battle royal ensued. How to escape from the *melée* was now our only question, when we were unexpectedly rescued. A respectable-looking elderly gentleman, gliding into the throng, touched my arm, drew us quietly away, and opening a door in the wall, said politely:

"Come in, and leave them to fight it out."

We found ourselves suddenly restored to peace and quietness, in a long narrow paved passage through which our conductor brought us to a pleasant room overlooking the sea, and commanding a beautiful view of the castle. Placing chairs on the balcony, he said:

"You want to draw?—all strangers draw this. Stay as long as you like. You will be in nobody's way."

And with a bow and "good evening" this beneficent person vanished like one of the mysterious veiled guides who inaugurate the adventures of unsuspecting travellers in the "Arabian Nights."

Ours had, however, no romantic end. We were shortly joined by the guide, who had escaped from the fray without loss of life or limb, and when the fading daylight obliged us to quit our employment and seek the little piazza and the donkeys, we found them standing patiently awaiting us, looking as meek and enduring as if they had never lent the assistance of their heels and

throats to swell the storm that raged half an hour before. The bellicose natives had dispersed, and only the usual complement of idlers and ragged children hung upon the skirts of our march. The short southern twilight had ended before we had got far on our road. The stars began to twinkle above and the glow-worms below, while the fireflies flashed through the bushes on either side, darting in and out—across the road—out of the orange-trees into the vines—the prettiest and most fanciful of the freaks of nature. The wine-dark sea deepening and deepening in shade spread out on the right whenever the high walls which generally border the road, ceasing for a space, permitted us a view of it; and it was dark night, though not more than nine o'clock on a June evening, when we reached the Piccola Sentinella at Casamicciola. Up-stairs, of course, one flight—up another flight—and we are ushered into a long wide verandah, from which doors open into neat little rooms paved with Dutch tiles and furnished with iron bedsteads and clean white curtains. Opposite the door, in lieu of a window, is another, half glass,—on opening which we find ourselves in a garden, a perfect wilderness of sweets. The inn is built on the side of so rapid an ascent that the second story of the front is the ground-floor of the back. But before we explore farther there is the commissariat department to be attended to, and the waiter asking our orders.

"Can you give us some supper?"

"It is Friday, Signori miei," was his significant answer."

But, on reflection, he suggested that a fish might perhaps be forthcoming, and at any rate eggs, and would we like some tea? We should never have thought of asking for such a thing, but were ready to put ourselves entirely into his hands, when he offered to "do the best he could for us." So we strolled out into the garden to enjoy the delicious coolness of the night air, redolent of the mingled scents of roses, jessamine, carnations, orange and lemon blossoms. The nightingales were singing the last songs of the season—myriads of stars shone overhead—sedate glow-worms showed their steady light in the grass at our feet, and the panting fireflies darted wildly to and fro to the astonishment and alarm of my little dog who had followed us. At last one of these fitful creatures settled a moment, throbbing, on the path before her. Evidently taking it for a new kind of firework, and expecting it instantly to explode, poor Zélie took to her heels, and no calling or coaxing could induce her to remain. We found her, long after, under a bed, squeezed up against the wall in a state of abject terror, and she could not be induced to come from her hiding-place till the doors were shut for the night, and there was no fear of her being again forced into so dangerous a locality.

As we sauntered for the last time up the path leading to the house, so pleasant a little picture of an interior presented itself, that it recalled to our remembrance the fact that we were both tired and hungry. Through the open glass-door and between the muslin curtains we descried a table which might have been prepared for Beauty in Beast's palace, so dainty, trim, and alluring it looked. Our friend the waiter had indeed justified the confidence reposed in him: and now produced a fine fresh lupo, flanked by a golden lemon newly gathered, shining through its glossy dark-green leaves; a delicate omelette; good bread, butter, milk; a pyramid of strawberries, and a dish of rich crimson cherries, such as we had made acquaintance with in the morning—all glowing under the light of a shaded lamp on the snow-white tablecloth. The tea equipage was neatly set out. In short, in no gentleman's house could a *thé dinatoire* have been served more prettily; and we made our compliments thereon to the solemn waiter, who bowed gravely in acknowledgment.

This waiter was quite unlike any of his brethren I had ever met with in Italy—silent, reserved, and distant enough to have been a head attendant at the Clarendon. During my subsequent stay at the Sentinella, I remarked that my little dinners were always served with the same finish and grace which characterised our first meal in the house; but any expression of satisfaction was received with such grave politeness, that it seemed almost an impertinence to make any complimentary observations. One day, however, when a genuine Neapolitan, lively, talkative, Figaro of an under-servant was attending on me, I ventured on expressing some surprise at finding in a place not much frequented by the English, English dishes served as they would be in London. This was *à propos* to an *arrostito d'agnello*, triumphantly announced by the waiter *con una salsa!* (mint-sauce, a thing never seen on the Continent.)

"Ah!" said Filippo, "but is the signora not aware that our cook is a great chief? He has lived in the kitchen of an English prince—Milord 'Olland—and knows all sorts of cookings of all nations—English, French, Chinese!" (This last, I believe, referred to curry.)

He certainly was a great chief, and had culled from the cooking of each nation its peculiar merit with admirable taste and skill. He was a fine eclectic artist, and I beg to record here my humble tribute to his talents and acquirements.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed my companion, Jingo (so called from his constant appeal to the saint of that name), as we sat on the threshold of the garden-door amusing our leisure with the cherries, when the more serious part of the meal was over; "why *are* we such fools as to leave a place like this, when once we have found it out?"

"Ah! why, indeed?"

"Only we *must* 'move on.'"

"*You* must—*I* needn't."

"Why, you are not going to be so shabby as to throw me over?"

"Not at all: only you mean to go, and I mean to stay."

"What a beastly shame!"

Then, after a few minutes' pause, candour getting the upper hand:

"Wouldn't *I*, if I had the chance, that's all."

"Come! I'll do the handsome thing. I'll go back with you to Naples, and pack your portmanteau, and then—*Bon voyage!*"

"Well, by Jingo! I think you are in the right."

* * * * *

We had ordered our donkeys to come early the next morning, to take us up the Monte Epomeo —the volcano which has now shown no signs of mischievous intentions for many a long year, and is consequently called *extinct*. On descending from our room, accordingly, at six o'clock, we found them and the guide at the hotel door. The road for the first mile or two, was like most Italian roads, buried between two lofty walls, from whose crevices capers and other creeping plants forced their way, decorating the old stones with their graceful festoons, while grape-vines and orange-trees peeped from above.

Saracenic Fort.

Emerging from these narrow ways, we came upon an open pathway on the mountain, which in its various zones resembles its archetype, Etna. On the lower region gardens and orchards, maize, grapes, plums, and cherries, lemons and oranges, crowd every available foot of ground. Above comes a belt of chestnut-trees, but none *a cento cavalli*. The trees here, being used almost exclusively for coopering, are kept in a state of mere brushwood, like the copses in the hop counties of England. There are no large trees; but their thick leafage made it cool and shady, and the soft green light was most grateful to the eyes of those just emerging from the full blaze of the June sun. Leaving these "delightful pleasant groves," we came out upon the barren summits of the mountain, but neither snow nor scoriæ hinder one's progress. A glorious view opened upon us here. At our feet, far down, lay the little town and port of Ischia, and the Castello di Nerone, diminished, as the American witness would have said, to the size of a bit of chalk; the summer palace of the King embosomed in trees; the Porto Nuovo just finished for the convenience of his Majesty's yachts; and the vine-clad promontory and white villas of Casamicciola further west, with Foria in the distance. Across the purple sea the whole range of the Italian coast, from the Circæan promontory to the Campanella, was spread before us. The bay of Pozzuoli; the islands of Bivar, Procida, and Nisida; the promontory of Miseno; Posilipo and Vesuvius, and Monte St. Angelo peering over from the other side, as if to assert the pretensions of that other bay of beauty which lay between us and them. The bay of Naples is so generally allowed to be the queen of its class, that it is rather venturous to question its pre-eminence; but I am half inclined to uphold that of Pozzuoli for a certain charm analogous to that of expression in a face which cannot boast such striking features perhaps as another, which, nevertheless, pleases less. The air was so still and clear that every detail was distinctly visible. The rigging of the ships, the windows and chimneys of the houses in the towns, or of the white villas peeping out from their orange gardens, the guns in the forts. It was like looking close at a beautiful little model rather than taking a bird's-eye view of a large extent of sea and land. In spite of the sun, which now poured its noontide rays upon our heads, we lingered long under the shelter of our white umbrellas, gazing on the map spread out before us; and it was well that we took advantage of the opportunity, for, on reaching the summit of the mountain, half-an-hour later, after turning its flank, we found the whole had disappeared like the baseless fabric of a vision. We were completely enveloped in a white fleecy cloud, and could not see a yard before us. The top of the mountain has been converted into a sort of socialist hermitage, where four or five gentlemen

in Carmelite robes, with ropes round their waists, receive travellers, and sell them rosaries and other trifles, forage for their donkeys, and wine for themselves. Their habitation is like that of the Kenites, in the living rock, hollowed partly by nature, partly by art, and furnished with glazed windows and chimneys—not unnecessarily, for it must be very cold up here sometimes. There is no appearance of a crater. The eruptions all seem to have broken out lower down, on the sides of the mountain, as has been the case with Etna for the last thousand years or so. In descending by another road we crossed a tremendous torrent of lava, perhaps a couple of miles wide at the shore. Though this, the latest, eruption took place A.D. 1302 there is not, as yet, the slightest appearance of vegetation on the desert it has created. The lava is as black and harsh as if evolved only a few months ago, and it is difficult to believe that the day will ever come when the olive and vine will flourish again here, "as they have done already on the more ancient streams," said our guide.

This was the man who had accompanied *l'egregio pittore Inglese*, whom he designated as "questo Fil." When asked how he supposed the name to be spelt, he wrote *Ste* as the Christian name, and Fil as the patronymic; and, in spite of our explanations, persisted in thinking his the best way. He questioned us very much about the standing of this distinguished artist in the profession in England, and the prices his pictures fetched. The sums I mentioned took away his breath. At first he evidently thought I was playing on his credulity, and when convinced that we were in earnest he made a pious ejaculation, fell into a brown study, and was in low spirits for the rest of the day. I suppose he was regretting that he had not made more out of him while in his service. He recovered himself sufficiently to take a slight interest in a sketch from Monte Tabor, which, he said, was "quite as like" as those Ste-Fil had made. How much should I get for mine?

I answered that I should probably not find a buyer, even if I wished to sell; but that I did not, and drew only for my amusement—a confession which evidently sunk me considerably in his estimation. We took advantage of this last halt on our way to embark at Ischia to settle with our donkey-men and the guide. The latter, however, walked down with us to the boat, and on his way privately presented Jingo with a half-piastre, begging I would return it to him again as I went aboard.

Though we could not imagine the meaning of this manœuvre, we did as he desired, supposing it to be some superstition about *luck*. To our astonishment, the man went through a complete pantomime of discontent, disgust, and expostulation, as we pushed off, and with eloquent gestures showing the money to those about him, flung it disdainfully down. The word of the charade was this. The guides make a sort of guild here, and share, or profess to share, their gains in common. This rogue, therefore, after pocketing secretly our ample donation, went through the farce to which we had so unwittingly lent ourselves, in order to cheat his brethren out of their share. There is not even honour among thieves here, it would seem.

L. COURTENAY.

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

SOME years ago I happened to be wind-bound in the port of L——. A furious westerly gale had set in at the full of the moon, and raged with a violence which can be appreciated only by those "who go down to the sea in ships," and "behold the wonders of the deep."

Right heartily did our hardy crew enjoy the shelter of that quaint old haven; grouped around their cheerful, cosy forecastle, the caboose giving forth a merry, homely, social blaze, they yarned away of by-gone dangers and hair-breadth escapes, which caused the older seamen to shake their heads in grave attestation of the narrators' truth, and the green boys to listen with open-mouthed wonder, thinking, and perchance hoping, that the day might come when they too should be enabled to relate similar wonders of maritime adventure.

The hurricane whistled wildly through the rigging; great sheets of surge, beaten into foam-froth over the rough breastwork of rocks under whose shelter we lay, were whirled aloft through the spars, showing against the black scud that careered above, like clouds of snowdrift flying through the pines on a dark mountain side.

From boyhood I have been a lover of Nature, in calm and in storm, in smiling peacefulness and dire wrath; by land and by sea have I studied her beauties; but of all the scenes I love to dwell upon is that of the sea when lashed into wild fury by the roaring tempest.

Such a scene had I now before me; in the bottom, or rather, as a sailor would call it, the "bight" of a deep bay, lay the little haven of L——, securely sheltered by a massive breakwater of granite rock; on the right, as you looked seaward, the margin was defined by rugged precipices and outlying cliffs, whilst the left hand side was bounded by a chain of lofty mountains; obliquely up this bay was now raging a south-westerly gale, hurling the giant waves of the broad Atlantic into confused masses of foaming broken water; ever and anon tremendous squalls would sweep down the hill sides with resistless force, marking their paths by dense masses of smoke-like mist torn from the mighty surges that rolled along in solemn grandeur, until broken by crag and cliff and solid rock wall, they roared a dull great roar of impotent rage, as though they would shake earth's foundations, and open a passage to the ravening waters. Turning from the fierce battle of the elements that raged without, the peaceful security of the well-sheltered little harbour, our own good little ship looking so neat and trim, as if hugging herself in the enjoyment of such good quarters, the merry voices and jocund laugh that occasionally resounded from her decks, formed such a picture of war and peace, that being lost in silent contemplation, I was not aware of a companion until a light touch upon the arm, and the gruff tones of our tough old pilot, Murtagh Moriarty, smote upon my ear.

"Hardy weather, hardy weather, yer honer," exclaimed Murtagh, ducking his head as he spoke, to avoid a sheet of foam that arched over the rocky parapet.

"Ay, ay, pilot; for the poor fellows outside, it's rough and wild work indeed!"

"Troth, id just is what yer honer says,—wicked, wild, cruel work; an' shure id makes one's heart bleed for thim poor coasthers that's sint to say in sich wild winthery weather, an' wid vessels ill-found, wid ropes as ould and as rotten as haybands; short manned, too, the way they may bring long profits to their naygur-hearted owners; ay, in troth, yer honer, many is the brave-hearted stout sayman that has had to give in whin human nathur couldn't stand agin hardships that id break a frame uv iron; an', eh Lord a mercy, sir dear! isn't id cruel wringin' to a sthrong man's sperit, whin he finds himself in the pride uv his prime, an' health and sthringth, sowld maybe to save a few fathoms uv rope or a few feet uv new plank; an' hurryin' on in the broad light uv day agin the tall cliffs that stan' up like a tombstone forninst him, wid his white shroud bilin' up an' roarin' all round him!"

"Sail ho! a sail, Misthur Moriarty! A sail, Murtagh jewel!" exclaimed two or three fishermen who had joined us.

We peered anxiously to seaward, and in the intervals of the drift and mist, just under the lofty cliffs, and almost within the broad belt of snowy breakers that foamed at their base, was a gallant ship under close-reefed topsails and courses, staggering under the pressure of the latter, as if carried on with a reckless desperation akin to despair, in order to extricate her from the fearful position into which over confidence or the thick haze of rain and surge had betrayed her.

"God be marciful! Bud by the living ——"

Whatever else the old pilot would have said died upon his lips; a mighty wall of waters came rolling down upon the hapless bark just as she was about to clear the point of greatest danger; for a moment she wavered on her course, as though her helmsman was paralysed at the appalling peril; it was, however, for a moment only; again she lay over to the hurricane squall, until all her broad decks were visible; there was a great sheet of hissing surge boiling out from under her lee bow, which showed the tremendous velocity with which her desperate crew were forcing her through the broken water; gallantly, coolly, and with stern resolve she was held on that fearful course, as if gathering up her speed and her strength for the last great struggle to escape destruction. Already was the towering mass upon her, another moment and she would be rolled broadside on into that seething caldron, a mass of riven planks and timbers, the chaos of despair, of death! We held our breaths in torturing anticipation of what was to follow; already the cry of the strong swimmers in their agony seemed resounding in our ears; no mortal hand could help, no human aid could reach them. Suddenly her helm was put down; as she came up in the wind the thunder of her shivering canvas sounded like the knell of doom; she lifted buoyantly to the giant sea, rose upon its advancing crest, as if with the last great effort of exhausted strength, burst through the curling ridge of white foam, and, falling off on the other tack, disappeared from our fevered gaze in a column of spray-smoke, and rain-mist.

"Bravely done! Bravely and well done!" shouted old Moriarty, in intense excitement. "Ay—ay—by my sowl, the child that sails her is no chicken! He knows every shtick in her timper, too, or he'd never thry such a divil's thrick as that wid her. If a rope yarn failed him, his sperit id be on the road to glory now. The Lord be praised for his marcy in sparin' them! Ids down on ther knees they ought to be this blessed minit?"

"Th'er no sthrangers here any how, Murtagh!"

"Thrue for you, Billy Duncan, alanna, ay, indeed, that th'er not; here she comes now, squared away afore the wind; but my ould eyes are so mildewed wid the say dhrift, that I can't make out what she is at all!"

"Whisht, boys, whisht! Spake aisy, can't you? Ye'll know what she is now. Don't ye see who's comin' along the pier?"

All eyes were turned from the rapidly approaching vessel, in the direction indicated by the speaker. A tall and stately looking female was striding along the rugged causeway, heedless alike of the furious tempest or the pitiless peltings of rain and spray. She was clothed in garments of rusty black, which barely sufficed to cover her poor weak frame, much less to protect her from the inclemency of the elements. In the hard-drawn lines of her aged and care-worn features, could be traced the vestiges of early and wondrous beauty—the wreck of one of earth's fairest flowers. A look of patient suffering strangely contrasted with the expression of her bright dark eyes, from which a baleful, almost ferocious, fire gleamed fitfully. Her hands were clasped with feverish energy, as if in earnest, ceaseless supplication: her gaze wandered not: it was fixed upon the approaching ship. She moved through pointed rocks, and across yawning chasms, like a being of another world. Ever and anon her lips moved, as if in prayer, yet she spoke to none, nor seemed to be aware of the presence of a human being. The moment she gained the lighthouse platform she knelt at its margin, lonely, sad, and weird looking, swaying her body backwards and forwards, her hands raised in prayer. Her voice now rose in incoherent murmurings, and anon died away; but the same intensely vengeful light gleamed ever from her eyes.

"Letty Blair, God help her!" exclaimed old Murtagh. "If I was Black Will Gardiner, I'd sooner my bones were washing under yon cliffs than face such a welkim as this afther every vy'ige!"

"For Heaven's sake, Murtagh! what is the meaning of all this? Surely the poor creature must be mad: she will die from such exposure. Let us remove her to shelter and warmth."

"Hist, yer honer, hist! it's poor Letty Blair. She's goin' to curse Black Will Gardiner, the skipper of the Gipsy Bride."

Meanwhile, the vessel which had caused all this excitement had drawn nigh, and her bowsprit now appeared as she rounded the pier end, in such close proximity that a man might have

stepped on to her bulwarks. Usually, when a vessel returns to her port after a voyage, there are those at hand to give the tempest-tossed mariners a cheery welcome home. Some few stragglers had joined us, but, save an odd cry of recognition, her dripping and startled-looking crew were grouped forward in sullen silence: no joyous outburst welcomed the wanderers of the deep; no triumphant cheer acknowledged the gallant battle for life that had been fought and won. No: a deep and ominous gloom appeared to hang over the ship and her crew. At this moment the appearance and movements of the captain of the Gipsy Bride arrested my attention. He was a man in the prime of life, of colossal stature, powerful and athletic frame, but withal of a stern, gloomy, and forbidding aspect; and if ever the face of man gave index of the mind, his might be read without envy. His swarthy features were convulsed in a manner fearful to behold: hatred, rage, fear, despair, all the evil passions which crime entails upon its followers, reigned in turn: the veins upon his forehead stood out like knotted rope yarns; his powerful grasp clutched at everything within reach as though he fevered to grapple with a deadly foe. The struggle for mastery over his feelings were terrible. The short quick walk along the quarter-deck ceased the moment he caught sight of that kneeling woman. He stood glaring like some ferocious beast about to spring upon his prey. A howl of torture—the pent-up cry of racking mental agony—burst from his lips. It increased into a half-shriek, half-roar. His hand shook like a man's with ague, as, pointing to the form which bent over him from the rocky platform, like that of an avenging angel, with a burst of fearful imprecations, he thundered forth:

"Eternal fires! will no one strike that old hag from my sight!"

It was a solemn sight, accompanied by fearful sounds! That ship and her crew just gliding into the safe and sheltered haven, escaped as by a marvel of Providence from a horrible death, and instead of voices upraised in glad thanksgiving for mercy vouchsafed, to hear that awful shout of ribald blasphemy rising high above the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind! And then that weird-looking kneeling woman, wrapped in her graveyard garments of woe, muttering forth incoherent ejaculations, in which invocations of Heaven's wrath were strangely mingled with supplications for mercy! The visitation that destroyeth the body and the soul was prayed for in the same breath as the exemption of the innocent from the doom of the guilty! By the night or by the day, in the calm or in the storm, by the land or by the sea, sleeping or waking, in health or in sickness, that "the worm which dieth not, and the fire which is never quenched," might prey upon the spirit, blast the hope, wither the strong frame, and dry up the life's blood of William Gardiner—the outcast of God and of man!

The close of that eventful day saw the storm unabated, the good ship the Gipsy Bride safely moored, her captain bestowed wherever his evil spirit could best find a resting-place; the mysterious visitant of the pier, I trust, where her broken heart and fevered mind were lulled into forgetfulness of the terrible past, and myself awaiting the pilot and his promised yarn; at length, having satisfied his craving for a pipe of Maryland, he made his appearance aft.

"I'm thinking yer honer is aiger to hear the story of poor Letty Lorimer?"

"Perhaps, Murtagh, your memory, like an old hat, would be refreshed by damping!" handing him as I spoke a stiff compound of Admiral Vernon's favourite mixture.

"Ough-ah!" coughed the old pilot, making the cabin to resound again, "bedad, its curious yer honer, that two of uz should be thinking the same thing!"

"Now, then, pilot!" I exclaimed, "to develope this mystery that has puzzled me all day."

"Ay, yer honer. It's now many a long year since ould Clement Lorimer was a big man, an' a sthrong shipowner in this same port of L——. He owned ships that wint to a great many places beyant the say, an' his word was as good as another man's bond. Well, Clement had a daughter, the poor wake craythur yer honer seen to-day, an' och! weary me! ids myself that remimbers poor Letty Lorimer, the purtiest Colleen Dhas that every tossed a spidthers-web from a grass-brake on a May mornin', an' becoorse all the gay young chaps about these parts used to be cocking their caubeens at her, but Letty id have none of 'em; she was grand-like in her idayies, an' was given to readin' about great men that wint across the says, an' med great fortins. Well, there were two apprentices sint to ould Clement—the sons of marchints he used to have dalins wid—one was a fine dashin' young Scotchman, none uv yer hard-lined, skin-the-cat sort of chaps, bud a great, big-hearted, jovial chap; och! shure, they said he was descinded from the great King Robert the Bruce; anyhow no matther who was at the beginning of him, he was a raale fine, handsome, slashin' sailor, an' no two ways about him; to'ther fellow, they said, was a side-wind from Spain, bud he'd an English name at all events, an' was a great big-limbed, dark-lookin' customer,—morose and self-given like—nobody fancied him, but bonny Donald Blair was in everybody's mouth; an' the way he'd dance the reel of Tullogorum, an' sing the Laird o' Co'pen, bedad it id bring the tears into yer eyes wid fair delight. William Gardiner was ould Lorimer's favourite, at all events; whether his people had more money nor Donald's nobody knew rightly, bud people said that Letty was to be married to him whin he was out uv his time. Ther's always two voices to a bargain, and although Letty wasn't much consulted at first, bedad she was daytermined she'd have her own way; so the very day Donald Blair was out uv *his* time the two uv them sets off an' gets married hard an' fast, an' may-be there wasn't the devil's own rookaun about it; however, Clement, sinsible-like, med the best uv the bargain his daughter got, an' had them home, an' daycently married, an' a powerful jollification ther' was; everybody got dhrunk uv coorse, for Donald was such a favourite that nobody envied him but one, that one was Will Gardiner; next or near the weddin' he never kem, but was black

and sulky as a chained bear. I'm told t'was dhreadful, to hear the oaths he swore about the revenge he'd take on Donald Blair.

"Clement Lorimer, to make up wid him like, gev him the command uv one uv his best ships, an' to show that there was no ill-will betwixt nor between them, he sent Donald Blair out as chief mate: she was as fine a barque as ever yer honer clapped eyes on, oh! a raale beauty, called the Carlo Zeno: that was a woful vy'ige for Donald, poor, light-hearted, gay, Donald Blair, he never kem back; he was logged as washed overboord in a squall off the Great Piton Rocks, near the island of Saint Lucia; there was whisperins uv foul play, but Will Gardiner challenged 'em all, an' as the log was found all square, an' the crew spoke up, why there the thing ended.

"Not wid poor Letty, though; the poor craythur! she never lifted her head from that day; an' the poor ould masther, too, wid all Donald's wild ways was fond uv him, for who wouldn't; the poor lad was as honest an' open-hearted as the light uv day, only fond uv his joke, an' his divarshun, small blame to him, ids a sorry sowl that

goes through the world without rubbing a few bright spots in id.

"In the coorse of time the widow Blair became a mother; an' if ever the dead came to life again the father did in that boy, only he had the mother's beauty an' all her winnin' ways to the back of all poor Donald's dash an' bravery; he grew fast, an' ould Clement began to regard him as the apple uv his eye, couldn't bear him out uv his sight for a minit; bud the dark times wor at hand, things began to go cross wid the poor ould masther,—first one ship was wracked, thin another, until, at last, the only one he had left was the Carlo Zeno.

"Well, the time kem when something must be done, wid young Donald—he'd no longer his grandfather to look to, so bedad the heritage uv his poor drowned father was bestowed upon him—and he was sint to sarve his time wid Will Gardiner: oh! but that was a sorry partin', for Clement Lorimer had parted wid his last ship to him, an' in sending his darlin' grandson wid him id seemed like a last hope that he'd bring back the fortune that was gone. Many, many was the requests he made uv Will that he'd behave to his poor boy, an' do by him what he had done for Will Gardiner to make him an honest sailor, an' a Christian man. That same night Black Will, as we always called him, had a long talk with Mrs. Blair, an' he asked her the question that had been the aim an' object of his life; he asked her to be his wife, an' to forget all she had ever loved as only a woman can love — once; but he spoke uv him that was dead and gone, of the man with whom he'd broken the same bread, and drunk the same cup as a ne'er-do-well that desarved to be forgotten: little knowin', the black-hearted villain! the woman he had to dale with. Oh, my jewel! it was Letty that up an' gev him her mind, and he

left her that night wid the scowl upon his brow and the curse upon his lips.

"More nor a year passed away, and still no news uv the Carlo Zeno. The poor mother was well nigh disthracted, and as for ould Clement, he was fairly beside himself. At last, one fine day, who should come back, as if the finger uv Fate was on him, but Black Will himself, and nobody else wid the exception of Art Sullivan, a very ould man, who was carpenter of the ship; she had foundered at say—the crew escaped on a raft; but, after days of awful sufferin', the only two that were picked off that fatal raft was himself and the carpenter.

"The measure of poor Clement Lorimer's bitterness was now full; he had seen ships and money and everything pass away from him, and now the only being that bound him to earth, that his poor old wearied heart clung to, the fair golden-haired laughin' boy, whose presence was like sunshine to him, and whose life was wrapt up in his own, he was gone too, and all the world was black and dreary to him. He longed for rest, the rest that knows no brakin' 'til the last day comes, and the poor broken-hearted desolate sowl was not long findin' it. We laid him in his last restin'-place, an' all that remained of the once great shipmaster was a narrow grave and a plain little headstone; and poor Letty was left in solitary widowhood to mourn the days that wor past—too happy to be lastin' and too fleetin' to be true.

"The little that was left her she spent in charity and preparin' herself for the home where those she loved best had gone before her.

"Well, yer honer, one night Letty was tould that a dyin' man wanted to make his peace wid the world, and that he should see her.

"'Do you know me?' says he to her whin she wint into the wretched cabin, where he was lyin' on a lock uv sthraw.

"'You're Art Sullivan!' says she, 'a faithful servant of my poor father's.'

"'Ay, God help me, Miss Letty!' says he; 'I was once honest, an' had a clear conscience, bud for that black villain Will Gardiner!' says he.

"'What about him? What of him?' says she. 'Oh! Art Sullivan, asthore machree! if you know anything of my poor lost boy—as you are now about to appear before your Judge—tell me!'

"'Listen, my poor Colleen!' says he. 'Listen—'twas for that I sint for you. Whin we escaped on the raft young Donald was safe and sound, and so wor' all the crew, but we had days and nights of awful sufferin'—hunger and thirst and the killin' heat by day soon sent most of them mad, and they jumped into the say, where the sharks made short work of them, and the rest died of fair starvation. At last, none were left but Will Gardiner, myself, and young Donald Blair. Oh! but he was a brave fine boy! he kept our spirits goin', day by day, and bid us cheer up, although the poor darlin's bones wor' peepin' thro' his skin. That terrible man had a little store of rum and biscuit, for I kept my eye on him night an' day, and when he knew I had discovered him, he gave me a taste now and then, but never a morsel nor a sup would he give the brave child that was dyin' before his face. I took it, and I tried to make the little Donald swallow some; but no, he had the sperit of a lion, "No!" he used to whisper, and his little eyes would flash, "What the black rascal would not give to the poor men that's gone shall never pass my lips!" It was a just rebuke to myself, a big man, to hear that from the lips of a child; but I was wake and feeble, and the great black thief was sthrong thro' his own cowardly selfishness—so, what could I do? When a man is driven to death by inches, he craves for life more than ever—pride, manliness, everything is wake in him; but that boy was a hero, if ever there was one born. At last the day came that all was gone; another and another followed, and Black Will Gardiner stooped over me and whispered a horrid timptation, for, says he, "if we can only prolong life a couple of days more, we'll be sure to fall in wid some of the homeward-bounders!" My blood curdled at his words; but as the day wore on, and no sign uv a sail, he spoke to me again; but I swore at him, and he swore at and cursed me, and called me a drivellin' old fool to cant about mercy to a worthless brat. I wondther now he did not throw me overboard, but the coward was afraid of his conscience—he feared being alone. At last, he spoke out bold, and said the time was come we should draw lots for life, one must die to keep the others alive. The lots were drawn, and, God forgive him and me! *the lots were drawn falsely*, and poor little Donald—Oh! God shield that sight from my memory!—there was that arch-demon struggling wid that poor small child. I screamed; I tried to rise and help and save him; but no, I was feebler than he was, and at last the blow was struck; ay, God forgive him, that man-devil! he murdered poor little Donald—he drank of his blood and he eat of his flesh, and he forced it upon me, too, and bound me by fearful oaths never to reveal what I do now, but I could not die aisy. Oh, mercy! mercy, Miss Letty! I am goin'—I am——' The wild cry alone answered, the spirit of the old man had fled, and with it the senses of poor Letty Blair."

"And is it possible, Murtagh?" I exclaimed, "that nothing has ever been done about this?"

"'God bless yer honer!' said the old man, 'what could we do?' Letty told me the story herself in a few odd clear moments she had after the first shock passed away, bud then she got worse than ever. Our only witness was dead, and who would take a man's life on the word of a poor crazed woman? Bud his day will come, yer honer—sooner or later! The finger is on him, sure an' fixed! He tried sailin' from other ports, bud he always comes back to this. Bud tell me, yer honer,' said the old man with intense eagerness, 'do you believe in the appearance of sperits from the other world?'"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"'Because poor Letty often wandthers by the sayside, and says that she is talking to little Donald; and thin she kneels down beside old Clement's grave, and whispers to him to be of good cheer, that little Donald is comin' to him, and that she is comin' too, but that she must wait for Will Gardiner; and, sure enough, when we see her doin' this, we know he is not far off; and

let it be by day or by night that he comes back, there she kneels upon that platform of rock—the first that he sees whin he comes, and the last whin he goes away. God forgive her poor wanderin' broken sperit, it's not Christian-like, but shure she knows no better—she asks for her poor lost son—once the pride of the heart that shall never bloom again, the light of the eyes that shall never sparkle more but in madness. Terrible will be the fate of the man that wrongs the widowed and the fatherless!'"

The old pilot ceased, and I shall do the same, good reader. I tell you the tale as it was told to me; and, for aught I know, the poor maniac mother may still frequent the little pier of L——, and Black Will Gardiner may still be prosperous; but, as sure as the old pilot said it, his day will come.

I need hardly say that the names I have introduced are not the real ones. W. C.

THE "POSTE RESTANTE."—A REVERIE.

PRELUDE.

HEART-WEARIED with the jarring, ceaseless wheels
That move the Present, and the pinching chain
Of arduous nothings, linking day to day,
I throw myself on Aganippe's brink,
And bury deep my brows in honey'd thyme,
And dally with the asphodels,
And cry aloud for some unsandall'd nymph
To flute me in the ear with slender pipe,
White-footed nymph, haunting the sacred spring;—
Or gaze an hour in those crystalline wells,
'Till the blue heaven within them seems more real,
And larger, than the upper, spanning sky.
Then, as I list the runnels murmuring down
O'er shining pebbles, marged by lilac cups
Of crocus, and the slender, upturn'd flow'r
Whose virgin bosom, vein'd with tenderest green,
Opes to the zenith sky,—like Innocence,*
Visions attend me, and the gaudy day
Changes to pictured night. The earth is gone;
And Fancy reigns supreme upon her starry throne.

THE POSTE RESTANTE.

O, might I live my yesterdays again,
And feel the heart's beat as in hours of yore!—
'Twas in a famed, grey, mouldering town of Spain,
Which from the hills frowns on its southern shore,
That first I felt my sinewy arm grown weak,
And flush and pallor chase my unused cheek.

I stood before an ancient convent's wall,
Whence, through a grated window, look'd—no nun,
Nor friar—but a grim official tall;
Who for an hour, about the set of sun,
Dispensed, for maravedis paid and given,
Letters—which made the breast a hell, or heaven.

Six weeks from home and what seem'd weary care,
My rough and mannish soul grown somewhat tender;
Whether 'twas Autumn, or the mountain-air,
Or coal-black eyes, or dirt, had been the mender
Of my rude nature, I know not; but know
That day I felt disturbed, and changed, and low.

For I, in mad resolve, had sent a letter,
Some ten days erst—being alone in Spain—
To one at home, in all respects my better.
And being sent, I curst my rashness vain.
"Ah! wretch," said I, "you've shut the door of hope,
Which never more, even in dreams, may ope!"

And yet I came, tending due maravedis
At the barred window in the convent old;
Where was a knot of merchants, monks, and ladies,
Who all seem'd warm, whilst I was shivering cold.
And when my turn was, I could hardly speak
My errand, with hoarse voice, and blanching cheek.

There came a pause. Th' official left the grate,
Interpreting my name in accents Spanish;
I, the meanwhile, first fainting, next irate
T' have let the wretch who held my fate evanish.
When back he came—my "end-all and my be-all"—
Holding a letter: "More to pay—one rial!"

A gasp—a grasp—'twas mine! There stood my name,
The shaggy, whiskered *me!*—in sweet, small hand.
E'er to have writ was more to me than fame.
O, happy winds, that wafted from my land
The ship that bore my letter! Blessed town!
And blest official—scowling, gaunt, and brown!

Yes! There the letter small, with feminine writing,
Lay in my dewy hand—'twas no mistake:
Christian and surname, in correct inditing,
If 'twere no dream from which I might awake.
Spite of bystanders, I remember this,—
Giving her missive kiss, and kiss, and kiss.

Whether I read my letter in the street,
Or to the hostel flew, I cannot tell:
But when th' enclosèd words my eyes did meet,
The weight which lifted off my heart, full well
I *do* remember; and the sense of rest,
And warmth, and light, that fill'd my joyful breast.

Words calm and hopeful, womanly and wise,
Words that an angel might have penn'd or read;
They spoke a mood of pleasure, tears, surprise,
As if new heavens had open'd overhead,
And re-allumed the world on which she stood,
Like evening sunlight on a summer wood.

And I remember, too, at that same hour
A change came o'er me. There *a man* I breath'd,—
No more a youthful trifler; but with power
All armed, to wage life's war with sword unsheathed.
I've fought! And shrinèd Love has, midst the din,
An inner-temple found—in Lincoln's-Inn.

BERSL.

* The grass of Parnassus.

END OF VOL. II.

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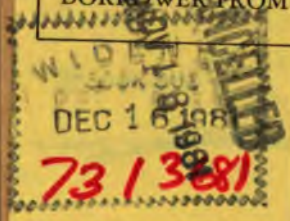

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