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LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.

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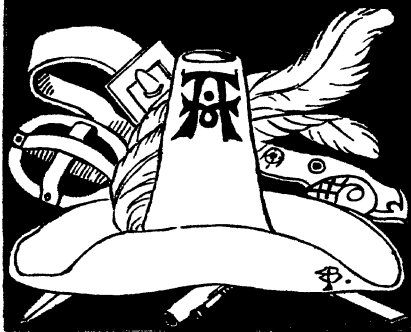
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LONDON SOCIETY.

JANUARY, 1863.

WANTED—A VILLAIN!



AN acquaintance with that peculiar combination of dramatic and masonic intelligence, the 'Era' newspaper, will suggest to the reader of this article some connexion between its title and the advertisement sheet of that periodical. But in reality the desire expressed has little or nothing to do with the Thespian requirements published every Saturday in the interesting miscellany alluded to. I want a villain for the stage and for the novel—a villain tangible, concrete; and I appeal to our rising novelists and dramatists to furnish the public, who I believe to be as fished in the

matter as I am, with some decided and palpable contrast to the aesthetic rascality now so much in vogue

One of our greatest novelists has lately propounded the question to the reading public—'How do you like your novels?' and has replied to his own query by revealing his own taste, 'For my part I like mine hot with—' That his own productions lack the intensity of excitement he has implied a preference for, is beside the question—but substituting in the inquiry the word 'villains' for 'novels,' I fully adopt the reply; I like my villains, whether on the stage or in letter-press, 'hot with—' and my complaint is that our modern writers do not deal in the commodity.

Time was—I am afraid to remember how long ago—but when I was a boy and occasionally enjoyed a surreptitious sixpennyworth of the drama in the gallery of a metropolitan minor theatre, that there could be no possibility be a doubt as to who was the villain of the piece. You knew the moment he stepped upon the stage—nay, the subdued fiddling that heralded his advent, warned you ere he appeared, that the individual in corkscrew black ringlets, leavy eyebrows, and moustaches to match, bristling all over with pistols and daggers, an enormous brass buckle covering his epigastrium, and ferocious-looking turned-down-at-the-top bell-mouthed boots—must be *a*—perhaps *the* villain. You felt that a virtuous sentiment—a noble idea—proceeding from beneath the penthouse thatch of that sable, moustache would be a mockery—a profanity—irony so inconsistent, so utterly absurd as to become almost ludicrous and nearly akin to bathos. Pause a moment, reader, and reflect—recall. Did you ever hear a moral precept proceed from the mouth of an actor wearing a huge buckle to his belt, and with his legs encased in loose buff-leather boots? And thus leads me to cogitate on the inscrutable mystery that has ever on the stage connected villany with boots. The tenor in the opera, the virtuous lover in unlyrical drama have enjoyed a monopoly of tights

and pumps; but the bass and the wicked baron, the pirate captain, and the smuggler king, have always made the boards groan beneath the pressure of colossal boots of a colour that forced upon us a sentiment of pity for our ancestors when we reflected upon what they must have endured ere Day and Martin came and all was bright. Can the traditional association of jackboots with scoundrelism have originated in the fact, that he whom the stage must, of course, always consider an arch villain—Old Noll—invariably wore boots. But then the players' friend and patron, the admirer of glorious Will—Old Noll's victim, and the martyr for the church, that at all events tolerated, if it did not encourage, shows and stage plays, wore boots too, or the pencil of Vandyke has deceived us. James the Second, grim-visaged York, Fierce Claver'se, bloodthirsty Kirk, wore boots, but so too did merry Jame of Monmouth, stern William of Nassau, and gay John Churchill, who did not dislike a comedy of Wycherley's ere Blenheim and Rameses had made tragedy his trade. I give it up—and I confess that the buckle mystery is also too much for me. Nor is my mind clearer in the matter of gloves. Why was it considered indispensable in former days that the stage villain should cover his great paws with the gauntlets of a life-guardsmen. And here, reader, let me candidly avow that I was never taken in—never, even in my youngest playgoing days. I never believed that brigands and smugglers advertised themselves for the benefit of gensd'armes and revenue officers by wearing a livery or uniform, and I was not in the least surprised when—coming to man's estate and being introduced, professionally, to a notorious smuggler—I found a swarthy, stupid-looking, salt-smelling veteran in a pea-coat and tarpauling trousers, in place of the moustached and ringletted hero in long drooping cotton nightcap, belt, buckle, voluminous folds of petticoat—how those petticoats have puzzled me!—loose boots, horse pistols, and basket-hilted cutlass I was familiar with in my nonage.

In those days, too, even our standard and classical villains did not affect the disguising polish they now consider necessary to the development of the character: 'Honest' Iago was not too palpably honest, or rather did not appear to mistake an electrotyping of Palais-Royale mosaic for the correct presentment of that assumption which the philosopher tells us is the homage vice pays to virtue. As for Richard of Glo'ster there was no thought or question of compromise about his character—a villain, a palpable, notorious, conspicuous, grotesque, ugly villain—from the moment he shambled upon the stage—of course to slow music—to that when, spitted upon Richmond's sword, he writhed his soul out to the same teeth-on-edge-setting stringy grinding of fiddles. Every hair in his black ringlet wig—every stroke of burnt cork on his horrible physiognomy—every line and curve of his misshapen figure from the hump on his back to the crook in his leg—proclaimed him villain. Nor did his own avowal of his talent for hypocrisy, when it suited his purpose, at all serve to modify the patent rascality of the presentation. The idea of that deformed fiend possessing a tongue that could wheedle with the devil, was regarded as an excellent joke; and his assertion that he could smile and murder while he smiled, gave a grotesque zest to the subsequent scene with Lady Anne, where his villany appeared as daring and, as defiant as ever.

The player who enacted Glo'ster in those days never aimed at achieving more than the very simple task of applying the resources of his art to the exaggeration of the outlines and details Shakespeare had furnished, untrammelled by any antiquarian speculations as to the political, diplomatic, or military qualities that might, had they been known to him, have materially modified the poet's repulsive view of the character of the last princely Plantagenet.

Now we have changed all that. Our villains, whether on the stage or in the novel, are of the purple-and-fine-linen order. They no longer stride—they glide. They no longer

swear in discordant gutturals, but pay delicate compliments in tenderly modulated, unexceptionable English. They no longer 'stave the cask and dram the flask' in boisterous orgies, their scene the torchlit cave or the all but inaccessible quarry in the steep mountain side. They find their recreation now in 'capering nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute.'

Our villany has become more refined. We gild the pill of vice; the 'hideous mien' of the monster is softened down, disguised, or its lineaments rendered less repulsive, by endowing him with the familiar accessories of broadcloth and cambric. Is this desirable? An endeavour to answer this question is the object of this paper, but before entering upon what may be termed the ethical part of my subject, let me occupy your attention for a few minutes in the contemplation of the villain, as modern writers of fiction depict him; and afterwards let me, from the excogitations this view will induce, draw what moral I may.

And first, let me endeavour to fix upon a period when the old-fashioned villain made his exit, and the villain *à la mode* 1862 entered. Let me select my first illustrations from book-literature—novels. The late William Sikes, Esq., was very nearly perfect as a villain of the good old school. A fierce, uncompromising brutality—a stolidly consistent want of principle, or rather ignorance of what principle consisted in—an undisguised contempt for society's opinion, and defiance of society's code of conduct, went far towards making Bill Sikes my ideal of a villain. But the observant reader will perceive that these qualities are not of themselves sufficient for the exigencies of my villanous taste. They only go to render Bill Sikes nearly perfect as a villain—not perfect. I will not dwell at any length on the absence of mere adventitious accessories. The public inexorability in the matter of correctness of local colouring will account for Mr. Sikes's toilet consisting rather of fustian and corduroy than of spangles and velvet; but Mr. Sikes is not a perfect villain, inasmuch as

his villany proceeds rather from ignorance of what constitutes ethical principle than from an absolute want of it—at least so far as we can gather from the author's delineation of the character. How do we know but that favourable early associations and the merest rudiments of moral teaching might have struck upon a latent vein of pure virtuous principle in the burglar's breast, and smelted out some very genuine metal from the repulsive ore? That very brutality of disposition, properly controlled and directed, had perhaps proved the motive power by which a state or an army might have been saved 'vices are but virtues turned inside out' I remember reading—I will not say where—of a gallant general—I will not name him, for he is still living, and, I believe, in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, and may I be able to say the same of him for many years to come—who, while directing some military operations in India, saw in the undulations of a cummerbund that, as he supposed, swathed the loins of a wounded rebel, writhing on the ground, a very suspicious approach to propinquity between that prostrate form and his own sturdy upright figure. The general—so the narrative says—encountered the bead-like glitter of a pair of coal-black, basilisk eyes—looked down upon the flash of two rows of firm-set, snow-white teeth, and perceived in the grip of a by no means enervated hand the sheen of a brightly-flashing, deadly-keen tulwar-blade. Coolly turning to an English sentry on duty close by, the grim leader calmly gave the order, 'Sentry, bayonet that man.' I remember turning sick as I read how the many-plated cummerbund resisted the point of the soldier's weapon, and how he had to search for a less defended spot in that dusky torso through which his blade might reach a vital organ. Now the general's order was not brutality in the common acceptation of the term—it was the disciplined instinct of mere self-preservation—his duty to himself—his duty, above all, to his country, in his firmness and readiness to conceive and unflinchingly superintend the execution of a ne-

cessary order—necessary for the preservation of a life upon which the success of his country's cause in no inconsiderable measure depended. Yet I think, reader, Mr. William Sikes, educated, and placed in a similar position, would have possessed the quality of firmness in blood-spilling in at least as great a degree as this deservedly-honoured and trusted officer.

No—Bill Sikes is not a perfect villain. The villain must not only consistently do wrong, but must do it in defiance and contradiction of what he knows to be right. Jonas Chuzzlewit, junior, comes nearer to my conception of what a villain should be. Observe how materially he assists in pointing the moral of the work, in which he is so prominent a character, by contributing 'so enormous a share of the vice it is the apparent object of the novel to hold up to execration—the vice of selfishness. And here permit me to digress for a moment, to call attention to the artistic handling of his subject by Dickens in this admirable work. How plain the moral—how obvious the object—how well the contrast is preserved, from the opening episode to the closing scene; between noble disinterestedness and grovelling self-love—Tom Pinch—dear old Tom—Ruth and John Westlock on the one side, and old Martin, old Jonas, young Jonas, and Pecksnuff—the immortal Seth—on the other. Follow them—bearing this theory of the purpose of the work in mind—through all the scenes of the story, and observe how admirably the contrast of the conflicting principles is preserved.

But to return to our villains. In the long interval that elapsed between 'Martin Chuzzlewit' and 'Great Expectations,' Mr. Dickens did not furnish us with a single good villain—using the adjective in the paradoxical sense in which, nevertheless, it will be readily understood. From Jonas Chuzzlewit to Orlick is a long step; and even Orlick is not altogether a satisfactory villain. His villany is motiveless—his character is sketchy—his appearances few and far between, and his whole being, so far from assisting

the story, might indeed with advantage be omitted altogether. Nay, his great 'sensational' scene, in which the agony of suspense is piled up in a manner grimly suggestive of the famed quarry incident in the 'The Peep o' Day,' is entirely episodical, and not even remotely incidental to the story in which it occurs. Let me ask the dramatic authors and adapters, whom I have the honour to number one among the readers of these lines, if, in adapting 'Great Expectations' for the stage, they would not find themselves on the horns of this dilemma either an inexorable necessity to omit the character of Orlick altogether, or to elevate him to an important position, and to give him the promnency of a *deus ex machinâ* never contemplated by the novelist?

The modern villain of the novel finds his antitype in the late Mr Carker, of dental memory. Mr Carker, you will remember, does not stride like Jonas Chuzzlewit. He glides. He glides through a long career of villany. He smiles through three volumes of rascality. He talks polite philosophy and glossy wickedness in neatly-turned platitudes, from his entrance in the counting-house of *Dombey and Son* to his exit per express train on the wrong side of the railway platform. You will observe, too, how frequently we are called upon to take notice that his linen is scrupulously white, that his boots are faultlessly lacquered, and that his white hands and nails, which, by the way, he is perpetually paring and cleaning, are innocent of a speck, while as to his teeth, the play made with those two rows of dazzling ivory from beginning to end of the novel, positively makes our own ache. Well, Mr. Carker—teeth and all—disappears under the wheels of the up or down express, and we are charitably disposed to be very indulgent in our memory of him. He is an agreeable variation of our stock villain. He will clean our palate for the relish of future burnt cork and ringlets; nay, when we find that his mantle of villany has not descended on a man framed for heavy business, but has fallen on the slimy shoulders of a reptile

like Uriah Heep, we accept the new comer with a patient shrug, prepare to consider his villainous merits dispassionately, and in consideration of the many new points in his character as contrasted with his predecessor, make up our minds to enjoy him, at all events as a stay 'till better meat be served.' But at his successor in oily villany our patience breaks down altogether. Of all the humbugs and shams of dramatic rascality, surely Rigaud, 'whose moustache went up under his nose, and whose nose came down over his moustache,' is the most transcendent. We have to assume his turpitude throughout. The peculiar Mephistophelian facial contortion above quoted is insisted on with a pertinacity that almost inclines us to believe that the author intends us to accept this trick—rendered fiendish from our reminiscences of Goethe's great creation—as a substitute for more productive rascality. For, pray reader, when you have carefully analyzed 'Little Dorrit,' and accurately estimated the part Rigaud plays in the story, what does the poor fellow commit in the villainous way, after all? He simply stalks—I beg pardon, glides—through the story, and 'makes play' with his nose and moustache, as I have quoted. True, we are continually told that he is a wicked knave. Directly or impliedly, this assertion is forced on us so repeatedly as to lead us to suppose that the author has a slight, uneasy qualm lest, in the absence of any overt acts of guilt, we should at length only view Rigaud as an innocent bore, with an unpleasant habit of writhing his countenance. Is this villany? Does this satisfy our craving for the presentation of the blacker shades of guilt to serve as a background and foil for virtue to shine the brighter upon? And this brings me to the very gist of my complaint. Carker and Rigaud have set the fashion of our villains in print or on the stage ever since. I think Monsieur Rigaud in type was about cotemporary with Monsieur Chateau Renaud behind the footlights. You remember what a cool villain he was. I am not prepared

altogether to condemn this villain ; for although he displays the usual quantity of refined and sublimated abstract scoundrelism, yet he is not altogether without sufficient downright concrete crime, and the last scene to a great degree relieves him from the charge of being commonplace. There is a certain delicious flavour of the good old Coburg days in the coolness with which he strips off his coat and turns up his shirt-sleeves for the duel *à la mort*, which, I confess, I relish, and the incident of the swords breaking, and the continuation of the duel with their points held daggerwise, and Monsieur Renaud wriggling out of the world at last in the conventional agonizing writhe, with the spectre rising in the background, to the subdued grinding of the Rogue's March by the violins, is worthy of the palmy days of *melodrame*. Yes, Chateau Renaud, although a type of our modern villain of fiction, is not utterly unendurable ; but Count Fosco is atrocious. The man never does any harm that I can see. Does nothing, I mean, to earn his title to the character of the villain of the piece—the *vilain*, it seems evident, he is intended for, but which is much more worthily filled by his friend, Sir Percival Glyde. Fosco is fat if that be a qualification for a villain, Shakspeare makes Cæsar a very dull judge of human nature. Fosco is fond of canary-birds, some vague association of villainy with Robespierre seems to have suggested this trait. But society has come to be very dubious how she applies to that paradoxical character the unqualified term of villain. She has come to own herself fairly puzzled as to whether villain, patriot, madman, or a compound of all three, would best define the Republican Montagnard. Now, apart from meannesses, rather implied than actually charged, there is nothing particularly unamiable about Count Fosco. I dare say he is a villain—Mr. Wilkie Collins tells us so ; but I say that, for all the villainy he *does* in the story, he might pass for a very amiable, well-meaning foreign gentleman, unstained by even so much as those microscopical blots of

immorality which would disqualify him from handing the muffins and whispering soft nothings to antique virgins and dowagers at a 'highly-respectable' tea-party.

Another of these well-dressed modern bores is Monsieur Ernest Adair, in Mr. Shirley Brooks' 'Silver Cord.' What a nuisance that man is, with his little scraps of profane quotations, his fatiguing happiness in repartee, his bewildering mazy schemes, his eternal cigarette, his faultless toilet and his diminutive rascalities ! How tired I am of him ! And he monopolizes the scene, that is the evil. When Count Fosco is present he amuses me, when he is away I am hurried on so breathlessly by the exciting events of the story that I scarcely become aware of his absence, until he turns up again, and then his arrival is an agreeable relief. I hail him—not as a villain, be it understood—but as an agreeable and amusing companion. Ernest Adair, on the contrary, is ever present—ever smoking the same cigarette or sipping the same *petit verre d'absinthe*—ever emitting bald little essays on everything in general, apropos of nothing in particular. What comes of him at last ? Nemesis overtakes him somehow, I suppose ; I am sure I forget, I only know I close the book heartily weary of the lay figure that has done the heavy business—heavy enough—through three dreary volumes.

Another very poor attempt at delineating villainy is made by, perhaps, our greatest novelist, in Margrave. Saving that this is an instance of the æsthetic villain, you will find the distinctive features of modern villainy tolerably well preserved,—the white hands, the faultless toilet, the insinuating address, the absence of all misdoing save that which is very remotely implied. To my taste—probably a coarse one—this sublimation of rascality is very insipid, while for its effects in a momentary point of view, I believe we should gain by a substitution of the old adjuncts of burnt cork and black feathers, with Nemesis in the shape of a luckily coincident pistol-shot to bring the curtain down at the end amidst general applause.

I have adduced these few illustrations of the modern villain simply to recall to the mind of the playgoer, or the reader of works of fiction, the tendency of our modern novelists and playwrights, if not to 'plate sin with gold,' at least to dress it in broadcloth and lacquered boots. If I have succeeded, there will recur to the mind of the reader many other instances, on the stage and in print, of villains of the Chateau Renaud and Ernest Adair stamp. Are you not bored with them? I am. Do you not long for a return to something more *prononcé* in the villainous line? If you do not, I do.

For there is a graver aspect to this question. The tendency of mind of the rising generation is to an almost unqualified admiration of the 'respectable.' And if a novelist or dramatist combines, in the character he intends for the shadow of his picture, a studious regard for the conventional proprieties of society with a clear head, a cultivated intellect, good bodily health, and a high spirit, the shadow, in fact, ceases to be shadow, and, to the eye of the unthinking observer, enters into a dangerous rivalry with the light. Thus, I am afraid, the mind of youth will contemplate the character of Fabien dei Franchi as a compound of morose insipidity, while it will be charmed with the grace, the elegance, the accomplishments, the spirit, the mere physical beauty of Chateau Renaud. And even I—who am by no means a youth—must own to a preference, unwarrantably stimulated by the author, for the handsome, dashing, accomplished man of the world, Captain Hawkesley, to the quiet, slow, insipid John Mildmay—albeit the former is a returned convict and a great villain, and the latter is a plain, worthy, and respectable English merchant.

My near approach to the reasonable limit of an article will not allow me to contrast our modern with our ancient villains; but I cannot forbear paying a tribute to the great Wizard of the North in this respect. How refreshing, after the enervating, exotic climate of 'The Silver Cord' and 'The Woman in White,' is a plunge into the bracing atmosphere

of 'The Heart of Mid Lothian,' or 'Rob Roy.' Scott's villains are unequivocal. A Dirk Hatterack or a Rashleigh Osbaldestone there is no mistaking—while one may occasionally fail to be interested in Scott's heroes—Edward Waverley, for instance, being, I think, rather of the milksop order. The villain is always so palpable—his crimes are in such bold relief as to be wholesomely detestable, while the Nemesis is always complete, and appears in correct time and place. And I think this proceeds in a great measure from the simplicity of Scott's ideas of novel-writing. He never wrote in the style that is now understood as writing with a purpose. He never wrote merely for the exhibition of his skill in the portrayal of character. He had a purpose in writing, it is true. The simplest purpose—the primary,—I had almost said the only commendable—purpose in novel-writing—the purpose of telling an entertaining story in the most attractive manner. Scott's 'idea of a novel seems to have been just this—to select, or to imagine, such a combination of events as appeared to him to be abnormal, and to make it the backbone of a legend, availing himself of such contemporary historical characters, or creating such imaginary ones, as would be most effective to the presentment of his story. And see the result of this system. See the effect of the development of that story-telling propensity that led the boy of eight or ten years old to keep his room-mates awake hours after hours, night after night, with his improvised romances of chivalry and fairyland. This propensity, matured by manhood, and exercised in the manner I have pointed out, produces glorious creations, where the value of the gems is in an inverse ratio to the effort that develops them. And how lightly the great artist thought of his own productions we know by the remark he made when, almost hopelessly involved, he determined to devote his pen for the remaining years of his life to his honourable extrication. 'Oh,' said he, 'it will only be screeching off two more hours of sould-world rubbish every morn-



OLD STYLE



NEW STYLE

THE VILLAIN.



1832.



1862.

RICHARD III.



IDEAL.



REAL

THE SMUGGLER.



AS HE WAS,



AS HE IS,

HONEST IAGO.

ing' It was this modesty, combined with the fidelity I have indicated to the simple duty of the epic composer, that gave us the glorious combinations of light and shade, goodness and villainy, that teach no less than they delight the world, in 'Ivanhoe,' 'Quentin Durward,' and 'Kenilworth.'

The reflective mind may find, in the modern fictitious presentment of turpitude, suggestions for a vast range of thought upon an almost inexhaustible subject. Are our authors, after all, paying involuntary homage to the spirit of conventional artificiality—of sham—that we are told is the great characteristic of the present age? Does the pre-Raphaelitism of the stage demand that its villains shall be so strictly and accurately copied from actual life, that none but Pullingers, Redpaths, Robsons, and Roupells will serve for its models? At all events we know the article that, whether on the stage or in the book, finds the readiest market. We know the most piquant sauce for the public palate—a consummate hypocrite, a well-dressed, plausible scoundrel, a fellow that can smile, and murder while he smiles, a Crichton, who is equally invincible in an encounter of wit or weapons, a drawing-room loungeur who can dance a quadrille with unapproachable grace, and who leaves the yielding Brussels to press, with his lacquered boots, as soft a carpet of green sward, where two or three exquisites, faultlessly attired as himself, are measuring off the orthodox twelve paces, or delicately comparing the lengths of a pair of exquisitely lithe Damascus blades, now breaking a *rouge-et-rouge* bank, and now a woman's heart, now insinuating an elegant compliment, and now forging a cheque, now flirting in an opera-box, and now committing a burglary, now his delicate white hands tightly encased in snowy kid, and now stained in the crimson stream from a murdered victim's heart. Is this

— holding the mirror up to nature, and shewing the very body of the time his form and pressure?

If it be, Heaven be merciful to us! I grant that we must be true in the delineation of the times we live in.

I admit that the man who would formerly have cried 'Stand!' to a fat grazier on the high-road, now lurks behind his intended victim, and pounces upon him from a street-corner with the garrotter's fatal hug. The bold baron who, in former times, would have swooped down from his eyrie of a castle upon a peaceable cavalcade of merchants journeying along the road through the valley beneath, and never shook hands or said farewell to them until ne'er a noble remained in their pouches, or a Flanders ell of broad-cloth in their mails, now sells his name to a joint-stock company, or comes in shares on the fat plunder squeezed from the credulous depositors of a bubble bank. The rapacious and unjust steward of three centuries ago finds a representative in the fraudulent railway clerk of to-day, and the cateran who once, with a crowd of gillies, claymore in hand, swept down on the sleek droves of some poor sassenach farmer, had he lived in the present time, would have figured as the robber of the same cattle, only acquiring them by the more specious, but scarcely less illegitimate method of 'obtaining goods without prospect or means of paying for the same within three months of being declared a bankrupt.'

But, for all this, if it be—as it well may be—that the French-polished rascality of the stage and the novel suggests more scoundrelism than it imitates, I think we should profit, in a moral point of view, by going back to the old patent, palpably depicted atrocities of the stage-villain of our fathers—burnt cork, buckles, big boots, blue fire and all. Let us try the effect of restoring the monster his hideous mien, and see if the result will be as the poet predicates. There are many rising authors among us—novel and dramatic. Who will bell the cat? Who will have the courage to make what—by returning to an old fashion—may almost be styled—nay, certainly will by some people be styled—an innovation? Come, step forward, ambitious *littérateurs*; now is your time! Wanted—a Villain!

ON THE ICE.

AN Englishman takes naturally to water.

Insular as he is, his sympathies lead him to the element which surrounds his tight little island, and from childhood to old age he never loses his interest in the water. As a child, he must needs splash through every puddle, and even the very slop-basin has attractions for him when it is made the medium of swimming a half walnut shell or a paper boat. As a boy, he hies him to the brooks and rivers, and whether it be to bathe, to fish, or to launch his mimic fleet, he is tolerably sure to spend his half-holiday in the water. Who can tell his delight when he first visits the sea, with its waves, its real ships, and its changing tides?

For my own part, when I was a very little boy, proceeding to Portsmouth on the top of a coach, I was half mad with excitement, and could not be calmed by any offer of hard-boiled eggs or sandwiches. How well I remember the moment when, from the summit of a lofty hill, my attention was drawn to a space between two distant elevations, where a faint blue line was drawn, as if with a painter's brush, and I was told that there was the sea. None of the famous Ten Thousand felt more rapture at the sight of the sea than myself. I could not sit still. I wanted to get off the coach and run, for the vehicle seemed, to my excited imagination, to crawl at a snail's pace. Looking back to that time, I can realize the idea that I must have been a considerable nuisance to my fellow-travellers, for I fidgetted, and asked questions, and let no one have any peace until I fell asleep through sheer exhaustion.

How grand it is to the boyish feelings to indulge in a sail, the realization of many an ardent dream! How everything seems as if it were part of a fairy tale, as the sun glitters on the white-crested waves, the boat leaps along as if instinct with life, and the sedate old sailor sits quietly in the stern, smelling very much of

tar, and chewing real tobacco, just as sailors do in books.

Of course I thought that tobacco chewing was essential to a nautical life, and that no one could lay claim to the title of sailor without chewing a quid. So I begged a little piece of pigtail, and gave it just one bite. I never ventured upon a second, and nothing shall induce me to do so. How any human being can deliberately absorb that fiery mixture of pungent abominations is still to me a mystery. I would have given anything to take the horrible, choking, scorching taste away. I drank water until further drinking was a physical impossibility. I nearly ruined myself in apples, and yet bore about that most atrocious flavour for the rest of the day. We hear that across the Atlantic, ladies are accustomed secretly to eat snuff in their boudoirs. Whether or not the snuff bears any semblance to pigtail tobacco, I cannot say, but if there be the slightest shade, or penumbra of a likeness, those ladies must possess a strangely organized nervous system.

To return to our young sailor. The joys of the sea cannot last for ever. Black Monday summons its victims to school, and when next the schoolboy is set free, the winter has begun, and King Frost asserts his sway. No more bathing now, no more swimming, and no more boating, for the river is covered with a thick sheet of black ice, and any sports must now be conducted upon its surface rather than in its waters. See, the thermometer marks 22°, giving ten degrees to spare before the ice is likely to soften: scarcely a breath of wind is stirring, the ground rings sharp and clear under the feet; there has been no snow to mar the glassy smoothness of the ice, and for those who can traverse the shining surface without falling, the day is perfection itself. I can never find patience to take my breakfast quietly, but am always looking at the clock, fuming inwardly at the waste of time employed in mastication, and counting

every minute as lost until I am fairly on my way to the ice

To skate in comfort is an art which requires some little practice. The powerful and unwonted exercise will often do more harm than good unless it be performed upon a correct system, and the skater will return home fagged and exhausted, instead of feeling quite fresh and lively as he ought to do. The mode which I adopt is as follows —

I keep a pair of boots especially for this one purpose. They have rather thin soles, not very high heels, and fit exactly to the foot and round the ankle. Before starting for the ice, I screw the skates to the boots, slipping the straps loosely into the buckles, so that when the boots are drawn on, all that is required is just to tighten the straps. For walking to the ice I prefer a pair of thick-soled and very easy boots, as the relief to the feet by simply changing the boots is almost incredible. Just before starting, the skate-boots are placed in a little black leather bag, together with a guarded gumlet, a small knife, a tin box containing a piece of oiled linen, a sandwich, and a flask of sherry and water.

The coat ought to be of the shooting-jacket style, with as little skirt as possible, and fitting rather closely when buttoned. Nothing but a handkerchief should be carried in the pocket, as severe damage is often occasioned by a fall when any hard substance, such as a knife or a bunch of keys, is worn. I once knew a man killed by falling on a gumlet which he had carelessly placed in his pocket. He was a good skater, and would not have fallen had he not been knocked down by a clumsy novice, who ran against him just as he was performing a difficult evolution. A gumlet is necessary, because straps vary so much in elasticity on different days, that although they will precisely fit on Monday, they may be too short on Tuesday, and so it is often necessary to bore a hole in the strap so as to suit the foot.

On arriving at the ice, let no skate man meddle with the straps. Pay for the use of his chair if you like,

and leave your coat and other belongings in his charge, but let no one tighten a strap but yourself. Change the boots, put the walking pair into the bag, and draw up the straps of your skates about half a hole tighter than you are going to use them. But on no account wear the straps tight, as some ignorant persons do, hoping thereby to gain a firmer hold of the ice. Skating ought to depend entirely on balance and not at all on straps, and if you feel the pressure of a strap upon the instep, be sure that your balance is wrong.

In point of fact, the only use of straps is to prevent the skate from falling away from the foot as it is raised, and an accomplished skater can manage without any straps at all. Some of the best skaters whom I know never use straps, but have the skates fastened firmly to the sole of their boots, the leather laces holding everything firm and straight. These skates are rather expensive, inasmuch as a pair of specially-made boots is sacrificed to them. But they are delightful to skate upon, look very neat, and give no trouble at all to the wearer.

Skates with peaks should always be avoided. Peaks are terribly apt to hitch in any obstacle. I have been more than once thrown by finding the peak of my skate caught in the strap of another person's skate, in the hook of a hockey-stick, or in the folds of a lady's dress. No steel should appear in front of the skate, it is only a superfluous, and has an awkward aspect, increasing the length of the foot, which in most cases seems to be disproportionately large when the skate is on it.

Neither should the steel be cut off square behind, so as to leave a sharp edge, but be rounded evenly at either end. Many persons think that such skates are unsafe, because they do not know how to stop themselves except by the clumsy method of raising the toe and digging the heels into the ice. No real skater ever stops himself in this manner, no matter at what pace he may be proceeding. He knows that at the best it is a very awkward proceeding, and damages the ice sadly by

ploughing it into deep ruts. Moreover, it is possible to stop much more abruptly, and with much greater certainty, by pressing the outer edge of one skate, and the inner edge of the other against the ice, and so spinning round. In this manner, a good skater will stop himself within a circle of six feet in diameter, though dashing along with the speed of a race-horse.

After passing some five or ten minutes on the ice, by which time the skates will have settled to the feet, it is better to loosen all the straps half a hole. At the moment, the skates will feel too loose, and as if they could not withstand the weight of the body. But in a minute or two they will be found to be perfectly safe, and the increased freedom of the foot becomes an absolute luxury. No one can skate with any comfort or elegance if the straps are drawn too tight. The circulation is stopped, the feet become icy cold and cannot be warmed, and all the movements of the body are rendered stiff and ungainly. No graceful curve can be followed, no just circle can be drawn while the feet are stiffened by tight strapping, which takes away all the play of the instep, cramps the ankle, and causes no slight pain whenever the skate is placed on the ice.

Two straps are quite enough for any skater, namely, one across the toes, and another from the heel. None should be permitted to cross the middle of the foot, as is the usual custom, for in that position they do not hold the skate to the foot, and only interfere with the play of the numerous tendons that run along the instep. Whenever you see a person hobbling away from the ice, be sure that he has been skating with tightened straps. His feet are so cramped that they hardly hold the ground, his ankles are stiff, and refuse to play, and the blood that has so long been repressed is now rushing tumultuously forward into the foot, seeming as if it would burst the veins at every pulsation, and feeling as if molten lead had taken the place of blood.

I do believe that skating is the nearest approach to flying of which the human being is as yet capable. Gravity, which to a man in boots seems to fetter him to the earth, becomes to a man in skates the instrument of propulsion. A skater flies over the ice as if by pure volition, the impetus being obtained, not so much by the stroke of the feet as by the judicious sway of the body. Therefore, to a bystander, a good skater seems to keep up his graceful circles simply by his will, the gentle oscillations of the body appearing to be, not the cause, but the consequence of his movements.

The true carriage of the body is the great criterion of a skater, and is one of the last accomplishments that is learned. Books are mostly wrong on this point. They tell us that our right or left arms are to be raised or depressed in unison with the corresponding feet, and give illustrations which, to the real skater, afford only food for ridicule. You may as well say that in walking, the hands are to be lifted alternately over the head, as to make that movement one of the rules in skating. I know that at the early part of the present century one admirably elegant skater was in the habit of so using his arms. But even in the master of his art, the waving arms had a decidedly affected aspect, and in an imitator the effect is simply ridiculous. No one ought to see that the skater is using any effort whatever, and the arms should hang easily and quietly by the side. Should the performer be afflicted with *mauvaise honte*, and feel himself embarrassed with his arms, perhaps he cannot do better than clasp his hands, letting them fall loosely, and at full length.

No stick should be carried, the effect is as absurd as wearing spurs. In order to ride in a cab.

No one can want a stick while skating, except, perhaps, for the purpose of castigating the tiresome boys with whom the ice is mostly infested, and who mar its bright surface by throwing stones, or deliberately break holes in it with the butt ends of their hockey sticks. Still, I have always found that boys are

much more frightened by being run down than deterred by the fear of a stick, and if you dexterously cant a boy's head into the hole he has just made, and wet him to the skin with the splash, he will be a beacon and a warning to his companions to let the ice alone for the future.

Nor let the skater fancy that he will fall while he knocks over his foe. It is most curious, but not the less true, that as soon as the skates are firmly set on the ice, that substance is no longer slippery, but affords a firm hold which would astound a novice, who holds his feet wrongly, and feels them sliding away on two different errands. For it is only the edge of the skate that touches the ice, and any one can see how firm is its hold by pressing the edge of a knife against a piece of ice.

The various games that are played on the ice are mostly unworthy of a true skater's attention, and have the further drawback of seriously annoying those who use the skate for its legitimate purpose.

Hockey, for example, ought to be sternly forbidden, as it is not only annoying, but dangerous. In its right place, hockey is a noble game, and deserving of every encouragement, but on the ice it is in its wrong place, and should be prohibited. Any weak place in the ice is sure to give way if the ball should happen to pass over or near it, for the concourse of fifty or a hundred persons all converging upon the same point is a test which no ice, save the very strongest, is able to bear. Even the 'express trains,' so popular on the Serpentine, on a fine frosty night, are not nearly so dangerous as hockey, because they distribute the weight over a large surface with tolerable equality.

Moreover, when a mass of human beings precipitates itself recklessly in any direction where a ball may happen to run, accidents are certain to follow. The indifferent skaters, or those who are only walking on the ice, are knocked down, and often severely injured by others falling on them, and if the ice should give way, as is likely to

happen by reason of their accumulated weight, a fatal result is almost a necessary consequence. The unfortunate man, whose sad death I have lately mentioned, was knocked down during one of these hockey matches.

The game moreover, is by no means what it ought to be, inasmuch as it is impossible to enforce the rules in such a miscellaneous assembly. No one keeps to any particular side, or aims at any particular goal, and any one who happens to have a stick, hits the ball in any direction that seems easiest. I should be truly glad to see the police interfere whenever hockey is commenced.

Again, when a party of really good skaters are indulging themselves with a quadrille, and performing the many graceful evolutions of which this charming art is capable, it is more than annoying to have the whole proceeding broken up by the irruption of a disorderly mob armed with sticks, and charging through the circle of skaters and spectators, to the imminent danger of all.

Cricket, again, the king of British games, is simply degraded by being transferred from summer and fields to winter and ice. I have seen several cricket matches played on the ice, and must acknowledge that the game was the veriest farce imaginable. The bowler seems to be the only player who has a chance of doing his duty. The batsman can do little but block the balls, or just draw them away, or perhaps make a feeble spoon of a blow without the least energy. He cannot shift a foot, he has no firm basis on which to poise himself, and cannot possibly deliver the free and dashing cuts that delight the heart of a cricketer. As to fielding, it is almost out of the question as far as stopping the ball is concerned, and the ice is so smooth that the ball goes shooting over its polished surface as if fired from a cannon.

Such games as 'touch' and 'warning,' can, however, be played on the ice with excellent effect, and as they tend to the separation, rather than the convergence of the players, they

are not so liable to break the ice as hockey, or even cricket. It is true that in some very cold seasons the ice is so strong that almost any liberties may be taken with it, but this is seldom the case, and it is always better to be on the safe side when the question may be one of life or death.

He, however, who wishes to put his skates to their legitimate use will never waste his time by playing at any game whatever. He will either run races, or learn to perform the figures, the latter being, of course, the more advisable plan; for, racing on skates is the surest way to run the style, and to give an ungraceful deportment to the body. A figure-skater is all ease and grace and compact elegance. His arms never project from the body, his back is upright as a dart, and his feet are managed as delicately as those of a dancer, whereas, one who runs races is forced to abandon all pretensions to grace, and looks about as awkward an object as can well be conceived. He stoops until he is bent nearly double, like an infirm old man; his legs work like the crank of a locomotive engine, his arms are flapped backward and forward to help him on his course; and there are several noted racers who actually use their hands to push themselves along the ice.

This kind of skating is really useless, although the sporting papers seem to measure a skater's skill by the number of miles which he can cover in an hour; for this speed cannot be kept up for any long time, and for really quick transit between distant places is much inferior to the simple Dutch roll on the outside edge, where the body is swung slowly from side to side, like a ship in a calm, and the feet are scarcely moved from each other. For the first mile or two, the racer will be far ahead, but about the tenth mile his opponent will be seen slowly but surely gaining upon him, and when he passes, will be quite fresh and lively, whereas the racer will be out of breath, and his legs thoroughly fatigued. There is nothing like the Dutch roll for getting over

the ice at a great pace without seeming to use any exertion. I was told the other day by a gentleman who had lived much in Holland, that even the market women, carrying their loads and wheeling a barrow full of vegetables, would pass him with the greatest ease. They would actually play with him, letting him keep level with them as long as they chose, and then, without any apparent increase of exertion, they would shoot ahead, and leave him struggling behind.

Even the skates of a racer and a figure-skater are differently made. Those of the racer are long, rather low, and the edge of the steel is level from end to end, so that the skater can progress forwards with much speed, but can form no curves or circles unless of very great diameter, and is, therefore, debarred from attempting the figures as long as he wears 'running' skates. But the skates that are employed for figuring are short in the steel, and have the edge so modelled as to form a segment of a circle. By this arrangement it will be seen that only a very little portion of the steel rests upon the ice, and that its curved form is exactly adapted for cutting circles and curves. These are by far the best skates to possess, for although a man on running skates can get over the ice with extreme rapidity, he can do nothing in the way of figuring. Whereas a skater who wears the figuring skates, can race with much speed in case of necessity, and is able to form any curve or circle that he likes.

Artists never seem to comprehend the real movement of the skater, and have a conventional method of representing it, which gives one a pain in the back only to look at.

Every one knows the conventional skater on canvas or paper. He is coming straight at you. His arms are folded. His coat-tails are flying in the air. He has a smirk on his manly countenance. He has a comforter round his neck. His spine is perpendicular, but his legs form an angle of 65° with the horizon, and the upper leg is lifted up straight and rigid, as if it were one

limb of a pair of compasses I should like to see the artist put himself in that wonderful posture only for a moment, and then make him write down his sensations. I think he would experience a severe aching about the waist and hips, which would give him a tolerable idea of the feelings of a prisoner just released from the rack.

Artists are apt to draw the oddest things imaginable when they get on sporting subjects. There are of course exceptions, among whom our old friend Leech is *facile princeps*; but as a general fact, the engravings in the many illustrated papers are positively ridiculous when they treat of subjects connected with bodily exercises.

See, for example, the impossible Lectards and Blondins that we have so often admired. Perhaps some of my readers may remember a large and handsome engraving of salmon-fishing, where the angler is supporting, with a slightly bending rod, a huge salmon actually in the falling waters of a steep rapid, where a personal friend is going to gaff the fish with a boat-hook, and a boy is trying to catch it in a butterfly net. If a sportsman be represented with a gun, and in the act of firing, he almost invariably has his wrong eye shut, and the remarkable piece of ordnance which does duty for a double-barrel, seems to have been modelled from the ancient snap-haunce rather than the modern fowling-piece. And if the shot from his gun did really hit the bird that is falling from the skies, the only inference to be drawn is, that his weapon was constructed to shoot round corners. In aquatic sketches, again, the oarsmen and the coxswain are invariably out of time, and no draughtsman seems to recognize the fact that when rowers can engage in a match, they generally know how to feather their oars.

So it is with skating. I once undertook to superintend the draughtsman in illustrating a work on this art. I drew all the sketches myself, explained their bearing to the artist, and yet the perversity of human nature prevailed, and he

insisted on returning to his conventionalities.

He put the skaters on the wrong edge of the skate, he made them look the wrong way; he drew the tracks of the steel exactly where the skater could not by any possibility have passed, he insisted on reproducing the objectionable figure which has already been described, and, in fine, worried me to an almost unbearable extent. One drawing was, I think, sent back some eight or ten times. It represented some figure skating, and in order to give the draughtsman a correct idea of the scene, I not only made the original sketch, but traced the figure on a piece of cardboard, and stuck pins on it to show the places and attitudes of the skaters. It was all useless, and even now, after repeated alterations, I find that one of the skaters has his head in a totally wrong position. It is right that we should pardon those who injure us, but I must say, that to pardon a perverse draughtsman, who will not carry out your ideas, is a very difficult matter.

There is now before me, an illustration to a well-known work on these British sports, representing, or rather intending to represent, a lady and gentleman skating together. They are in irreproachable costume, and the damnest of attitudes. But it is evident to any skater, that the inevitable result of the very next stroke will be, that as the gentleman is clearly the worse skater of the two, he will probably meet with an ignominious fall.

The lady is skating on the outside edge, and rests on her right foot.

The gentleman is skating on the inside edge, and also rests on his right foot.

Result of the next stroke, Collision. Q.E.D.

It is a most fascinating amusement, this skating, tempting one to postpone the departure from the ice hour after hour, and not unfrequently causing such fatigue on the first day, that a forty-eight hours' rest is needful before the wearied skater can recommence his amuse-

ment. Never, on leaving the ice, should the ankles feel that painful sense of fatigue which renders walking a trouble, and at night bids fair to preclude sleep. It is much wiser to economize amusement, to restrict the first day's skating to an hour and a half at the utmost, and so to gain the required strength by degrees. The ankles always suffer most, as upon those joints the greatest strain is thrown, more especially by inexperienced skaters.

I knew one lad who had a most original method of skating. He used to double his feet under him until the outer ankles rested on the ice. On the ankles he would run for a few paces, then jump on his skates, and glide along with the impetus thus gained.

Skating is an art to which all ladies should attain. It is especially feminine in its character, graceful, elegant, requiring little apparent force, and yet affording good exercise. Ladies soon learn to skate. I have had the honour of initiating several ladies into the art, and have been surprised by the facility with which they learn it. Whether from some innate quality of the feminine sex, I know not, but it is invariably the case, that if a boy and a girl, or a gentleman and lady, of equal ages, and having enjoyed equal advantages, are put upon skates for the first time in their lives, the lady always manages to skate independently sooner than the gentleman. Of course the costume must be adapted to the occasion, and a lady can no more skate while engaged in the modern fashionable wire-work, than she can ride while surrounded with those mysterious and voluminous productions of the ironmonger. There are few dresses more thoroughly becoming than the riding habit, and the best skating dress is neither more nor less than a riding habit with short skirts.

I do not recommend fluted skates, or those with a groove or channel along the bottom of the steel. They certainly take an easier hold of the ice than the ordinary kind, but they can only be worn by light weights, and, in any case, are treacherous servants. The tiny shavings of ice

which are cut up by the edge are sure to collect in the groove, where they become impacted into a solid mass which can hardly be cut with a knife. By degrees the groove is filled up, and, lastly, the compressed ice projects beyond the steel, and causes inevitable falls. Many a person has fallen repeatedly without any apparent cause, and has only regained the use of his skates when the groove has been cleared with a strong knife. This habit of the skate is termed 'balling.'

If you value your peace of mind, do not take off your skates until you reach the bank, and can walk away on the solid earth. At the best, the removal of the skates is like the clipping of an eagle's wings, and the slow, plodding walk contrasts painfully with the swift, gliding ease of your previous movements. But to walk upon the ice over which you have just skated is really too painful. The ice suddenly becomes slippery as soon as you tread upon it with shoes. You have no hold upon it, and you slip about in the most contemptible manner. You have to walk slowly and circumspectly, lifting your feet perpendicularly, and setting them down quite flat, and you make your tardy way gingerly along, conscious of presenting a most ungracious aspect, over the very tracks where you lately wheeled on sounding steel, swift and lithe as winged Mercury.

My last piece of advice is, that no one should think of skating when there is the least doubt respecting the strength of the ice. The sport is not worth the mental anxiety suffered by any one who skates on doubtful ice. No one has a right to run such a risk for the sake of amusement, and, indeed, there are few accidents more perilous than the breaking of ice, even in comparatively shallow water. For even a good swimmer may find himself suddenly sucked under the ice, and from the mud raised by his fall, may find the water so tinted that he cannot see the hole to which he must return to save his life.

I have heard of one lad who saved his life in a very curious manner. He had fallen through

the ice, and could not possibly return to the hole through which he had passed. He turned on his back, and looked up to see if there were any other mode of escape, when his father, who was on the spot, pointed out the direction in which he was to swim, and by walking quickly to another hole at a little distance, he guided his son to the place, and received him just in time to prevent him from sinking again from exhaustion. It is seldom, however, that such presence of mind on both sides can be found, or that the ice is sufficiently transparent to allow any person below to see through its substance.

Should any one who reads these lines be unfortunate enough to get under the ice, let him bear in mind that the only hope of escape is to remain quite still, looking upwards to discover the spot where the light seems strongest, and then to make the best of his way towards it. Let him not attempt to get upon the ice, as it is sure to break again under the pressure of the knees, and its sharp edges cut like broken glass. But let him stretch out his arms upon it, and wait quietly until assistance arrives. Still, the safest plan is—never to venture on the ice whenever there is the least danger.



TURKEY AND OYSTERS.



MANY affinities lie dormant in nature.

How incredulous would have been the ancient Briton in his light costume of woad, and the aboriginal American in his war paint, had a Druid or a medicine man foretold that their far-distant countries would be linked together in gastronomic bonds, and that the turkey and the oyster would be ever associated in the minds of a future posterity! How their real affinity was discovered is a problem as yet unsolved, and too closely interwoven with the progress of the human race to be examined in any work of less dimensions than a folio. But the fact is

patent, and henceforth the turkey and the oyster are wedded together as indissolubly as the bacon and beans of the rustic, the whitebat and lemon-juice of the cabinet minister, and the chops and tomato sauce of Mr. Pickwick.

I may be justified in supposing that in every household where this Magazine is read—that is to say, in every respectable household throughout the kingdom—a hamper containing a turkey and a barrel of oysters has either been received, or sent as a present elsewhere. Sometimes both events occur simultaneously, and the same P.D.C. cart which takes away a hamper contain-

ing a turkey and a barrel of oysters, deposits another hamper containing another turkey and another barrel of oysters. An inquiring mind cannot but be struck with the enormous multitudes of birds and molluscs that must be bred in order to supply even the vast annual demand for Christmas, taking no account of those that are consumed during the other seasons of the year.

To begin at the beginning, for the first knowledge of the turkey we are indebted to Columbus, inasmuch as the bird is indigenous to America, and is by no means a native of Turkey, as is the general but mistaken idea. The popular name was given to the bird in allusion to its proud and haughty strut, its unconscionably large harem, and its irascible temper. For, at the time when the bird was first brought into notice the Turks were a dominant nation, with rather more than the usual intolerant arrogance which is likely to characterize a people at once powerful, bigoted, ignorant, and exclusive. Even at the present day, when the once all-powerful nation has sunk into the position of a mere province, whose very existence is only maintained by the common consent of surrounding countries, the regular orthodox Turk is as supremely contemptuous towards an infidel as in the days of his ascendancy, though he dares not express his feelings except by low and muttered curses. As it is, he will seize every favourable opportunity of applying the epithets of dog and pig to casual unbelievers, and express the very lowest opinion of their female relatives, so that in the time of his power his arrogance must have been just unbearable.

In our farmyards, where the turkey knows his place, and is subdued into domesticity, he behaves in a very different manner from the free wild bird in his native woods, who lowers his crested head for none, who rules with undisputed sway over his female train, and has won his way to omniscience by successive victories. He is a grand bird and a proud one as he stalks majestically through the woods, followed by his obedient troop, like a patriarch of old with

his wives and children; ruffles his feathers and spreads his tail in sheer exuberance of pride, and ever and anon gives vent to that extraordinary sound which we call gobbling, and which Arabs have mistaken for a dialect of their own guttural language.

At the present day, the turkey is a potent ally to those far-seeing inquirers who are giving their best endeavours to enrich this country by acclimatizing the useful denizens of other lands. There are many most valuable creatures—beasts, birds, and fishes—which are gradually being 'improved' off the face of the earth, and which, unless we grant them a resting-place, will in a few years be as extinct as the mammoth, the dodo, or the iguanodon.

The progress of civilization is rapidly producing its effect even upon the turkey. In former days the wild turkey wandered in vast multitudes throughout the northern parts of the States that were once United, suffering but little harm from the American Indian, and fearful only of the natural enemies to which every wild being is subject. Now, however, all is changed. First, the pioneers pushed their bold way into the interior, then the squatters raised their log huts and made their 'tomahawk improvements,' next came the settlers, each home forming the centre of an ever-enlarging circle, within which no beast or bird could venture without imminent risk of death. Villages sprang from settlements, cities grew out of villages, and man took undisputed possession of the territory that was no longer a home for game.

A recent writer on American sports states that the wild turkey is slowly but surely perishing. Few or none are now to be seen north or east of Pennsylvania, and only a very few in some of the remotest parts of that State. In the wildest parts of Virginia a few families yet linger, but they increase in number towards Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky. Those who wish to see this noble bird in perfection must go to Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee—a journey from which I, for one, will at present hold

myself excused. Fortunately, the turkey has been acclimatized in many countries, so that there is little real danger of its entire extinction. But, though captivity does not destroy the race, it sadly dims their colours, and in the third generation at the farthest the brilliant purple lustre and glossy metallic bronze of the back and wings, and the rich green, bright chestnut, and velvety black of many feathers, have sobered into brown, ochre, and dull sooty black.

Of course there are plenty of opponents, who deny the whole scheme as an impossibility. Some assert that no animal will prosper except in its own land, and that all imported specimens will die out unless recruited by fresh arrivals. Now, the turkey happens to be one of the very beings whose existence is thus denied. We want no importation of wild turkeys from America, in order to add vigour to our domesticated specimens, and the possibility of acclimatization is triumphantly proved. On the contrary, their habits are already too wild; they are terrible rovers, require to be watched as carefully as a sentinel watches his prisoners, and employ every device in order to escape from constraint. A hen turkey, for example, always tries to steal away just before laying, and establishes her nest in some spot so well concealed that it frequently escapes all the sharp eyes that have been searching for it. It is by no means a rare occurrence for a hen turkey to be suddenly missed from the farmyard, and, after some weeks have elapsed, to return with perfect composure, leading a whole train of young chicks behind her.

The turkey has a great objection to confinement, and is a very gipsy in its love for the open air. If possible, it always roosts in a tree, and prefers to sit on the branches during the coldest night, rather than rest warmly in a comfortable shed. It is a charming bird on the table, whether roast or boiled, but it gives great trouble in the field. It loves to roam about and pick up the insects, seeds, and other food that it may see in the course of its rambles. It has a special liking for traversing hedge-

rows, and will spend hour after hour in this pursuit, never seeming to weary, and pecking away as smartly at the end as at the beginning of its run. The only method of securing the return of the turkey is to make a practice of feeding it well in the evening, choosing some diet of which it is especially fond. It is then sure to come home and partake of the food, and can be quietly shut up while discussing the vands.

Though a native of Northern America, and subject therefore to extreme cold, it does not seem to bear our comparatively mild winter when young, and is especially sensitive to water, being apt to die if wetted. After they have passed through their chickenhood, the young birds are much more hardy, and require less care. In mere point of hardihood they are equal to any of our indigenous birds, provided that they have fairly attained maturity, and will withstand a severe frosty night, spent in the open air, without apparent inconvenience, even though their feet should be fast frozen to the branches on which they have perched. But they are always perilous creatures to manage, and will not repay their owner for his trouble, unless he takes pains to acquaint himself with their habits.

One of the most dangerous periods is that wherein the distinctive marks of the two sexes begin to appear. The chicks require plenty of nourishing food during the day, and must be carefully housed at night. As soon, however, as the wattle on the forehead and the wrinkled skin of the neck show themselves, the danger is considered as past. Then they will roost on the topmost branches of trees, if they can manage to escape from the watchful eyes of their keeper, a habit inherited from their ancestors, who always perched in trees at night in order to escape from the lynx and other rapacious animals that prey upon these delicately-flavoured birds. A whole flock will sometimes fly into a tree, and when once among the branches, will not come down again. Altogether, they are restless, wandering birds, and unless they are watched with the greatest care, they are sure

to fail. Care, however, is the one great essential in rearing these magnificent poultry, and even in the most unfavourable parts of England, flocks of turkeys have been bred, which will bear comparison with the best specimens produced in Norfolk, the chief county for these birds.

Now let us change our theme and pass to oysters, the natural companion of the turkey.

Even in the remote ages of the world, when Rome was in the ascendant, the mistress of the globe, when our isles were deemed to be the extremest boundary of the habitable world, and the fit home for pestilence and disease, driven by the power of the gods from the City of the Seven Hills, Britain was yet of some importance to the civilized world. She produced the oyster 'Natives' are no modern delicacy Lucullus always had them on his table. They were set before emperors, and devoured by certain imperial gluttons in vast quantities that even surpassed the feats of their modern imitator, whose name was, at the beginning of the present century, as familiar in all men's mouths as the oysters were in his own. If, too, we may judge by the confessions of Christopher North, oysters were consumed in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' with as much fervour as in the ancient times, inasmuch as each member of the famous trio seemed to consider himself hardly used if he only had two hundred oysters by way of getting an appetite for the supper that was to follow.

There is certainly something about a barrel of native oysters that wears a most fascinating aspect. For my own part, I can hardly conceive a more luxurious entertainment than to have a whole long winter's evening to myself, with the unwonted feeling of nothing to do, slippers, a bright fire, which will not smoke on any provocation, unlimited Cobb's ale, a fresh barrel of natives, and a vision of egg-flip to follow.

As to such heresies as pepper and vinegar, let them be banished from the table, while oysters are upon it. These charming molluscs should

always be taken unmitigated, without losing the delicacy of their flavour by a mixture with any condiment whatever, except their native juice. Alas! there are but few who know how to appreciate and make use of their natural advantages. Scarcely one man in a thousand knows how to open an oyster, much less how to eat it. The ordinary system which is employed at the oyster shops is radically false, for all the juice is lost, and the oyster is left to become dry and insipid upon the flat shell, which effectually answers as a drain to convey off the liquid, which is to the oyster what the 'milk' is to the cocoa-nut.

Those who wish to eat oysters as they ought to be eaten, should act as follows —

Hold the mollusc firmly in a cloth, insert the point of the knife neatly just before the edge of the upper shell, give a quick, decided pressure until the point is felt to glide along the polished inner surface of the under shell. Force it sharply to the hinge, give a smart wrench rather towards the right hand, and off comes the shell. Then pass the knife quickly under the oyster, separate it from its attachment, let it fall into the lower shell, floating in the juice, lift it quickly to the lips, and eat it before the delicate aroma has been dissipated into the atmosphere. There is as much difference between an oyster thus opened and eaten, as between champagne frothing and leaping out of the silver-necked bottle, and the same wine after it has been allowed to stand for six hours with the cork removed.

There is another method of eating oysters, wherein no knife is required, and not the least skill in opening is needed, the only instrument being a pair of tongs, and the only requisite a bright fire. You pick out a glowing spot in the fire, where are no flames and no black pieces of coal to dart jets of smoke exactly in the place where they are not wanted, as always takes place during the operation of making toast. You then insert a row of oysters into the glowing coals, taking care to keep their mouths outwards, and

Turkey and Oysters.

within easy grasp of the tongs, and their convexity downwards. Presently a sputting and hissing sound is heard, which gradually increases, until the shells begin to open, and the juice is seen boiling merrily within, the mollusc itself becoming whiter and more opaque as the operation continues. There is no rule for ascertaining the precise point at which the cooking is completed, for every one has his own taste, and must learn by personal experience. A little practice soon makes perfect, and the expert operator will be able to keep up a continual supply as fast as he can manage to eat them. When they are thoroughly cooked, they should be taken from the fire, a second batch inserted, and the still hissing and spattering molluscs be eaten 'screeching' hot.

A true ostreophilist will never eat oysters in any but one of these two methods, and holds that in oyster sauce, oyster patties, scalloped oysters, and the many other dishes in which these bivalves are employed, the oyster is wasted, and the other materials might be turned to better account. No one who has not eaten oysters dressed in this primitive mode has the least idea of the piquant flavour of which they are capable. Stewed in their own juice, the action of fire only brings out the full flavour, and as the juice is consumed as well as the oyster, there is no waste and no dissipation of the indescribable but potent aroma.

The immediate contact of fire, the great purifying and vivifying influence of the material world, has a wondrous effect upon the objects submitted to its influence. There should be as few intervening substances as possible between the fire and the food. Are not chops and steaks broiled over glowing charcoal infinitely superior to the very same viands fried through the intervention of sheet iron and melted grease? The nearer the fire the better the food. Take, for example, a slice of bacon, dress it in any complicated way you like, and I will engage to surpass the most intricate efforts of cookery by merely laying the bacon

on the glowing and smokeless coals. It will not burn. It will curl, and coil, and twist, and sputter, as if in extremest agony; it will be lapped in fierce flames, 'like the pale martyr in his shirt of fire,' and it will pass from the flames to the table in supreme condition, without a particle of cinder upon it, with all the flavour retained, and all the superabundant grease and salt burnt out. *Expertissimo crede Roberto.*

Should any of my readers indulge in such a supper as has been described, I can predict two events but not a third. I can foretell that the supper will be a most luxurious one, and that the barrel will weigh sensibly lighter after the banquet, but I cannot predict the dreams that are likely to follow. One never knows where to stop in eating oysters. They are as insidious as walnuts or chocolate bon-bons, and the more you take the more you seem to want. 'Only just one' more is said over and over again, until, like the little girl in the story of the 'Three Bears,' the fascinated reveller empties the dish.

The foregoing remarks will show that the present writer is not insensible to the merits of the oyster, considered in a gastronomical point of view. Not only, however, is the oyster good to eat, but it is curious to look at, and a philosopher will not fail to afford to the mollusc a double appreciation.

See what a strange life the creature leads, fixed in some definite spot, unable to stir an inch, and enclosed between two large shelly cases. What does it eat? how does it obtain its food? and, above all, how does it convey the nourishment into its interior? Take, for example, a periwinkle, a whelk, or any similar mollusc, place it in the sea, fasten its shell firmly to some object, and in a certain time the creature will die of starvation. But place an oyster in precisely the same locality, and it will thrive admirably. The secret of its life lies locked within its shells, and if we open this two-leaved volume, we shall find the whole history written within.

Granting the barrel of natives, of which we have already spoken, let

the inquiring reader exercise great self-denial, and lay aside one oyster for the purpose of examining its curious structure. We will now plunge the mollusc into boiling water for a few seconds, which will have the effect of killing it without materially injuring any of the delicate organs with which we shall be concerned. Insert the tip of the oyster knife between the edges of the shells, force them slightly apart, and then look inside. The mass of the body will be seen in the centre, and pressed against the shell are two flat, dark-edged flaps, popularly called the 'beard'. Now, this so-called beard is, in fact, the breathing apparatus of the oyster, and has other functions besides those of respiration, as we shall presently see.

Now open the shell entirely, remove the convex valve, taking care to cut through the thick muscular attachment close to the shell, and with the point of a knife lift up these beautifully delicate membranes. They are seen to be double, like the two shells, and on tracing them round, they will prove to end in the mouth, which is close to the hinge of the shell, and can be recognized by a double pair of white and pointed lips. For some unknown reason, the oyster has no throat, but the mouth opens at once into the stomach, just as the outer door of a cottage opens into the sitting-room instead of the passage.

And, if the curiosity of the investigator be not quite satisfied, he can easily pursue his inquiries further, and see what the oyster had for dinner, a most useful piece of knowledge to those who make their living by breeding this agreeable mollusc. Still, though we have found the mouth and ascertained the food, we have not yet discovered the method by which the food gets into the mouth.

It is found by investigation of the substances which are taken from the interior of the oyster, that its food consists of the minute animal and vegetable organisms with which the water of the sea is thickly charged.

If a living oyster be placed in water, and watched while its valves

are open, a continuous current is seen to run through the shells, always passing in the same direction, *i. e.* from right to left, (taking the flat shell as the upper one), and running between the gill membranes. On examining the dark edges of the beard, or gill membranes, we shall find that they are divided into tiny filaments, and that each of these filaments is covered with a myriad of the minutest imaginable fibres, each of which is continually whirling with a partially spiral movement, and producing an effect to the eye, as if successive waves were rolling along the surface. A similar effect may be seen when the wind rushes over a corn-field, and produces successive waves, which seem to advance rapidly, though each corn-blade remains in its place.

By the united action of the countless hosts of these fibres, technically called 'cilia,' the water is forced to sweep along in one uniform direction, and being driven between the two gill membranes, is obliged to pass over the mouth, carrying with it the invisible objects on which the oyster feeds. So powerful, indeed, is the action of these wondrous little appendages, that if a small portion of the gill be snipped off and placed in the water, it will swim away as if it were living, urged by the invisible fibres, which work as briskly as ever, though severed from the body. At the mouth, the lips take cognizance of the supplies, and evidently possess the power of accepting the good articles and rejecting the bad, just as the editor of a magazine decides upon the articles which daily mound his desk.

There is yet another office performed by the gill membranes. Every one is acquainted with that little *memoria technica*, which connects oysters with the letter R, and tells us that they are out of season in the months which do not possess this delightful letter. In May, June, July, and August, the oysters are not only out of legal season, but are so in literal fact, being thin, and quite unfit for food. Practically, however, the oyster-season is anticipated by a month, and on the 1st of

August the costarmongers ply their noisy trade through the streets; at every corner the itinerant fishmonger invites his customers to the gritty board, the great coarse molluscs, and the bottle of suspicious vinegar; while the children erect little edifices with the shells, and call them grottoes; put an inch of lighted candle into them at night, and vex the souls of passengers with iterated requests for halfpence, which, by some strange logic, are supposed to be applied towards the repairs of the grotto.

It would be a most injurious act to catch the oysters during these months, as they are then engaged in laying their eggs, if this strange operation can deserve the name. If, for example, a barn-door hen, instead of laying her eggs in her straw nest, were to transfer them into her lungs, there to be hatched and half fledged, we should be perplexed to find a name for the proceeding. Yet this is just what is done by the oyster. The eggs are very minute when first produced, and are kept by the parent between the shell and the gill membranes, where they remain until they are furnished with shells of their own, and able to cope with the watery world into which they are about to be launched. I well recollect, when I was a very little boy, bringing home some fresh-water mussels, and being completely astonished at finding a number of the tiniest little mussels floating in the liquid contained in the shell. So, when an oyster is out of season, and a thoughtless person ventures to eat it, he will find that a number of little shells will have an unpleasant grating effect upon the teeth, and will learn practically the value of the fence months.

It may be said that if the female oysters were permitted to rest during the fence months, and the males brought to table, we should still insure our present supply for the table without risking the future crops for ensuing years. But there is a difficulty here. No one knows which *are* the females. They all lay eggs after the queer fashion already mentioned, they all dismiss abundance of young oysters from

their shells, and no one even knows how they do it. Hundreds of oysters have been examined by our keenest anatomists, and the only conclusion that they have decided upon is, that an oyster cannot be crossed in love, because there is no other sex to fall in love with, unless, Narcissus-like, the creature should suffer from disappointed affection for itself. In fact, the oyster carries out practically, with a trifling variation, the suggestion of the well-known song, and the husband and wife can safely say that

'They are saved so much bother,
For they are both one another
And not themselves at all.'

And yet the oyster is a large-hearted being, though with little brain, from which we might infer that its affections were strong, and its intelligence weak, did not the previous observations prove that there is no place for love. As to intellect, the creature needs but little, and has but little. It knows when to open and when to shut its shell, which articles of food to accept and which to reject, and considering the stationary life which it leads, a solitary being among thousands, like prisoners in close confinement and contiguous cells, it has quite as much intellect as it requires.

Here I find I must pause. While describing the oyster, its curious structures and habits, I recognize the same feeling which induces even abstemious men to empty a barrel of natives under the plea of 'only just one more.' The whole history and economy of this mollusc is, to me at least, so full of interest, that I find myself saying, 'I will only mention just this one point,' and now discover that my paper is well-nigh ended. Taking leave, therefore, of the individual oyster, we will give a cursory glance to the life led by these bivalves from the egg to the table.

In their very early stages, we meet with the young oysters within the shells of the parent, enveloped in a gelatinous substance, and partly nourished by the stream of seawater which washes them as it is

driven along by the fringed edges of the gills. In this condition, the young are called the 'spat,' and are soon dismissed from the protecting shell. When set loose from the shell, the young molluscs attach themselves in vast quantities to the objects on which they happen to fall, so that the nature of the bed has great influences on the perennial produce. When once fixed, they increase rapidly in size, attaining the size of a florin in their first twelvemonth, and are thought fit for the table when they have completed their third year. The oysters brought to market are mostly obtained by means of the dredge, which scrapes along the bed of the sea, and tears the molluscs from their attachments. This plan, however, is rather a clumsy one, involving the destruction of many young oysters, and being by no means a certain one. Efforts are now being made in many places to learn the economy of this useful bivalve, and to breed it regularly for market. During the last few years, the practical knowledge of the oyster and its habits has greatly increased, and vast artificial beds are being laid down for its accommodation throughout its life. Several oyster-beds have already existed for many years, some in England, and others on the continent. At Dieppe, for example—the only series of beds which I have examined—the oysters are managed with great care, being bred in a series of large shallow pools, and fed regularly as if they were chickens. They are all arranged in regular rows, slightly overlapping each other, like the tiles of a house-top. The green oysters, which are held in such favour, are nothing more than the ordinary species, fed for a time in ponds where the green convolvold growths are plentiful.

Without describing at length the various oyster parks which are now being established, and which, especially on the continent, are assuming very important dimensions, a few particulars of their structure may be mentioned. Some of these parks are so extensive that they are measured by miles, and are capable

of breeding many millions of oysters annually. It is found that the best substance for the reception of the spat is brushwood made into bundles, sunk under water, and kept down by stones. If these fascines be removed, the young oysters are found clinging to them like grapes upon the vine, and when they are full grown, their aggregate weight is by no means trifling.

This circumstance explains the old traveller's tale so long discredited, that in some places the oysters grew on trees. It is now a well-known fact that if trees growing near oyster-beds dip their branches into the water, the young molluscs are sure to settle on the immersed twigs, and by their increasing weight, drag the bough still deeper. The newly-sunken branches are in their turn covered by fresh colonies, until at last the bough is fairly loaded with its strange fruit.

As far as is yet known, the experiments have answered admirably, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the ingenious projectors may make their fortunes, as they deserve. For it is no less meritorious to render fertile mule after mule of barren coast, to produce in countless myriads an esculent so nourishing and so palatable as the oyster, than to perform the well-lauded and laudable feat of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. We hope soon to sow an annual oyster crop as we now sow an annual crop of grain, for the operation bids fair to be as easy in one case as in the other, the hopes of success are equal, and the profit, if anything, rather inclines to the mollusc than to the cereal.

There are even pearls to be found in the common oyster, though they are never large or pure enough to be of any commercial value. I have many specimens of such pearls, all procured by myself, and it is rather a curious fact that I have always found them periodically. On one occasion, out of a poor half-dozen of oysters, I procured as many pearls, most of them about the size and shape of mustard seeds, but one of a pear-like form, and

nearly three times as large as any of the others. We make no use of them in Europe, but in some eastern countries, all the little bad-coloured pearls are burned and converted into a very delicately pure lime for the purpose of being chewed together with the betel-nut.

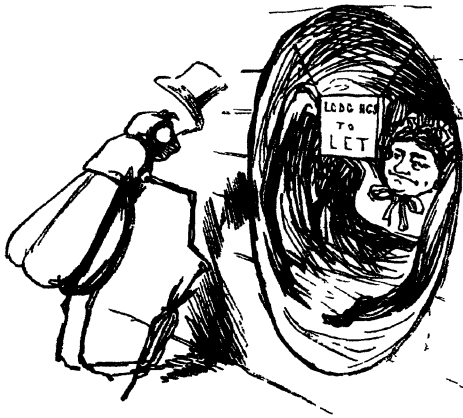
I have already expressed my opinion that a connoisseur in oysters will only eat them pure and un-adulterated, simply cooked in their own shells, or, more simply, without any cooking at all. But as I cannot expect all my readers to have the same refined taste, I will here pre-

sent them with a recipe whereby turkey and oysters are brought into close and grateful conjunction.

Prepare the bird for boiling, open a number of oysters, varying according to the size of the turkey, and use them instead of stuffing. Put the stuffed bird into a deep jar, fill it up with milk and the juice of the oysters, and cover it over with flour paste. Boil it for four or five hours, until thoroughly cooked, serve it up very hot and with melted butter, and your guests will for ever cherish a kindly remembrance of turkey and oysters.

DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES 'APARTMENTS TO LET.'

DEAR MR. EDITOR,



F all the cares which beset a bachelor's life in London, there is none I think which sits so heavily upon him (next to the final step of choosing a wife) as that of selecting his lodgings. I have lived in this metropolis some half score of years, and during that period, have changed my 'apartments' nineteen times*. The maximum duration of my stay in any one abode has been two months, and once, in consequence of the result of a curious zoological investigation carried on in my bedroom, it did not exceed four-and-twenty hours.

The inference to be drawn from this statement is, either that I am difficult to be pleased, or that my landladies are not adepts in the art of pleasing. I need scarcely add that they incline to the former opinion. I am told that 'Mr. Brown was always puffedly content with *his* boots,' that they 'never ad no complaints of noises from Mr. Jones—which he lived in these rooms, sir, seving years, and his uncle kep a wholesale warus in the city,' and that 'Mr. Robingson would have been here to this day, if he hadn't been took off, poor dear, quite short by the measles, after he had been in the house a week.'

I am not prepared to dispute these statements. It is quite possible that Jones was deaf, and thus could not be much inconvenienced by

* This is without reckoning my present occupation of 'Darlington' chambers, where I am exceedingly comfortable, and am 'monarch of all I survey,' which, to be sure (in the matter of Souchong, raspberry jam, &c.), Mrs. Kinahan does not allow me to survey very long.

the second-floor lodger's 'single stick' practice every evening. The indifference which Mr Brown exhibited about the polish of his boots may have partly resulted from the fact of his wearing wooden logs, and I have no doubt that the nature of poor Robinson's complaint rendered him less sensitive than he otherwise would have been, to attacks of the *cimex domesticus* (or Norfolk Howard). All this, I say, is within the bounds of probability, but be that as it may, I have always held, and always shall hold, that one man's prejudices are no rule for another, and it is, therefore, in vain that Messrs Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are cited against me.

To show that my complaints are not altogether without foundation, I wish to instance a few examples of my experience in London 'apartments.'

Of course there are some cases of failure in lodging hunting, whereat the lodger has no one but himself to blame. I am not quite such a miff as my friend Spooner, who really believed that he would find at No. 19, Orange Grove, Islington, 'the conveniences of a first-class hotel, combined with all the comforts of a private home,' as the advertisement set forth. I am not attracted by offers of 'board and lodging, free for life, with gas, plate, linen and attendance, access to a Collard and Collard piano, no children, and a little German spoken, for the small premium of 300l down, on good security.' I do not believe, as a general rule, in 'airy situations,' 'proximity to parks,' 'Angels,' 'Royal Oaks,' 'Maternal Red Caps,' or any other 'bus' stations, and have a wholesome dread of that wonderfully 'quiet room,' so 'suitable to a gentleman of studious habits.' I have not much more faith in 'unexceptionable references,' nor have I ever been fully convinced of the extraordinary advantages supposed to arise from the fact of one's living under the roof of 'a strictly Protestant widow,' or 'a genteel family.'

Yet, notwithstanding my incredulity on these points, and my looking rather harshly upon land-

ladies in general, always reversing the great principle of English law, and assuming that they are hum-bugs until proved not to be so—I say, in spite of all my caution, I have made great mistakes sometimes.

Shortly after first coming to London, I took up my quarters in the house of Mrs Pegg. If you should wish to know the name of the street in which Mrs Pegg lived, I am very sorry, but must decline to mention it—I have my reasons—and after all it does not much matter whether you know or not.

Mrs Pegg has a first floor to let—at least I hope so, a card notifying that fact was in her window when I passed the house last week. I shudder when I see it removed, and know that another victim has entered the shambles. Mrs. Pegg has a first floor to let—*i.e.* a good-sized bedroom and dressing-room at the back of the house, and an apartment which she calls the 'dressing-room,' in front. The dressing-room is elegantly furnished. There is a bright blue damask sofa on one side of the fireplace, and an arm chair of crimson 'rep' on the other. The window curtains are of a bright pea-green colour, and a magnificent Brussels carpet (fresh from Axminster) covers the floor. The fireplace is surmounted by a brilliant mirror, whose frame is decorated with that species of ornament which Louis XIV is supposed to have particularly affected, and which gives the martistic observer a vague impression that the decorator must have taken to carve capital G's in the last stage of insanity. The hearth-rug includes the full-length portrait of a Bengal tiger, with a background of spring cabbage, and the walls are papered with a complex design of sun-flowers and tulips, chasing each other round a pink stick, through labyrinths of satin ribbon.

Mrs Pegg's friends were in the habit of saying that the appearance of the room was 'imposing.' All I know is, that if the 'imposition' had been confined to the room—it would have been happier for me.

Some time elapsed before I was

quite clear on the subject of Mr Pegg. That a small man used to slink down the area steps about seven every evening, was a fact beyond dispute. That domestic quarrels occurred in the lower regions about five times a week on an average, in which an individual of the sterner sex seemed to get decidedly the worst of it—is no less certain, but it was only when, on one of these occasions, the wretched man

appealed to me for protection against his better half, that I became aware of the full amount of his 'liability' in this partnership, which, to say the truth, was only 'limited' by exhaustion of strength in Mrs P.'s arm, or the failing of her vocal organs.

I think I never beheld so terrible an instance of the uncertainty of connubial fate, as in the fracas which occurred on that eventful



morning. 'You know, Pegg,' cried the infuriated lady, when she had discovered her husband's retreat, and made a rush at him with the flat iron which she had been using below. 'You *know* all I've 'ad to put up with from you. How *dare* you come up here imposing on the first floor, and stand on that there 'earth-rug (the Bengal tiger) which I bought it and paid for out of my hard earnings—you hidle, wicked, deboshed persing, you!'

The miserable man, in a rash moment of indiscretion, had, it appeared, invited a cheap photographer

from Tottenham Court Road to take 'something short' with him, under the impression that Mrs Pegg had gone out to tea, and it was the sudden and unexpected re-appearance of madam, while his friend was still engaged in chanting 'The young man from the country,' which led to this terrible d enouement.

'You know well enough,' pursued Mrs. P., 'that this aint the first, nor the second, nor yet the third time you've served me this trick. How dare you go a swilling of Jamaky rum beyind my back, and ask your low Daggerytype

friends to smoke in my front kitchen?"

'He—he isn't *low*, Jemmer,' faltered out poor Pegg. 'His branch is 'igh art. You were glad enough to sit and 'ave your 'ead taken off last year, and wanted him to send it to the Exaybition, which he couldn't help it if it *were* refoosed and——'

Refused! yes, and *why* was it refused?" retorts the lady, still smarting under a recollection of that indignity, 'why, because it was no more like me than you're like the infant Sammivel. Of *course* they refused it! I never see such a likeness. My 'ead took off, indeed? if Mr Focuss wants to take anything off, let him take *hussel* off—that's the best thing *he* can do.'

'I—I think he's gone already,' suggested Pegg, as he heard the area gate swing

'Gone, is he?" exclaimed Mrs. P., starting, as a vision of teaspoons rose before her. 'Gone!—then I'll be bound he's——'

The rest of the sentence was lost upon us, for Mrs. Pegg, bouncing out of the room, was presently heard rushing down stairs at a speed which defied all natural laws of gravity and motion in a body of her

Mr Pegg listened to a few words of sympathy and counsel, in which I promised my support for any case of emergency, sighed, shook his head, winked at me respectfully, placed his forefinger sagely on his nose, and followed his wife.

* * * * *

If I were to describe at length all the various scenes of this kind of which I became an unwilling witness at Mrs. Pegg's residence, I should weary the honest reader's patience. I bore these domestic disturbances as long as I could, but when, one evening, on Mr Pegg's returning pretty fresh from a 'free and easy' convivial meeting at the 'Magpie and Stamp,' his indignant partner declined to open the door in spite of a series of curiously involved double knocks which his anxious friends outside did him the kindness to administer, and thereby obliged an intelligent

policeman (B 3007) to effect an entrance through the dining-room window—I thought it was time to come to some understanding, and so thoroughly *did* I make myself understood, that Mrs Pegg was not surprised when, exactly a week from that date, a cab conveyed away her 'fust floor,' bag and baggage, to seek repose under another roof.

If Mrs Pegg was somewhat violent in temper, I had no reason to complain of my next landlady (Mrs. Croker) on *that* score. A more amiable creature—in the bosom of her family—never lived, but as a landlady, I admit, she was a bore. Mrs Croker's chief weakness lay in the fact of her retailing her grievances, *seriatim*, to every lodger in the house. These complaints are various and manifold. Sometimes she has 'the rheumatics,' and then she descants on the benefits to be derived from Dr Gulloway's pills and ointment, and the dreadful blunders for which the faculty are answerable—instancing, to support her theory, the extraordinary case of Mrs Jones, who was gradually wasting away under a strict regimen which limited her to the consumption of water gruel and tapioca, when, by the advice of the sagacious professor, she was restored to the full use of her senses and normal appetite by a judicious course of mutton chops and bitter beer, taken in conjunction with the specific afore mentioned.

'Which it's wonderful, sir,' exclaimed Mrs C, one morning, 'what them pills and hontment has done for the benefick of humming nature. I'm sure, there was my Saurey Jane's first cousin, which he were not ezactly a journeyman bricklayer, Mr. Easel, but more what you terminate a jobbin' bricklayer, as jobs about off and on at piece-work; he fell off from a scaffie in the Boro' Road, and lay very dangerous at St. Thomas' Orspittle, and nothink in the world would have prevented a camera obscura from a settin' in (as he told me with his own lips, and said he would make his affidavit of it any day of the week, excepting of the Sabbath,

Mr. Easel, which he were religious, although a bricklayer), but that there blessed ornament—or he might have gone about on wooden legs to his dying day.

'And as for the pills sir there's a aunt of mine down in Lancolin'smshire who hadn't so much as a ounce of liver left and used to go off in fits in a arm-chair and fancy that Nana Sahib was a tackling of the soles of her feet to indoose her to marry him which bigamy it would have been sir in the eyes of justice being her 'usband's loreful wife let alone the disgrace of going to church with such a vagabone and after a box of them pills which as the advertisement says for scrofuly pains in the back dislike to society chilblains and involuntary blushing is a certain remedy, she righted herself quite convalescent as you may say sir and sent a testimonium to the professor that I see a printed with my own eyes in the Weekly Register which its a most respectable journal Mr Easel and took in by most of the nobility and gentry on account of its moral tone And what I say is sir and I'm sure if I intrude on your time—which precious it is I know to most littery gents—I beg you to excuse and not to mention of it—what I say is that it's a sm and a shame to make knights and barrow-knights of indyviddles now-a-days for what you may call nothink and kip Professor Gulloway out of the peerage which in the peerage he ought to be for all the good he's done in the meddicle line or my name's not Betsy Croker.'

I have said that differences of a domestic character frequently arose between Mr and Mrs Pegg. Mrs Croker, on the contrary, lived on the best of terms with her husband. Indeed, the faithful soul scarcely ever uttered a sentence without introducing the name of her liege lord. If I remarked that the thermometer was low, she would say, 'Well, sir, it is very cold, and as I was saying to Croker this very morning, I don't know when we've 'ad such weather.' When on my return from a trip to Paris, I said that I felt all the 'better for it, it appeared that Mr. Croker had long

ago expressed an opinion to his wife that 'a little change would do me a world of good.' When I complained that the last oysters sent up for my supper were not fit to eat, Mrs Croker remarked, 't was the curiousest thing now,' but that she had called Mr Croker's attention to the fact that they were not 'over frish.'

Apropos of oysters, I must admit that the resources of Mrs Croker's kitchen were but small. Being once obliged, for a space of three weeks, to dine at home, I discovered that her notions of animal food were confined to beef and mutton, cooked in the rudest and most severely primitive manner. Thus, having served up on Monday two gigantic chops (of which one was nearly raw, and the other burnt to a cinder), when Tuesday came she would suggest 'a nice steak and a bit of reddish' On my appealing to her the following morning, with a view of varying this diet, she would say, 'Well, sir, I reely 'ardly know what to get you. Let me see—you had a steak yesterday, I think. Suppose you 'ave a nice chop, now, for a change' And so on all through the week, invariably recommending such comments as 'Harvey's sauce,' catsup, or chutney—not so much on account of their individual flavour, as because 'Mr Croker, he was partic'lar partial to it.'

Croker is her oracle—her echo—her second self. Did I ask for a new teapot? a more efficient bell-pull?—(that in Mrs. Croker's rooms breaks down, on an average, twice a week, but I believe 'on account of it's long and valued services will be,' like the celebrated artist Herr von Joel at Evans's, 'always retained on the establishment')—Mr Croker must be consulted before those articles are purchased. And this reminds me that Mrs. Croker's Penates are rather shabby, used-up deities. There was, when I lodged with her, a sad lack of fresh paint about the premises, which Mrs. C., whenever I complained of it, invariably attributed to the indisposition of a mythical glazier, who was always 'going to come and put a new coat on, as soon as he recovered from the "plumbago," which had

laid him up five weeks come Toos-day,' as my landlady explained, and 'couldn't do a day's work now to save his life' In my sitting-room there was one unlucky arm-chair, inhumanly contrived as a sort of man-trap—inasmuch as the castor from the off fore-leg invariably came off when one attempted to sit on it, and was as constantly refixed, with the aid of my sealing-wax, by Sarey Jane, before I came down to breakfast in the morning. The Kidderminster carpet, too, seemed to have made a sort of *mésalliance* with a dingy bit of druggeting, and to have shown repentance afterwards, in sundry holes and cracks. But the most aggravating part of the business was that the only tolerably good articles of furniture in the room were kept shrouded up in seedy chintz. When I expostulated with Mrs Croker on this point, I, for the most part, received evasive answers, but was always assured that, if she 'kep' them uncovered, the damask would be worn out in *no time*. It was in vain that I urged that dilapidation was going on, whether the chintz was there or not, and that by-and-bye the damask would be worn out without the slightest appreciation of its value (indeed it might have been 'bed-tick' for what we knew), Mrs C was inexorable. 'I'm sure I wouldn't go for to disoblige you, Mr Easel,' she used to say, 'but you see Croker he always *have* had it covered, and we never 'ad no complaints before, in fact, Mr Blenkinsop, as 'ad the apartments afore you come, sir, he rather *preferred* the chintz hussel, he did, and was a man of taste, too, sir, and did a deal in the fancy print line.'

Dear, thrifty Mrs. Croker! frugal housewife! economical hostess! As I write these lines, years since I sat in that (un)easy chair, I fancy I still listen to your trite apologies—still believe that the 'ole 'ouse is to be put in thorough repair nex Easter' A vision of that homely room grows up before me. I see the crazy sofa, the queer old wooden mantelpiece, the fly-blown chimney-glass, with frame enshrouded in a yellow net, the portrait of your

excellent (and now lamented) husband, in a bright blue coat and gorgeous vest, staring hard at nothing, in the company of a column and a curtain. There is the little cupboard where I kept my store of whiskey, for which the cat, if you remember, entertained so extraordinary and morbid a predilection. Can I ever forget that sandy 'front' of yours—those sober mittens—that intemperate and horticultural cap, in which were represented all the flowers of the season, and as many more as could be put in for the money? 'Eheu fugaces—labunter anni!' Croker is gathered to his fathers now. Another lodger reigns in the 'fust floor'. That indefatigable handmaid, Sarey Jane, made a match of it at last with the baker's boy, who announced the arrival of my hot rolls in such unearthly shouts down the area at eight A M every morning. They keep a 'glass-of-ale-and-sandwich' shop in the City, where I have occasionally had a modest lunch for fourpence. Sarey Jane recognizes me from behind the counter with a cheerful grin, and draws me a half-pint of Swigley & Co's entire. As for the ham, I am bound to say it is unexceptionable. They have been lately adding oysters to the business (sixpence per dozen at the bar), and if they go on at this rate will soon be keeping a regular 'restauration'—in which case Mr and Mrs. Crumbwell will stand a good chance of making their fortunes, and, hot joints being so much more profitable and better appreciated by the public than the artistic or literary line, I must expect to be cut by them one day at Bognor or Biarritz as 'a person of no origin.'

Once I lived in Mrs. Gawley's parlours, close to Russell Square. I wonder by what strange caprice of fortune old Bloomsbury became a colony of lodging-house keepers. There is Russell square—the great, the good, the eminently respectable, with very palaces of houses, well and strongly built, which will stand when the Belgravia and Tyburnia of modern days have long decayed—there is Russell Square, I say, with its lofty

mansions surrounding a little park, in which children and nurserymaids disport — in which the perambulators of the affluent are dragged — and yet you cannot walk a dozen steps away from this magnificence without coming upon a fenestral advertisement concerning 'apartments.'

It is with extreme reluctance that Mrs. Gawley puts any card in *her* window. It was only in the year of

the Exhibition (1851) that she ever *dreamt* of such a thing (howbeit I have seen it there at intervals ever since), 'and *then*,' she tells us, 'it was more on account of the poor furriners; you know, who couldn't tell where they could be accommodated, than for any *thought* of profit to *herself*.' According to Mrs. Gawley, the last-named consideration is nought to her. 'This is not a regular lodging-house,' she bade me



observe, when I first made inquiries there. 'It 'appens to be too large for me, and I let a portion of it; but I don't term myself a lodging-house keeper. My late 'usband held an appointment in the civil service,* and my brother is val—ahem—confidential secretary to the Earl of Toughborough—Front parlour, did you say, sir, *with* bedroom and dressing-room? Two guineas. Would it be for a permanence? One pun ten. Kitching fire and bed-linning extray. Jemmer expects

* That of doorkeeper at the Red Tape Office, as I afterwards discovered.

a small remuneration for boots, but that is as you please. If you'll stip this way I'll show yur the bedroom—the window commands a partial view of St. Georges, Bloomsbury: the prospeck is considered fine. You can't see it so well to-day, sir, howing to the denasty of the fog. Dear me! how peculiar the elements is looking,' &c., &c. The phraseology of this lady was so very dignified that it deserved to be better pronounced. Her husband had had, it appears, a taste for the fine arts, and embellished his house with chromo-lithographs and cheap en-

gravings. Hung up in her front parlour, there was a hideously be-daubed canvas, which, because it was full of cracks, and very dirty, Mrs Gawley (sharing that wonderful superstition common with her class) had come to the conclusion was 'an old master,' and therefore of immense value. The 'subjuick' was, she informed me,

'Dihannah going out 'unting,' and represented that deity with a fine burnt siena complexion, and a crescent-shaped fancy biscuit on her head, standing in a chariot drawn by what may have been once two white stags, but which time had reduced to one pair of antlers and a haunch of venison. On one side of this vehicle were three greyhounds and a half, and on the other a panther, which awakened a strong suspicion that it had been studied from the family cat. The goddess herself was attired in that light and airy costume in which, as history informs us, she enjoyed the pleasures of the chase, and wore at her back a tremendous quiver full of arrows. A few bilious-looking nymphs attended in her train, apparently with the object of improving their complexions by a little wholesome exercise. Altogether it was a very striking picture, and had been ascribed, Mrs. G assured me, to various authors, Titan and Giorgione among the number.

'Mr. Mastic, he come and saw it one day (firm of Mastic and Scrubwell, Wardour Street, which I dare say you know the name, sir, being in the panting line yourself), and he attributes it to Paul Verylazy, and says it's a shedoover,' remarked the good lady, and then proceeded to tell me of the various sums at which it had been valued, ranging from one thousand guineas to two pun five, without the frame, the latter being, as far as I could ascertain, about the only *bonâ fide* offer that had been made for it, and which, I need scarcely add, was treated with contumely by my hostess, who justly held that, if it *was* a 'shedoover,' it was worth more than *that*. She had frequently invited the director of the National Gallery, and other celebrities, to inspect it, reminding them

that it was an opportunity which might not occur again, and declaring that she was ready, for the benefit of the country, to take five hundred down, provided that her name might appear in the catalogue, 'which,' concluded Mrs Gawley, she 'couldn't say farther than that.'

I fear it is among the reproaches of our British Government that Diana still hangs in the back parlour of Little Prince Street, and no wonder that our Moores and Conynghams upbraid the authorities in Trafalgar Square, when such treasures as these are overlooked in forming our public collections.

One of the chief drawbacks to the advantages of residing with Mrs. Gawley, is the character of her ancillary assistant Jemmer. I do not mean by this that the breath of suspicion should fall on that middle-aged person Raspberry jam will, we all know, evaporate in the best-regulated families, and three and fourpence halfpenny, extended over a period of six months, is not much to lose in the way of coppers, but Jemmer is, I fear, dull of apprehension and slow to understand; and she has a way of running up and down stairs in loose slippers, which is calculated to irritate the nerves of any one who wants to read. Moreover, she has never been brought thoroughly to understand the relation subsisting between a morning-caller and the individual who receives that visit. When any of my friends were good enough to look me up, she plainly told them that she had forgotten whether I wanted to be at home or not, and in order to ascertain this important point, used frequently to leave them at the open door, and bounce into my room, making all sorts of pantomimic gestures, intended to convey the fact that some one wanted to see me. If, having no alternative, I told her to admit them, she would run back again and beckon the wretched visitor or visitors in with sundry winks and nods, assuring them in incoherent sentences that it was all right, and so forth, vibrating between the front door and my room in such a manner as to lead any reasonable man to suppose that I was expecting

a bailiff, and lay in apprehension of immediate arrest.

Her powers of discrimination are also rather feeble. She once announced my comings as 'two young females' as *she'd* never seen before; and on another occasion interrupted a quartett by ushering my tailor's assistant, with a parcel, into the room, at 10 P.M., as 'a gentleman who wanted to see me on pertickler business' But perhaps her grandest mistake was made one morning when returning very tired from drill, I told her to bring me some hot water and a pint of ale She presently reappeared bearing an enormous jug, from which issued volumes of a sickly steam

'Are you sure that water is quite clean?' I asked

'Puffickly, sir, I drewed it myself,' said Jemmer

'Well, now go and get me the beer.'

'Please, I've brought it.'

'Where is it then?' I asked

'Ere, sir, please, sir,' pointing to the jug

'Why, you don't mean to say you put the beer in with the hot water?'

'Law, yis, I did, sir! *didn't you want 'em mixed?*'

* * * *

I think a volume might be written on 'the London slavey,' her traits and characteristics, her habits and disposition, dress and manners Where do these dishevelled retainers of Bloomsbury come from? What wages do they get? Have they ever time for dinner? Why do they wear loose shoes? Where do they buy their crinolines? These are enigmas which I, for one, have never solved. As a rule, they are honest, active, industrious, and obliging. the quality most deficient seems that of intelligence. Perhaps a little kindness and less bullying, fewer kicks (I speak figuratively) and more half-pence, might transform poor Jemmers and Saurey-Janes into trim and efficient housemaids. Bear this in mind, O youthful students of British law—aspiring followers of the medical profession! and don't be too severe on Betsy's peccadilloes. Recollect that to one whose home is on

the basement story, the 'first floor' must be a sort of seventh heaven, and do not show yourself an 'inexorable numen' Hark how she jumps up from Tartarus at the sound of your bell! 'Please, sir, missus says, what did you please to want, sir?' (Isn't it extraordinary, by-the-way, that compromise between the 'oblique oration' and direct recital which they insist on using—'Please, sir, missus says, *would* you like a relish with your brexfas,' &c)

'Boots!' you answer, 'coffee!—shaving water!' Or what not Down she scuds again to do your bidding. Perhaps she has been up and down those weary stairs some fifty times to-day For what consideration?—eight, six, four pounds a year, and 'wittals!' I have heard of such wages, and of less, and what can one expect for such a salary? There is an old saying extant, that civility costs nothing (or in words to that effect) Doesn't it? That depends on the amount of urbanity required, and in what cause it is displayed When a foreign gentleman stops me in the street to beg a light for his cigar, I have not the slightest objection to furnish him with a fusee When Mr Growler (with whom I am not particularly intimate) nods to me across the reading-room in my club, I answer the greeting amicably enough Civility in *those* cases costs nothing. We meet on equal grounds, and may speak to each other or not as we please But put me in a Government office, with Mr Growler as my chief, and I should soon find out the cost of civility I take it that it would be pretty accurately estimated by the extent of salary which I received. And what financial committee shall decide the amount of civility, in the way of boot-cleaning, bell-answering, and breakfast-getting, which 'Jemmer' is bound to afford me at the low charge of four pounds a year? There is a wonderful modern maxim, about buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, which may answer admirably for the political economists, but in the matter of Alpine kid gloves (1s. 4d. per pair), servants'

wages,* and excursion trains, I believe the theory to be an utter failure

Can I conclude this homely essay without a few lines in praise of Florence, Mrs Gawley's niece, whose fair presence shed the only sunbeam (we lived on the north side of Little Prince Street) that entered on this dreary phase of my existence? Shall I ever forget that honest cheerful smile with which she met me coming back from work, or brought my coffee in the morning? Was Flo' a beauty? I vow I can't say now, I thought so then. A round, plump form, of middle height, with kind blue eyes and thick, crisp, wavy, yellow hair, Hogarthian nose, and just the faintest tendency to pout with nether lip. No wonder Mrs Gawley's voice was heard so frequently summoning her to the depths below, if she stayed a moment more than necessary in the upper regions. For my part, I was horribly jealous of the 'first floor,' who certainly boasted a magnificent pair of whiskers, while I, being then only eighteen, had not yet been provided by Nature with those decorations.

I won't say whether I fell in love with her or not, I won't aver that if I had done so, it would have been the first occasion on which, even at that early age, I had made a fool of myself, I won't deny purchasing Everton toffee at the celebrated dépôt in Hanway Street, or flowers in Covent Garden Market, or four and ninepenny gloves from M Houbigant, for her sake. These are matters which had best be buried in

* Our correspondent might have added *governesses' salaries*, and perhaps with more reason.—ED. L. S.

oblivion. All I know is, that on re- turning one evening, just before Christmas, from the Academy schools, I found her in tears, and eagerly demanded, in the presence of her aunt, what was the matter, and who had been unkind to her (This I said with great emphasis) Mrs. Gawley took me aside—

'No one's been unkind to Flo', Mr Easel, ahem! quite the reverse'

'What on earth do you mean?' said I

'Well, sir, as I look upon you as one of us, and I know it won't go no further, I don't mind telling you that she's had a offer'

My heart sank within me. 'From the first floor?' said I

'Oh, dear, no, sir' said Mrs. Gawley 'Flo' an't ambitious, but she looks higher than *that*! Why, the first floor's only a author!'

'Then who is the—the *lucky man*?' I said, as soon as I could get the words out, for I felt a disagreeable sort of choking sensation in my throat

'Well, sir, he's trav'ler to a commercial 'ouse in the City, and very respectably connected. We've known him some time'

'Oh!' said I, 'will you be kind enough to send up my lamp, and—and the tea-things?'

'Certainly, sir, ahem! *did you a—want anything else?*'

'Not now,' said I, 'thank you,' and walked up-stairs

I smoked long and fiercely that night

Faithfully yours,

JACK EASEL.



THE CONFISSION

[See p. 3]

THE CONFESSION.

' I pray thee leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state '

SHAKESPEARE

IN a palace of Venice, the Queen of the Sea,
Where the day is eclipsed by the beautiful night,
And its maidens are fair as earth's children may be,
Yet there, even there, secret sorrow can blight
See the jalousies open—a lattice wide thrown,
And a lady steps forth on the terrace alone

The flowers she planted in beauty and gladness
Are blooming around her as wooing her stay,
But their rich spicy odours but deepen her sadness
As she turns with impatient emotion away
Oh, why should she linger those gardens among,
When the gay song is silent—the cithern unstrung ?

Instinctive her steps seek the alley of cypress,
The question to ponder between smiles and tears,
If the new love that seeks but to make her its captive
Match the love that for her has been hoarded for years—
She challenged her courage to strengthen her mind,
All unconscious a stealthy step followed behind

' I have sought thee, my daughter, at Matins and Vespers,
I have hearken'd in vain for thy musical tones,
At Prime, and at Three, and at Sext have I missed thee,
At Complin I've missed thee, I've missed thee at None
And what is the reason, I charge thee declare,
Thou, a child of the church, art thus absent from prayer ?

' Take heed of thy footsteps, the phantom of pleasure
But lures to betray thee, the pathway is wide,
And gentle the slope leading down to perdition,
Pause and turn thee once more to thy church and thy guide,
As a lamb of the true fold, I bid thee beware,
There are wolves in the forest, and hawks in the air

' The good seed I sowed in thine innocent childhood
I have watered and cherished as thou wert mine own.
Hast thou doubts I can solve them, or fears I can scatter '
And his voice of reproof took a pitiful tone
For kind eyes in sorrow may weep over them
Whom the stern ones despise, and the wise ones condemn.

Her tearful eyes drooped in their silent submission,
As he bade the saints shield her by night and by day,
In her soft clasping fingers he read her contrition,
Blessed, and glided at once like a moonbeam away ;
Words spoken at random how often prove true,
For the falcon was nearer, alas ! than he knew.

The Confession.

Entranced like a wood nymph half veiled by the twilight,
 Her head bent to listen, her sweet lips apart;—
 No sound save the drip and the splash of the fountain,
 And no motion save that of her tremulous heart,
 A breeze sweeps the Ilex, her lover is nigh,
 Like a second Confessor to give sigh for sigh.

In silence he gazed on her feminine beauty,
 In silence her look sought the waste clouds above,
 In the sweetest of Tuscan she murmur'd of duty,
 In the purest of Saxon he pleaded for love,
 The balance stood even—a look might decide,
 For the choice lay before her—a nun or a bride

Her soft hand he clasped with a fervid devotion,
 A legend recalling, to win back her smiles,
 How a daughter of Venice, the Queen of the Ocean,
 Fate foredoomed for a son of the Queen of the Isles
 The legend I know not, nor question its truth,
 Only, lovers romanced in the days of my youth!

The maiden still pensive, the lover grew bolder
 But a smile lit her eye as his words caught her ear,
 ' If a grave antique city may wed with the ocean,
 In a maritime lover what hast thou to fear?
 There are brave hearts to shield thee, a fond one to love,
 And a wide world before us, a bright sky above'

Her thoughts wandered back to the days of her childhood,
 With pleasures, though simple, that wealth might not buy,
 But who does not know from the lips of a woman
 That the softest confession exhales in a sigh?
 The loud 'gun of sunset' hath broken the spell,
 As she glanceth around her a startled farewell!

A quick dip of oars, and a low whistle sounded
 Like a seagull—the boat takes the flood at its tide,
 Where a white sail is glancing, a brave bark is dancing,
 And a priest blest the vows of the runaway bride
 So nothing remains but to whisper a prayer
 That the brave heart to win be the true heart to wear





Mo 66

By W. L. M. M. M.

AFTER THE OPERA

See the Story

AFTER THE OPERA.

A Christmas-Eve Reberic.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MORALS OF MAY-FAIR.'

SHE was there to-night, there, with her sad smile, her great soft eyes, her matchless grace, her perfect dress; with a crowd of men, as usual, contending for entrance into her dangerous box, with all of her female friends, as usual, ready to detract from her appearance, or cast another stone to add to that enormous heap which already has gathered about her and her fan fame Maud St John at her wont, in short. Have I not seen her so a hundred times before? Don't I know by heart every one of the women's calumnies, the men's innuendoes, against her? And why, sitting here by the dying firelight on this Christmas night, does the thought of her present state strike me with so sharp a pain, as contrasted to what she was when I first knew her? Why, to-night, do I feel as though I had seen her for the first time in her—no, I will not say in her shame, that is too hard a word—in her worldliness, her heartlessness, her vanity, and that it only needs to turn back one blurred page, only needs to go back to yesterday, to see again the frank-faced, impulsive girl, fearing no evil, because she knew of none, believing, hoping, trusting in all men, even as she hoped herself to be trusted and beloved?

Reader, there are some characters that never quite deteriorate. In such persons, even if the moral nature be utterly corrupted, something in the *physique* yet keeps fresh to the last. I am not blind, nor deaf, and, which is more, I am not one whit in love with her, but, in spite of the current belief of half a dozen successive London seasons, in spite of my own reason, in spite of every strongest proof of her want of worth, I never look into Maud St John's honest eyes, never see the genuine blood coming and going into her cheek, without feeling that she is better, truer, than every other woman in the assemblage where I may chance

to meet her. Would I have her for my mistress, for my wife?—à Dieu ne plaise! but if I had had (and this was one of the thoughts that came into my head as I watched her at the opera to-night), she or I would have died before she should have declined to that which she is now! I know every bit of her story, every little turn of outline, every delicate shade of detail—don't ask me how! I know it, and I will give you a sketch of it, if you will. No cheerful reading, perhaps, when the Christmas fire is burning, and, whatever the present may be, each one of us tries to get something of cheer out of the long-buried, half-forgotten happiness of the past. And yet—do any of us in reality care much for the cheerful accounts of other persons' lives? For myself, I frankly avow to feeling with Charles Lamb. Set festivities depress me. funeral entertainments give me a disposition to enjoyment, or, at least, to interest. Sympathetic reader who feels likewise, let others turn to the genial, the light-hearted, the popular views of humanity that, I am sure, are to be found in every other article of this magazine, and do you look back for half an hour with me upon something very different to all this—the story of Maud St John's life.

When Maud was nineteen years old, her father came into her room one morning and said, quietly, 'Maud, child, I desire that you will marry Mr. St John.' And Maud, her first impulsive disgust swallowed down, answered that she would do whatever her father thought best—would marry Mr. St John.

She was not a woman, although she was nineteen. She had lived out of the world all her simple life. Her father was a very poor, very studious country clergyman, and her ideas of love, and of marriage, and of men were equally theoretic. Mr. St. John was not handsome, certainly: he was coarse and stout, and had

broad taps to his fingers, and ate his food demonstratively, besides, he was in business—the Stock Exchange—and Maud had entertained visions of marrying a man like the Hen of Redcliffe or Guy Livingstone she never could quite make up her mind which of the two types subdued her most. But then it would be so delicious to live in London, and to possess a box at the opera, like the heroine of her last favourite novel, and to have as many new dresses as she liked, and be able to send a box of books once a-week to her father! Of course it was the thing for her to marry Mr St John. His face was not so bad when you only saw it in extreme profile, and then St John was such a pretty name! *That* clinched her, I think—‘Maud St John’ She tried hard to wake herself in love with St John, wore a piece of his shaggy hair in the little locket on her neck, schooled herself into not shuddering too visibly, poor child! when he caressed her, blinded herself, perforce, to all his thousand, his daily, hourly vulgarities of manner, mind, and soul, and in six weeks from the day on which she first received orders from her father, became his wife.

She married him, lived with him, did not actually dislike him, at all events, did not dislike him after the first two or three months of their marriage were over. She had the stipulated box at the opera, the stipulated millinery, and for her father a limited supply of books (St John was essentially mean in all things not directly ministering to his own personal gratification or personal display). During more than a year Maud St John lived the automaton life—neither pain nor pleasure, love nor hatred—which the majority of human beings combine in considering contentment. Mr St John neglected her outrageously she was wholly insensible to his neglect. She loved nothing—but she had never known what love was, and so could not lack its presence. If she had died just then, I dare say she would have assured her father on her death-bed that he had made a good choice for her, and that Mr St John had been a faithful husband, and that

she was very fond of him, and very grateful to him, and looked forward with satisfaction to the prospect of meeting him, and being reunited in another world. But, you see, she did not die, she lived, and made the acquaintance of Mr Dion Warrington, and then Mrs St John discovered that she was fast bound to a man she had never loved, and never could love, that she was herself capable not of mere school-girl sentiment, such as she had used to dream of during the summer evenings in the quiet parsonage garden, but of love intense, jealous, passionate love quite unlike anything she had ever read of in all her piles and piles of novels, but which—so she believed in the first access of the fever—would abide by her, and be the one feeling of her life—the one miserable, haunting, hopeless feeling of her life, until she died.

You will understand that this state of things was not arrived at at once. Maud was refined, proud, sensitive to the heart's core. She was also well-principled. It took a great many weeks (and I remember, London weeks in the season ought to be reckoned as equivalent to so many years of county life)—a great many weeks of mere meeting in the world, before she would acknowledge to herself that a party or a ball seemed fearfully dark until Mr Warrington's face appeared there, a great many more weeks before she began to ask herself what habit this was she had gained of crying herself to sleep of a night upon her return home, and of living every day in a kind of feverish dream until one particular hour in the afternoon—the hour at which Warrington's well-known knock should come at her house-door.

When she did definitely ask herself these questions, such an answer (it was one night when Warrington had failed in his appointment to meet her at the opera) was given back to her from her own conscience, as fairly chilled her with horror. She was quite simple still in her ideas of right and wrong. No fine casuistry, no worldly maxims whatever, occurred to her. She, a married woman, was in love with another man than her husband. It was a

gross sin—a sin from which her whole nature revolted. She would call it by no false name, she would not blind herself by saying that it was friendship she felt for Warrington. It was not—it was *not* friendship—it was guilty, passionate, horribly earnest love. How was she to get away from it?—how stifle it?—how make the poor amends of contrition and repentance that were open to her?

All that night she wrestled with fierce demons—love, remorse, despair tearing the gentle heart, that until the last two months had been unstained, unruffled as a child's, and when the next day came she had arrived at a determination how to act. She would tell Mr St John all—yes, every iota of her guilt—and ask him to shield her, ask him to take her from her temptation, and forgive her, even as he himself should one day hope to be forgiven.

Probably, not another woman in London would have acted as Maud did, but you know perfect honesty is not a virtue that thrives in the atmosphere of large cities, and really it succeeds so badly, that one must allow there is but scant encouragement for the eccentric few who practise it. To have told Warrington himself—to have written to her father—to have made confidantes of her two most intimate female friends—any course that Maud could by possibility have taken, must have answered better than that which she, in her impulsive, childish outburst of repentant passion, hit upon. Imagine the scene. St John, in his dressing-gown, sitting over his late breakfast (he was not domestic in his habits, and they had seen nothing of each other since the early part of the previous day), sulkily spelling over the money-article in the 'Times,' the very ideal of sensual, selfish, unsuspecting, but not well-tempered, British stolidity. Maud gazing at him, with fevered lips and filling eyes, longing for only a word, a look, from that unsympathizing face that should encourage her to proceed with such a confession as she had got to make. The ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece, the hissing of the urn upon

the table, the street-cries breaking in through the open window to the silent room—how clearly even now, and when she has grown forgetful of so many an after-scene, does every minute sound of that fearful half hour of suspense remain graven upon Maud's memory!

'Mrs S.,' St John, *log*, 'you will oblige me by sitting down. I ain't nervous generally, but I've got a kind of a sick headache about me'—his eyes looking red and angry as those of an animal, only that animals never are positively depraved—'and it worries me having you coming and going between me and the light. Do you hear what I say, Mrs. S? Sit down like a Christian, and give me another cup of tea.'

She obeyed him passively, sat down, and poured his tea out, and then looked long—beseechingly, into his face. 'I wish I could photograph her for you as she looked then!' She was never beautiful, but with that feverish flush on her cheeks, that fire in the deep-set hazel eyes, that quiver on the passionate scarlet lip, I think any human being but St. John would have been inclined to soften to her—and to believe her!

'I am sorry you are not well, Frederick. I had got something I wished to say to you—something very important. You would not mind listening to me a few minutes, would you?'

He put down the 'Times,' and stared at her eager face. Was she beginning to be suspicious of him? No, that was not the look he read; and, besides, he knew—and hated her in his soul for knowing—that it was not in her to watch him or his doings, or be angry with him concerning them. Did she want to give another ball, to have her father to stay with her, to dismiss the coachman? 'Speak plainly, Maud, if you please, I'm not fond of guessing. What new piece of foolery do you want to get out of me?'

'Foolery! Oh, my God! Frederick, I have something fearfully serious to say. Only tell me before I begin that you'll forgive me, or I shall never have the courage to speak! I—I have tried to act right, Frederick, indeed I have!'

Have you ever seen a little school-boy trying to sob out his broken, eager exultation to a rock-hearted master predetermined to find him wrong and pass judgment on him accordingly? If you have, and can recollect the passionate, entreating humility on one side, the inexorable air of relentless, stony virtue on the other, you will imagine something of the position in which this husband and wife now stood to each other.

'I don't forgive till I know what I've got to forgive, and I'll thank you to speak out, Mrs. St. John. When I want melodrama and blue fire I'd a vast deal rather get it at the Surrey to what I would at my own breakfast-table. Speak out, if you please, and if you have really got anything to say.'

She spoke out, poor soul! with bitterest tears and shame she spoke out spoke Warrington's name, spoke of how she had grown to like him too well, of how, until last night, she had been ignorant of her true feelings, of how, finally, she looked to St. John, as her only friend and counsellor, to aid her and take her from her temptation.

When she had done she looked up into her husband's face. It was simply livid, leaden with rage. He really and truly thought that no man had ever been insulted as he was at that moment. He looked upon her as shameless, upon himself as a dupe, upon Warrington as an infamous scoundrel, an interloper who had come to steal away his sweet domestic peace. Not a thought of how *he* had neglected, how *he* had wronged his wife, not a thought, not the faintest glimmering, of her truth, her childish simplicity, in selecting him to be her confidant, ever crossed his brain. She cared for another man than him, her husband, and she had the effrontery to confess her shameless preference to his ears.

'I was a fool to take you, ma'am! I was a fool to believe that innocence grows any better in a country village than it does here upon the London streets. Innocence, d—you! you! all women are alike in heart! Their virtue or their badness de-

pends upon the amount of the temptation—nothing else!' And then followed a string of the like kind of remarks, not necessary for me to record, as I am giving you a sketch of Maud's married life, not a summary of Mr. St. John's opinions respecting female honour.

When he had left her, his rage fairly sated, his worst brutalities over, and when she had recovered a little from the mere physical violence of the scene, Mrs. St. John began to reflect. It is wonderful how rapidly strong passion will, occasionally, mature the reasoning faculty of very young women. Maud seemed to have aged by ten years in knowledge of life and of herself, and of all the darker side of human nature, generally, since the morning. She felt that there *was* a good deal of truth underlying Mr. St. John's coarsest cynicisms. She felt that she *had* succumbed to her first temptation, also that she had been an utter fool in betraying her secret to her husband, or to any other living man. She saw clearly that, married to him, and if she would escape from despair, she must either live as other women of the world live, or leave him. Leave him! for whom? with whom? To return to her father, with wearied, disappointed heart and suspected name, now when the old man thought that she was happily settled—passively enjoying the solid advantages of life for which she had sold herself? Leave him—leave London—leave Warrington! She did not wish to speak to Mr. Warrington any more; she had resolved, even in this last horrible two hours, to keep herself free from the temptation which St. John would stretch forth no hand to save her from—but yet she felt that if she went away from Warrington utterly she would die! Her heart was filled with one wild, unutterable craving for love, and she was married to Mr. St. John! If she could see—see that other face sometimes—twice, once in a week, perhaps, she thought it would be enough to hold her to life; and at all other times—yes, and even under the very temptation of his presence—she would pray—pray to God to take

this guilty love away from her and enable her to do her duty—live out the miserable, hopeless mockery of life in which her mistaken marriage had placed her.

You perceive her error at once. You perceive that, to restrain herself to seeing Warrington twice a week, and filling up all the intervening space of time with tears and self-analysis, was the very way to strengthen every difficulty of her unhappy position to the uttermost. And Maud herself knows much better now. She knows that for a woman of the world any such temporary insanity as liking another human being better than herself must be overcome *à coup de main*. See as much of such a human being as possible, never think of his existence, save when you are with him; never analyze, never call into question any of your own feelings on the subject, and in a week the folly is cured. But she was young, not quite one-and-twenty, then, and she had been honestly brought up, and thought her soul perilled by the strait in which she found herself; and then Dion Warrington was the only man, out of a book, who had ever so much as awakened her fancy till then! Putting all these circumstances together, you must not wonder at her childish confidence in herself, neither must you judge her too hardly when I say that, at the end of a month, and although her cheeks had thinned with all the lonely days in the interval, she did not love Mr. St. John one whit more than on that morning when she made her mistaken confession to him at the breakfast-table.

At the end of this month Dion Warrington made his way, late one summer afternoon, into Mrs. St. John's drawing-room. She had avoided him up to the very letter of her first determination; had given up every engagement in the fulfilment of which she knew that she must meet him; had uncompromisingly denied him admission to her house. The result was obvious. Warrington, who had hitherto only thought of Mrs. St. John as of any other well-looking woman (well-

looking, but unformed; very little style about her at night), Warrington began to think that Mrs. St. John must be sensible of no ordinary interest in himself. He had certainly paid her attention—had he not?—during a dozen or two of balls; had called at her house a dozen or so of afternoons without, by good fortune, encountering that unhappily-plebeian person, her husband; but until Maud began to avoid him, no thought of her, save as one of the hundreds of women to whom he had paid similar attentions in his life, had ever crossed his mind.

The very vision of anything approaching to a *grande passion* would have shocked Mr. Warrington excessively. He had his club, his stall at the opera, his quiet 'domestic arrangements,' his little successes of society, himself. What in the world should he want, or do, with a *grande passion*? Maud—judging of him, as women do, by his low-toned voice, his well-set head, his clear-cut features—Maud, judging of him thus, had thought fit to invest him with a heart and soul to match the really undeniable physique. These things are very well in romance, but only conceive in real life crediting an ordinary London bachelor of more than thirty with the fine passionate understrata of feeling that heroes of the Guy Livingstone type are pictured as possessing! Poor Mrs. St. John! among heaps of other valuable knowledge, the due appreciation of Warrington's character has long ago come to her. He was hanging over her in her box to-night, and she looked, as she invariably does, really interested in every commonplace whisper that he was pleased to address to her. But get beside Mrs. St. John on one of the rare occasions when she talks freely—at one of her own little suppers after the opera, say—and, after chancing to mention Warrington's name, come round, gently, to the theme of London dandies in general who have survived the age of thirty-five. She never goes into a subject thoroughly and exhaustively, of course: clever women of her stamp don't. But she throws together all its leading

points in about a dozen of the most scorching, cruel sentences you ever heard, even from a woman's lips, drinks her champagne; and then—then turns the conversation to something which you, if you don't know her well, will very probably have the remarkable weakness to consider flattering to yourself!

We are speaking of her, however, as she was at one-and-twenty, and of that summer afternoon when Warrington, by means of bribery, or some of the other established forms of corruption, had made the servants admit him to her presence. Mrs St John had not been alone with him now for more than three weeks, and for a moment, as he entered, a certain choking sensation rose in her throat, and forced back the commonplace greeting with which she would have liked to meet him.

Warrington perceived this, of course, and was really flattered. Mrs St John was a very pretty woman, he decided, with the daylight streaming full upon her delicate dark skin, and with that imploring sort of loving look, you know, in her great eyes!

'Mrs St John, I hope you are going to forgive me?' I haven't seen you for so long—I've been really wretched—yes, really and truly! I am quite sure I must have given you some unintentional offence, you've been looking so cold at me lately. I'll promise not to stay if you really don't want to have anything to do with me, but let me hear, at least, that I haven't been so unhappy as to offend you.'

'Offend me?' Oh! Mr Warrington, how could you have offended me! I—I haven't been very well—I mean—I haven't cared to go out—Mr St John has had so many engagements the last few weeks—you understand.'

Warrington understood quite well much better than Maud understood herself. However devoutly he might hold a developed *grande passion* to be a bore, I never yet knew a man who would decline witnessing its symptoms in the first delicious stage, when everything, as yet, is rose-coloured and flattering, and (I ought to have written this

last clause first) without risk. Mr. Warrington understood Maud quite well, and he remained with her three hours, and during that time threw as much expression into his handsome eyes and into his well-toned voice as both were capable of; and then he sought and obtained her permission to call again at the end of another three days, and, finally, took a lily of the valley from a little cup on Maud's work-table, and deposited it, as very sentimental lads do, in the breast of his coat or waist-coat (I really don't know precisely which) as he prepared to depart.

'You will let me take this, Mrs. St. John, to show that we are thoroughly good friends again, will you not?' And as he asked the question, he came up to Maud's side as she stood—her heart irresolutely wavering between her wish to please him and her steadfast resolve to fall no more into error—her little cold hands tightly clasped together, her honest eyes ready at any moment to brim over with tears, and so tell all their secret. 'You don't forbid me to take one of your flowers away with me, do you?'

'Oh! no, Mr Warrington, not—not if you are fond of flowers. But I think I could find you a better spray than the one you have chosen—'

She leant over the table, simply and exclusively to have an excuse for turning away her face, and so rallying her nerves sufficiently to part from Warrington coolly, and had just, with a rather trembling hand, taken another lily from the cup, when the door of the room abruptly opened, and Mr St John walked in.

The man was human: and I say frankly that, after the confidence Maud had made to him, I do not consider the picture that he saw was one likely to exhilarate his general frame of mind. Warrington leaning close over Mrs St John, with the outline of his handsome face and figure standing out, clear and defined, against the sinking sunlight: Maud looking fairer than he, St John, had ever seen her before, in a delicate pinkish muslin dress, with a radiant colour upon her ordinarily pale face,

and a flower that she was obviously taking from its stand to present to Warrington in her hand. I repeat it, it was not a reassuring picture for Mr. St. John's senses to dwell upon, and yet, knowing, as he was forced to allow to himself he did, the utter integrity of Maud's nature, the confession that she had made to him, the fact, also, that Warrington had never entered his house from the day when her confession was made until now,—knowing all this, St. John, had he been a man of common honour or delicacy, would have thrust his jealousy carefully out of sight, have given his hand to Warrington, and, if he chose to do so, have informed his wife, when they were alone, that he did not intend her to receive that gentleman's visits any more. As it was—I am quite positive the reader must consider this part of my sketch overdrawn, but I can only vouch for its truth, and beg him to remember that there *are* St. Johns in the world!—as it was, Mr. St. John walked straight up to his wife and her visitor, stared into each of their faces, thrust his hands well into his coat-pockets, and spoke thus—

'So you are receiving Mr. Warrington's visits again, Mrs. St. John, after the flummery you told me about wishing to escape from him and the temptation of his attentions, and so forth—eh?'

The colour of death spread over Mrs. St. John's face, her lips twitched convulsively. To be degraded thus, to be degraded by her husband, and before Warrington! Whole years of her future life seemed to sweep prophetically before her in the sudden, revolting abasement of that bitter moment years in which everything of youth and hope and freshness should be crushed from her, and only harshest mistrust, or recklessness, or worse, remain to supply their place. She felt no shyness the very intensity of her shame prevented her from showing shame by any ordinary manifestation of voice or gesture. She gave one glance at Warrington, then looked straight into her husband's face.

'I don't understand you, Mr. St.

John. I never said anything to you about temptation or escaping from it, and, if I had, such a subject could have no possible connection with Mr. Warrington. You speak in enigmas, and yet—yet it is impossible that you can have dined!

Mark the change already: presence of mind, capacity for falsehood, for sarcasm—qualities which before she simply did not know herself to possess—wakened suddenly into maturity by the crying necessity of that one moment. Mark, oh reader, who may have to do with the making of an impassioned unformed nature, great alike in its capacity for good or for evil, and take a lesson!

'You don't understand me, Mrs. St. John!' cried St. John, his voice choked with passion. 'You've the face to look at me and pretend you've forgotten all your fine speeches about your folly and your remorse? By G——! ma'an, I mean to remember it all, and to act upon it, too! For you, sir,' and he turned with a low bow to Warrington, 'I've only to congratulate you upon your choice! Such as they are, you have been lucky enough to win Mrs. St. John's affections. I'll throw no obstacle in your way, neither will I do anything to make myself ridiculous. 'Tis no very difficult thing to gain one's freedom, you know, and perhaps there's something to be said for the good luck of the husband as of the lover, in all these cases, but however that may be, allow me to congratulate you—sincerely and heartily!'

In all his life of sufficiently-varied experiences, I fancy old Warrington had never found himself before in such a position. Were husband and wife both mad? or was it a plant? or only an outbreak of that cursed ridiculous feeling, jealousy, which Mr. Warrington believed did exist in the households of mercantile persons? Whatever it all meant, or whatever it was caused by, only one course lay open to him—Dion Warrington—to get out of it all as quickly as possible, and escape from the house.

'You are labouring under some very remarkable error, sir—very remarkable, really. perhaps you mis-

take me for some one else, you know; although that again is not likely. I was calling to wish you and Mrs. St John good-bye before I leave town. . . I'm going to Norway to-morrow—at least I believe I am, if Fitz-Maurice is ready—and in the autumn I'm going to be married to my cousin, Angelina, Lord Pendragon's fourth daughter, you know, Mrs St. John, the one with light hair, and it would positively be too ridiculous for everybody if this absurd mistake was to get known. I'm sure you'll forgive me for having to explain anything, Mrs St John, but really it isn't my fault being in such an extraordinary position. Mr St. John you must allow me to congratulate you on your wonderful ability for carrying out a good practical joke!"

And then, whether St John willed it or no, his clammy fish-like fingers were pressed by Warrington's delicate lavender glove, and Maud received a profoundly respectful bow from the man whom a quarter of an hour before she had believed herself to look upon somewhat in the light of a god, and husband and wife were left alone.

* * * *

Dion Warrington went to Norway next day, but he did not marry his cousin Angelina in the autumn, and in time he and Maud came to meet again in the world and to be, as they are still, on terms of perfect good fellowship.

And old St John is never jealous of him or of any other man now. He tells his intimate friends in moments of confidence (and in one sense he is right) that, early in his marriage, he took good sharp means for extirpating love of foolish attention from Mrs St John's breast and it has never occurred to him—it never will occur to him—to guess what host of finer feelings, what capacities for love, what trust in others, what respect in herself, died violent death under that same brutal blow. Up to the time when, to borrow Pope's antithesis, she made 'a fop her passion,' and sought

for comfort from 'her prize a son,' all germs of good lay, warm and full of life, in Maud's nature. During the week that followed the scene between Warrington and her husband, every one of these germs was withered, frozen for ever. A woman of another temperament might have sunk away into deceit and a hundred successive petty sins. But Maud's character was, as I have said, essentially great—great for good; great for evil. Believed in and loved, I can imagine her to have developed into one of those single-sided, impulsive, passionately-affectionate characters whose very faults are dearer than the virtues of colder natures—the wife of Frederick St. John, she became—what she is.

One thing more let me say of her before I cease. She is the leader of one of the fastest sets in London; she is systematically reckless of the opinion of the world, she is Irving, as well as any mere spectator can judge, without a hope or a principle stronger than vanity in her whole being, but as far as all deeper temptation goes, Maud St John is cased in triple steel! The faculty for loving died, mercifully for her, with the rest. In the hour when she knew for certain that Dion Warrington had gone to Norway in his fear of becoming burthened with her, in that hour, I say, Maud swore a solemn oath that while her life lasted, she would never fall into the pitiful folly of loving any human being better than herself again. And she has kept to it.

She has kept to it, and as Mr. St. John's wife I think she has done well. What do I who write, or you who read, know of the miseries—the heart-burning, the passionate unrest, the weary craving—underlying all the outside glitter of such a life as hers! Let us pass no overhasty judgment upon her errors. We don't exult over a fine picture spoilt, or sculpture defaced. Shall we not, at least, feel equal regret over the spectacle of something far nobler and more pathetic than either—a ruined human soul!



Drawn by Alfred W. Cooper

AT ANCHOR

AT ANCHOR.

(A SEQUEL TO 'DRIFTING.*')

Illustrated by Alfred W. Cooper.

AH, many a year ago, dear wife,
 We floated down this river,
 Where the hoar willows on its brink
 Alternate wave and shiver;
 With careless glance we viewed askance
 The kingfisher at quest—
 And scarce would hear the reed-wren near,
 Who sang beside her nest,
 Nor dreamed that e'er our boat would be
 Thus anchored, and at rest,
 Dear Love,
 Thus anchored, and at rest!

Oh, many a time the wren has built
 Where those green shadows quiver—
 And many a time the hawthorn shed
 Its blossoms on the river—
 Since that sweet noon of sultry June,
 When I my love confessed,
 While with the tide our boat did glide
 Adown the stream's smooth breast,
 Whereon our little shallop lies
 Now anchored, and at rest,
 Dear Love,
 Now anchored, and at rest!

The waters still to ocean run,
 Their tribute to deliver,
 And still the hawthorns bud and bloom
 Above the dusky river
 Still sings the wren—the water-hen
 Still skims the ripple's crest;
 The sun—as bright as on that night—
 Sinks slowly down the west
 But now our tiny craft is moored—
 Safe-anchored, and at rest,
 Dear Love,
 Safe-anchored, and at rest!

For this sweet calm of after-days
 We thank the Bounteous Giver,
 Who bids our life flow smoothly on
 As this delicious river.
 A world—our own—has round us grown,
 Wherein we twain are blest.
 Our child's first words than songs of birds
 More music have expressed,
 And all our centred happiness
 Is anchored, and at rest,
 Dear Love,
 Is anchored, and at rest!

T. H.

* See 'London Society,' No. III. (vol. 1. p. 228).

THE TENANT OF THE CHINTZ CHAMBER.

CHAPTER I.

MY LADY'S COMPANION

LADY RAVELSTOCK was growing old. Not that my lady used a stick, or lisped for want of teeth. A hale, sound woman of sixty, she was still able to walk and talk with energy, to carry herself erect and brisk as a girl of eighteen, and to do much thrifty business. But she was getting a distaste for fashionable life, caring less and less for London seasons, and loving best to stay at home in her quiet, ancient mansion at Ravelstock, and give herself up to country hours, country habits, and country enjoyments.

Ravelstock was a very grand old place, near the sea, and near moors, ponderous and venerable on the outside, and within all luxury and splendour. It stood among mazy gardens and smiling lands, half smothered in ivy. The castle itself stood upon the outskirts of a wide park, which stretched for miles inland, and commanded from many points a fine view of the sea, and the brown and purple moors which swept round the headlands. At night those of the household who might not sleep could hear the surf beating, and through the day the heart was braced, and the limbs nerved, by the racy breath of the sea spray, whose savour refreshed the air.

It was strange that so noble a home should have only one occupant, for a lavish taste had recently fitted out the great mansion as if for the reception of brilliant and fastidious tenants. But my lady lived there alone. The young lord of Ravelstock had amused himself, upon his first coming of age, by fitting up the old castle something in the style of a prince's dwelling, with the intention of indulging his extravagant propensities by having it constantly supplied with a stream of gay guests, keeping open house, something in the fashion of ancient

times. He had scarcely, however, completed his preparations, when, finding himself in London, he changed his mind, and discovering a new method of spending money—gambling, to wit—he had left his lady mother to enjoy in solitude the magnificence of Ravelstock.

This only son was his mother's darling, and also her bane. Her pride had hoped to see him doing honour to the name of Ravelstock, and his precocious development of singular beauty and talent had seemed to promise more than all her heart coveted for him. But a spoiled child will grow up a wilful boy, and the heir of Ravelstock developed into a wrongheaded, conceited youth. When his twenty-one years gave him the position of a man, he was no longer to be controlled in his insane career, and Lady Ravelstock, in most cases a wise woman, was forced to own to herself that she had been a foolish mother, and must now pay the penalty of her blindness. She was sanguine and high-spirited, however, and she entertained a strong, hearty hope of winning the prodigal, in course of time, to honour and good fame.

At the present time she was rather more sanguine than usual about her son. True, she had not seen him for long, but she knew his whereabouts, and thought she knew the extent of his debts, the enormity of which she bewailed in the privacy of her chamber at Ravelstock. Moreover, his lordship's last craze she believed to be a harmless one, and one which might lead his mind to better things. For the past two or three years he had been living an artist's life, displaying and cultivating his showy, shallow talent, haunting galleries, wearing a velvet coat and a tasselled cap, calling himself by an Italian name, making

eloquent speeches at art-club dinners, talking art slang, and taking the profession generally by the button-hole. All this his mother learned, and was hopeful; for she thought that in thus playing at work among earnest men, he might catch some of their spirit, and end by being an earnest man himself.

Affairs were in this position when Lady Ravelstock resolved on foregoing the expensive gaieties of London, and settling down quietly at Ravelstock to save money for her spendthrift son, and devote her thoughts and energies to plans for his redemption. Marriage was the grand means by which she hoped to attain her object. She had already set her heart upon the pretty daughter of an old friend and neighbour for her son's wife, whose beauty and generous temper had won her love long ago, when the child played romps with my little lord in her frilled pinafore, and whose bulky dower would cover the waste occasioned by the sowing of his lordship's wild oats. But the coveted bride was at present travelling on the Continent with her father, enjoying her first year of emancipation from school. So there was nothing to be done at present, only my lady made up her mind, as we have shown, to abide quietly at Ravelstock, and keep her maternal eyes open to the interests next her heart.

My lady had been a month at Ravelstock, and she found it dull. She sat at her great bay window, with her netting-box, and looked down on the winding river, with the young willows leaning over it, and saw how autumn had girdled the wooded lands with a rich zone of foliage for a bright, brief space, before winter blighted the leaves and they dropped dead.

Sitting there in her bay window, Lady Ravelstock was certainly a pleasant-looking woman, and well preserved. Her hair, under her grave, handsome cap, was quite black, shaded a little to one side, and resting in little bunches of short, shining curls on either temple. Her brow, if not intellectual, was sensible. Her quick,

dark eyes expressed alertness, and also betrayed, in unconscious reflex, a large degree of benevolence hidden away under the seldom dropping lids. Shrewdness and determination sat upon the slightly puckered corners of her mouth, and the solid chin guaranteed a sufficiently strong will to overcome most difficulties.

She was following out the chain of a reverie into which she had fallen. 'I cannot live here alone,' she said, 'I must have a companion. Not a young creature whom I should have to watch over, and who would be moped to death in my company, but some steady, reliable, cheerful woman, who would read aloud to me, walk with me, talk common sense to me, without getting disgusted at a lonely and monotonous life. Such a woman I must find.'

Having once made up her mind, Lady Ravelstock always set to the business in hand with alacrity. She now drew forth the key of her ponderous escritoire, and quickly penned a short, pithy advertisement —

'Wanted — A staid, respectable woman of middle age, to act as companion to a solitary lady in the country. She must be cheerful, domestic, educated, and not subject to dull spirits.'

Having despatched this advertisement to the London papers, my lady was not long in hearing from a crowd of eager applicants. Sitting again, with her writing-table wheeled into the favourite window alcove, she perused her numerous epistles. She prided herself on being a judge of calligraphy, and she now resolved to choose as her future dependant that person whose handwriting should please her the best. One after another the letters were studied. The first was written in a tight, wiry hand, seeing which my lady immediately pictured to herself a spare female, narrow in mind and angular in form, and, despite her amiable account of herself, of an acrid disposition. The second was a weak, shaky hand, with feebly-developed vowels, and

many nervous dashes after the *g*'s and *q*'s. Lady Ravelstock shook her head, no timid, irresolute person would suit, who should be afraid to give an opinion, and be always glancing furtively about, as if she were in a constant state of panic. Letter third was no better suited to her taste. The writing was too delicate and finical, too fine and small. It suggested a sly, demure individual, who would seldom open her thin lips, and always look as though she were plotting treason.

My lady was very much dissatisfied when she broke the seal of the fourth letter, but after its perusal she cleared her throat in a manner peculiar to her when suddenly relieved in her mind. Her countenance composed itself, and she leaned back in her chair for a second reading.

The writing was clear and articulate, the capitals simple, the *e*'s well uttered, the punctuation good. The wording was straightforward, self-reliant, and independent. The writer expressed her belief that she possessed the needful qualities, and her willingness to do her best under all circumstances. She had been married, and misfortune had thrown her unprovided for on the world. She had been well educated, and had mixed in respectable society. A few words told these things on a neatly-folded sheet of note-paper, and the signature was 'E. GREY.'

My lady lay back in her chair, and repeated, 'E. Grey.' It might be Esther. Esther Grey is a nice, genteel, sedate name for a decayed gentlewoman. "Esther" suggests cheerful strength of character, and "Grey" is sober, interesting, and refined.

My lady was so pleased with the sketch of this person with which fancy furnished her, that she folded the letter, past and burnt all the rest. By the next post she despatched a letter to Mrs. Grey, requesting her to make her appearance at Ravelstock on the 1st of the next month (October)

CHAPTER II.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Having resolved upon any plan, Lady Ravelstock always entered on the details with spirit. Having engaged a companion for her solitude, she felt an immediate desire to provide for her comfort and happiness, wisely discerning that in doing so she was also laying up store of future satisfaction for herself. 'It is absolutely necessary,' she thought, 'that the woman who lives with me and bears me constant company shall look upon me as a friend. I must attach her to me by ties of gratitude.'

If selfishness were at the bottom of this reflection, I feel almost inclined to forgive it for having assumed so benevolent a disguise. So my lady set to work forthwith to freshen up and beautify a pretty room in the western wing of her mansion for the reception of her expected 'companion.' The bright chintz hangings were taken from their bags and shaken out, their pleasant colouring floating about the bed and window. A large fire was kept burning in the room every day, and the frolicsome blaze leaped over green walls, covered with mazes of impossible ivy, rose-tinting that all-pervading snowy whiteness which haunts a pleasant bed-chamber with promises of grateful repose.

In so caring for the comforts of her dependant, Lady Ravelstock showed herself not altogether like most other people, but I own that she was a little odd. The fact was that she absolutely required the goodwill, if not the affection, of all who came near her. If she had it not, she was restless and unsatisfied, and quite sure that something was wrong. Whether it was her self-love which was wounded, or her kind feeling, I will not pretend to decide, but it may have been something of both.

The 1st of October came, and in the evening the stranger arrived. My lady met her on the first landing of the stairs, gave her her hand with a kind and stately welcome,

and conducted her up to the chintz chamber, where she left her to her toilet and her reflections

My lady had fixed on her own snug boudoir as their ordinary sitting-room during the winter, and in it on this night a brilliant, dainty little tea equipage was set out the silver twinkling in the ruddy fire-light, which brought out a richer glow from the rosy colouring of the room. Lady Ravelstock, handsomely dressed and pleasant-looking as ever, sat upright in her arm-chair on the hearth-rug, full of a characteristic impatience to see how far her speculations had been right, and wondering very much what E Grey would look like when disencumbered of her wrappings and veil.

Mrs Grey quickly reappeared, and entered the rose-coloured boudoir in the full soft shine of the firelight, my lady having purposely deferred the illumination of the large moderateur that stood upon the side table. My lady was prepared for close scrutiny, and she was much too polite to stare at a stranger in the broad tell-tale light of sun or lamp. This arrival in dusk and fire-light was precisely what she had desired and planned.

Mrs. Grey entered. She was rather low, and very slender, with a charming little neat figure. She wore a plain robe of grey carmelite stuff, dainty crimped collar and cuffs, and a small, quaint cap of clear crimped muslin. Lady Ravelstock disliked widow's caps, and she was pleased with this pretty modification of the ugly conventionality. Mrs. Grey, with quiet self-possession, sat down in her chair opposite my lady, and laid her soft, small, white hands together in her lap, showing a handsome ring and keeper on the proper finger. My lady stared the fire gently, rang for tea, asked kind little questions, which hardly required to be answered, and all the while studied the stranger's face.

Mrs Grey seemed to be about forty years of age. Her hair lay in iron-grey folds under her cap. Sorrow must have taken the foreway of time in thus silvering it so soon.

Her skin was of an unusually deep olive tinge, but clear, except just under the eyes, where lay dark circles, caused, no doubt, by ill health or grief. The dark shade of the skin would have been unpleasing, had not the features been fine and regular.

'She must have been a pretty creature once,' thought my lady; 'doubtless her hair was black, to relieve the dark skin, and with those fine hazel eyes, I should say she must have been singularly good-looking. But time and sorrow will blight the fairest beauty.' And my lady sighed, thinking of her own young days of triumph.

Mrs Grey spoke, and my lady liked her cheerful and pure accent. She seldom laughed, or even smiled, but always wore a pleasant, interested expression, never seemed abstracted, never sighed, nor seemed tired of anything, never appeared to know the meaning of *ennui*, never was idle for a moment.

Days went past and weeks, and my lady's pleasant first impressions deepened rather than wore away. She began to entertain a higher opinion than ever of her own shrewdness, and to wonder how she had ever got on without her most serviceable companion. Mrs. Grey rose with the lark, and my lady found a nameless, comfortable something pervading her breakfast-table which had not belonged to it before. Mrs Grey was so active, so quietly alert, so uniformly even-tempered, that my lady, whose own temperament was rather variable, thought her a miracle. She glided about with a soft, brisk step, like a neat little quakeress. She taught my lady new kinds of fancy work, and never wearied reading aloud, in her fresh, melodious voice. And weeks lengthened into months, and every day found my lady and her companion better friends.

Lady Ravelstock had no small degree of family pride, and it pleased her mightily to show Mrs. Grey all over the fine old castle of Ravelstock. It was very old, and had many quaint antique chambers and rambling corridors, besides the more modern portions which had lately

been so splendidly fitted up. There was an ancient chapel or oratory, which had never been in use since the Reformation, the vast window of stained glass was a sight in itself. Then there were the portraits. A long gallery was entirely lined with these, and her ancestry was one of my lady's chief glories. It was on a wild November evening that she proposed going to visit the paintings. She had been rehearsing certain old family legends all day to Mrs Grey, who listened with apparently the closest interest.

'And was Lord Eustace really killed at the tournament?' inquired Mrs Grey.

'Yes, I assure you. And the heartless Winifred married his brother and rival. By the way, you may see his portrait in the gallery, and hers also, but I never can bear to look at her. Perhaps it would amuse you to see the pictures. I quite meant to have shown them to you before. We shall still have time before dark. Will you come?'

Mrs Grey gathered up her wools, and they went. These portraits were to be seen in the southern wing of the building, in close ranks against the wall of a long narrow gallery, railed at the side which overhung a wide hall, octagonal, and mosaic-tiled, with which it communicated by two corresponding flights of staircase. These wound their dizzy way downward from either end of the gallery into the hall.

Mrs Grey followed my lady down the long, matted passage, slipping her small, white hand along the mahogany balustrade, and listening patiently to her endless anecdotes. She gazed with interest on the stern Lord Eustace, and on the fair, false face of the Lady Winifred. She lingered with gentle sympathy as long as my lady, pleased by the portrait of the late Lord Ravelstock, and that of my lady herself, done in the bloom of youth, just after her marriage. And then, moving slowly on, Lady Ravelstock paused before the next canvas with a brightening face, saying—

'This is my son.'

A handsome young man, with blue eyes, and waving black hair. It was a singular face, with intellect as well as beauty, and a peculiar, sweet smile upon the lips. This smile charmed at first; but, dwelling upon it, it seemed to take a mocking aspect, and agreed unpleasantly with the 'dare-devil' look which the handsome eyes flung at the gazer. It was a face which, seeing once, you would remember for long, one of those portraits in which the eyes seem to follow you about wherever you go within their reach, and the face to change its expression while you look. It had a fascination which forced the spectator to come back again and again to have one more encounter with that life-like gaze, which seemed now frank and bold, now insolent or sinister, and again insinuatingly sweet, and sent him away in the end with a tantalizing uncertainty as to whether he most liked or disliked the countenance.

'This is my son,' said Lady Ravelstock, and she stepped back towards the balustrade to survey the beloved face. Poor Lady Ravelstock! many a tear and wakeful hour the boy had cost her from his cradle, but, standing there, she forgot all about them, and only thought of the pride of displaying his manly beauty to a stranger.

As my lady stepped back, Mrs. Grey shrank behind her, grew very pale, and grasped the oak railing with the suddenness of one galvanized. Could it be that she had looked over the balustrade down into the hall so far below, and turned dizzily sick at the idea of a fall through that vast silent space, and death on the painted flags beneath? Whether or not, she caught wildly at the railing, and her dark face grew wanly sallow, as she gazed fixedly at the picture in obedience to Lady Ravelstock's directions.

'It was done when he was twenty-one, four years ago,' said my lady, complacently. 'A capital likeness, a noble likeness. He was always a saucy boy—dear, wild, darling fellow, always vexing his mother with some naughtiness, and coaxing her

into good humour and forgiveness the next moment. Ah, Mrs. Grey, you don't know what it is to have an only son!

So raved the fond mother, peering, with eyes that were no longer so strong as they had been, into the dear canvas

What had come upon Mrs Grey that she persisted in meeting with that unflinching gaze the daring eyes of the picture? A variety of expressions quivered in succession over her face, too numerous to describe, too quick to be observed. What singular fascination was in the painting that every one felt, and which seemed to have so strangely powerful an effect upon this serene woman, that it called up on her face reflections of passions which it was hard to believe she could possess? Truly, it was a strange picture.

Lady Ravelstock was at length tearing herself from the spot, when a strong red beam, sole token of sunset, shot through the stained-glass circular roofing, and, after hovering a while over frames and canvases, settled its intensified glory upon the brow, eyes, and lips of the young lord.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'see how he smiles I am glad of this gleam. You see him to so much better advantage.'

The sun made an indistinct radiance about the countenance, and seemed, indeed, to touch it with a wonderful sweetness. It was as if the face had just burst into smiles of greeting.

A shudder shook Mrs. Grey, her lips quivered, her hand trembled on the railing. Some violent emotion was mastered with difficulty. Whatever had caused her agitation, she did not wish it to be observed, and she concealed it. The tremor subsided, though the eyes still gazed, as if from sheer inability of their owner to un rivet them from those other eyes.

CHAPTER III.

THE SLEEP WALKER.

'You have not told me what you think of it,' said my lady, as they retraced their steps down the dim gallery in the gathering twilight.

Mrs. Grey answered in her usual quiet voice —

'I have been studying it attentively, and I think it a very remarkable face'

'Ah! just what every one says,' cried the mother. 'It is a remarkable face'

'So remarkable,' continued Mrs. Grey, 'that I could imagine (so it seems to me) that, had I seen the original once, even a long time ago, I should know the likeness'

'It is rather singular,' my lady said, 'that the same remark was made to me not long ago by a gentleman. He said, "Had I only sat opposite to your son for an hour in a railway carriage, I should have recollected the face distinctly, and recognized this picture a year afterwards"'

Chatting so, they got back to the snug boudoir. Lady Ravelstock threw herself into her arm-chair with a little sigh of relief, as she rang the bell for tea. 'I declare,' she said, 'I think there is something ghostly in those old passages and galleries, hung with the dim faces of long dead and buried people. I feel quite glad to get back to a live room again'

The evening passed like many other evenings, quietly and pleasantly. The interesting novel was taken up and finished by Mrs. Grey, while my lady worked at her netting. At eleven o'clock they said good night, and went to their rooms. Lady Ravelstock sent away her maid soon, and sat by the fire in her dressing-room. The sight of that dear face in the gallery had stirred her mother's heart to more than usual love and solicitude for the original, and, indeed, all that evening her thoughts had been running much more upon her absent son than upon the fortunes of Thackeray's Ethel Newcome. She could not go to bed without

reading over his last letter, and she unlocked a little rosewood casket for the purpose, in which she kept her most precious relics and documents apart from the contents of the once-mentioned ponderous desk on her writing-table. She sighed as her eye fell on the date, so old, and impatiently turned the leaf to avoid seeing it, for she was not one to dwell in a luxury of sadness upon things that grieved her, but rather to get rid of them as fast as possible, and hurry on to pleasanter thoughts. She read carefully and lingeringly the two inside pages of the letter, which were enriched by many loving expressions, causing my lady's eyes to water, but she stopped before she came to the fourth—that related to money transactions not pleasant to remember—and refolded away the paper into its envelope.

But my lady, in her arm-chair and wadded dressing-gown, by her dressing-room fire, with her precious, seldom-opened casket by her side, was not likely to disturb herself quickly, nor relinquish her occupation, whereat she was assisted by two such fascinating companions as memory and association. She had deep in this little casket a store of miscellaneous relics such as affectionate women do garner, as they go along their life, like the flowers we pick on summer-day excursions and dry in a book, as memorials of the happy hours we spent 'a-gipsying'. Deepest down, there was a packet of letters, whose ink was faded, and two miniatures, Lady Ravelstock at twenty-five, and Lord Ravelstock at thirty years of age. Laid on these was a heavy lock of black hair, shot with grey, shorn from a dead brow that had grown cold on her heart. Thus my lady, although a matter-of-fact person, had her own little bit of romance hidden away in her rosewood box.

There were souvenirs of the young heir's babyhood, and of the days when he reigned despotic monarch of the nursery, and kicked off his scarlet shoes in his nurse's face, and tore the blue ribbons out off his sleeves when his little lordship happened to be in a rage, which, truth to speak,

was very often. Then there were more old letters, boyish epistles from school, each, even at that early date, bearing an unpleasant sequel to the dutiful phrases of the first page, in the shape of demands for money to cover some extravagance.

All these were looked through, the most affectionate parts closely combed, and the unpleasant ones as carefully skipped. So my lady sat, tying up this bundle of letters, and dipping into that, tinkling gently, with a sad smile, the little silver coral and bells, with the pretty embossing dented by naughty passionate teeth, and fingering lovingly the small emerald-tipped pencil-case which the boy had bought her out of his first allowance of pocket-money. He had really done thus; and so, perhaps, the mother had some reason for thinking that her son was not all bad.

'Ah!' she thought, as she gazed with wet eyelashes into the fire, 'when shall I win my boy to be a noble and honourable man? I wonder when that dear Gwendaline will return, and if she will be at all like that sweet golden-haired child who used to ride up and down the beech avenue, in her tiny blue habit, on her white pony, and Percy, dear fellow, holding the reins.'

And my lady sat some time longer, poring over a miniature which also had its place among the treasures, of a handsome wildfowl boy, with brilliant eyes, wearing a purple velvet Balmoral cap set carelessly upon dark, clustering curls. There was an expression in the child's countenance which claimed kin at once with the strange face of the man in the gallery. One recognized it as the same something in an undeveloped stage, which so pained, charmed, and puzzled in the maturer portrait.

The deep clock from the castle tower tolled two, and startled my lady to the consciousness that she should have been asleep at least two hours before. She hastily restored her treasures to their sanctuary, and put out her light. Then, just before stepping into bed, she went to the window, and looked out on the dim stars peering between broken rifts

of cloud, above black swaying masses of trees, tossing in the midnight wind

The night was chill, and the landscape without bleak and sombre. I have hunted that my lady was not romantic, nor one likely to be seized with an attack of star-gazing under such circumstances, and yet she stood for a considerable time, with her face advanced very near the pane, and her fixed attitude expressing a suddenly rapt condition of mind. She was watching a light, which at that dead hour of night she had not been prepared to see. Moving along the southern wing of the building, it went, passing from window to window, and throwing feeble rays through each in succession into the outer blackness of the night.

My lady straightened her bent figure and drew a long breath. 'Who can it be?' she said.

And then she stood still again for some minutes, watching and thinking. She was rapidly reviewing all the possibilities of the case. The castle was well guarded. There were men servants who might be summoned at any moment, and loaded fire-arms at hand. My lady did not fear robbers. She was not by any means of a nervous temperament, nor likely to take palpitation of the heart or faint at a startling occurrence. Had there been real danger, she would have found it much more endurable to go and play her part in the scene of action than to be cowering under her counterpane, uncertain of what was going forward. But on this particular occasion she only suspected that some of the maid-servants were prying about the unoccupied parts of the castle, perhaps pilfering small valuables which would not be readily missed. One girl she had reason to suspect of thieving tendencies, and the result of my lady's few minutes' consideration was a firm conviction that the light she watched was carried in this girl's hand for no honest purpose. Lady Ravelstock's spirit at once rose to the enterprise of confronting this girl in person, sending her to her bed, with a command to quit the castle early next morning. Benevolence said, 'Do not expose her,

but send her quietly away;' and full of a stern justice, Lady Ravelstock lit her lamp, shaded it carefully, and left her chamber.

Some people would have found it a nervous expedition, traversing empty chambers and silent corridors, so still that a whisper might be echoed from one to another, and the thick darkness of a winter midnight heavy over all, passing from one wing of so vast a building to another, leaving that behind which was tenanted by sleeping life, and seeking that which was lone and uninhabited even in daylight except by the forms and faces of the dead. I, for one, should have grown frightened at myself, quite lost sight of my own bodily presence, and only realized my tearful spirit, going perhaps to thrust itself into the presence of other spirits to which mortal existence was a dream of the forgotten past.

Still I can understand the impulse which would force one on even in spite of these feelings, and which impelled Lady Ravelstock, who was happily free from any such notions—the impulse to *go and see*.

My lady sped on in her noiseless slippers, her shaded light only making a sickly luminous circle around her, from chamber to chamber, and from passage to passage, till the picture-gallery was gained, and from its far end the moving light was seen to shine. As my lady expected, it was borne in the hand of a woman, whose white figure was just now standing fixed with the right hand holding the light aloft, and the head upraised, as if contemplating some one of the pictures with absorbed attention.

This was curious. The suspected maid was no connoisseur of art, and she could not mean to run off with the paintings. My lady, whose spirit was roused for an adventure, hastened softly on. She had not gained more than the centre of the gallery, when the figure turned round and began to move slowly to meet her. Lady Ravelstock's stout nerves got a momentary shock. A culprit's guilty impulse would be to fly; this figure was more unearthly in its appearance and motion than anything she

had ever seen. Another moment relieved the passing sensation of horror the figure drew nearer, and my lady recognized Mrs. Grey.

It was, indeed, her companion, in loose white dressing-gown and cap, the dark face more wan than usual. A few steps more, and Lady Ravelstock's thrill of amazement gave way to a feeling of awe and compassion. The stiff, ghost-like movement was accounted for, the erect head, the light borne so steadily aloft—Mrs. Grey was walking in her sleep.

'Very strange,' thought my lady. 'She should have let me know of this weakness. Very wrong, great care should be taken.'

She fell back and let the sleeping figure pass her, then followed softly, resolved to see her safely to her own room, and lock her in, so that she should ramble no more that night. But, coming down a step, my lady stumbled and made a noise, whereupon Mrs. Grey stopped, let fall the candle, and uttered a sharp little cry. Pressing both hands to her forehead, she looked round her in affright, whilst my lady, very much annoyed at her own blunder, tried to soothe her and soften the shock. Mrs. Grey shivered exceedingly, and scarcely spoke, my lady passed her cold hand through her own arm, and conducted her back to the chintz chamber. Having seen her safely there, Lady Ravelstock hastened to bed, rather pleased that the poor housemaid must not be turned adrift in the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

GWENDALINE.

When Lady Ravelstock came down to breakfast next morning, Mrs. Grey, who sat by the window at work as usual, rose to meet her with her pleasant serene smile, and offered many anxious apologies for the trouble she had given Lady Ravelstock the night before.

'Don't mention it,' quoth my lady, 'only I must say that you should have warned me that such a thing was likely to happen.'

'And so I should, had I believed it myself. I have not walked in my sleep since I was a small child. It must have been that those strange legends of your ladyship's excited my brain, and led me to wander towards the picture-gallery. I am convinced you need not fear such an occurrence again. It was very absurd. I do fear your ladyship has caught a cold.'

But Lady Ravelstock would not admit that she had, and so the subject dropped.

The winter wore out, and pleasant spring days shone over the park and gardens of Ravelstock. My lady had grown more and more fond of her companion, and Mrs. Grey seemed to feel exceeding comfort and satisfaction in her pleasant service. The two women no longer spent their time indoors. The warm breath of May hovered in the still chambers, and hung rich with scent about the open windows. White curtains stirred for joy, and branches of roses, leaning with the weight of their own luxuriance, nodded lazily against the sashes. Mrs. Grey's morning rambles furnished the broad-leaved yellow primroses and violets of the purplest, which lay upon cool delicate fern-leaves in a glass dish on Lady Ravelstock's breakfast table. Long walks were taken, the novel was read under the laughing fluttering beech-boughs on hot days, when the greensward beneath them was stamped with fitful arabesques of sluffing gold.

One morning Lady Ravelstock had a letter, on reading which she made a joyful exclamation, and immediately began to peruse it again, letting her coffee get cold the while. She gave a little happy sigh when she at last refolded it.

'Ah! I am so glad that dear child is coming home at last.'

Mrs. Grey's lips opened, and a faint flush rose to her dark cheek.

Lady Ravelstock sipped her coffee. Mrs. Grey gave that scared, hunted look from her wide hazel eyes which at times started from them, unseen by my lady. Lady Ravelstock helped herself to a muffin, and spoke again.

'My sweet Gwendaline! I have

mentioned her to you before. Sir Francis Lisle's daughter. She will be home in a few days. Ah! it will make me young again. I always have been so fond of the dear child.'

Mrs. Grey met my lady's appealing eyes with her usual pleasant clear glance, and emptied her cup.

'Let me see,' said my lady, thoughtfully: 'this day week they will return. I will give her two days to rest, and then we shall drive over and get her promise to spend July at Ravelstock. It will so brighten us up! You must love her, you cannot help it.'

So it was settled; and Lady Ravelstock for the next week was subject to fits of abstraction, and spent more time than usual in the privacy of her own chamber.

Early after breakfast on the first of June, Lady Ravelstock's old family carriage stood at the door, and my lady herself, dressed with the most careful elegance, took her seat within it, while Mrs. Grey, in her quaker silk and close sud-coloured bonnet, found a place opposite to her mistress.

Ravelstock Park was a glorious wilderness that summer morning, as the carriage bowled along the yellow avenue. Fugitive fragments of blue laughed down through interlacing branches. The vast wooded stretches at either side seemed too richly carpeted, with colours too vivid and brilliant, to be trodden by any but spirit-feet. The eye was ravished by the unutterable beauty of alike the perfect and the imperfect in nature—by the wild luxuriance, the lavish abundance of verdure in every separate bit of foreground, while far away, and farther still, fairyland seemed opening in vistas of light, dawning and evanishing in rainbow arches, vivid now and scattered in a breath, in garlands of golden and draperies of green, ever beckoning tantalizingly away to the soft hazy dreamland of the distance.

A tiny note, despatched the morning before, had announced my lady's coming; and the evening had brought another tiny note winged with welcome from the pretty Gwendoline.

That young lady waited for her

old friend in the arch of the entrance to the Beeches. Mrs. Grey thought she made a lovely picture as the carriage came up the green road, giving her a view of the figure at the gate. The girl wore a morning dress of violet cambric, whose delicate drapery floated about her slender shape in folds worthy of Millais' pencil. The small head, which sat with queenly dignity upon the white taper throat, was bound with wreathing plaits of woven gold. Her straw hat hung upon her arm, and the gray old arch and the clustering ivy framed her a rare pre-Raphaelite picture of Nature's painting. She sprang to the carriage side, and, mounting lightly on the steps, kissed Lady Ravelstock before she had time to rise from her seat. Mrs. Grey observed how the face, fair and pure in colour and expression, and exquisitely delicate in outline, lost the air of proud ease which characterized it in repose, and brightened and glowed, how the short red lips curled with smiles, and the blue eyes laughed with loving glee. Full of mischief and fun she seemed to be as she opened the heavy door with both hands, whether the old coachman would or not, and helped my lady out of the carriage.

Perhaps that expression of pride did not altogether belie her, or else the eagerness of joy made her forget Mrs. Grey, who was left to get out herself, and follow the friends up the broad path to the Beeches. She was an impetuous little lady, too, this Gwendoline, as had hunted that short upper lip, so mused Mrs. Grey as, following, she saw a wild briar, with its showering roses, snatch at the floating folds of the violet drapery and hold my Lady Gwendoline fast. The girl stamped her foot with impatience, and threw the impertinent bramble from her skirt with such a wrench that a great rent flew from hem to waist. Lady Ravelstock laughed, and Mrs. Grey smiled, but Gwendoline only glanced ruefully at her dress, said it was her own fault, gathered it up on her arm, and passed on laughing as if nothing had happened.

Sir Francis Lisle was not at home, but the young mistress of the

Doctas entertained her visitors right pleasantly. She had a quantity of pretty curious things to display for their amusement and admiration. A quantity of new music lay near the piano, and Lady Ravelstock must hear the dear child sing. One song after another was trilled out in a clear little voice, very pleasant to listen to, out through the shaded window, by which Mrs. Grey sat in quiet, while Lady Ravelstock stood by the singer, turning the pages of the music, and beating time with her parasol. French songs, German songs, Italian songs; not a word of vulgar English did the pretty travelled Lady Gwendaline condescend to sing. Only when the noon began to wane was the carriage summoned again, and Lady Ravelstock and her companion took their leave, not without that required promise of the visit, which was gladly given, even before that indistinct murmur about 'Percy' had called up a blush of pleasure to the girl's cheek.

Mrs. Grey took her seat in the carriage as silently as she had left it. Ah! Mrs. Grey, you must not expect all the titled world to treat you

with as much Lady Ravelstock has done. You should not harbour hard thoughts of Gwendaline if she has been taught to ignore the existence of those whose circle of life seems lower than her own. If it be so, pity her that her mind should be so narrowed, but do not blame her violently even in thought.

Passing a small gate, about a quarter of a mile on their way, the coachman pulled up, and the ladies bent forward with interest, for all beheld Lady Gwendaline bounding over the grass, her torn dress fluttering behind her, and a bunch of rare flowers in her hand.

She reached the carriage breathless. 'Oh! Mrs. Grey,' she cried, 'you must have thought me so rude. Won't you have these? You admired them so much.'

A rush of colour came into the companion's face with the smile which thanked the giver of so precious a gift. Gwendaline laid them in her lap, and stood kissing her white fingers till the carriage was out of sight.

(To be continued.)





Drawn by J. M. Allen

RUIH GREYS TRIAL

[See p. 69]

RUTH GREY'S TRIAL.

DOWN in the west of our isle the village of Percivale lies,
 Circled with undulant hills, that tumble their largesses down—
 Silvery brooks—to the stream, which takes in the valley its rise,
 And wanders away to the sea over moorlands purple and brown.

Bright 'mid the broad-branched trees the walls of the cottages gleam
 When the winds sweep through the valley, waving the boughs as they go,
 So, in the early spring, through the willows fringing a stream
 You glimpse the white-breasted swallows hovering to and fro.

There in the midst stands the church, with its patriarch yews that have seen
 Year after year the daisies spring—and blossom—and die,
 Spring—and blossom—and die where the churchyard lullocks are green,
 As they have seen generations of those that under them lie;

As they have seen the babe to the font baptismal borne past,
 As they have seen the wedded greeted by jubilant bands,
 As they have seen the dead in their calmness laid at the last
 Where are no restless turnings, and no more folding of hands.

Over them rises the tower, with its quaint vane, gaudily gilt,
 And crooning aye to the wind a harsh old querulous song.
 There for ages securely the flocking jackdaws have built,
 Clamouring round the windows when evening shadows are long.

There six sweet-voiced, silvery bells in the belfry above
 Dumb and motionless slumber six long days at a time,
 Save when they wake at the voice of Life, of Death, or of Love,
 Ringing the chrisom bell, the knell, or the marriage chime

Hard by the churchyard gate does the modest parsonage stand,
 Girt with its pleasant garden, a lawn of the daintiest sod
 Sloping to where the brook, by a single arch o'er-spanned,
 Weaves a network of ripples to make all the lilies nod.

Over the porch and its pillars a purple passion-flower creeps;
 A broad-leaved foreign climber to the trellis closely clings,
 And in at the lattice-windows with its trumpet-blossoms peeps
 A linnet has built her nest there, and in its green shade she sings.

The garden is ruddy with roses. In gnarly moss-covered stumps
 Blazes the red verbena, and a soothing murmur is made
 In the silver-birch by the breezes that steal o'er the heliotrope clumps,
 And wake to a brighter splendour the laburnum's gold cascade.

Here dwelt Arthur Marshall, the parish priest. By his side
 Grew two children, the one a boy—whom the wife of his youth
 Bare him but five brief months before, untamely, she died—
 The other his daughter adopted, the little golden-haired Ruth.

* * * * *

Never than Arthur Marshall and Reginald Grey were seen
 Firmer college-companions, friends more faithful and true;
 Never came anger or doubt their trust and affection between,
 Never estrangement or coldness a moment divided the two;

Always together in college, and street, or out of the town,
 Dipping in silvery fens the flashing blades of their oars,
 Pushing their panting nags o'er the turf of a Berkshire down,
 Or anchored under the hawthorns of Oberwell's tree-shaded shores.

Then, when those happy days were o'er, at the threshold of life—
 Life with its ceaseless cares, its long and laborious days—
 Each was called on to take his appointed share in the strife
 So the friends were parted, and went their separate ways.

Reginald's lot was cast in the battle-fields of the East :
 There he fought for his country, making her empire sure ,
 But Arthur was fighting ' the better fight ' as a parish priest,
 Healing the sick at heart, and preaching Christ to the poor.

Thus they two were divided—each man living his life ;
 Parted for years they knew, but hoping to meet in the end ;
 And as the time went by, each took to himself a wife
 That she might share, not shadow, the love he bore to his friend.

And when Arthur's first-born, a beautiful boy, began
 To babble, and leap in his arms, and crow, whenever he smiled :
 Letters from Reginald came, and brought good tidings, that ran—
 ' Joy with me, dear old Arthur, my wife has borne me a child !'

Arthur turned to his wife, and, smiling, ' Reginald's girl
 Weds with our boy,' he said—and then, ' If this long campaign
 Only were ended, our soldier his tattered colours might furl,
 And bringing his wife and child, come back to his friends again '

Vain, alas ! was the wish, for the will of Heaven was not so.
 Never might Reginald look on friend or on native land
 Shot to the heart, he fell on the field, with his face to the foe—
 Fell with his face to the foe, and their captured flag in his hand.

Reginald's widow arose, the death-wound deep in her breast,
 ' I will bear the child to his friend or ever I die ' she said,
 And sought the land of her birth, and Arthur's home in the west
 Lo ! he was bowed to the earth, for the wife of his youth was dead !

Then, as we take the sacred gifts of our dear ones gone,
 Arthur received the child, and soon, when her mother died,
 Made her his daughter-adopted, and brought her up with his son—
 Taught the boy to love her, and call her his little bride.

* * * * *

Swiftly the years sped away, and thus young Arthur and Ruth
 Grew by their father's side, and reaching the spring-time of life,
 Heard the hope he had cherished e'en from their earliest youth,
 And learned to look on the future as plighted husband and wife.

So the feelings of love with their growth from childhood had grown,
 Save that at times a doubt in the heart of each would arise,
 A shadowy doubt, that asked, ' Am I loved for myself alone ?'
 Or is it Duty only, though coming in Love's sweet guise ?'

Thus life's joy is o'ercast with a vague foreboding of ills,
 Thus Love's rosy fingers his blossoming wreaths arrange
 Herbs from whose fragrant leaves the bitter-sweetness distils
 To fill the passionate heart with emotions stirring and strange.

Came at length a year, with its spring, when primroses pale
 Opened under the hedge and the clubs of the fern uncurled,
 When Arthur bade farewell to the village of Percivale,
 Leaving for London, to win there a home, and battle the world.

Then his father blessed him, laying a hand on his head—
 'Go, my son, and may Heaven prosper each good design.
 Only be true to Ruth! If you darken her life,' he said,
 'Never enter my doors again, or be child of mine!'

Down at the parsonage gate with its little archway of stone,
 Arthur took leave of Ruth, and kissed the tears from her eyes.
 And Ruth was asking her heart, 'Am I loved for myself alone?
 Or is it Duty only, though coming in Love's sweet guise?'

Loud in the early morn the song of the lark was heard,
 Loudly babbled the brooks of the winter snow in the hills,
 But the heart of the maiden was deaf to the merry carol of bird,
 The heart of the maiden was deaf to the rush and roar of the rills

Arthur sprang to his saddle and galloped away on his roan,
 Looking backward again and again with sorrowful sighs;
 Doubting again and again, 'Am I loved for myself alone?
 Or is it Duty only, though coming in Love's sweet guise?'

Many a weary month did Ruth and her father wait,
 Hoping and longing for letters bearing their Arthur's name.
 Ever at night they said, 'He was busy perchance, and late—
 Surely it comes with the morrow!' But none with the morrow came

Under the budding boughs the king-cup and violet blew,
 Sweet in the branches above the song of the building bird
 Spring-time brightened the earth with its bountiful showers and dew,
 Yet to Ruth's letters to Arthur he answered never a word

Bright glowed the rose of June—the green trees murmured above,
 The chirp of the yellow nestlings woke 'neath the songbird's breast,
 Summer flooded the world with sunshine, beauty, and love.
 Never came line from Arthur to gladden those in the west

Red was the poppy, and gold was the corn, and russet the leaves,
 Birds were trying their wings for flights far over the main,
 Autumn's brown arms were full of plentiful harvest sheaves.
 His father wrote unto Arthur—but Arthur wrote not again.

White was the ground with snow, and the boughs were bare overhead,
 Only the robin remained to chirp on the window's sill,
 Winter its silent shroud over buried Nature had spread
 Ruth and the father waited and Arthur was silent still!

Then in the heart of Ruth there whispered a sorrowful voice,
 'Where is the charm in *you* that Arthur should find to prize?
 He has seen many fairer and worthier far of his choice
 Doubtless, ere this has Duty discarded its old disguise'

So on her face there fell a settled shade, and she grew
 Paler with every day, till her father saw it and said,
 'Come, my child—*our* love at least is changeless and true
 Arthur is not my son—let him be to me as the dead!'

Therefore in Percivale Ruth abode by the old man's side.
 But in the winter's depth a sickness fell on the place,
 And of the villagers many were smitten sorely and died—
 Many a death-bed's gloom was brightened by Ruth's sweet face.

Late on the Christmas Eve from the parsonage gate she sped
 Over the snow—like an angel, noiseless—to tend on the sick
 Slow down-shudd'ring the flakes from the starless darkness o'erhead,
 While in the silent streets the fog hung heavy and thick.

On she sped through the mist—past the forge, whose loud-roaring flame,
 Seen from a short way off, was a mere red blot at the most—
 On in the teeth of the wind and the driving sleet, till she came,
 At the edge of the village-green, to the gate of the village Post

There she entered, and found, stretched-out on her dying bed,
 A wasted woman and lean, with fever bright in her eye,
 Who rose from her restless pillow—as Ruth drew near her—and said,
 'Then you have come thank God! I will ease my soul ere I die'

Then with delirious raving, and tears, and wailings, she told
 How, when Arthur had gone, he wrote to Ruth in the spring,
 Sending a gift in the letter—a little locket of gold—
 And she obeyed the voice of the Tempter, stealing the thing

But when the deed was done, a terror seized her to find
 How the meshes of evil had wound her craftily in—
 How all Arthur's letters must be to the flames consigned,
 Lest they should speak of the gift—and Ruth discover her sin

Came, when she ceased, a silence so utter, the clock on the wall
 Seemed the moments to mark with as regular beats and loud,
 As the blows of anchorsmiths' hammers in echoing stathes fall,
 Where metal glows on the anvils and sparks fly out in a cloud

Wronged and wronged alike kept silence thus for a space
 Then on the solemn hush broke the woman's terrible cry—
 'If I have wronged you much, yet pardon for Christ's dear grace—
 Only grant me your pardon to bring me peace when I die!'

Then Ruth rose from her seat, and stood by the dying bed,
 Calm and pale as a ghost by the candle's flickering light
 'So may God forgive me, as I forgive you!' she said—
 Opened the door of the cottage, and staggered into the night—

Into the outer night, and found the moon on her throne,
 Shedding a silvery flood of light o'er the gleaming snow,
 The pines on the white hill-side were making a solemn moan
 As the wind in their laden branches was swaying them to and fro

For the boisterous breath of the North had swept the brow of the hill,
 And far o'er the frozen snow the swathes of the fog it drove—
 Drove the swathes of the fog and the sleet-drift pelting and chill,
 Till the calm cold eyes of the stars shone clear in the sky above.

Far away in the night, on the distant hill she could hear,
 Loud on the hard high road the clattering hoofs of a horse,
 For the sounds of Nature were hushed in a stillness deathly and drear,
 And the brook, so noisy in summer, was dumb in its icy course.

* * * * *
 What of Arthur, the absent? He, all the wearisome year,
 Wrote, and waited, and wrote, till hope sank down in his breast.
 Desolate grew his life and full of darkness—and Fear
 Turned into truth the doubt his soul had scarcely confessed.

Then by that terrible thought, that lurked in his bosom, unmanned,
Arthur groaned aloud in his agony, tears in his eyes,
'Ruth has met with a suitor more worthy far of her hand ;'
I am forgotten : and Duty has cast off its old disguise.'

Then he wrote once more to Ruth and his father ; and said,
'Are not your hearts estranged ? Write to me, yea or nay.
If it be so—Farewell ! Let me be to you as the dead.
Never again shall you see my face till my dying day !'

So he waited, and waited, but never an answer came—
Waited till summer's blooms had shed their loveliness round,
Waited till autumn's sky was barred with purple and flame,
Waited till winter's white silence deadened his step on the ground.

Christmas was drawing near, and Arthur's bosom grew dark,
Filled with a vain regret, and hopeless longing for home
Hopeless, for Hope was dead in his breast—lay lifeless and stark,
Lifeless, and stark, and buried where never a gleam might come.

Then he said, 'I will rise and go to the dear old place ;
There, unseen, will I see those, whom I loved—but in vain,
Though they have cast me forth, nor care to look on my face,
Yet will I visit my home—but once—and never again !'

* * * * *

Lost in a maze of doubt, and gloomy shadows of ill,
Ruth sped homeward alone through the hamlet's slumbering street.
Nearer and nearer yet, on the road that wound down the hill,
The hurrying hoofs of a horse that was galloping, ceaselessly beat

Brightly over the snow the lights of the parsonage gleamed,
Shuning a welcome and cheering to Ruth, so lonely and late ;
Nearer galloped the horse—and into the village—and seemed
Slackening its hurried pace, to stop at the parsonage gate,

There it halted and stood And Ruth by the yellow stream
Stretching into the darkness and gloom from the lighted pane,
Saw, and doubted—and asked, 'Am I waking ? Surely I dream'—
Saw a face well known, that leaned o'er the horse's mane !—

Saw that face, as it gazed on the house with its haggard eyes,
Full of despair and tears, and dim with the knowledge of pain.
Soon her voice overbore the spell of the strange surprise—
'Arthur !' she cried, 'Beloved—thank Heaven, I see you again !'

Then he cried out, 'Ruth !' and leapt from his horse, and ran,
Clasped his long-lost love to his bosom, and held her there,
And the bells in the belfry-tower their Christmas chiming began,
And their joyous musical laughter came sweet on the frosty air

So Ruth led in Arthur, and Arthur's father arose,
Fell on the neck of his son, and cried with a mighty voice,
'He has returned—returned ere my life has drawn to its close.
This my son that was dead is living, let me rejoice !'

Now all sorrow was past In happy converse and mirth
Spent they their Christmas Eve, till the clock struck midnight, and then
Carollers under the window sang hail to the Saviour's birth,
'Glory to God in the highest, and peace and goodwill among men !'

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

INVOCATION.

Ad poetas antiquos.

SWEET-TONGUED bards of olden times
 Help a modern poet's rhymes!
 Wherein he would fain express
 Praise of England's loveliness.
 You have sung—and better far—
 Graces that in women are;
 Cheeks so peachy-soft and round,
 Dimples, wherein love is drowned—
 Dimples, round about the chin,
 Love delights to revel in;
 Tangled nets of crisped hair,
 Traps our poor hearts to ensnare;
 Tender eyes, and eyebrows fine,
 Traced from Venus' own design;
 Taper lash, and drooping lid—
 Where beneath sweet thoughts he lud,
 Lips that in the sweet smile's curl
 Show the underlying pearl;—
 These you sang so passing well,
 Scarce he dares to wake the shell.
 Teach him—you, who won your bays
 Singing lovely woman's praise—
 Teach him how the fair to paint
 With choice epithets and quaint;
 Show him how your verse was writ
 With such subtlety and wit,
 That each dame, whose look you trace,
 In your mirror reads her face
 Dower him with your graces fine,
 Lend your polish to his line;
 So shall he, whom you inspire,
 Fitly strike the ringing lyre,
 Doing homage due and duty
 To our peerless English Beauty.

No I.

EDITH.

EDITH, whose tresses, golden-pale,
 Are blown about an open brow,
 Or glimmer through their misty veil,
 Like yellow primroses in snow—
 Tell me what tender fancy lies
 In those blue lakes, which are your eyes!
 Those treacherous lakes, wherein my soul
 Is drowned, sinking hopelessly—
 Yet would not (could it fate control)
 Be rescued; happy so to die:
 Content to draw its last breath there
 Rather than live—less blest—elsewhere!
 You smile!—and in those arching brows
 I see the bow of promise gleam;
 Whereat my heart this thought allows—
 'I am less hopeless than I deem!
 I would those round red lips would tell
 What those blue eyes have told so well!



TYIIS OF ENGLISH HAUIY

(I)

15 p p 64



THE depth of winter, some will say, is no time to talk of flowers. We ought, instead, to wait patiently for the spring days' return. Every one does not grant to us the right of forcing flowers. We are to be more patient, and to take things as they come. But alas! in that case, how about our wild flowers? What as to our gardens? May we unport flowers? Ought we to cultivate them? I am sure the new sorts are wrong—but may we even sow any? We should not have many flowers if this rule were enforced. No more apple-orchards, making the land a garden, only the 'black-thorn winter,' when the snowy blossoms fall on the wild hedge trees. No more fields for us of the lilac Crocus, or of the bright red Clover; no more Blue-bells waving, and no more Primrose banks.

We should keep for our own only the native Oak, with its acorn wreaths; not even the wild Dog-rose, with its bunches of scarlet haws succeeding its shell-like flowers, which doubtless the Romans gave us, with the wood-strawberry carpets on the moss in the beechen hangars. The hardy Holly we have with its coral berries: the Rowan and the Heather belong to the Scottish hills.

We have, indeed, many grasses. English turf is thus in a measure

native, but I do not know if we can claim the Violets: they came to us, more likely, from the plains of Palestine, with Crocuses and Anemones, and Lilies and Almond-trees, in the time when Crusaders bore back soil from the Holy Land. The Violets, indeed, and the Roses, we might have owed to the Romans; but their great roads seem, surely, of them a more natural monument; and in the early days we may well imagine how very many things were introduced, and lost again in the stormy wars. The pilgrims to the East, however, brought many back as relics. We can well imagine how many associations clung to the flowers they gathered in the Holy Land and brought home from thence. It is pleasant still to think of the spots that our wild flowers come from, and to hear of the Anemones that spangle all the turf, and of the pure white Lilies that still grow by Galilee. Loth should we be, indeed, to give up all these flowers!

And then the Mignonette that later came from Egypt, and the Lilies of the Nile; the Dahlias from Mexico; the Roses of many sorts, and the Eastern Jessamines; the Azaleas from India, and the Lilies and Heaths from the Cape; the Orchids that still flock in, the last year bringing several from the far eastern

islands; the Geraniums, too, and the Fuchsias, and all the New Holland plants! If we do despise art, and become all at once independent, weeding out our 'exotics' will take us some little time.

The practice even of forcing is not very new, though we may venture to flatter ourselves that we possess the art in somewhat higher perfection, and performed with greater ease, than in the days when the Romans watered their winter roses so patiently with hot water, and covered them up at night with frames that were glazed with talc, removing the frames by day that the Italian sun might shine on them.

There is indeed, apparently, no new thing under the sun—only old things come round again, and so there are still all sorts and kinds of amusing experiments to be tried even now at Christmastide, with flowers if we will. We all know how often some odd thing turns up, and we are thereafter haunted with it, allusions to it appearing in the most unlikely places. There is an old German practice, which has of late thus been haunting me, itself, or shadows of it, meeting me in old books. It is no other than a device for blossoming flowers at Christmas, from a bare tree branch! I do not want to be laughed at, but really it seems credible. We all know and have suffered by the street-sold flowers in spring—brought into sudden bloom by quicklime at the roots, though this practice, I hope, has lessened as gardening has grown better, and flowers have been therefore more easily obtained.

I found, however, lately, something of this kind mentioned, in a book about ancient gardening, the reference to which I have lost, and now I find again this method is said to be successful in obtaining flowers in Germany in the depth of the winter there.

The branch of a tree covered with buds is obtained; judging by the sequel, an Almond tree, or a Peach, or a *Pyrus Japonica*, will probably answer best. The branch is laid for an hour in a running stream, 'to thaw the ice' that in German winters coats it, and to soften the buds.

They take the branch afterwards into one of their warm rooms, and fix it upright in a wooden box or tub containing water. Fresh burnt lime is then added to the water, and allowed to remain in it for about twelve hours, after which the water is changed for fresh, with which a small quantity of vitriol is mixed, to prevent decay. In the course of some hours the blossoms begin to appear, and afterwards come the leaves. If more lime is used the process is rather quickened.*

It would be quite amusing to try this plan this Christmas. A bare stem blossoming in the space of three days would be decidedly rather curious. And the effect of the quicklime might be tried, too, much more prettily on some cut flower buds, which may be often persuaded to bloom thus with unlooked-for speed. Carnations do well for this pretty experiment.

I remember once packing up some Rosebuds and Carnations, on which to try the blossoming process later, merely coating the flower stem over with a little wax. If leaves have been cut off, the stalk ought to be covered, and the bud itself should be rolled up in oiled silk or in gutta percha.

A Carnation was certainly my only great success: it was a first experiment, and I had not excluded the anemone, and I was also trying ammonia and not lime.

These schemes for fresh-blown flowers do seem very charming. The thick-stemmed things answer naturally the best, as the very wiry ones are apt to dry up too much; and the harder and woodier stems, again, are better for preserving than such soft things as Balsams or Hyacinths. The latter, however, might easily be advanced.

And then there are a variety of ways of preserving flowers—keeping their shape and colour, although

* Loudon mentions, that in the sixteenth century cherries were forced at Pouton by laying hot limestones on the ground under the trees, and watering them with warm water. The fruit was in this way ripened by the 1st of May, and to ripen fruit, of course, is a task far more tedious than that of blooming flowers.

their scent is gone. But one reads the stories of tombs that are newly opened, and of Herculeaneum caves where shape and colour are perfect, and only life has flown from those who were there surprised, and, somehow or other, these flowers remind me of them. To separate flowers and freshness does not seem too delightful, and one would be sorry should such things become common. The flowers for this are gathered when not quite blown, and placed carefully in a box, to stand in fine dry sand, more sand is poured in round them, till they are covered up, and then they are subjected to considerable heat to dry them.

A prettier flower-play than this is a plant in a growing cup.

It has been of late rather common to plant Hyacinth bulbs and Narcissi in cups carved out of beetroot, the red-tinted leaves of which curl up and surround the bulb.

Carrots are not ugly done in the same way. The top or crown of the root is in each case cut off about two inches down. A cup-shaped hollow is formed in it, turning it upside down, and this cup, filled with rain water, feeds, at once, the Hyacinth placed upon it, and the carrot or beetroot which raises its wreath of leaves. Hung up unexpectedly in a schoolroom window, this would be at least a great marvel to the inmates, and doubtless a great delight to them.

So much for oddities. Now we will turn to beauty.

A good deal of 'room-dressing' mostly goes on at Christmas time, and in this, no doubt, the readers of 'London Society' will bear their full share.

Evergreens, of course, at Christmas must always take the lead. Evergreens and red berries and white snowberries gleaming. There are, at Christmas, decorations everywhere, and everyone finds ornaments somehow to their hand. The very season makes it easier to do right we have now no bewildering overplus of gay colours to tempt us to our hurt. The fancy for flowers chiefly of one hue is not, I am sure, unnatural. We think of them as gems set in a wreath of greenery; and as we can-

not imagine a really beautiful ornament of rubies and pale sapphires, mixed with the yellow topaz, so we can hardly think that the red, and blue, and yellow flowers, grouped in a mass together, do ought but lose their brilliance. Rubies flashing amidst leaves of emerald; sapphires gleaming like lambent pale flames flickering, topazes that are shimmering, and amethysts softly glistening—each of these is so beautiful that each shines best alone. The diamond only is the drop of light which gems each—just as the other day a little crystal ball hung sparkling for all the morning on every notch of a roseleaf, and made it truly seem to be a diamond spray. But the diamond gives light, as dewdrops give to the flowers, and the diamond and the dewdrop both outshine the flower.

The unmixed flowers, however, are our present theme. Some say, 'We must have three colours—red, and blue, and yellow, a group is almost faulty that does not contain the three.' Now, it does seem to me that we can scarcely help its having them, but as to having all *equally*, that would be simply frightful. I wonder who would think of finding fault with an Apple-orchard because it rose alone, a cloud of softest pink shaded with white and grey, rising from a lawn of billowy soft green turf, set in a frame formed round it by the May-white hedge?

Would people grumble at the 'belt of blue,' where Gentian swept down the Alps? or would they improve easily on the bed of Water-lilies rocking on blue waves, floating on wide green leaves, lighted by a pillar of pale, bright gold in each? No. I will maintain that red, blue, and yellow flowers, mutually *spoil* each other. Hear, too, how nature provides that these colours shall be present everywhere in as far, assuredly, as general softness needs:

'Never are red and blue found on the same organ, or in actual contact on the same plant; and *always* may you find bits of complementary colour put in somewhere, if you only look for them closely enough. Thus, if the flower be yellow, will there surely be a purple point on

the stalk or the leaf, or on some part of the corolla, if it be purple, then you have a golden point painted in instead; always, in short, is the complementary colour obtained, though never so minutely touched, on the humblest little bract or sepal. This is a statement very easy of verification, for, from the red points on the buds of the blue *Myosotis* (or Forget-me-not) with its golden eyes, to the broad division into purple and gold of the dignified *Heartsease*, from the dark purple tips on the seed-vessels of the yellow *Gorse* and the reddening lilac of the *Primrose-stalk*, to the violet-coloured heart and yellow shadings on the tender leaves of the crimson *Fuchsia*, learned men say that never can you find a plant which does not contain in some fashion the three primal colours, either simple, or combined into their secondaries.

Surely this does seem as if we might learn from flowers how to arrange them best, and as if the one ruling colour were made a key-note for us.

When people have a dozen different flowers to be examined critically, let them, by all means, arrange them in a dahlia box, or make them into a bunch, calculated to be looked at in twelve different points of view, but made up into that group, of course it is the flowers, and not the group, that are fine. A really lovely group is subordinate to one idea. Its object is to give pleasure, not to show *all* its best points. And if people would only try the two plans together, they would soon find how wearisome the heaps of mixed flowers are. The only excuse for using them is, alas! one that often happens, just when one least would wish it. When flowers *must* be arranged, and we have had a mixed wrack without choice or design to work amongst!

We read a vast deal of the flowers at Roman feasts, and of the bundles of flowers that lay on the Grecian tables. The flowers, we are told, were *Roses*, *Violets*, *Narcissi*, *Lilies*. None of these are blue—except we say the *Violets*, which, by my own theory, are exquisite to be mixed with *Roses*, not as equal to, but as

second to the *Roses*. We have not in them all any yellow flowers, but they all are touched with yellow, in cup, or bell, or stamen.

People will say, perhaps, that these were the flowers in those days most readily obtained; but that cannot be the reason of their exclusive use, because, when we read of the amazing pains and cost at which these were forced, we must be quite sure that others had been forthcoming also, had they been required.

And then, again, we are told to study nature; and who does not know how flowers come in colour according to the season?

We have the winter's reigning white and blue, yellow follows later, but how long it is before the pink blossoms open! In summer, midst pink and yellow, we see little of blue and white, and again in autumn, the reds, and browns, and purples seem to reign exclusively. The author of 'Flower and Fruit Decoration' writes strongly on this point with regard to his *épergnes*—as I have already done, often, with regard to flowers in general—when those of one sort *can*, by any means, be procured.

There are still points of difference as to the design of these *épergnes* themselves. Some people object to the plain glass stem, which not only often *does* break, but always *looks* insecure, and which makes any heaviness of arrangement most painfully apparent when decked by unskilful hands. Still these tall and graceful vases, and the wide-spreading simple flower-baskets, have been proved to be capable of such very charming arrangement, that the hints their designer now gives, himself, for their arrangement, are likely to interest many—readers and members both—of 'London Society.'

The author's advice is very strong, as regards his *épergnes*, on the aforesaid colour question.—'It requires much tact and good taste to manage many colours without producing weakness or confusion; so, if you are not sure of a genius for combinations of this sort, it will be wise to play the less adventurous game, and keep within the safer rules of simple contrasts; and of these con-

trasts there is none more beautiful than flowers of one bright colour with green leaves. Take scarlet Geranium as an example: you may ransack the whole garden and greenhouse, and find nothing that does not interfere with and mar the fine effect of its bright colour, relieved by the green of its own foliage and of ivy. Yellow and scarlet, though often united, are scarcely happy; the contrast of scarlet and white is too violent, red Poppies and blue Cornflowers look well in the field separated by the waving corn, but not when brought together in a small compass, and after all trials, you will, I think, be convinced that scarlet is best alone. Take, again, the blue Iris, or the crimson Rhododendron, and you will find that these beautiful flowers lose by contrast with any other colour except green. The same is the case with many white flowers, such as the double Narcissus or the white Lilac, which requires no aid of colour beyond green leaves. The bouquets which are sold everywhere in the Paris shops, and in the flower-market in the Place de la Madeleine, strike me always as being in remarkably good taste. They are twice the size of an English bouquet, and generally consist of one flower, or of flowers of the same colour, for instance, all Forget-me-not, or Heliotrope, all Rosebuds, or white and blush flowers relieved by a narrow band of light blue or mauve, and appropriate foliage.

I do not know how the Heliotrope would do in such quantity. But the rule of one flower only can hardly, it would seem, be too much enforced. Snowdrops especially, Deutzias, Azaleas, &c., are most exquisite quite alone; and when two flowers are found to do well together, it would be, most likely, in such cases as the white and scarlet Thorn, or the very pretty white and purple Lilac, or the always favourite crimson and white Roses.

These épergnes, which have been, this year, so popular, would seem to be susceptible of immense variety of arrangement. I have heard of them looking 'hideous,' with clumsy piles of flowers, and then, again,

filled gracefully, they have charmed all beholders.

A group of white Azaleas with spikes of Heath in the centre, would probably be as effective as anything well could be for their winter decoration.

Chinese Primroses, also, would now be very pretty, and Snowdrops or Cyclamens, for a drawing-room table, are lovely.

A group of Geranium clusters, encircling a knot of Lily of the Valley, has also been especially recommended as extremely pretty. The leaves in this case came out beyond the flowers, and were of course dipped in water (as all 'velvet' leaves should be) before they were used. For the two stages thus arranged it is well to know that about twenty-two Geraniums or Azaleas, or such flowers, are sufficient, with foliage in proportion, and a knot of small central flowers.

The suggestion of Potentillas has been new to me for vases. Nothing, however, one fancies, would be more charming and picturesque—little atoms of double flowers hanging so very gracefully, and with the strawberry leaves that are themselves so lovely, one fancies the arrangement could hardly fail of beauty.

There are, indeed, few flowers of this sort now to be found in bloom, though these hardy flowers are often well worth helping with a little friendly warmth.

The Lilies of the Valley, however, begin from Christmas time; and one of the beautiful pots of these, such as Mr. Veitch grows, or such as I had last year, would give a supply of Lilies that would want no relief or mixture. The only thing would be, who would ever gather them? Real well-grown Lilies average fourteen blossoms. They don't depend on the *growing* so much as on the *potting*, or the preparation for it; and when they do flower indoors, we have the loveliest ornament for many days in perfection.

I long, too, to see the baskets of glass for the drawing-room table, filled with little Hyacinths—I think they will look so pretty with such a fragrant load; and for the ground

of mine I shall certainly try *growing moss*.

The use of clay as a basis of all flower-vase arrangements has been this year greatly canvassed. Introduced from the studio of a Roman artist, who kept flowers fresh while modelling by sticking the stalks in clay, it has gradually extended itself to a great many dinner-tables. Near potteries of any kind the clay is, of course, easily got, and the inner lump will keep very moist for long, especially if kept covered, and now and then slightly moistened.*

This clay answers beautifully, and is most easily managed—far other than the sand, which clings to leaves or fruit, and which is most unpleasant. Both clay and sand, moreover, are slightly antagonistic to fruit that is to be eaten.

In Derbyshire the Well-dressers have long used frames of clay, in which they have readily stuck the required flowers. For vases and plates the practice is most convenient, and clay once arranged will last a long time fresh and soft enough to use.

The practical directions for choosing and arranging flowers in our rooms can never be very numerous, because they must be so simple. One might say more correctly that they must be few, in proportion as they are good. The hints as to selecting flowers of the same *nature* are perhaps, next to colour, those most worth remembering. Thus, speaking of Water-lilies, we are well reminded that, 'With these it would be a barbarism to internix Fuchsias, Geraniums, or Roses, which have no kind of similitude to the Water-lilies in their habit or place of growth; but where this exquisite flower rises to the surface in some slow-running stream, you will find Forget-me-nots fringing the bank, and small waving reeds and grasses, and perhaps some wild Iris.'

The dark glossy leaves of Ivy—both of the larger species, and also of the small creeping wood-ivy—

* Lachetier and Burke, 60 Quadrant, Regent Street, are mentioned in the book I have quoted as selling it in lumps of seven pounds for 6d. It can also be got at any pottery.

are beautiful with flowers: their peculiar scent, however, renders them, on a dinner-table, less to be desired.

If required for use, they should be cut and kept in water for a day or so previously, as apparently the scent is a good deal in the fresh sap. We have, besides, no lack of the greenest sprays.

The *Potentilla* leaves are lovely, and so are the little wreaths of *Convolvulus arvensis*, and the exquisite bines and blossoms of the little wild Wood-strawberry. The leaves of many other trees and plants are suitable, and for very long, the Oak-leaves and the Rose-leaves, have seemed to rank in ornament with the Grecian Ivy and Vine. The mingling of dark leaves, however, with the sprays of spiral, or the clusters of drooping flowers, seems not quite well advised. The contrast is too sudden, and the texture of flowers suffers. We may always observe how the translucent waxen flowers grow amidst the dark thick foliage, while thinner things and more fragile, are adorned with a lighter green. How would, for instance, Laburnum look upon Ivy leaves, compared with its own pale green? Nothing for fruit is more charming than a mixture of its own leaves. Strawberries can at most times be had, leaves, fruit, and blossom, and few things are more beautiful. Cherries again, when forced, are just in time to meet the beautiful cup-shaped flowers that make cherry orchards gardens. Sprays of orange-blossom to arrange with oranges, will grow commoner every day with the march of the orchard house, and apples can very often be had with their own pink blossoms. In places where desserts are made to be a work of art, how easy would it be, always to bring in one tree for blossom, just when the fruit was well advanced on the first crop for gathering.

In Worcestershire hops and apples seem to have place together. You may find little delicate streamers of pale green hops just tinging first with gold; and nestling in leaves near them, are clusters of coral apples. I don't know if they are

good, but I am sure they are very beautiful. The hop-bines and the apples are exquisite together, and I fancy a hop-bine could be grown easily enough indoors, for winter desserts with oranges. The *Lapageria rosea* is also most beautiful where dark sharply-cut leaves are wanted, and *Clematis* is of all flowers one of the most graceful.

Some very pretty winter vases might be filled with central groups of *Snowdrops*, *Scillas* (which are a bright sky blue), *Lilies of the Valley*, *Cyclamens*, *Heaths*, or very small sprays of dwarf *Hyacinths*.

An outer circle of *Camellias* or *Azaleas*, even small sprays of *Hyacinth*, scarlet *Geraniums*, the common pink *China Roses*, the pretty Chinese *Primroses*, beautiful *Carnations* of the 'tree,' or winter sorts, both of white and pink (beautiful by candle-light) make up delightful groups. The *Primroses*, of course, are best with their own foliage, but when other leaves are required to mix with other flowers, *Arbor-vitæ* and *Ivy* are, perhaps, amongst the best. *Portugal laurel* also is sometimes very pretty, and little feathery fir sprays look charming with spring flowers. *Knots* of *Violets*, too, are obtainable, and often *Anemones*, which in spring are very charming.

A bed of soft green moss with only spring flowers spangling it—*Crocuses* for its gems and *Snowdrops* for its centre—would look very charming on any drawing-room table, and a wreath of moss or wild ivy would be the most appropriate clumber.

There are several facts, moreover, which should be borne in mind, by those who are desirous of preserving flowers and leaves. *Camellias* are kept most successfully in drawers lined with lead in which the flowers stand upright. *Carnations* kept in the dark will last very long unflagging; and if, being used, they fade, the stalks being put in hot water, they will revive very quickly. *Roses* are hard to keep. But a drop of gum round the stalk of *Geraniums* or *Azaleas* will preserve them in beauty long. Chinese *Primroses* rejoice in similar treatment. *Heaths*

and *Epacris* are amongst the most lasting flowers.

Caladium leaves and stove *Ferns* revive quite marvellously when thrown into pans of water; and last winter I had some orchid blossoms that lasted for many days, cut off from the stem and floating on plates of water. No flower that I yet know, however, equals, for lasting, the beautiful red *Lapageria*. The *Peruvian women* call it 'Climbing Lily,' and they have it hanging in wreaths from the ceilings in their rooms, and even in those climates it lasts for many days. A white variety is now, I believe, introduced by Mr. Veitch. The red one, however, will be hardly surpassed in beauty.

It is extremely useful sometimes, to know in London the haunts of the special flowers, even as in the country we all may like to know the lanes where *Violets* nestle, and the woods where sweet *Lilies* cluster. In winter, of course, often, it is quite as well to buy plants as cut flowers. *Heaths* and *Ferns* and *Lilies* of the *Valley* are then to be had at Veitch's to entire perfection from about Christmas onwards, as well as the most lovely *Azaleas*, *Camellias*, *Tulips*, and *Hyacinths*, with other things grown for rooms. But for 'cut flowers,' *Covent Garden*, of course, is the chief place.

Getting up early is the great thing for market-goers. I doubt if 'London Society' will benefit much by knowing of the many flowers to be bought in spring so cheaply—at two or three pence a bunch at very early hours! And many of the flowers, too, have, as we are told, their own special habits. *Roses de Meaux* reside behind Hooper's shop. *Pansies* and *Lilies of the Valley* live generally on the left. The *Heaths* are on the right, and perhaps pleasantest of all is, in spring, the root-market, with its baskets of wild flower roots, and bunches of *Ferns* and *Moss* and heaps of *Water Lilies*, mixed with all sorts of wild flowers and plants that we can't help buying. I often obtain from thence a heterogeneous mixture of animals and flowers—poor little young birds, and flowers fresh from the woods.

Writing at Christmas time one

must add a word on wreaths. Few things look prettier than wreaths of the smallest Ivy or Lapageria leaves, studded here and there with two or three drooping Snowdrops or by little knots of scarlet Ixora blossoms, mounted on green wire.

Sprays of Heath, if light enough, are pretty on the dress, and for being scattered in the tinnest sprays through wreaths. Fern fronds are always beautiful, and so are Geranium leaves, saturated with water before being made up.

Ice-plant forms also a specially pretty wreath, glittering on fair hair. Holly is very popular, but almost impossible to make up into sprays, on its own natural stalk. Each leaf has to be divided and mounted on wire separately, and then the bright red berries gem it with coral points.

The other day I had sent me a

most exquisite spray of flowers—rather I should say of leaves that look like flowers—the *Bougainvillea glabra*. Three of the very loveliest pinky mauve-coloured leaves are bent together, slightly forming a kind of lightly pendent cup. Nothing can be more fresh and lovely than the rose-lilac tint, in which the Rose reigns mostly; and the exquisite looseness with which the lovely flowers are caught upon their stem gives a perfect gracefulness that could not be made stiff. A faint line of green runs up each pale pink petal claiming it for a leaf, and on the other hand some dark dots inside, looking like seed capsules, add to the illusion of the flowers being real. This is a flower that people must try to make grow—a single cluster of it is in itself a bouquet.

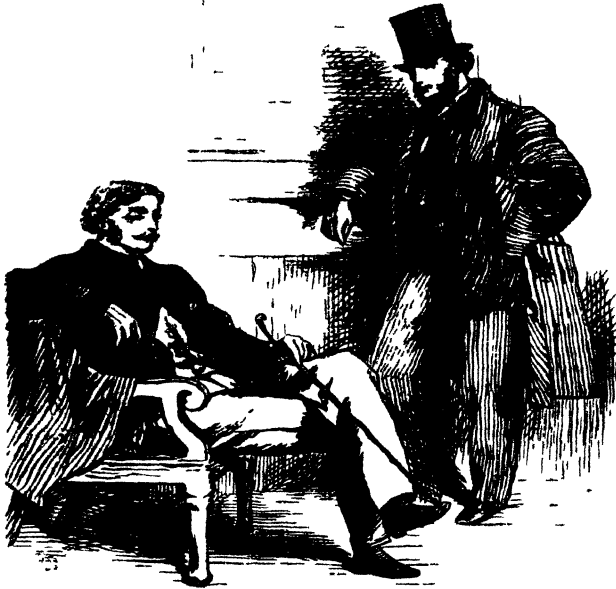


A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE.

A Christmas Story.

IN ONE CHAPTER.

Friendship is an empty sound, and love an idle dream.*



IT was Tuesday, the 23rd of December, and the letter had just arrived, the advent of which I had been anticipating, not to say dreading, for the last six weeks.

As a rule I am not unfilial I say it in all humility, but I *say* it still, that in the ordinary course of events, and even under extraordinary circumstances, I am an affectionate—I may go so far as to say a devoted—son. But Christmas-day always tries my integrity of purpose and singleness of heart to a degree that it is painful both to look back upon and forward to. The thought that it is coming on, is, socially

speaking, a cloud, out of which I basely pray may come to me rheumatism, influenza, sciatica—anything, in fact, that will give me a fair excuse for staying in my own quarters. My father is not my father on that day, he's a fictitiously hilarious host, a bad copy of that rather mythical personage, 'a fine old English gentleman.' Profoundly dull himself, he vainly attempts to disguise his sentiments by burlesquing the part for which traditional errors and mistakes have cast him. He eats too much himself, and obliges those around him to do the same.

My mother's conception of the part of feminine host, 'vendor of hospitalities in the style they used to do things,' is many degrees more life-like. She takes a noble and self-sacrificing pleasure in seeing the vands, the construction of which has caused her much mental wear and tear, she enjoys, I say, witnessing the rapid demolition of them at the teeth of those who, through an ingenious raking up of a decayed cousinship, have extracted an invitation from the cordial, hospitable master and mistress of the Moat Farm.

My sisters, a couple of pretty, light-hearted girls, get up dutifully disposed to do their best towards the maintenance of that conviviality which, it has been the boast of the Greylsons, has ever reigned at the Moat Farm since the first Christmas-day a Greylson held its soil. But they fraternally fall into my impossible-to-conceal view of the case about the middle of the day, and accord me such sympathy as can be found in the whisper, 'Oh, Tom, I wish they were gone!'

The root of all this well-fed discomfort of ours is to be found in the fact of our being required to exhibit our normal brilliancy (I am alluding now to my sisters and myself), readiness of wit, and great conversational powers before a lot of ill-assorted people, who are scraped together from the ends of the earth, because of the same blood having flowed through the veins of their great-great-grandfathers.

This special 23rd of December found me specially disinclined to obey the annual behest. I had lately settled in a London suburb, was in very fair practice (I am 'a young cutter and carver of people's bodies,' *viz.* Mrs. Raddle), a very agreeable set, one family of whom, a young married couple, had asked me to dine with them on Christmas-day—and a state of incipient tenderness for a particular friend of the young married lady's 'who was coming in the evening.'

Now, I knew the sort of dinner it would be, and the sort of evening I should have at No. 8, Bellevue Gardens. There would only be four of

us to sit down to a round table—the host and hostess, myself, and another man. Ah! this other man, bane as he would have been to my happiness when She 'came in,' would be a greater bane, I feared, if I were absent altogether.

It was a part of the case that would not bear longer dwelling upon. I opened the mandate from home in despair, and read as follows.—

'Moat Farm, December 22nd.

'DEAR TOM,

The dog-cart will meet you as usual at Okeley Bridge station, on Wednesday evening, 6 down train. You must come by that train, Mamma says, as uncle and aunt Charles are to be here that night, and she fears it might be dull for them and the cousins. I wish you could bring some one with you, so does Fanny, so does P'apa, only he would not for the world confess to not being completely satisfied with the festive nature of our general entertainments on Christmas-day. Remember the barrel of oysters and the 6 train.

'Your affectionate Sister,
'MARGARET GREYLSON.'

'Take some one down,' it was a happy thought of Maggie's. Would to heaven I could take down (in any way) that *other* man! how cordially I would invite him, how hospitably I would press him, to accept the invitation, how fondly I would pray that he might fall in love with one of my own sisters; how brotherly would be the interest I would then take in furthering his views if such should be the case!

Well, it was no use speculating on such a wildly remote contingency. with all his faults Archer was not an ass, *he* would not go into the country when he could meet Her by remaining in town. I could not risk a refusal from his hated lips, therefore I decided upon not asking him.

The young married couple 'were very sorry that I couldn't come,' they *said*. Perfidious wretches! Half an hour afterwards I heard from an even more eligible man than Archer that *he* had been invited to take my reluctantly vacated place.

'I am going too,' he added. 'I'd go anywhere to meet Archer—he's

such a clever little fellow—takes every one off so well, and keeps one in a roar of laughter as long as he

I could stand it no longer. I rushed from the presence of the man who could so heartlessly and indecently contemplate making merry in my absence, and, with a horrible vision of the adored one's laughing herself red in the face at Archer's 'vulgar absurdities' (I called them then), went my last round of visits before starting for my holiday, and took it out of humankind as well as I could, by ordering every one large doses of exceedingly nasty medicine.

The day came, and the hour, and the man with the oysters, and the cab to take me to the station. I decline to state what extra sum I gave the man for making a slight *détour*. I required cigars—the only shop at which I would have consented to procure them was exactly opposite to No 8, Bellevue Gardens

My friends were at their window they saw me get out; they made a pantomime expressive of intense desire that I should go in, and I made a pantomime expressive of urgent haste and an utter impossibility of doing anything of the sort I was confirmed in my resolution by seeing the golden hair and the blue eyes of the lady of my love—the one waving cheerfully, and the others dancing merrily, over the shoulder of her friend

Presently, however, Bainton came out before I had succeeded in lighting my cigar. 'You must come in,' he said; 'my wife wants to say good-bye to you, and so does Bessie.'

I went in; I choked back my just wrath at Bessie's freedom from woe, and went in magnanimously. The sight that greeted me was pleasant, the remnants of a luncheon were on the table, and Archer was playing at 'build my grotto,' for Bessie's delectation, with the empty oyster-shells.

'It's a great pity that you must go, Mr Greyson,' Mrs. Bainton said; 'we should have had such a jolly little cosy party if you could have stayed. Bessie has been spared

by her aunt—who doesn't keep Christmas, you know—already, instead of not coming till to-morrow evening. I wish you could have stayed'

'Going into the country ith a mithtake,' said Archer (he believed that I must here remark that his imitations of Sothern were rather superior to Sothern's Dundrearyisms); and at that they laughed, though why, I could not for the life of me discover.

'Going to one's father's house can never be considered a mistake by any man possessed of even an average share of natural affection; and going at Christmas-time to one's family is a thing that I am astonished at any man, with a family to go to, neglecting,' I said, virtuously I hoped my noble sentiments would cover Archer with shame, and Bessie with confusion; for hadn't she left her aunt to come to No 8?

'He's a lunatic, *he is*,' I heard Archer murmur to Bessie; and Bessie rewarded the successful imitation with a smile, but I fancied somehow that she didn't endorse the opinion

'Well, it's a pity you can't stay—for us I mean,' said Mrs. Bainton. 'I dare say you will enjoy yourself very well though'

I said I dare say I should; and then, subject-matter of conversation failing, I took my cab and my departure

I was cold—blue with the cold—and cross when I reached Ely. I remembered the horrible dulness, that never a stray ray had illumined, of both my uncle and aunt Charles, and I dreaded it. The former was a plethoric, wheezy man, with a nose like a pear, and a habit of silence that was oppressive, for one knew he wasn't thinking, or at least not of anything profound enough to entitle him to indulge in such prolonged calms. The latter was a healthy, happy—but no, there is small need for me to describe my aunt Charles, since she exists, I firmly believe, in every family. Suffice it to say, that she was one of those women who eat, drink, and avoid whatever is to be eaten,

drank, and avowed, and that she had lived to the age of fifty without having inflicted worse evils on the state than two clodhopping sons and one rosy-cheeked daughter.

This pleasing combination—of plethoric uncle redolent of common-place virtues, aunt, and antidangerous cousins—constituted the group whom I had to go down and help to amuse on Christmas Eve in place of partaking of the intellectual treat Archer would have given me, the smiles of blue-eyed, graceful Bessie, and the elegant little dinner on which Mrs. Banton would be safe to bring all her young house-keeping talent to bear. It would not bear thinking about, so I entered the refreshment-room at Ely in a rage, and ordered a glass of brandy and water.

The gals were not pretty who waited behind the counter on this exceptional occasion, they are so, generally, but the cold had got hold of their noses and fingers with unbecoming cordiality. The brandy was British, the water was lukewarm, the sugar was coarse. Altogether it was *not* the glass of brandy and water to make me feel more kindly towards the bath in whose cause I was undergoing these trials.

I walked into the waiting-room, intending to stand and moralize sulkily over the fire till such time as the down-train should please to start, with a sense of ill-usage tingling in every vein, and as I neared the fireplace I breathed a devout wish that time-honoured festivals and family gatherings were, in turf language, 'nowhere.'

I repeated, as I stood shrouded in my own gloomy thoughts, sundry axioms I had lately been teaching myself to believe in assiduously. 'Customs' were a mistake, I said, 'old habits' bosh, natural affection and family ties were things that infants and idiots had faith in. The first was all a matter of education; the second were things to be unloosed as soon as possible by a man of the world—such as I was. Under ordinary circumstances I could take joy and pleasure in the society of my father and mother, let the former sleep away my visit never so

soundly, and the latter bustle it away—unpleasantly to me, the guest—as only good housewives know how. But *not* as things were with my heart in Bessie's keeping, and Archer causing Bessie to unfeelingly laugh away the hours of my absence. In short, I doubted my friend and distrusted my mistress; and objected, on general and purely personal terms, to being bored.

'Will you allow me? Thank you,' asked and said a fine, flexible, rich, manly voice, and I, on acceding to the word and gesture asked request that I would stand a-one-side and allow him a far traveller's share of the fire, found that it proceeded from the moustache-shaded lips of a tall, aristocratic-looking, and altogether remarkably handsome man.

The first things that occur to an Englishman to do, when he finds himself alone, and liable 'to be spoken to' by a stranger, who may be a baron or a brigand, are to throw an expression of utter vacuity into his face, to look steadfastly at the opposite side of the room, to take up more space with his feet, and, perhaps, to hum or softly whistle a few bars of any popular air, vulgar or otherwise, that may be remembered by him at the moment. I did all these things—for was I not an Englishman?—and in addition I scowled furiously, for the tones of his voice had been genial enough to make me suspect that he wanted to talk.

I glanced at the clock above the fireplace, I glanced at the watch which I with difficulty withdrew from under the mass of coats and waistcoats in which I had encumbered myself, and to my sorrow and regret I found that I had yet another half-hour to pass before the train started.

It began to grow unpleasant, thus standing here, with only one other person, and that other person of so unexceptionable a style, without speaking. I indicated a willingness to come to speaking terms by giving vent to a prefatory ahem, accompanied by a frank and (I flattered myself) peculiarly condescending sweetness.

The stranger took no notice; the

cough he did not apparently hear, and the smile he did not apparently see; he evidently cared nothing whatever about my acquaintance; and now I began to desire to bestow it upon him.

He was a tall, handsome man, I have already said, but I did not discover how singularly handsome he was until he had been some time in the room, when he sat down and removed his hat from his brow, and threw off his travelling cloak. He was a man of about my own age, five or six and twenty, well formed, easy in gesture and gait, with an undulating action of the shoulders that is not often seen in an Englishman. His hair was light auburn, curly, glossy, and luxuriant; his eyes were steady steel blue, with a power of settling instantly on an object that I had never observed in any eyes before, his face was well-shaped and refined, and the play of his lips, even as seen through his long tawny moustache, was singularly pleasing and seductive, his eyebrows and lashes were black, or of the deepest brown, and this circumstance of their sombre shade gave a look of marked power to his face that made it altogether a very remarkable one.

I saw at once, with the eye of a man accustomed to note trifles in his daily experience, that his clothes were well and fashionably made, and of the finest material: they were not so glossily new as to excite the suspicion that they had been had for this holiday season, but they were uncreased and unworn, and they fitted him to perfection.

There was nothing of the style vulgarly termed 'striking' about the man. He was quiet, subdued, well bred, in dress, voice, manner, and appearance, nevertheless I was struck by him; and the desire to broach a conversation and form and forward an acquaintance with him, grew and strengthened as we stood there—he gazing at the fire, I gazing at him.

Mentally bidding my constitutional delicacy about forcing an intimacy upon any man, and my national awkwardness adieu, I coughed another prefatory *ahem*, with the

intention of opening a topic that had happily occurred to me, *viz.*, the exceeding disagreeability of this waiting for the train; but my intention was forestalled by his raising his eyes from the fire, fixing them steadily on mine, and observing, in the full, rich, flexible, perfectly intoned voice that had aroused my regard on his entrance—

'When a man has an object in journeying, a delayed train is a nuisance.'

'A very great one,' I responded rapidly, determined on doing my best to prevent the ball now set rolling from falling into the well of silence again. 'Sometimes a delayed train gives one a good opportunity of studying the various forms impatience takes, and drawing imaginative deductions from it of what each man's object may be, but at this season every one's is the same, I fancy—to get as soon as possible to the gathering of friends and relations at home.'

'From which general view of others' destinations I conclude that *you* are thus happily circumstanced,' he answered. '*you* are bound for a home containing friends and relations, probably, and if so, I do not wonder at your evident impatience to be off. I, on the contrary, having the latter no longer, have quitted my home for the once festive week.'

A thought flashed across my brain. My sister Margaret had said, 'Bring some one.' Why should I not?—I reflected no further, but impulsively exclaimed—

'Do you mean to say you are going to travel aimlessly all this Christmas week, rather than stay at home by yourself?'

'I do,' he replied; 'but at the expiration of that week I shall be happy to see you at that home, if you will honour me with a visit, and tell me how you have enjoyed yourself in the home you are going to, and amongst the kindred you are happy enough to possess. My house is not a desolate one at other times; but a wifeless man without a relation in the world, finds the season of associations a hard one to pass without a heartache, let his wife be ever so good or his cook ever such a profi-

cient. Allow me to give you my card, and favour me with yours in return'

I took his card gladly, and saw inscribed thereon, in the neatest of type, the name of 'Sir Ernest Hastings'

'Any one will tell you where my place is, if you'll come to Exeter,' he said when I had rather incontinently, and with a feeling that I was doing a very unconventional thing, accepted his invitation. 'Take a dog-cart from any one of the inns, and order the man to drive you to "Rawley," and you'll find yourself at my lodge-gates in half an hour'

'It's a very different kind of thing to what you are accustomed, I have no doubt,' I said. 'My father is a farmer of the old school, who seeks to be thought a yeoman, and nothing more, an unpolished but a very genuine hospitality would be accorded to you. Will you go down to the Moat Farm with me?'

'I will,' he said, 'I shall be delighted'. And he went

He was a great success at home. My father liked him because he listened to the dear old man's oft-repeated assertion 'that he was to have been a parson, he was, but though he never minded learning, he couldn't master the Greek' (quite oblivious of the transparent fact that he had not, even at this much later period, 'mastered' his own language). My mother liked him because he ate more mince-pies than were good for him, and ran the risk of requiring my professional services by drinking a filthy hot compound yclept elder wine. My sisters liked him for various reasons of a strictly young-ladyish nature, and the relations liked him because he neither interfered with them or their comforts in any way.

We always went to church in great force from the Okeley Moat Farm on Christmas-day. The programme of the day's proceedings was not a bad one, on the whole, and now that I had such a congenial companion as this travelled, educated man—this polished, refined baronet, who had the fine tact (of perfect good breeding) to make himself so thoroughly at home and happy in a

household so many degrees humbler than he had ever been accustomed to—I quite enjoyed it.

After a substantial breakfast, we had cherry-brandy dealt out to us, to keep the cold out, and then we started off across the meadow-path to church, from whence we returned to a hot luncheon, then came a visit to the yard where the fat bullocks were kept, and then dinner. *Æsthetic* people may think that the eating came too close together, but I assure them it did not—there was nothing else to be done at the Moat Farm.

My mother—one of those dangerously deep intrigantes who are transparent to the most casual and simple-minded observer—had decided that Fanny, my youngest and prettiest sister, was not strong enough to walk to church, further, she had decreed that, in politeness, it behoved us to offer the second seat in the pony-chaise to the baronet.

'But don't you think it will seem strange, mamma, and I can walk very well indeed,' Fanny had pleaded when the matter was first mooted by her affectionate and unambitious parent, for Fanny had views of her own—views, I may go so far as to say, not wholly unconnected with a certain neighbour of ours, whose mare, curiously enough, would always take the road to the Moat Farm if she found the reins loose on her neck.

But Fanny's objections (she was only a woman, and he was a baronet) were swept away, uprooted, thrown to the winds. Sir Ernest Hastings drove Fanny to church, and all the neighbours declared that Mr Tom had brought down Fanny's 'young man'

The week wore away. In the course of it Sir Ernest's popularity waxed wider and stronger. Margaret and Fanny quarreled hourly, not about him, of course, but about things in general, that always appeared to me, when traced carefully back, to have taken their rise in him, and the rider of the mare who knew her way to our house so well, expressed and advocated opinions that bordered on Chartistism. Fanny

was quite disgusted with him. 'What would—what could a man of birth and rank think of him?' she asked. Sir Ernest said little, but he shrugged his shoulders, and looked handsomely compassionate towards those to whom such blessings were denied.

The week ended, the day, the hour of our departure arrived; Sir Ernest, now on intimate terms with the whole family, was going up to town with me, when we were to separate for a few days, he to go down to his place near Exeter, to issue invitations for the series of entertainments he intended giving in my honour, I to see after my patients, set them going with fresh doses, see that Archer was not having it all his own way with Bessie, and then to follow him to Rawley.

'I shall soon be down at the Moat Farm again, Tom,' he said, as we parted. 'I shall not be satisfied till the two places are drawn nearer—ch! old fellow.'

Dear little Fanny! she had made an impression, and no mistake. I liked the idea of her being 'Lady Hastings' well, and I, through my generous obedience to what some people would call a rash impulse, had introduced her to this brilliant fate.

I sauntered over to the Bantons in the evening—found Bessie had gone home for a few days, but was coming back again—heard that Archer *admired* her (hateful phrase!) very much—and told them of the acquaintance I had made in the waiting-room at Ely, and its results.

Banton was a cynical fellow. 'You don't mean that you took a fellow avowedly 'on the loose' at Christmas, when every decent man has an engagement of some sort, home to your pretty sisters—do you, Greyson?'

'My dear Banton, depend upon it, those notions are mistakes—vulgar prejudices—don't hold good when the test of common sense is applied to them. If a man has no relations, and does not choose to go and bore himself wherever he may chance to be asked, he had better go off on the chance of something agreeable turning up in strange localities. It answered in Hastings' case: it was

a kind of thing he had not been accustomed to; but he enjoyed himself, and made the best of it.'

'I have no doubt he did,' said Banton, drily; and I chuckled as I thought—'I wonder what they'll say when they hear my sister is to be Lady Hastings?'

It was a cold, bright January evening when I found myself standing in the yard of the 'Red Lion,' at Exeter. 'How far is Rawley from this?' I asked an ostler.

'A matter of four mile,' he answered. 'Be's gwain to Sir Ern'st's, sir?'

'Yes,' I said, rather pompously, for I was a terrible snob, and baronets had not been as thick as blackberries with me heretofore.

I must here observe that I required to dwell constantly on the rank, pomp, and circumstance of my new friend, in order to keep my spirits up at all. I had succeeded in having an interview with Bessie before leaving town, when, with many blushes, she had given me to understand that I had been an unwise man to leave the field open. In fact, Archer had won her heart, and the promise of her hand, and nothing remained for me to do but to wish her happiness, and leave her.

The Devonshire roads are proverbially picturesque, and preciously bad, but I think I may safely back that road from Exeter to Rawley as the worst in the county. What with emotion and the jolting, my heart was in my mouth when we reached the lodge gates.

'Is Sir Ernest at home?' I asked of the woman who came out to open them.

'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'He has been out this afternoon with Miss Audrey, but he's in now.'

'Who is Miss Audrey, I wonder?' I said to myself, as I was driven up to the hall-door, and I tingled with fraternal feelings on Fanny's account.

I got out, paid the man, rang the bell, and pointing, as I passed the servant who opened the door, to my portmanteau, I ordered him to pick it up, and tell his master at once that Mr. Greyson was come.

'Beg pardon, sir,' said the man;

very respectfully, 'but does master expect you?'

'Yes, certainly he does,' I replied, rather hotly

'Will you step in here, then,' he said, opening the door of a cold library, in which I found myself presently alone, 'and I'll go and tell him.'

'He had a warmer reception at the Moat Farm,' I said, shiveringly 'However, it will be all right presently'

Minutes passed—I grew impatient, and, sooth to say, rather offended. At last I heard a firm step in the hall, the door was opened, and a tall, slight, noble-looking old man entered the room, with my card in his hand.

He glanced inquiringly from it to me

'Mr Thomas Greyson?' he said, interrogatively

'The same, sir,' I replied 'I am here at the invitation of my friend, Sir Ernest Hastings'



'I fear there is some mistake,' he said, gently. 'I am Sir Ernest Hastings'

What my first impulse was I have no very distinct recollection. I believe I subsided on to a sofa, and gazed vacantly and idiotically at the gentleman. At any rate, that is where I found myself, and what I found myself doing, when I recovered my senses partially after a time.

While I was employed in putting him in possession of so much of the case as I understood myself, the door opened, and a silk rustled heavily along over the carpet

'Papa,' a bewitching voice said,

'are you coming to dinner? I am waiting'

'Yes, directly, Audrey, my love,' he answered

And then I remembered that I ought to go, and while I was declaring my intention of doing so, I glanced at the lady

She was a very lovely girl of about eighteen, with a bright, fair, sparkling face, and a graceful, slender figure

No pen can do justice to her charms as she stood—for she chose to stay and listen to the story of my deception and discomfiture—leaning on her father's arm, on which she had placed her hand when impa-

tiently summoning him from the room.

I see her now as I saw her then, with the long folds of her blue silk dress falling away round her tall, slight form in easy, graceful waves, that I have never seen achieved by any other woman in these days of crinoline. There was white lace round the top of her dress, I remember, and her whiter neck rose above it, with the proud, soft sweep of a swan's, and her long round white arms came out from more soft folds of lace, and her taper fingers sparkled with gems, and her beautiful chestnut hair was raised, and lifted back off her clear, bright brow, and fastened—it was half curl and half wave that hair—with a gold comb in a loosely-arranged mass of ringlets behind. Her eyes flashed, and her lips parted merrily as I proceeded with my tale, and at last she interrupted me abruptly with—

‘Don't be mortified about such a trifle. You have been taken in and tricked by one of the most specious rascals in existence.’

‘Do you know him, then, madam?’ I asked.

‘Do I not!’ she replied, laughing. ‘Has not papa told you who he is?’ Well, then, I will, for it is well you should know at once, and be able to join us in the laugh. From your description, it must have been papa's late valet, turned away for robbery, that you met.’

I suppose the mortification I experienced was apparent in my countenance.

‘Papa,’ she continued, ‘Mr Greyson must come in and dine with us, and then we will talk it over comfortably.’

She turned to lead the way, but I protested, and she paused.

‘Certainly, certainly, you must,’ said her father, and, after some little discussion, the result was that I did go in and dine with them, and though at first I felt like an impostor, they soon set me at my ease, and made me far happier than I could have been at Rawley, even had the clever cheat, who had tricked me into coming there, been the genuine baronet.

Miss Hastings was an only child, and an heiress, and I must say that she was as self-willed and determined as only children and heiresses have ever been since novels have been first written about them. First, she insisted, and made her father insist, upon my staying there that night; then she declared that I ought to stay as long as I had been invited for by the audacious valet, then she insisted that I should accept an invitation to come again. In a very little time, if she had suggested, far less insisted upon it, I would have blown out my brains.

However, she made no such suggestion, so, after a short period of (to me) deliriously happy intercourse, I made her an offer, and she put the finishing stroke to the affair by insisting upon marrying me.

I don't cut and carve people's bodies any longer, for my wife has a profound distaste to surgery—besides, I am wanted at Rawley. The family gathering will take place as usual this year, but it will not be held at the Moat Farm. I am beginning to cultivate country-gentlemanish notions, and I want to have my own people about me in my own house.

CRICKETANA.

PART V.

LORD'S CRICKET-GROUND AND THE EARLY LONDON CLUBS—MARYLEBONE CELEBRITIES WHO HAVE LATELY PASSED AWAY

TO continue Cricket, among other field-sports, being so highly conducive to health, no wonder that men high and low, and of all degrees, play, and play it out of principle—that is, because they like it. We seriously maintain it is good for them, and that, while *mens sana in corpore sano* is essential to seeing straight and walking straight in the path of duty, we certainly ought to have the satisfaction of feeling very virtuous while we so amuse ourselves.

But of those who enter most seriously into the sport, we must chiefly mention the M C C and the Zangari.

A few words shall be devoted to each. What can we say new of the M C C?

One way of saying things new is to rescue old things from oblivion, and few of the rising generation know anything of the origin of the M C C.

Since the beginning of the last century the famous Hambledon Club, in Hampshire, as well as the Counties Kent and Surrey, used to play matches, creating interest far and wide, almost equal to a race for county stakes in these days. Earl Winchelsea and Sir Horace Mann were so ambitious for the honour of their counties, that—even as Fuller Pilch received an annuity to live where he could come and play for Kent—they were, even in those early and unsophisticated times, quite alive to the feeling of retaining a good player as bailiff or as game-keeper, though good for little else than to add strength to their Eleven.

Cricket, about this time, must have required noble patronage to rescue it from the category of vulgar games, for Robert Southey thought it was not generally deemed a game for gentlemen in the middle of the last century. He quotes, in support of his opinion, a paper of the 'Con-

noisseur,' dated 1756, in which one Mr Toby Bumper's vulgarities are thus enumerated: 'Drinking purl in the morning, eating black puddings at Bartholomew Fair, boxing with Buckhorse, and also that he was frequently engaged at the Artillery Ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket, and is esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets.'

Most truly times are changed. Fancy a gentleman now-a-days losing his character, instead of gaining one as good or better, by practising at Lord's, and being one of the best bats of his day!

Still at this very date there were those who either disdained the ignorant prejudice against our noble game, or else found those to countenance them in cricket as a respectable and worthy pastime. For Horace Walpole, writing in 1849, says the clergy were the great players, and Lord Montford took as much pains as the late Benjamin Aslaby, Esq, for many years the secretary of the M C C, to bring a good field together. Horace Walpole's words are 'I could tell you of Lord Montford's making cricket matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play on Richmond Green.'

Add to this, that within one year of this very date, in 1748, there was an action at law to recover two bets of 25*l* each, laid on a match of the County of Kent against All England, as in Waller's Reports. The question raised was whether cricket was an unlawful game within the meaning of the Statute of the 9th of Anne against gaming. The Court very sensibly held as follows: 'Cricket is (to be sure) a manly game, and not bad in itself, but in the ill use that is made of it by betting more than 10*l*. on it that is bad, and against the law.'

The Artillery Ground was the oldest metropolitan ground on record. Matches on that ground were

advertised in the 'Daily Advertiser.' The following sounds quite modern, copied from that paper in 1754 —

'Artillery Ground, London — On Monday next will be played a Cricket Match of five a-side Faulkner and the two Harrises, John Frame, and Darling, against John Mansfield, John Bell, John Bryant, little Bennet, and William King, for a guinea a man. The wickets to be pitched at twelve o'clock. The match to be played out.'

The propriety of the game, from its mixed character, as also from the gambling it involved, certainly was a matter of discussion about this time, because, in the 'The British Champion,' in 1743, a correspondent writes, among other observations —

'I have been led into these reflections by some odd stories I have lately heard of cricket matches, to which, but for eye-witnesses, I never could have yielded any belief. Is it not a very wild thing to be as serious in making such a match as in the most natural occurrences in life?'

[Then at this date cricket matches did excite the warmest interest, undoubtedly.]

'Would it not be extremely odd to see lords and gentlemen, clergymen and lawyers, associating themselves with butchers and cobblers in pursuit of their diversions?'

The writer then complains of the game being made, just as at Lord's now, 'the subject of public advertisement, to draw together great crowds of people, who ought all of them to be somewhere else.'

He further complains that—

'The advertisements most impudently recite that great sums are laid. So some people are so little ashamed at breaking the laws that they had (from their high position) a hand in making, that they give public notice of it.'

The game that the said noblemen and gentlemen had learnt in the Artillery Ground, near Finsbury Square, they afterwards practised in the White Conduit Fields. This White Conduit Club consisted of Lord Winchelsea, Sir H. Mann, and all the leading patrons of the game, but the exact date of the formation of that club cannot be ascertained, but it was in

the year 1787 that the Marylebone Club was formed of its members, and used to meet early in each season at the 'Star and Garter,' in Pall Mall, to discuss the laws of the game over their wine—which laws grew up gradually, with almost as many alterations and additions as there were years during the last part of the century. The gradual growth of the constitution of these laws we reserve for development on another occasion.

One of the attendants on the White Conduit Club was Thomas Lord, a Scotchman, said to have fled to London because, from his Jacobite predilections, his native land had proved unpleasant. Lord, very like a Scotchman, perceiving a demand for cricket accommodation, set up a supply, and, being promised support, took a piece of ground in the year 1787, where now stands Dorset Square, which ground soon went by the name of 'Lord's.'

From the time this first 'Lord's Ground' was formed, the White Conduit Club was re-established, or became the nucleus of another, under the name of the M C C.

From the site of Dorset Square Thomas Lord afterwards removed, strange to say, not only himself and bats and balls, but the very turf on which they had played, to a second field, still called Lord's, at South Bank, near the Regent's Park. From South Bank, driven by the cutting of the canal, he next removed the very turf once more to the land now in possession of Mr. Duck, which is the veritable 'Lord's Cricket Ground' of the present day.

Thomas Lord had many ups and downs in life. Lord and his ancestors were Roman Catholics, and had all their property confiscated—as Mr. Haygarth, in his 'Cricket Biographies,' written with so much care and industry, has collected—by taking part in the Rebellion of 1745, so that Lord's father had to work as a labourer on the very farm that once belonged to him. Thomas Lord was once a mere bowler on the ground of White Conduit Fields, then the proprietor of Lord's—also a wine-merchant, residing in a house looking on to 'Lord's.' He only died

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five years since, aged 74, at Westmoon, in Hampshire, where he retired in his old age.

We need make no apology for saying thus much of a man who in any honest way left a name of world-wide celebrity.

But there is a gentleman whose name deserves to be remembered in connection with Lord's—even longer still—the name of Mr William Ward, once Bank Director and Member of Parliament. Mr Ward's name is chiefly known to the rising generation as having made the longest score on record—278, but it was only against Norfolk, an inferior Eleven, though Mr Budd was a man given and bowled. But Marsden made 227 against W. Clarke and Tom Barker, and Mr E. H. Grace, this year at Canterbury, made 192, and not out, against much good bowling, and not on smooth ground. He afterwards got, reckoning catches and stumping, every wicket in the second innings of the same game. Mr Grace's play on that occasion, regarded as a whole, far surpasses Mr Ward's, and is decidedly the greatest achievement on record. The M. C. C. presented him not only with a bat, but with *the* ball set on a stand with silver plate, suitably inscribed.

About 1825, as Thomas Lord wished to retire, and there was great danger of so valuable a piece of building-ground being soon turned, like the old ground, into another Dorset Square, or covered with St John's Wood villas—Mr Ward very patriotically purchased the lease, though only to be obtained at a very high price. In the year 1836 Mr Ward had, from altered circumstances, retired from his mansion in Bloomsbury Square, fashionable enough in those days—a house remembered by many a Wykehamist, for Mr Ward, bred at Winchester, had regularly a Wykehamist supper on the occasion of the School Matches—he then sold the remainder of the lease to Mr Dark. Mr Dark has been connected with Lord's for fifty-seven years—believed to have begun life as a boy on that ground. Dark was once a fair slow bowler. In 1835 he bowled 'slows'

for the M. C. C. at Oxford, but without much success.

The M. C. C. always exhibited the best play in any part of England within reach of London—a small circle comparatively, before the days of railways, and they went on gathering strength, until in 1853 the 'Club and Ground' played and beat All England. The records of matches in the books of the M. C. C. commence with the year 1791. The Pavilion was burnt down between the first and second days of the Harrow and Winchester match in 1825, when the oldest scores perished. Copyists employed to preserve certain scores seem to have done their work very carelessly.

Many great men have been connected at some time of their lives with Lord's and the M. C. C. *Great* in more senses than one, Lord Frederic said of Mr Ward that he was too big to play at cricket, but there have been bigger men than Mr Ward very useful in their way. James Burt's playing weight was 19 stone, Mr A. Mynn's as much, and Brown of Brighton played from 16 to 18 stone. Mr Benjamin Aislaby must not be forgotten. His playing weight—for he did play—the part of running done both in field and at wicket by proxy, an indulgence granted to his years—must have been as great as either of those already named. For his long services as secretary, the M. C. C. honoured this gentleman with a request to sit for his bust, now in the Pavilion. Mr Ward loved a joke, even to the very verge of puns, and, being rather jealous, he remarked, 'Humph! if they are going to take old Aislaby's bust, they had better make haste, or he'll burst first.'

Many very good, genial, honest souls, with very much of nature's gentleman entering into their composition, have left a name often mentioned among the elders both of the Pavilion and of the 'Ring'. Two of these worthy fellows especially recur.

The first is Saunders, a very elegant player, and one of the finest cutters ever seen. His style was new at that day: instead of shifting

the pivot foot to cut at off balls, he crossed the other over, as nearly all the best batsmen do now. Saunders' health began to fail, with symptoms of consumption, about his twenty-eighth year, and the M C C, in pity for him, were kindly about to leave him out of the great match of the season, in order to spare his strength, but poor Saunders was deeply affected at its being thought he was fit to play no longer, and exclaimed, 'Happen what will, I must play one match more.' 'We could not refuse him,' said Mr Bennett, 'and he played. Never did he play in finer form, but thus was his last match. He sank from that time, and never played again.'

The second of our favourites was James Cobbett. No man was ever more popular as a player, either among the professionals or their employers. He was by far the most easy in delivery, and the fairest of all round-arm bowlers. His hand never seemed above his elbow, but quite horizontal, and the ball went skimming and spinning from his hand. As Cobbett bowled to you, till the ball touched the ground it looked as plain and easy as bowling could be, but at the pitch it spun into the wicket with an increase of speed we rarely, if ever, have seen equalled. Buttress, however, is very great in this way, and as a bowler, in his best days, is second to none at the present day. While Cobbett lived, tediously long scores were almost unknown, and he was noted as the man to get the hardest wicket—a bowler never to be 'collared.' Cobbett, like Saunders, was during his last year a painful sight to his friends—playing (!) in a state of pain, and wanting all that superfluity of health and spirits which cricket seems designed to throw off. He died of consumption, at the age of thirty-eight.

A cricketer's life is rather a hard one for some constitutions. Hillyer went with the M C C to play at Lansdowne when the weather was so cold that men ran between whites to the potato-cooking to warm their hands. His rheumatic attack that crippled him he dated from that

day. Dorrington also was said to have caught his death of cold standing in long wet cow-grass, in badly-kept ground, when playing country matches.

An old man, in his recollections of Lord's, said he never remembered any pugilist among cricketers—no professional pugilist he meant, for Mr. Budd was first-rate with the gloves, and when, at the visit of the allied sovereigns, the Elgin marbles were displayed, in the way of comparing the modern muscular development with that of the ancients in basso-relievo, some pugilistic exhibition was got up, and Mr Budd was selected to put on the gloves. Byron depreciates this display untidily, when he sings of 'all the bruisers from all St Giles.'

Our friend could also remember very few butchers in the cricket-field, though Saunders was an instance, but as to tailors, there have been enough first-rates for ever to redeem that fraternity from the imputation of constituting that fractional part of manhood so long the popular valuation of them. Why should we mention others, when Fuller Pilch, and Brown of Brighton, were knights of the needle both?

The very names of Brown and Lord's Cricket Ground causes to move through our mind a moving scene of figures and events.

Amongst all the powers of nature and the moving agencies of this world, some of the most trivial in appearance are by no means trivial in their effects. Who can say what the world owes to 'chaff'? It is a kind of stimulus that has moved many a man who was proof against sober reason and cogent argument. Mr Osbaldeston, by the terrific pace of his bowling, albeit he bowled double wicket matches away by tips and byes, used to boast of his superiority of single wicket. 'Our men,' said Mr Ward, 'grew tired of being chaffed by Osbaldeston and the party usually about him, and were much at a loss how to take a rise out of him, when I called attention to Brown of Brighton, who was, I think, rather the faster of the two. The consequence was, that in 1818 a match was made, and Osbaldeston

appeared with his usual supporters, and was beaten

Seeing the match going against him, the same men who came to chaff on one side took the other, and Osbaldeston was so angry, that he scratched his name off the list of the M C C, and, with one or two exceptions, never played again

Brown and Osbaldeston were as fast as any bowlers on record. We remember hearing Mr Budd say that the pace was much faster than Mr Kirwan's; he also said that neither Brown nor Osbaldeston was faster than Mr Maroon. Probably Mr Fellows was as fast as Mynn, Jackson, T Sherman, and Tarrant deserve the next place in point of speed. Mr Haygarth relates that 'little' Dench of Brighton, in stopping for Brown, used to have a kind of sack stuffed with straw to protect himself; if so, we can attest that, in stopping to Mr Maroon, our late very excellent friend John Marshall exhibited to us leggings made to order of prodigious thickness.

We are all apt to think little of the play of bygone days, but some idea may be formed of the powers of William Beldham, if we call attention to the fact, that when, in 1819, he first encountered Brown, Beldham was in his fifty-fourth year, and an eye-witness told us that, besides playing or slipping nearly every ball, full Brown did not like to bowl near him, he once 'turned round and hit a leg-ball the way it was going,' amidst great applause from the Pavilion. Beldham's score was '72, bowled by Beagley.' Let any one only picture to himself one of our superannuated players thus doing what he pleased with Mr Fellows' bowling at his best day!

Lord F Beauclerk, at the same age, scored 78 in one innings against Ashby, then the best bowler of his day.

As to the age of cricketers in early days, the players had a long reign before they were superseded. For in 1810 a match was played between the old and the young—the young being limited to the age of thirty-eight; whereas now you can hardly name an All England man as old as thirty-eight, the choice is so large.

Younger men tread the old ones out. John Bayley, the slow round-arm bowler, played on in the great matches till his fifty-sixth year, and, strange to say, he was never greatly distinguished till he was aged forty-two. Lillywhite played till about the same age. Bayley, like Pilch and Brown, was a tailor.

Bayley of late years has been employed chiefly as an umpire, especially since the death of Caldecourt, often called 'Honest Will Caldecourt,' a worthy, civil man, who served as a practice bowler to the Marylebone Club for the long period of forty seasons. He was one of the very best cricket tutors we ever remember. We acknowledge deriving more information from Caldecourt than from any one man; his experience had been so great, and he could give a reason for everything. Had Caldecourt been a scholar, his Recollections would have been curious. We particularly remember some of his observations about the matches that were bought and 'made safe' in early days. It was only practicable to make any bet safe by bribing, when the strength of a side lay in some two great players, but in our time, unless you bribed nearly half the side, the event would still remain too doubtful for heavy odds. Caldecourt said he had seen sharp practice, and dishonour of another kind, too commonly among the employers, so what could you say to the servants? It must have been a strange scene, that to which we were at the time adverting—when the dinner-party in the Pavilion was surprised at a crowd and a fight, or preparations for a fight, in the middle of the ground, and forthwith L— and S— (we will tell the names to no one who knows them not already, for fear of hurting the feelings of friends or relatives) were ordered to be brought into the Pavilion. The two men were so much excited, and powerful men both, that, to prevent mischief, one was placed on each side of the table. Then began recriminations.

'You were paid to lose the Surrey match.'

'You were bought over at Nottingham.'

'Who missed the catch at Bury?'
'Ay, and who bowled at anything
but the wicket down in Kent?'

The looks of some of the M C C, who had lost their money contrary to all calculation on these several matches, must have been amusing to see—The two players never had an opportunity of selling any more matches from that day forth

'I have seen things quite as bad in a milder form,' said Mr Felix 'I remember once an express expected on the morning of a Kent match, to say whether Wenman could play or not. Two gentlemen (?) walked down to the gate at Lord's for the earliest information. The reply was, "Wenman is too ill to play." "That's a pity," was the remark, "but you and I need say nothing about it." I think we can now afford to back England." Accordingly they proceeded to bet against Kent.'

Thus, and actions of the same kind, common men *feel* is not honest, however fashionable, and we cannot forget that more than once they have been quoted to us, with the comment, 'Now pray, sir, which is worse.' But let us turn from this unpleasant subject.

Lord Frederick Beauclerk is the greatest name in cricket. He was a frequent attendant at Lord's, either as a player or a looker on, for nearly sixty years. A vivid description of his lordship, as the very picture of life, activity, and spirits, has more than once crossed our mind, when at his last days he appeared at Lord's only in his brougham, and always, as it seemed, with a lady-nurse at his side, looking a striking illustration of the strong man becoming weakness at the last.

Lord Frederick's batting was certainly not superior to Mr Budd's, his fielding, usually at short slip, was not so good. Indeed, as to Mr Budd, Clarke said he remembered him the best fieldman he had ever seen, having played against him at Nottingham, when Mr Budd caught nine at middle wicket. But, nevertheless, Thomas Beagley, we have no doubt, spoke the general feeling of the players of his day, when he said that Lord Frederick *would have been*

first chosen. Caldecourt said the same. Lord Frederick was the best bowler of his day at Cambridge, but was not there distinguished as a batsman. The story is that the Earl of Winchelsea, seeing him bowl at Cambridge, brought him out at Lord's. In batting his lordship was a very easy, graceful player, formed on the model of Beldham. He played thirty-five seasons, and yet scored so well up to the last, that his average was the highest on record.

No doubt an average there is a very uncertain criterion. Mr Ward used to complain that the manager of matches had a great advantage in putting himself in when the light, the bowling, or the time of day was more favourable. To be told to go in at a quarter to seven o'clock in the evening tries your average hard, as compared with the man who can reserve himself for the next morning.

Again, a good average is all in favour of the man who thinks more of his own innings than of the game. Beldham told us that he 'could never half play unless runs were really wanted.' And this is very characteristic of a great player. Therefore, without depreciating Lord Frederick, we think it fair to observe, that while his position and his talent placed him high over all, he had no slight advantage in the score books.

John Sparks told us that Lord Frederick lost all fondness for bowling from the time that Hammond set the example of running in to slow bowling. Hammond once hit back a ball so hard, that it whizzed dangerously past his lordship's head. Mr Budd also said that there was something so powerful and menacing about Lambert's hitting—standing, as he used to do, so as to cover much ground before his crease, and swinging his bat in a wide-sweeping circle—that it was rather trying to the nerves of a bowler. We have elsewhere mentioned that we saw George Parr, when trying his best to dispose of Carpenter near the end of his famous innings—97, on the side of the United—shrink without attempting to catch a swift return from Carpenter. Carpenter afterwards told us that he hit the ball so sharply, he should not have been

afraid of any man's catching it. However, Parr was then past his quickest days, or we should have expected an attempt under all circumstances. What we have related of Hammond was not the only danger to which Lord Frederick was exposed during his long career. He broke a finger at Nottingham, and was threatened with lock-jaw. He had been scolding Sherman for slack play, and the next ball that came to him Sherman threw hard with a vengeance.

Beagley and Caldecourt both said

that his lordship was truly valuable as a general—not least because he was sure to be obeyed. Still he was a perfect judge of the game, and, said Beagley, 'he did find out a man's hit so very soon,' and set his field to foil it without loss of time. Lord Frederick used to say of Budd, that he always wanted to win the game off one hit. The truth was, Budd was a man of commanding strength and quickness, and he confessed to us—'I used to delight in hard hitting, and to see the ring obliged to fall back



TOM LOCKYER.

[*W. J. Linton*

further and further as I warmed in my play. To step in to an over-pitched ball, and drive with all the impetus of my heavy bat, weighing three pounds of good stuff, was my favourite play.' Lord Frederick might naturally envy that dashing, powerful style, which was not in the nature of his play, yet his lordship was a compact, strongly-built man, large about the loins, and one of the best men at a hundred-yard race, of which he ran no small number—five feet nine inches high, and weighing about eleven and a half stone.

Lord Frederick was one of the slowest of the slow bowlers of that day. Mr Budd was certainly slow enough to make good bowling, but Lord Frederick was slower still; but, being a good judge of play, pitching within an inch of where he desired to pitch, with a delivery which caused a quick rise, he was very effective, especially in days when going in to hit had not become the fashion.

Sparks said Hammond showed the way to beat it by stepping in, and slow bowling disappeared. At the end of its long reign there was one man who had practised till he brought it to great perfection; but he was bit off directly, and almost broke his heart about it. But the thing was then found out, and slow bowling for the time was no good at all. Old Sherman would sometimes walk quietly in the moment the ball was out of the bowler's hand. This was not wise. Still it made no difference to Sherman, for if the ball proved well pitched up, Sherman was ready to hit it, and if not, he would stand

and play it just as coolly as if still on his ground.

But a few more words of our old friend Mr. Budd, against whom, with the Lansdowne Club, we have played some very pleasant matches, and have a distinct remembrance of him when he was still the quickest runner on the ground. His off-hitting was very brilliant when we first remember him. He has more than once made nine by one hit—once at Woolwich, when the best of fieldsmen, Mr Parry, went after the ball; he also hit clean out of the old Lord's Ground on the site of Dorset Square. Lord said he would give twenty pounds if ever any man did thus prove the insufficiency of his ground. Budd claimed the money for the benefit of the players, who crowded round to tell him what he had won. But Lord was shabby, and would not pay them—pleading, we suppose, that he spoke in a figurative sense.

Mr. Budd holding an appointment in the War Office, played in all the great matches at Marylebone from the year 1805 to 1825. He then left London, but gladdened the eyes of many by making his appearance with the Wanstead Park Eleven in 1837. The success of his bowling in the first innings made the veteran rather chuckle at the thought of showing that old ways were sometimes best, but next innings Mr Ward went in with Mr Charles Taylor, and then Mr Budd's game was up. Of course Mr Ward knew all about it, having regularly encountered him for many years.—Mr Budd played full fifty years in town and country, playing for Purton against Marlborough College in 1851.

VERDI AND HIS MUSIC.

A SOFT, thoughtful face, mellow and olive tinted, cavernous eyes, dreamy, yet full of a subdued power, which hint at the true artistic embers glowing steadily behind; an air of that romantic dignity, dashed with a tone of melancholy, which somehow fills every Italian face; a short, dark beard, trained, heart-shape, out of Titian or Porde-

none; a spare figure; a stature something over middle size—this is famous Giuseppe Verdi, the most popular composer in Europe, as he has been imprisoned in the focal lens of M. Disderi of Paris, and multiplied in innumerable *cartes de visite*.

This, too, is that Giuseppe Verdi who came to London for the late festival, and was so unhandsomely

dealt with by the distinguished personages who had the direction of the solemnity. It was unfortunate that the old 'shopkeeping' hoof should have been protruded on such an occasion; and thus rebuffed Crowned Head of the opera, so ungracious a memory of British appreciation of his rank. Contrasted, too, with that

noble recognition of the Peerage of Art which he will find abroad—that profound homage—that profuse ennoblement of what is already ennobled—this practical, commercial treatment must have come upon the artist with surprise, and perhaps amusement. To such unfortunate acts as these we owe the 'nation of



shopkeepers,' and other libels of the like uncomplimentary nature. For this reason, in any doings of the grand artistic world, is England unceremoniously left out. The destiny of music is regulated not at London, but at Paris, Vienna, or Milan. No composer dreams of bringing out his work at Covent Garden, but at La Scala, or in the Rue Lepeltier, or the Opera Comique. No maestro

dreams of composing his opera for the public of London, nor does he care to solicit the musical suffrages of that great constituency. Albion—perfidious musically, as well as in other directions—is outside the charmed pale. Certainly it is to be lamented that we are not a little more magnificent and less mercantile in our artistic government. In foreign countries the opera is a grand

institution of state To be director is to be a sort of musical Prime Minister, and rules superbly or falls splendidly or with dignity It is known that two kings competed for the honour of making Meyerbeer a baron; and the great master was persuaded to arrange the matter by allowing the monarch of his own fatherland to have the preference

Verdi is about the most popular of these musical Crowned Heads, and as there is now a dangerous heresy spreading abroad that the huge public is about the best judge of what pleases the huge public itself, this may be taken as no mean test of merit A few years back there was actually what might be called a Verdi jubilee year, when this famous composer was in possession of almost every opera-house in Europe The roving Englishman, with his flaming Murray in hand, stops before the door of the Apollo Theatre at Rome, whose walls are washed by the yellow Tiber, and reads that this evening will be played 'The Masked Ball' Then going down to Naples, by vettura, he will think of spending his first evening at St. Carlo, and will find that truculent Conde di Luna, in his picturesque white cloak, pursuing his vindictive design in the lawless spirit of the middle ages. He will travel on to Florence and find the same opera before him at the Pergola At Sienna, at Bologna, the lyrical drama has been languishing by reason of unappreciated novelties, but the skilful impressario, feeling the pulse of the time, has fallen back upon the robust 'Troubadour,' and is fast filling up his exhausted coffers At Paris there is 'Reprise d'il Trovatore,' and at the Grand Opera it has been taken into a French atelier, where French workmen have altered it into 'Le Trouvère,' to be declaimed by strident Rogèr At St. Petersburg, Bucharest, it was the same Here was a true living apotheosis—to say nothing of the canonization by organ-murder, and the universal inharmonious razzia made on select *morceaux* by professors of that instrument.

This notable composer is by birth Parmesan, and came into the world

at a little contemptible town called Bussetto, in the late duchy, which geographers have not thought while to set down on their maps. His parents were mere peasants, and could not afford to have him taught reading or the ordinary elements of education However, an honest priest of his parish took a fancy to him and taught him these necessary branches, with, moreover, such little music as he knew himself, so that, by-and-by, he was confounded by this wonderful pupil composing military marches and bits of church music for festivals In these cases the old story but repeats itself. The next step is to reach some city where there may be a proper opening for all these brilliant gifts, and young Verdi contrives to push forward to Milan, where he becomes a musical drudge and slaves at giving lessons at tenpence an hour As usual, too, came the first chance, and the silken cord swung past over his head He caught it, and Morelli, of the Great Scala Theatre, tossed him a libretto and bade him prove what stuff was in him In Italy every music master has written his opera, or *can*, his opera hopeless mediocrities in most instances, yet still with a wonderful dash and happy simulation of the grand manner of better men. They can all *talk* in music, at least, and can utter their ideas with a marvellous fluency, though the language may not be of the best. The libretto that was flung to him was 'Oberto di San Bonifacio,' and an opera succeeded. Of course, beyond the 'puè's' of an enthusiastic audience, there was no substantial reward—success was the money with which he was paid But he was bidden to try his hand on another work, but just at this critical point his wife died—a beautiful woman, to whom he was tenderly attached—and the disorder of his mind was reflected fatally in his new work, the 'Giorno di Regno.' 'One Day's Reign' has the distinction of being the only work of Verdi's that has failed. Not a whit discouraged, he set to work seriously to consider his own shortcomings, betook himself to a severe course of study of all the great literary mas-

ters, read and re-read Dante, Ariosto, and all the great lyrists of different countries, and thus became penetrated with the true poetic fire. This may have been but a fanciful theory of his admirers, yet it has always seemed to me that some such reason would give the key to that peculiar effect of his operas, and their truly lyrical power and inspiration.

'Nabuco' was his next effort—a stately subject, which he handled, as the French say, *maîtrablement*. It was a genuine success. However, it brought him more fame than money. Still, eighty pounds in the city of Milan is acceptable enough, and goes a long way. It was more valuable too, as earnest, for, from that moment, he was pursued with importunity by a perfect mob of directors. From that hour he had got his foot upon the steps of the musical throne, and very shortly after was seated firmly, with the sceptre in his hand. Since then he has ruled with an amiable musical despotism, and, curious to say, his long reign has produced no lassitude in his subjects, who are only greedy for a continuance of this harmonious yoke.

From this time forth his pen never rested, and he sent forth a steady and unflagging stream of music, never interrupted for a moment. His work is represented by twenty-four operas in seventeen years, not by any means too rapid a rate of production for a man to whom a portion of daily composition is as necessary as his daily eating and drinking. The action of genius is more or less rapid. In eloquence, both of poetry and music, ideas only crowd too fast, though, afterwards, there is room for the *limæ labor* and careful chastening. But this is a very different speed from that of the hero of a hundred operas, Donizetti, who would dash in a couple of acts in a night.

Next followed 'Ernani,' based on Victor Hugo's play produced at the Fences Theatre in Venice, and the 'Two Foscari,' written specially for the great Roman Theatre, the Apollo. 'Jean D'Arc' and these two preceding operas were the re-

sult of one year's work. Follows then—to give a bald chronological enumeration—'Alzire,' at Naples, in 1845; 'Attila,' at the same place, in 1846; 'Macbeth,' at the Pergola Theatre, Florence, in 1847, the 'Masnadieri,' at London, in the same year, the 'Jerusalem,' a recasting of the 'Lombardi' according to French taste and canons, the 'Cor-saro,' at Trieste, in 1848, the 'Bat-taglia di Legnano,' for the Apollo at Rome, in the year of revolutions 1848, 'Luisa Miller,' at Naples, in 1849, 'Stiffelio,' at Trieste, in 1850; 'Rigoletto,' at Venice, in 1851, 'Trovatore,' at Rome, in 1853; 'La Traviata,' at Venice, in the same year, 'Les Vêpres Siciliennes,' at the Grand Opera, Paris, in the year of its Exposition, together with 'Aroldo,' 'Simon Boccanegra,' 'La Vendetta in Domino,' alias 'Il Ballo in Maschera,' both written for Rome, and two operas still in his desk, 'Il Re Lear,' and 'La Sforza di Destino,' make up a tolerably accurate list of this master's compositions.

Of these, only three may be said to have failed, namely, 'Alzire,' 'Un Giorno di Regno,' and 'Il Corsaro'—not very many reverses out of such a tide of victories. 'Macbeth,' besides its agreeable incidents of abundant pecuniary profits, entailed on him the fatigue of coming before the curtain no less than thirty times, to say nothing of the rough and inconvenient admiration of insane Venetian youths, with mountains of bouquets and serenades, and hustling the maestro home in triumph.

His *début* in France brought him the Cross of the Legion; and the special opera which he composed for Paris, the grade of Officer in that Order. The bait of Capel-meister to the Emperor at Vienna was held out to him in vain, but he is said not to care for such distinctions. The little effete Duchy of Parma, which should reasonably have been grateful to him for bringing it some notoriety, declined to bestow on him her Grand Cross, through a feeble Bourbon piece of etiquette, that he had not submissively sued for it. But through all this European éclat his heart, like that of a musical Goldsmith, kept

fondly turning to the little pastoral corner where he was born, and a good slice of that precious eighty pounds which his first paying work brought him went to purchase the little lowly *chaumière* in the niggardly duchy where he was born. As the eighty pounds expanded, with fresher and more famous works, into hundreds and thousands, so did the lands and stone, pines and hills, which were in view of the little *chaumière*, spread out into an estate, and the maestro, turning his quavers and his crotchets into fair Italian earth, became a territorial seigneur—the darling wish of every Italian man and woman of music. So Coletti, most passionate and dramatic of baritones, lives on his Sabine farm, near to Rome, in which he wisely invested his *ut* in alt baritone, and yet, now and again, from pure affection for his old calling, puts on the ermine and crimson of the *Doge of Venice*, and pours out his very heart in the despairing protest of the luckless *Ioscari*. So, too, with Collin, also a territorial tenor. And thus Maestro Verdi loves not so much the roar and whirl of the opera-house, and the compliments of titled virtuosi, as that early Italian scene, where it is said the harvests are got in poetically by musical reapers, to choruses from 'La Traviata' and 'Il Trovatore'

It will hardly be suspected that Italy, which is titularly the Land of Song, but scarcely claims to be the land of money, should be found by them the most profitable musical hunting-grounds. The treasures of London, Paris, and Vienna engulf the singing birds of Italy as in a delicious pecuniary maelstrom, but composers she draws back again into her own rich bosom. It is a happy thing, after all, that this inspired calling should not bring pure destitution in its wake, but should be sumptuously treated and acknowledged by a grateful world. Poets may be poetical upon a pittance, but the successful composer is a sultan. Here are a few figures which will make our humble guild of tune-writers gasp.

Our famous maestro's favourite

fashion of investing a new opera to the greatest profit is something after this order. Ricordi, the great music-seller of Milan, the huge *entrepreneur* of singers, and general dabbler in all musical 'securities,' takes the 'farming' of the opera from him at a sum—say of two thousand four hundred pounds (sixty thousand francs). This in itself is not an indifferent 'prime,' but there is a slight postile to the agreement under the head of '*droits d'auteur*,' which is the most fruitful portion of the bargain. There are some eighty theatres in Italy, and with nearly all these the farmer contracts for a season's representation at—say two hundred pounds a season. This in a rough way would represent from—say from eight to ten thousand pounds, and taking it that there are three seasons in the year, it will be seen what a musical gold-mine a new Verdi opera must prove. And of these handsome profits just one-half passes to the composer under the pleasant euphemism of *droits d'auteur*.

Meyerbeer, admittedly a pro-founder musician, with whom an opera is the patient labour of ten years, has not reaped the same golden harvest. His music is, as it were, of an harmonious scholastic divinity, and too strong a meat for the ordinary babes of boxes and parterre. His 'Robert,' acknowledged to be his most successful, brought him in twenty-five years scarcely fifteen hundred pounds. This was under the rather niggardly system of 'authors' rights' in France, which is yet a marvel of prodigality compared with our own, which stood for the modest remuneration of ten pounds a night for the earlier performances, reduced to four pounds for the later ones. It was said to have brought the Grand Opera House of Paris over a hundred thousand pounds.

Every musician will have remarked that this famous maestro, Giuseppe Verdi, has introduced with his music a new 'manner.' There was 'a manner' common to Rossini and Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, and others. They manipulated their operas pretty much after the same

pattern. There was the brilliant 'overture,' the regulation 'arias,' with their symphonies and flourishes, the duets, quartets, and trios, making a neat bit of operatic marquetry, but put together fully as much with a view to detached performance on drawing-room boards as for a stage. With Donizetti, at least, there was always an *arrière pensée* for the music-shops, but Verdi was a revolutionist.

There is a remarkable German book, written by one who has been derided as the prophet of the music of the future, and whose rough, un-courteous treatment, on a visit of invitation, is another piece of un-handsome musical conduct our London world need not boast of. The theories of Richard Wagner, however unfortunate in his own personal ex-cuplication, seem to have had enormous influence over the Italian's mind, without, however, being dis-figured by any of the absurd extravagance developed in the per-formances of the German. It is unlikely that Verdi should have studied these Teutonic theories. It is more probable that he arrived at them by his own instinct, and a sense that here was the true basis of opera music. Even unmusical minds will understand this principle. It may be explained in a sentence or two.

Music is but a mode of expression, limited certainly, but of wonderful power and intensity. It may be used, therefore, much as the poet uses language and the painter paint-ing—as an imperfect representation of what is within, in the mind. It naturally struck, then, the reformers in opera—the Pre-Raphaelites as they may be called—that the shape and even the spirit of opera, as they found it, was very artificial and con-ventional.

That here were duets and arias, excellent as compositions, but cold and valueless as expressive of the situation where they were placed; that every piece was cast too much in the same arbitrary mould, and that, in short, to take one example to serve for all the rest, it was a very poor and bald translation of the whirl and passion of a crisis in the last act, which should suspend the

action for a long and formal sym-phony; should then advance the soprano heroine to the footlights and measure out to her so many bars of slow melody; should then measure out to the hero tenor *his* allowance of precisely an equal amount of bars, should then work the two voices together in harmonious thirds; and finally, after a handsome shake and flourish apiece, land both on the final chord. A little reflection will show many more points where this regulation pipeclay, as it may be called, prevails.

Now the method of the Italian is something after this manner. He is said to have a poetic mind, and to delight specially in the works of Victor Hugo. He seizes on a stirring tale of passion, reads and re-reads it, gets satiated, as it were, with its spirit and fire, and then begins to write under its influence. He does with his notes precisely as the poet does with his language—he makes it the *speech* of his characters. He does not heed all these unmeaning and fatal conventional breaks, and in such a duet as was but now de-scribed, makes his hero and heroine exhibit their feelings as persons who were gifted with musical voices, but not speech, would do. It is not, after all, 'in the eternal fitness of things' that such should *diverge* be the unchanging shape of a duet. Those who would see how magni-ficently this principle may be illus-trated, and the old formality ex-ploded, should hearken to the superb duet in the 'Ballo in Maschera.' Thus it is that Verdi has produced perfect poems—a little irregular in shape, but each tinged with a pe-culiar hue of its own. Hearken to the famous duet from 'Macbeth,' even in a drawing-room, and the emotion is, 'How dramatic! what an exact translation of the situation!'

Like the famous painter, Turner, Verdi has several 'manners,' which, however, may be reduced to two or three very broad and distinct styles. The resemblance to the painter spreads over more points than one, for the composer is eminently a gorgeous colourist, and plays as many tricks with his rich, luscious music as did the eccentric painter.

His earlier operas, utterly unknown in England, betray the old mannerisms of the period—the bald and formal stereotyped accompaniment—hallock-shaped—and the inevitable premonitory symphony or prelude to every air. Again, when his heroine is in serious trouble or difficulties, she lays her mind to the situation and finds relief in an exhibition of copes, flourishes, and bravura. Still, a good deal of the new vigour breaks through this *rococo* disguise, so that the pure Verdi element does not begin to show itself until the production of 'Nabuco,' 'Lombardi,' 'Ernani,' the 'Due Foscari,' and 'Attila.' In these are those significant Verdi marks and tokens which first drew attention to his powers—the tremendous unison passages—where the brazen squadrons of the orchestra bray in unison and overwhelming rivalry with the voices on the stage, and the fresh, bold, and surprising shapes which his melodies take. Yet even now, in the 'Lombardi' and 'Ernani' especially, there is an old-fashioned tinge 'Macbeth,' 'Attila,' 'Rigoletto,' the 'Trovatore,' represent a more solid and yet profounder style of music, with something of a German solidity, strongly combined with an Italian flow of melody. This is his second manner, which has been gradually intensifying through the whole series of his later operas.

There is a very pleasing feature in famous foreign opera houses—the reasonable pride and affection with which works specially composed for them are regarded and fostered. Thus 'Robert le Diable' belongs imperishably to the Grand Opera. The 'Robert' traditions are kept alive, its past glories are talked of with reverence and relish, and the result is that nowhere can so effective a representation be placed on the stage. Thus, too, the 'Due Foscari' belongs specially to Rome, where there is occasionally *reprisè* of this noble opera, with that passionate baritone of Coletti's, before alluded to. In this pathetic composition has Verdi caught the whole power and emotional struggle of the story. Nothing can be more touch-

ing than the mournful declamation of the aged Doge, from whom the stern laws of the Republic are separating his son. The despairing entreaties of the wretched father—in the famous Finale—now conjuring this, now that member of the Council of Ten, and the angry re-annihilation of those terrible ministers, could not be more powerfully or so intelligibly expressed in the most impassioned lines of spoken tragedy. Now, long after, the clouds roll away, and the huge interior of that Apollo Opera House, upon the Tibur, opens, and the orchestral thunders roll and swell, and the lights burn dimly, and the noble Roman lords and ladies look down from their sacred tier, while the brave old Doge, Coletti, pours out a passionate *bartone* from his very heart.

The 'Trovatore' is surely in music what the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is in Romance. Familiar even to satiety, it is ever welcome. Hackneyed, worn threadbare, ground and ground again upon vile and debasing street organs, which is enough to set us in direct hostility to the noblest air ever written, we still harken to it with a sort of affection. Like Scott's noble verdict on Doctor Goldsmith's famous romance, we shall listen to it in youth and in age, and bless the memory of the man who knows so well how to reconcile us to human nature. Through it runs a soft even current of melody and one can fancy, the traveller in foreign countries, wearied with his day's journey, turning into the Scala Theatre for a draught of this music, soothing and tranquilizing as a fragrant cigar. The grand unwashed in the Olympus of the Dublin Opera House, know every note of this famous work—even the abstruser bits and a spasmodic flutter, and noisy agitation, with difficulty hushed down, rustles round their heavenly abode, as the symphonies of welcome and cherished bits set in.

With a strained and horrible story, yet what suitable tone and colour in the music! To his stories, does this master always fit on a gorgeous suit—which yet exhibits

his peculiar fashion—and at the same time reflects the peculiar special character of the action. Delightful, and always acceptable is it to see the white cloak and velvet tunic of the truculent Count fluttering to the breeze, as that lawless noble stamps to and fro, declaiming his wicked designs—a part which some way seems to be for ever associated with Signor Grazianni—who, if ever he purchase an Italian seignory for himself and his heirs, should assuredly choose the name of 'Luna' for his title. What spirit and vigour and dramatic life in that garden scene of the first Act: where the three figures pour out their griefs and fear, and defiance in a perfect tempest of musical declamation. What wild Rembrandtish effect in the witch's narrative of the burning—which seems lit up as it goes along with lurid flashes of harmony: especially where that witch bears the name of 'Garica.' Above all, it will be noted as an instance of this master's art, and thorough appreciation of his story, what an atmosphere of growing gloom he has cast over the closing portion of the story, deepening at every instant.

That opera of Light Ladies and Gentlemen, over which the battle of morals has been fought, but not won, has still charms of its own, and in the dust and fierceness of the contest, justice has scarcely been done to the music. Here, too, is remarkable the vein of sentiment that runs through it all. Its gayest airs have an undercurrent of melancholy—and the lively dance music, piquant and boisterous—has still a kind of sad remembrance concealed. The introduction so tuneful and mournful, seems to forecast all the sorrows of the story. It is intensely dramatic from beginning to end, and seems to have been written, as it were, at a single heat, under the influence of an improper but powerfully written story. It was with the composer as with the heroine of the piece—a

heavy—but is still in the true Verdi key. It has taken firm root in the Eternal City, where it is 'represented' season after season. It is an illustration of what may be called Verdi's new or third manner—the more solid food which he has artfully and gradually taught his delicate public to relish.

Even now in the group of his earlier operas, 'Nabuco' and Lombardi, there is something formal and a little old-fashioned. His 'Trovatore,' 'Traviata,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Rigoletto,' are intermediate. While 'Simon' and the 'Ballo in Maschera,' are a new shape of composition, denoting the union of something like German solidity and Italian flowing melody. In this system the new combination becomes a sort of symphony in which the voice is not exactly brought to the level of an instrument put on the same terms with other instruments, but the position of the instrument is elevated. A comparison of one of Donzetti's light operas with the 'Ballo,' would be startling in this respect. the meagre conventionality of the accompaniment being in the one after a mere mechanical formula which any journeyman could put in. Happily, too, in this new vein, our composer has got rid of certain peculiarities which it was fashionable to decry in him—obstreperous bursts of bass, braying unison passages, and shrill ear-piercing notes for voices suffering acute distress, and driven up to the peaks of musical Mont Blanc. There was a formalism, too, in parts. These things are now all happily remedied—and there remains a rich and powerful combination—melodious, smooth, grand, and *intensely* dramatic. The true musician—even the faithful but intolerant follower of the old Faith of Mozart and Beethoven—must own to there being sound matter in this latest work of Verdi. What treasures lie in the new opera 'La Sforza,' &c., for which he has honoured the Muscovites by selecting them to be his first audience, is yet to be seen. That it will be a just source of fresh pleasure to his friends and admirers, there can be no question.

'Simon Boccanegra' has yet to be introduced to the British Islands—which has been held to be a little



MY VALENTINE

[See "A Lay of St. Valentine"

LONDON SOCIETY.

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ABOUT VALENTINES.



ON a certain morning in this month of February, when Paterfamilias descends to his early *déjeûner* before repairing to the City at 9 A. M., he will probably miss something from his breakfast-table. It will not be the hot rolls, which have just arrived crisp and smoking from the baker's round the corner. It will not be the broiled ham, which asserts its presence with a fragrant odour—nor the eggs, nor the toast, nor the coffee, nor the muffins—no, nor yet the 'Times' newspaper, which will lie there, aired and ready for his perusal. What, then, will be wanting? Let us venture a guess, when he says to Jane (who is bringing in the family urn), 'No letters this

morning?' and Jane answers, 'Please, sir, the letters is not come yet.'

Whereupon Paterfamilias will say, 'Bless my heart! Not yet! Now I wonder what makes the post so late this morning!' And Jane, with that charming dissimulation characteristic of her sex, may reply that she is sure she can't tell, and that 'it have been later sometimes, or words to that effect.

But Master Charlie, whose infantile sagacity no accident escapes—who always knows all about it, and is ready to tell us, as soon as the domestic has left the room exclaims—

'I know why the post is late, pa, and so does Jane: only she won't say so. Didn't you see how red she got when you asked her? Why, it's Valentine's Day to-day, and the postman has ever so many valentines to

carry * And I've sent one to Jawkins major, who licked me so last half, and Peg has sent one to I know who—don't I, Peg?—and cook has sent one, I'm sure, for I saw it on the dresser the other day—such a stunner!—a great red heart tied up with blue ribbons, and an arrow sticking in it on one side! and—

'Pooh, pooh! nonsense!' exclaims Paterfamilias, a little nettled at the postal delay 'Foolish custom! What's the day of the month? Fourteenth? Ah! yes, to be sure, so it is! Very foolish custom! Never heard of such a thing when I was a young m——' (sentence interrupted by a dissyllabic rap at the street door). 'Ah! there it is at last!' And then there will probably be a slight scuffling in the lobby, and, if the breakfast-room door is open, we shall hear, 'Tuppence to pay on this, please' or, 'Lor! Mr Postman, ain't you got none for me?' &c, &c, with other badinage between that functionary and Jane, who wears, by-the-way, the most saucy, coquetish little caps you ever saw

This little scene in domestic life may happen, I say, before many days are over, though I fear the feast of St Valentine is not observed so uniformly as it was some twenty years ago. Do you not remember, O Lector dilectissime! your youthful feelings on that auspicious morn? How much of the previous week had you spent in composing those wonderful stanzas in honour of Miss Jones—stanzas in which we may be sure that 'eyes' and 'prize,' 'voice' and 'choice,' 'delight' and 'bright,' 'smile' and 'wile,' occurred in their appropriate places! Or if your feeble muse were tardy in her inspirations, was there not that charming copy of Moore's Sonnets (bound in green morocco) to consult? How many acrostics could you have written on the names of Fanny, Alice, and Matilda, if they had not unfortunately contained an unequal number of letters, and thus imperilled the symmetry of your verse? Had you the least smattering of the limner's art, you straightway sought to embellish

* On Feb. 14th, 1856, 618,000 letters passed through the Post Office.

your 'Bath post' with floral decoration—illuminated initial letters, with such skill that nothing but the context explained their meaning! Or, failing that accomplishment, what could not money purchase in the way of valentines? There was your eighteenpenny valentine, with a garland of forget-me-nots around a pink heart transfixed in the usual manner (observe that the feathered dart always passes through the cardiac region in an oblique direction, and comes out neatly on the other side) there was your half-crown valentine, in which roses were plentifully introduced, whose shrub-leaves, when lifted up, disclosed in turn words embodying some such sentiment as

'Be—Jo—Me—For—Ever—True,
And—I—Will—Be—The—Same—To—You'

There was your five-shilling valentine, which included a lyric and amatory poem printed in gilt letters, and a huge dahlia with a cotton calyx designed in bold defiance of Linnæus, inasmuch as it lifted up into a kind of young landing-net, disclosing through its meshes a gentleman in a painfully blue coat and canary-coloured waistcoat sitting with the object of his affections in an arbour of trellis-work, under the immediate surveillance of a little winged infant, who hovered above the pair, with nothing on but a bow and arrow. There was your ten-shilling valentine, which comprised all these conceits, in addition to the luxury of embossed paper lace, and an envelope to match. And, finally, there was your guinea valentine, which reached a point of splendour unequalled in the annals of stationery, was kept in a little box by itself, deliciously perfumed, and only shown to select customers. Further than this, we supposed, epistolary magnificence could not be carried. There was a rumour, indeed, once at our school that one of the upper boys had a relative who had heard somewhere in India of there being such a thing as a two-guinea valentine. But the notion was scouted as absurd, and one which could have only resulted from a morbid tendency to Oriental fiction.

What mystery hung over these gorgeous documents! what wilful perversion of calligraphy appeared in the direction on the envelope! Young ladies who usually wrote the genteelest, most attenuated hand, adopted a free and flowing style of penmanship (an old quill pen, held at right angles to the paper, is admirable for this purpose) in order to preserve their incognito, and love-sick but diffident youths imitated their sisters' writing with the same object in view. On the other hand, the recipients of this correspondence were so *very* knowing. Dick was as certain as he stood there that it was one of those Miss Larkingtons who had ventured to satirize him—he knew her *v's* well enough (and capital *I's* they were, too!), while Bessie vowed vengeance on her cousin Tom for presuming to address her in a lover's strain. Ah! the fuss there was on that eventful morning, when the whole household had valentines all round, from our great-aunt Tabitha down to the domestic Buttons! With regard to the former epistle, it was committed to the flames as soon as opened, but, from private information received, I have reason to suppose that it contained a brilliantly-coloured picture representing a lady well stricken in years in black mittens and green spectacles, attended by a parrot, a lap-dog, and a monkey. The disposition of my ancient relative being very austere, and unpleasantly associated, among the younger members of the family, with the back-board and 'Mangnall's Questions,' was, if I recollect rightly, set forth in the following terse and caustic epigram:—

'The Rose is red—the Violet, blue
This mark's a cross X, and so are you.'

As a rule, your pasquinades were sent without a postage stamp to insure the additional annoyance of a twopenny disbursement—a consideration in my Aunt Tab's case, who seldom drew back the rings from that long, grim, steel purse of hers, unless she was absolutely obliged.

For those young ladies whose

frocks had just been allowed to sweep the ground, and no longer dined at one o'clock, Mr. Postman brought dove-coloured, gilt-edged, scented billets of a tender character. I remember a famous quadrilateral valentine which was despatched some twenty summers since to a Certain Person at that period eight years older than myself, but whom (having since changed her name, and become the mother of four children) I find, by her own reckoning, to be now the same age as her quondam admirer. In addition to an exquisitely-intel group in the centre of my letter, there were four couplets round the border, which, for point, simplicity, and depth of sentiment, it appeared to me, after looking over two or three hundred at Magnum and Bonum's Great Stationery Warehouse before breakfast, were unequalled. They ran as follows:—

'What can I say or send to prove
To thee my constancy and love?'

At the first reading, I confess, I found some difficulty in adapting my pronunciation so as to suit the rhyme; for if the word 'prove' was read as usual, would it not follow that the tender passion must be called loove? On the other hand, admitting the modern sound of 'love' to be correct, could I reconcile it with Walker's Dictionary and my own conscience to say *privé*? Having no doubt, however, that a Certain Person (whose accomplishments were undoubted) would get over the difficulty, I read over with rapture the concluding lines, which ran round three sides of the picture:—

'Or how shall I On this the day
Of Love my love For thee display?'

(This sentence was perhaps a little involved, owing to the author's profound contempt for punctuation and liberal use of capital letters.) It went on:—

'Can Pen or Ink or Paper show
My fixed and Pure affection? NO!!!'

I remember thinking that 'NO' particularly telling. The heart must have been, indeed, of adamant (as I tell Her now) that could have re-

sisted its influence The whole wound up neatly with—

'Yet This may give some Proof to thee,
And speak in Silent love for Me'

Will it be believed that, in spite of this declaration, M—r—y Br—wn, who must have been perfectly well aware who her correspondent was (for had I not posted the letter in our own street?)—will it be believed, I say, that M—r—y Br—wn within six months from that date actually became Mrs Sin—th, and now positively laughs whenever I allude to the circumstance? If that is not enough to make any reasonable man misogynist— But I am digressing

The history of St Valentine, the patron saint of lovers, is wrapped in obscurity. He appears to have been a priest at Rome, and martyred there in the year 270. Butler, in his 'Lives of the Saints,' mentions that it was a custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls in honour of their goddess Februata Juno on the 15th of February, in exchange for which usages certain Roman Catholic pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given the day before, viz, on the 14th of February. I wonder whether the young gentlemen who had just assumed the toga virilis approved the change of fashion—whether they cheerfully transferred their devotions from Lesbia and Mysis to the reliquary? I think there are some favoured saints on earth at whose fan shrine some votaries are always worshipping. We canonize them while they live among us—we bring rich and precious gifts of time and hope and energies to lay before their feet—supplicate them on bended knee, or through the penny post—build castles in the air for their acceptance. It is idolatry, if you will, but how old, how venerable a superstition! More ancient than Juggernaut or Vishnu, its rites began with human life, and will last, I suppose, as long as the world itself. We are never too young or too old to fall in love. That little mortal there in flowing robes jumping and crowing on its mother's arms shall have a sweet-

heart ere she leaves off pinafores; and Master Tommy, running with his hoop to school, may cherish, for aught we know, a secret passion for his little partner in the last Twelfth-night quadrille. For my part, I confess to have been profoundly jealous at the age of ten, and have buttoned a round jacket stoutly over a heart which beat for charmers of the same, and even twice that tender age.

Although the afore-mentioned Roman gentlemen may have ceased, after embracing their new faith, to pay homage on Valentine's Day to the objects of their affections, it is certain that later Christians resumed the practice. Misson, a learned traveller who died in England early in the last century, thus alludes to the fashion in his time—

'On the eve of the 14th of February, St Valentine's Day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes then true, or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots,* the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids', so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man *which* (sic) she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him' (this I presume might depend on the taste of the gentleman and relative merits of the ladies) 'than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, and wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love' (You don't say so, M Misson!)

Another species of flirtation was due to the accidental meeting of any two young people at an early hour in the day, who thenceforth became each other's valentines. Gay refers to this custom in the following lines—

'Early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;

* It is curious to notice how this *drawing* of valentines coincides with the old pagan ceremony alluded to above.

A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be.

Probably the German 'Vielheben' game had its origin in a similar tradition. But in this case the lovers crack nuts until they find a double kernel, of which each takes half, and on meeting the next morning, whichever remembers first to say, 'Guten morgen, Vielheben!' has the right of exacting from the other a forfeit, which (as of course the gentleman is always gallant enough to lose) generally takes the form of a handsome present to the lady.

And this reminds me that the valentine of former days generally afforded a more substantial proof of regard than the degenerate epistle of modern times. Mr Pepys records in his 'Diary' that on the 22nd of February, 1661, his wife went to Sir W Batten's, 'and there sat a while,' he having the day before sent to her 'half a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her valentines.' On the saint's anniversary, six years later, the same worthy remarks —

'This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5^l but,' adds honest Samuel with a logic which must sound most reasonable to every British matron's ear, 'but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.' There is a model husband for you! Let Brown and Jones, and other gentlemen who have entered on the nuptial state remember that in place of billets-doux another little note may be acceptable to mesdames the partners of their choice, on the 14th inst., or indeed at any period of the year.

Mr Pepys, further on, noticing Mrs. Stuart's jewels, says 'The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about 800^l., and my Lord Mandeville, her

valentine this year, a ring of about 300^l.' Is it not a pity, ladies all, that so good, so excellent a custom should have fallen into disuse? The postman's knock who brought such gifts as these—wouldn't it be worth listening for? and can't you imagine that you would then share some of the rapture with which poor Betty opens her sixpenny valentine?

As it is, not only are these magnificent souvenirs omitted, but the tender correspondence itself is chiefly confined to the kitchen or the nursery. In short, by the upper ten thousand Valentine's Day is neither celebrated in the spirit nor in the letter. It is characteristic of the age that the observance of these little festivals, the only semblance of a holiday which poor work-a-day England has, is on the wane. What is Whit Monday now compared with the days when Greenwich Fair was a recognized institution? Who eats pancakes on Shrove Tuesday or roast lamb at Easter? Where are the sooty votaries of spring who used to caper round the pole on Mayday? I look back calmly, after a lapse of twenty years, and find the flowers are fewer, the dresses sadder, the shouts less cheery with the sweeps than ever. As for Guy Fawkes, I am always expecting some champion will rise up for him as a maligned and injured individual, concerning whom history has no more informed us of the truth than the knock-knee'd, cross-eyed, straw-stuffed, gouty-fingered effigy of the present day conveys the idea of a really handsome and intellectual young foreigner Twelfth-night and (alas for the family doctor!) twelfth-cakes will soon be numbered among things that were. That famous sheet containing portraits of the King and Queen, Sir Peter Pig, Lady Lovesick, Mr Marmaduke Meddlesome, and other celebrated characters—why is it no longer exhibited in the windows of confectioners? I know some cynics who even look on Christmas from the same point of view; affect to despise the *θθos* of the season, sneer at the hollyberries, refuse plum-pudding, and would throw cold water on the flaming snapdragons. These are

the red republicans of social life, who, being too slow, or selfish, or *blase* to take pleasure in traditional customs themselves, would like to see others reduced to the same level, who, because in their own eyes they 'are virtuous,' wish the rest of the world cut off from 'cakes and ale' I know no more insufferable bores, for instance, than those used-up men on town, who, at a theatre or public entertainment, ridicule aloud some passage in a speech or dramatic situation, comic or sentimental, in the hearing of women or children whom it moves to laughter or to tears. I say women and children, because, being simpler in their tastes and coming less frequently to such scenes, they are more susceptible of emotion, but there are a few of us grown up to man's estate, with beards upon our chins, who still retain freshness enough to be touched by a bit of sentiment, who smile at jokes not over-brilliant on the stage. For my part, in a theatre, I like to believe in the life which is portrayed beyond the footlights, I detest the villain with yellow boots and scowling aspect, I espouse the cause of the rightful heir, whom I recognize as a noble man, in spite of his tattered habiliments and woful disregard of the letter H. As for dear Virtue over there in plain book-muslin and an azure sash, we know that she will be triumphant in the end—at least to-night and to our audience. So, prithee, too sophisticated Mr Lounger, hold thy peace, and let an honest party like your humble servant enjoy himself while he can.

I suppose as London tastes and fashions of a former age existed long before they reached the provinces, so queer old English customs lingered in the rural districts when clean forgotten in the capital. There are men now living who recollect the ancient superstitious ceremony of firing round the apple-tree at Christmas in order to insure a goodly crop for the ensuing year, and I have heard the village mummers' sports in Devonshire described by an eyewitness. In the matter of valentines, it would seem that Norfolk is the county which is most faithful to

the memory of that saint. Hone, in his 'Every-day Book,' tells us that, independent of the homage paid to St Valentine on this day at Lynn, it is in other respects a red-letter day amongst all classes of its inhabitants, being the commencement of its grand annual mart. This mart was granted by a charter of Henry VIII., in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, 'to begin on the day next after the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to continue six days next following' (though now it is generally prolonged to a fortnight). Since the alteration of the style in 1752, it has been proclaimed on Valentine's Day. 'About noon the mayor and corporation (bless them!), preceded by a band of music, and attended by twelve decrepit old men, called from then dress "Red Coats," walk in procession to proclaim the mart, concluding by opening the antiquated and almost obsolete court of "Pie-poudre." Like most establishments of this nature, it is no longer attended for the purpose it was first granted, business having yielded to pleasure and amusement.'

Down to the present time, in the rural districts of the same county, it is customary with the youthful Corydons to leave love-letters at the threshold of their sweethearts' homes on Valentine's Eve. Sometimes an apple or an orange comes trundling in to which the precious missive is attached, sometimes the rustic billet is left upon the doorstep. The latter practice has given rise to a cruel hoax often perpetrated on the village belles by the boys of the place, who first chalk the likeness of a letter on the stone outside, and then rap loudly at the door. The damsels rush out to pick up the letter, and are greeted by derisive shouts from their tormentors.

The most fatal symptom of the decline and fall of valentines in modern time is the burlesque or sarcastic tone they have of late assumed. In former days it was the God of Love we honoured, it was the fleet-winged Paphian boy who hovered round us while we wrote, who inspired those charming sonnets, who whispered pretty epithets

and synonyms and nonsense in our ear. No one would *then* have dreamt of being severe on the 14th of February. Who first began the graceless change? What ill-conditioned wight was it who taught us first to substitute lampoons for love-letters—who lunned those odious libels on humanity, now so popular in our shop windows? Our gentle Eros is deposed, and restless, pale Invidia reigns instead as mistress of the ceremonies. She points *her* arrows with a poisoned barb, and paints her enemies in penny colours. She has her caricatures for age and youth, for both the sexes, for all professions. Is there a dandy hair-dresser, a luckless sweep, a youth who measures ribbons in a draper's shop—all one by one fall victims to her spleen. In our cheap valentines the honest attributes of trade or calling are subject to the keenest irony. The doctor is represented as a quack, the parson as a hypocrite, the lawyer as a thief. I see the washerwoman drinking gin, the tailor stealing cloth, the policeman sneaking down an arca. I have before me now a pictorial satire casting the most outrageous imputations on the character of a milkman. That individual is represented as staggering between two pails of lacteal produce to that extent that his legs diverge below the knee at an angle of forty-five degrees. His expression is perhaps the most diabolical that, out of a pantomime, I have ever seen—his nose assuming as much of the character of a note of interrogation as is consistent with the dignity of human feature. He is attired in a brown tail-coat, a blue apron, and Prussian green trousers. A brick-red tint is stopped over an enormous neckerchief, and the same colour, diluted, is made to do duty for his complexion. He wears a hard, shiny hat, and grasps his milk-pails with burnt sienna hands.

The following caustic epigram is subscribed—

'New milk, my pretty maids, you cry,
With chalk and water, to cheat you try,
And then in measure, you do stint,
With your red nose, and ugly squint.

Your likeness here I send to you,
Knock-kneed, and bandy-legged too;
I won't have you, with pail and yoke,
I tell you plain, and that's no joke.'

No joke, indeed, Mr Author! or at best a very feeble one. You can't sneer away an honest dairyman's reputation like this. Portray society in certain colours, and every one looks absurd. Your honour himself, sketched in bottle-green trousers, with a face like the knave of spades, might be a like subject for ridicule.

The Volunteers occasionally come under the lash of this cheap satirist. Of course, the essence of his fun consists in representing them as cowards. Here is an example. Two members of a certain corps are seen staggering homewards—the effects of intemperance being indicated by lines and dots on their respective noses. On the road they encounter a mysterious object, which the artist, in his crafty attempt to represent a tree-trunk which might be mistaken for a demon, has made with a great blot of sepia, which *could* never look like anything but a sepia blot. The riflemen (who, to do them justice, seem excessively drunk) stand aghast at this phenomenon, as well they may. Our poet then descants upon the scene in the following elegant language.

'The noble Rifle Volunteers, all the girls admire,
But there's something else, beside the dress,
That all us girls desire,
But that is not the strut and bounce, we look
On that as much—
What is a Rifle Volunteer unless he has got
Pluck?
You ought to know, Sir, if you don't the meaning
Of the rifles,
Is not to hang fire at anything, or yet to be
Scar'd at trifles,
But to be frightened at a tree, a mere fantastic
stump,
I take you for a Valentine you cur,* you
guy,* you punp!''

Comment on this effusion would be superfluous. A remarkable feature in the style of penny valentines is the strict adherence to the costume in vogue some thirty years ago. We have the swallow-tailed blue coat, with its high-rolled collar

* A playful allusion to popular chaff of the day.

and short waist, the close-fitting pantaloons tightly strapped down over high-heeled boots—the odious stock and collars, resembling scalene triangles, the figured waistcoat, paste brooch stuck in the shirt-front, and the hair dressed à la Byron. It is also indispensable that the pocket-handkerchief should hang out from the tail coat, and that the head of the ‘party’ caricatured should be at least twice the proportionate size. Primary colours appear to be chiefly used in decorating these works; but there is certainly a natural bias in the artist’s mind towards green for comic trousers; blue or brown may be very well for the sentimental business, but in the funny or sarcastic valentine, trousers must be green. Bold and effective as the painting is, I am led to believe that a little more care in distributing the colour would be an improvement. It is not pleasant to see the flesh-tints encroaching on the shirt-front, and the ruddy bloom of health producing (by a sudden slip of the brush) the appearance of ecchymosis in the eye. Again, bluchers should appear as bluchers, and not be allowed to amalgamate with mother earth, and, I say, keep generally within the engraving line when you can do it for the money. If I might make bold to offer one more suggestion to the artists of the penny valentine, it would be to moderate their love of humour in regard to warts. I don’t say I object to warts altogether—one on the nose, for instance, with a few, a *very* few, hairs proceeding from it, may often be effectively introduced. But they overdo it, and, drawn to the (relative) size of nutmegs, warts are not pleasant objects to look upon; and I am convinced will injure the valentine market if persisted in. Such, in fact, was the opinion expressed to me the other day by Mrs. Spinks, of Tottenware Road, who supplies me with note-paper (superfine cream-laud at 6d per quire), Rowney’s F. pencils, occasional sticks of sealing-wax, and some peculiar steel pens which are neither too hard nor too soft, nor too long, nor too short, nor too pointed, nor too blunt, but just the

thing in all these respects, and were never known to splutter. And Mrs. Spinks, observing my interest in her penny valentines, says, with a slight blush (Mr. S., I should premise, has been deceased some years, and was formerly something small in the tobacconist way; but being, unfortunately, too much of an enthusiast in his profession, and beginning with Maryland and Pickwicks, worked up to Honeydew, and smoked himself off, as you may say, quite gradual, in Mrs. Spinks’s own words, three year ago come Toosday week); Mrs. S., I say, seeing me take mental notes of her stock in hand, asks whether I wouldn’t please to see something more genteel in the same way, and forthwith produces a drawerful of the chastest articles you ever saw, perfumed, to suit variety in public taste, with many odours, ranging from faint patchouli to stale tobacco. One of the most elegant in the sentimental line was on lace-bordered note-paper (butterfly, pine-apple, and garden-worm pattern), in which a white enamelled Cupid appeared with wings picked out in silver amid a network of balusters, tassels, escallop-shells, seaweed, and monster tulips. At the top was a pink heart, pierced in opposite directions by a gilt arrow and a latch-key: a *gilt* flame issued from the heart. In the centre of the sheet was a blue dictionary in isometrical perspective, on the cover of which was depicted a church of an early and primitive style of architecture, executed in rose-coloured stone—lower portion of edifice enveloped in a lavender-tinted cloud, out of which arose two opera bouquets and a torch. The words HOPE and LOVE also appeared mystically inscribed on blue ribbon. I inquired the price.

‘Well, they usually run about eighteenpence, but there’s some poetry inside this, which makes it one and nine, sir,’ said Mrs. Spinks, turning back the cover of the little volume, and then, at my request, she read the following lines, with great pathos:—

‘O speak not thus of diadims,
Of rubies bright, or coashly gims !

Diamonds may be rich and rare,
 Fears of peccolite worth be fair,
 But, if there be a gem on earth
 Of matchless hue—of greater worth—
 A peerless prize—though worn by few,
 It is, indeed, the 'Art that's true

'Bring the Toolip and the Rose,
 Where each tinted beauty glows—
 Let the storm-cloud fling a shade,
 Rose and Toolip—both will fade,
 But Ho! a flower there may be found
 When Mist and Darkness close around,
 A angel's own fair counterpart—
 It is, IT IS—a faith-flirt.'

Just at this moment, I am happy to say, a customer came in for three-pennyworth of blotting-paper and a bottle of blue ink. So, making my bow to Mrs. S., I seized the opportunity to decamp, having reached that time of life when gentlemen usually take some other means of making a declaration to their be-

loved than through the medium of valentines. Just as coats alter considerably in cut between the ages of fourteen and forty—as taste for ginger beer gives place to love of claret—as histrionic ardour yields to just appreciation of one's own fire-side—so love-making in our school-days is no criterion for love-making in middle life. I left Mrs. Spinks's establishment without making any purchase with reference to the 14th of February. If she likes to charge me at the rate of twopence an hour for the privilege of reading what I have quoted, she is at liberty to do so; and I shall pay it without a murmur if I can bring myself to hope that the result of my research has conduced to the amusement of 'London Society.'

C. L. E.



WHY THE BISHOP GAVE THOMPSON A LIVING.

IT was July. Not such a July, forsooth, as the one we last year experienced, wherein rude Boreas blew with true forty-Christmas power, and Jupiter Pluvius, or, as he is vulgarly called, the Clerk at the Weather-office, went off to see the International Exhibition, and left the key in the tap of the water-butt, and thus gave those two mischievous and facetious chaps, Mercury and Momus, the opportunity of turning on the cock, and treating us poor mortals here below to the supply of several years' rain-water in one. The July I speak of was quite of a different character. The clerk was at his post in the Weather-office, and somewhat short of water, I should imagine; for even that most saint, St. Swithin, his day, had passed and gone, and yet the sky was clear blue above, and the ground brown and parched below. In town the heat was unbearable, at least unbearable to those who were obliged to bear it, and who, for their sins and misfortunes, were compelled to remain amidst dust and smoke, instead of breathing the fine country air or the salt sea-breeze. It was my unhappy fate, for what sin I do not know, save the sin of poverty, which, it strikes me, is in these days the only unforgiven one—it was my unhappy fate to be amongst the number of those who still trod the Sahara-like streets, and breathed the Hole-of-Calcutta-like atmosphere of the great metropolis during this hot July weather. The remittance, long expected, which would enable me to leave town had only that morning arrived, and its dimensions were of so slender a character, that, even with the greatest care and economy, it would barely enable me to take a short spell in the country like the rest of the world. I sat listlessly in my arm-chair smoking the pipe of meditation, and endeavouring, by the assistance of the fumes of the best Bristol birds'-eye, to solve in my own mind this problem, which it is my firm belief would have stumped old Euclid himself, had he lived till

now, viz.: Given a sum barely sufficient to keep body and soul together for a fortnight; how is it to maintain a man fond of comfort and plenty for a month?

I thought of all the cheap places for spending the hot summer weather in I had ever heard of; but they were, alas! all too dear for my modest means. A fortnight, at the outside, at any one of them, though I should lodge like a hermit and live like an anchorite, would, I felt sure, see the small sum which my purse contained reduced to its last shilling. What was to be done? The matter stood thus. To go out of town, impossible—to remain where I was, also impossible. Two negatives make an affirmative, I thought why, then, should not two impossibles make a possible? But I could make nothing of it, so I gave the matter up at last in despair, consoling myself by muttering, sulkily enough, I must own, the commencement of old Horace's ode—

'Aquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.'

At length I took up the 'Field' newspaper, thinking that, at any rate, as I could not enjoy those outdoor sports in which my heart delighted, I might at least solace myself in my affliction by reading an account of how others had enjoyed them in the columns of that sporting journal, and thus pour some oil of comfort on the troubled waters of my agitated soul. I had hardly read to the end of the first sheet, when my eye caught the following advertisement.—

'H—shire—Lodgings, with board if preferred, in a farm-house, suitable for a single gentleman, can be had on extremely moderate terms, either by the week or month. Capital fishing close at hand. For terms, and further particulars, apply to X. Y. Z., &c. &c.'

Why, here is the very thing, I thought, for a poverty-stricken gentleman. Fine pure country air, fresh butter, thick cream, new-laid eggs, home-made bread, home-brewed beer

and cider—how very delightful!—and, to crown all, capital fishing—all to be had on moderate, very moderate terms. ‘Hurrah!’ I shouted, as, waving my paper over my head, I sat down at the writing-table, and there and then indited an epistle to the worthy X. Y. Z., asking for further information, and the exact amount of the current coin of the realm for which he might be induced to exchange his apartments, cream, eggs, home-brewed and baked, fishing, &c. &c., during the term of one month. This done, and the letter despatched to the post-office, I lighted a fresh pipe, and, reclining in my arm-chair, sank into a most delightful reverie. A stout farmer, his buxom wife, cherry-cheeked daughter, new-mown hay, lowing herds, fat pigs, and sleek horses formed a prominent part. And then the fishing—I had all my life been passionately devoted to the gentle art. As a schoolboy, my fondness for the fishing-rod had often been the means of procuring for me a severe application of another and less agreeable kind of rod. At college, many were the scrapes I had fallen into with irate dons, obdurate proctors, and vigilant gamekeepers, whilst following this my favourite pastime. And since I had plunged into the whirlpool of the rough world, and had had to battle with its stream for myself, many had been the pleasant holidays which I had spent by the side of some murmuring stream abounding with trout, or on the bosom of some placid lake alive with fish of every description. For the next few days my whole attention was devoted to flies, fishing-rods, landing-nets, and fishing gear of every description, whilst my nights were spent in doing battle in my sleep with imaginary gigantic finny monsters of the trouty tribe, which monsters invariably came off the hook just before I was about to land them, after most terrific encounters, or else turned into some horrid reptile, like the stone frog and other pleasant antediluvian creatures to be met with at the Crystal Palace. At length on the third day an answer arrived from X. Y. Z., written in a sort of leg-of-mutton fist, and with-

out much regard either to spelling or grammar, but withal to the point, informing me of the exact sum which he wished to receive for my board and lodgings, as well as for the privilege—what rapture to the piscatorial soul!—of fishing for several miles in a stream well stocked with what honest X. Y. Z. most graphically described as ‘whopping trout.’ The terms exactly suited the very attenuated state of my purse; so I wrote a hasty line to X. Y. Z., telling him I should follow my letter down on the next day but one after, and therefore he must prepare to receive me.

It would be uninteresting for me to state how frantically, for want of something better to do, I set to work to pack and unpack all my fishing paraphernalia, at least six times, before the day of my departure arrived, each time adding to my store some article which I found I had omitted, and without which, in the wilds of H—shire, I should have been utterly lost. One time it was my landing-net, at another my spare tops, and another something else; but on the last morning, at the very moment I was stepping into my cab, it was my fly-book, which I fortunately remembered was still lying on the dressing-table in my bed-room, where I had laid it to insure its not being forgotten. At length I was fairly on my way, rolling as fast as a Hansom could carry me to the Paddington terminus. I was only just in time, owing to the *contretemps* of the fly-book. But I hold that to be just in time shows a great mind; whilst to be much too soon, or at all too late, is but weak and foolish. I took my seat in a first-class carriage of that most aristocratic and luxurious railway, the Great Western, and was immediately afterwards steaming pleasantly and smoothly along, past the glades of royal Windsor, by the shades of classic Eton, through the Thames-bound Reading, and so on, until with a violent wrench, a jerk, a scream, a whistle, and other movements and noises, peculiar to the stopping of an express train, we pulled up at refreshment-giving Swindon. From thence I fell asleep, and did not awake until we were flying past those lovely orchards,

these charming village-churches, and mansion-houses embosomed amidst woods of stately oaks, for which the county of H—— is remarkable. The H—— station was at length reached, and, on alighting from the train, I found a most curious-looking vehicle, sent with thoughtful care by my future landlord, awaiting me. This conveyance was so peculiar in its construction, that words fail me in attempting to describe it. It was a cross between a dog-cart and an inside car, with a touch of the canal boat about it. When you got in behind, the shafts rose up in such an alarming manner—for it had only two wheels—that your only chance of retaining your seat was by practising that peculiar gymnastic feat yecept 'holding on by your eyelashes.' If, on the other hand, you attempted to locate your angust person on the front seat, you gradually commenced a sliding scale, until you found yourself seated on the foot-board of the machine, with your legs dangling in graceful *négligé* over the splash-board. I confess that a feeling of reluctance to trust Cæsar and his fortunes to such a mode of locomotion came over me on my first beholding this unique carriage, drawn up amidst some rather gay equipages at the H—— station. But 'necessitas non habet leges,' or, as we used to say at school, 'necessity hath not legs;' so, when I found it was eight miles to the abode of X. Y. Z., I was fain to have my luggage put in the inside behind, and to ascend myself to the seat in front by the side of the driver.

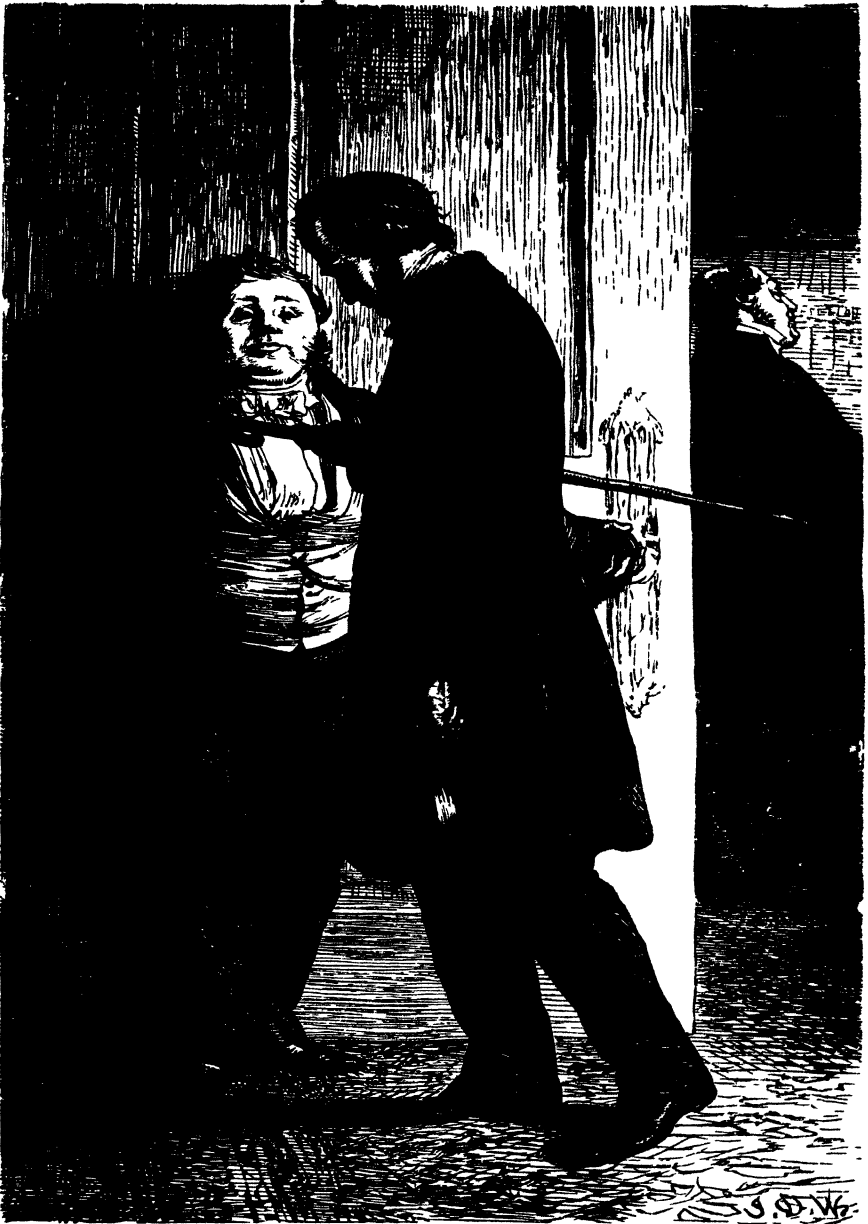
We must have passed through a lovely county, for all H—— shire, to my mind, is beautiful; but the scenery was lost upon me, for my whole attention, thoughts, and energies were required to prevent myself from slipping to the bottom of the gig; and so, to avoid presenting to the passers-by the ludicrous appearance which, as I have before stated, would be the result of an unguarded attempt to occupy the front

At length I arrived at my destination, the farm-house of X. Y. Z. I was received by that illustrious individual with all the hospitality be-

coming one who not only let out apartments, but boarded his lodgers to boot. My rooms were comfortable, and very clean, therefore I felt myself well enough off; though perhaps, had I been previously consulted on the subject, I should have preferred that my bed-room had not been made the receptacle during the past winter of all the apples, cheese, and onions of X. Y. Z.'s establishment; and that my sitting-room had not been the repository of the wool, hops, harness, and other dry goods which that worthy farmer's wife had occasion to stow away. My only reason for objecting to these arrangements was, that the combined smell of all these matters during that hot July weather was apt to be somewhat overpowering. But I am naturally a contented creature, and therefore retired to my bed, after a substantial supper, made up of farm-house delicacies, washed down by some excellent cyder—at peace with myself, my lot, and all the world. On arising in the morning, I was rejoiced to find that a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed, not, as the song says, a hunting, but a fishing morning. During breakfast my heart was further rejoiced by a heavy shower of rain, which I felt sure would make the whopping trout, spoken of by X. Y. Z. in his letter, most voraciously hungry, and consequently they would fall an easier prey to my somewhat unskilful manipulation with my fly-rod.

Having been informed by X. Y. Z. that 'I could not very well go wrong, if I followed the course of the stream, and that no one would interrupt me, as no one thereabouts cared much for fishing, without it was the parson, who was a dead hand, and might be out after the rain,' I shouldered my fishing-rod, and made for the bottom of the meadow, where the overhanging willows, alders, and other water-loving trees, told me the river flowed. I toiled hard all the morning, whipping the stream with the most persevering energy, but, alas! with more force than skill; my mode of operation being more calculated probably to frighten out of their propriety, rather than cajole

On



Drawn by J. D. Wilson

STRUCK DOWN'

[See "Why the Bishop gave Thompson a Living

rounding a corner, I suddenly came upon a tall, clerical-looking individual, clothed in a suit of dark grey, whose appearance, as well as the skilful manner in which he handled his fishing-tool, bespoke at once that 'dead hand, the parson,' who, as my landlord had prognosticated, had been tempted forth by the delightful shower which had fallen to fill a creel full of fish.

'A new hat to a red herring, the Parson!' I mentally exclaimed, as I came up with the fisherman, who was at that moment engaged in the most exciting part of a severe struggle with a fine trout, which, on being brought to basket, proved to be more than four pounds in weight. So intent was the stranger on the sport, that it was not until the fish was landed, and I exclaimed, rapturously, 'By Jove, a fine fish!' that he turned round, and displayed to my astonished gaze the well-remembered features of my old school and college chum, Thompson of Trinity. It was at least twenty years since Thompson and I had parted at the gates of old Trinity, Cambridge; he to take possession of the curacy of Starvington, to which he had been just ordained; myself, to eat my way to legal honours at the Temple.

'Why, bless me! you are Thompson, of Trinity, are you not?' I exclaimed. 'Who would have thought of seeing you here? Why, my dear fellow, you have worn, I must say, uncommonly well, though, of course, you are necessarily looking older than when we last saw one another, some twenty years ago, at the gate of old Trinity.'

A polite bow from Thompson, who looked somewhat embarrassed, but who at length stammered out—

'Ah, my dear, sir, really—but you must excuse me. I have no doubt it's all right; but which of all my numerous Cambridge friends are you?'

Here was a regular facer. The impudence of the thing!—Thompson, my senior by at least four years, pretending not to know me! Could I be so altered? Could I have grown so much older?—so much stouter?—more the family man than

my old chum? I knew Thompson had been long married, and had probably ten children by this time; whilst I was at least—so I fondly flattered myself—a gay, still tolerably young-looking bachelor. I answered, I must own, rather snappishly—

'Come, Thompson, you do not mean to say you do not remember me? No humbug—you are only pretending. you were always fond of a joke.'

'Upon my word, my dear sir, you have the advantage of me in every respect. I certainly now remember your face as that of an old friend; but who you are I have no more idea than has that fish,' pointing to the trout, which was flapping and kicking on the grass at his feet. 'But, let me see—you are Snooks, of Jesus, are you not?'

Well, that was worse and worse. Snooks, of Jesus, was a fat, short, vulgar-looking fellow, who had most probably long since perished, on account of the shortness of his neck and his undisciplined partiality for good dinners; whilst I was five feet eleven inches in my boots, and had always flattered myself, rather aristocratic-looking. I got quite angry at this hit of Thompson's, and felt my face flush as I replied—

'Confound your impudence!—Snooks, of Jesus, indeed! I am Ink-dish, of Trinity. Now do you know me?'

'I beg your pardon!' said Thompson, a bright smile lighting up his hitherto perplexed and bewildered face—'Why! my dear old friend, Ink-dish! I am delighted to see you, and quite ashamed of myself that I did not recognize you before. But you really are very much altered from what I remember you at Cambridge.'

A hearty shake of the hand followed, and we sat down by the stream-side whilst we discussed the several luncheons which, like old campaigners, we had provided ourselves with. The pipe of peace was then smoked, during which operation I gave my friend a brief sketch of what I had been doing since we last parted, now so many years ago; finishing up my narrative with an

account of what had brought me down to my present quarters.

'So old X Y Z has caught you with his advertisement. Well, I am delighted to hear it,' said Thompson. 'He is a very good old fellow, and my churchwarden. He will take splendid care of you, and do for you right well. I put him up to the plan of advertising his vacant rooms. You are all right down there, my friend, and you will find the fishing capital. I have not at present,' he continued, 'a room to spare at the rectory, for all my children, and there are eight of them, are at home, but you must dine with me every day whilst you are down here. There is the rectory,' pointing to what seemed a comfortable-looking house, embosomed in trees, at a little distance from where we were. 'I will now go home and tell them you are coming to dinner; and you shall have this fish,' picking up the trout he had last caught, 'as your share of my morning's sport. I can see by its fine condition that it will eat like a salmon. Good-bye. Now, sharp seven dinner—mind don't be late. We shall have a long chat after dinner about old times.' So saying, my worthy friend Thompson strolled away.

Punctual to a moment, at ten minutes before seven I found myself ringing at the door of my friend's house, which old X Y Z, to whom I had narrated my meeting with the parson as an old friend, had informed me was called the Rector of Fattington-in-the-Clover. And truly, I thought, 'Fattington-in-the-Clover is a very desirable place,' as a respectable-looking butler showed me into a handsomely-furnished drawing-room, where Thompson and a very pretty girl, whom he introduced to me as his daughter, were waiting to receive me. I felt a kind of melancholy come over me, on account of the loneliness of my bachelor state, as I handed pretty Mary Thompson into the dining-room, where a snug round table, laid for three, was so placed as to catch the cool scented air from the gay flower-garden under the bay windows.

Thompson's dinner was most un-

exceptionable, at least to my taste; though I believe the edibles, with the exception of the fish, whose sudden transfer from one element to another I had witnessed that morning, were the production of Fattington rectory, its farm and garden. The fish was in splendid condition, the mutton was tender and juicy, the chickens young and fat, the second course of ducks and green peas was first-rate; the sweets cool, and nicely made, the home-brewed beer brisk and refreshing after a hard day's fishing, the sherry dry and old. And when it is remembered that I was seated next to a young, pretty, innocent girl, who did her best, in a most unaffected manner, to make her father's old friend comfortable, and at home, I think it may be said, that not only was Fattington-in-the-Clover, but that Inkdish also was amidst that herbaceous production.

'My dear fellow,' said I, as I returned to my seat, and helped myself to another glass of the rector's excellent claret, after holding the door open for Miss Mary to pass through—your lines do indeed seem cast in pleasant places, and if the income of your living is in any way proportionate to the size of the rectory-house and grounds, I should think you held one of the best pieces of preferment in the county.'

'The living,' said Thompson, 'is a capital one, the best, I believe, in these parts. It is more than fifteen hundred a year. But I can assure you it requires a good income to provide for so many barns, and lay by a little wherewith to start them in the world.'

'They may well call it Fattington-in-the-Clover,' I replied. 'The only wonder to me is that, with such a good living, you have not grown as obese as some of those parsons, which the ancient caricatures portray, as running off with the tithes-pig.'

'Well, so perhaps I might have done,' said my friend, helping himself and passing the bottle, 'but, fortunately for my figure, but most unfortunately for other reasons, I did not get this good living quite soon enough to lay on those quantities of fat necessary for one of those portly figures. You know we farmers

like a young beast to feed; and I dare say I was too old when I came to Fattington to get fat very easily.'

'Well,' said I, with a sigh, 'my dear fellow, I wish I had gone into the church, for, if I remember right, you told me once you had no interest, and here you are with a capital income and an easy life, whilst I am still with my shoulder to the collar—and a galling collar it is too—grinding away at the mill like an old post-horse, and getting very little grist wherewith to keep body and soul together.'

Thompson looked grave 'It is not all gold that glitters in my case,' he said. 'No one has had a more up-hill game to fight than I have in that fight I lost my poor wife my prosperity came too late to save her life.' Here Thompson had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and blew his nose loudly 'But come, Inkdish, if you would like to hear rather a curious and amusing story, I will tell you how the bishop came to present me to the rich living of Fattington-in-the-Clover.'

'Pray do so, my dear Thompson,' I replied, 'and, if you have no objection, I will light my cigar and have a smoke whilst you are telling it to me.'

Upon this I lit my weed, and, ensconcing myself in a most comfortable arm-chair at the open window, I prepared to listen to 'How the Bishop came to give Thompson a living.'

'You may remember,' said the rector, 'that I was ordained to the curacy of Starvington, in the county of D, for the duties of which parish I was responsible. The incumbent being in prison for debt, and the living, such as it was, under sequestration, I had more than five thousand souls intrusted to my spiritual charge, an income of eighty pounds a year, and a dilapidated, tumble-down old parsonage-house to live in. As long as I remained a bachelor, I did tolerably well, as I had fifty pounds a year of my own; but the bright eyes, and pretty face of a neighbouring curate's daughter, proved too much for me, and I determined to link my fate with hers, foolishly imagining that what was

enough for one would be enough for two, to say nothing of the eight to follow. Except her good father's blessing, poor Mary brought me nothing from her home, but a cheerful, happy temper, and a thrifty, careful soul. These gifts rendered us very happy for the first few years of our married life; but as our family increased very fast, and our expenses in proportion, we soon found ourselves, though practising the very strictest economy, compelled to trench on my little nest-egg in the funds, from whence I derived my fifty pounds a year. As you are well aware, the slaying of the goose which lays the golden egg will soon effectually put a stop to the eggs themselves; therefore as we were at that time burning our candle at both ends, and each year brought us another mouth to feed, our store waxed small and beautifully less; our income became smaller and smaller, as our family grew, in every sense of the word, larger and larger. I had not much more than one hundred pounds of my little fortune left, when our youngest child was born. It was whilst my poor wife was still up stairs very ill, that I received the fatal intelligence that the incumbent of Starvington was dead, and that the new vicar would require me to give up possession of the parsonage house and the curacy in six weeks' time. Here, indeed, was a terrible prospect, a sick wife, eight small children, and nothing to do, and only one hundred pounds, a good deal of which was already owing, to keep us all, until I could get another curacy. I was almost in despair, though we had lived hard enough before, all our previous privations would be as nothing, to what we should have now to endure. I was, you may be sure, at my wits' end, to know what to do for the best. By the advice of our kind doctor, I was induced one cold January morning, to start to walk the fifteen long miles which intervened between the little town of Starvington and the castle of Rockminster, the episcopal residence of the Lord Bishop of Plumpeee, upon whom I was to call, to ask him if he would do some-

thing to assist me, either by obtaining a curacy for me, or gave me a small living. You may remember, perhaps, my dear Inkdish, that when I was at Cambridge, I was rather remarkable for my feats of strength, and my powers of endurance, but night after night sitting up with a sick wife, and a crying baby, with short commons, and no more strengthening and stimulating beverage than tea, or water, are not calculated to increase a man's capabilities as an athlete.

'Shanks' pony is a very useful mode of conveyance when you are full of beef and beer, besides, the exercise does you good, but when you have nothing but this ancient method of progression to take you fifteen long miles there, and the same distance home again, after living for a considerable number of months on dry bread, bacon, and tea, with only an occasional slice of fresh meat, I can speak from bitter experience the journey will be painful, and trying in the extreme. By the time I reached Rockminster Castle I was completely done up. Indeed, I sank upon a chair in the episcopal ante-room, so faint and so weary that I thought I should never be able to stir again. I was fortunately kept waiting some little time before I was admitted into the presence of his spiritual lordship, and it gave me time to recover my strength in some degree, and to settle my nerves, which from anxiety, privation, fatigue, and want of sleep had become sadly disarranged. At length the solemn butler, who I always think, from his pompous manner, imitates closely his right reverend master, ushered me into the luxurious library, where his Lordship of Plumpsee was sitting. After making my bow, and being waved in a bland and pompous manner to a seat, the bishop requested to know what was the occasion of my visit. I briefly stated my case, and expressed my humble hope that more than ten years' service in the diocese, as curate of Starvington, would not be forgotten. His Lordship of Plumpsee listened or pretended to listen, which was quite as much to the purpose, as far as any benefit to

myself was concerned, to my appeal, and then politely informed me that he had already several curates of even longer standing than myself upon his list, but that he would enter my name thereon, and when it came to my turn he would not forget my case. But with regard to obtaining a curacy for me he said that he made it a rule in no case to recommend a curate of whom he had not had some previous knowledge, and with whom he was not personally acquainted. It was all in vain that I implored his lordship to ask any of the respectable inhabitants of Starvington about me, any neighbouring clergyman, the archdeacon himself, if he liked, I was politely bowed out of the library, handed to the door by the solemn butler, and left standing on the steps of the portico outside, bewildered, crushed, faint, and brokenhearted. At the lodge I begged a crust of bread and a drink of water, which the kind, good-natured woman who kept the gate freely gave me. Passing through the lordly palace gates of Rockminster Castle, I shook the dust from my feet in disgust, and started feebly on my road home. I had not walked more than a couple of hundred yards, when such a feeling of faintness stole over me, that I was compelled to sit down by the road side, and rest for a while. I had consumed the crust which the kind soul at the lodge had given me, and had, I conclude, fallen into a deep sleep, which must have continued for some time, when I was suddenly awoke from my slumber by hearing the thick, stertorous breathing of some animal, as I thought, approaching the place where I was sitting. I started up, and could hardly believe my eyes when I beheld the short, fat, pury figure of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Plumpsee, flying as fast as a pair of rather thin and very feeble legs could carry him up the hill to where I was standing. There was his solemn, pompous lordship, running as if for a wager, his gartered legs trembling again with the rapidity of his action, the tails of his episcopal coat and apron flying in the wind; his hat and wig both off, and

his bald head shining like a billiard ball, and steaming like a plum-pudding fresh from the pot. Some little distance behind, waving his whip, shouting and gesticulating like an infuriated maniac, was a thick-set, coachman-like looking fellow, who, as I then thought, was pursuing his right reverend lordship with the intention then and there of administering upon his august person a sound and severe horsewhipping. "Oh, save me, save me!" panted out the exhausted Bishop of Plumpsee as he came up, and threw himself, puffing and gasping, into my arms. What was I to do? Here was a fellow in pursuit of my diocesan, evidently by his manner bent on mischief, who would at any time, if anything of a boxer, have been a most formidable antagonist, but to engage in single combat with whom, in my present enfeebled state, and encumbered, as I was, with the portly, heavy person of the bishop, would be downright madness. I cast a rapid and most anxious glance around me, to see if there were any place near at hand to which I might bear his almost fainting lordship, and where we should both of us be safe from the very excited person in pursuit. The most welcome sight of a half-opened door in the wall of the park caught my eye, and I had only just time to drag the bishop within, and bolt and double lock the door, when the loud knocking of the ruffian's whip was heard on the outside. "Oh, kind sir, kind sir!" said the bishop, sitting, or rather lying on the grass, kicking, gasping, and sobbing for breath, something like a large trout when first taken out of the water—"Oh, kind sir! do not let that man in, he will be the death of me; oh, what shall I do? oh, hold the door fast, he will murder me!" As the knocking still continued, his lordship implored me to lend him my arm, and to assist him off his way to the castle. This I accordingly did, though the shades of the short winter's day began to lengthen, and warned me that if I did not wish for a dark walk home, I must start at once. On our way I mentioned to the bishop—who had by this time

sufficiently recovered his breath and his composure so as to be able to speak—the necessity I was under to leave him at once, as I had a walk of fifteen long miles before me; but the state of terror the mere mention of my departure threw him into was so very great, that I had not the heart to leave him. By the time we reached the castle, the bishop had nearly recovered, and asked me my name, and all about myself. But so completely had fright or something else driven memory from the episcopal brain, that it was not until I had twice repeated, that only that morning, a few hours ago, I had been favoured with a short interview with him, his lordship was able to comprehend who I was, and what had brought me to Rockminster: I must say that nothing could exceed the gratitude, both of the Bishop of Plumpsee and Mrs. Pompous, to whom he introduced me on our arrival at the castle as the preserver of his life. On my refusal to stay dinner, a most appetizing luncheon quickly made its appearance, during the discussion of which meal, the now most cordial and friendly bishop entered most warmly into all the details of my hard and sad case. "Mr Thompson," said his lordship, as he pressed my hand at starting, "I owe you my life, and you may rest assured that I shall not prove myself ungrateful. Go home, cheer up your spirits; it will not be long before you hear from me, offering you something in the way of preferment which I hope will be worthy of your acceptance, and which will relieve you from all care, and embarrassment for the future. Remember, as long as I live no guest will be more welcome at Rockminster Castle than yourself." I then got into the luxurious and well-appointed carriage, which had been ordered round to convey me home, and was not very long before I was put down at my own door. Within the next fortnight I had a note from the bishop, asking me to come over to Rockminster on a certain day as he wished to see me, and that he would send his carriage for me.

'The day appointed saw me again at Rockminster under rather different circumstances to those under which I had last visited that place, for on my arrival his lordship informed me that in consequence of the death of Doctor E—, the rich living of Fattington-in-the-Clover had fallen to his patronage, and he sincerely hoped I would do him the favour of accepting it. It did not take me many minutes, you may be sure, my dear Inkdish, to decide upon the course I should pursue, and I at once most gratefully accepted the rich living. I am happy to say that my appointment to Fattington gained for the Bishop of Plumpsee great credit in his diocese and elsewhere, for it was looked upon by the public as a graceful recognition by a bishop, a rare thing in those days, as well as now, of the claim that hard-working curates have on the rich preferment in their gifts. Whether, if the true facts of the case had been generally known, he would have been so popular, I cannot take upon myself to determine. I am even now a most honoured guest at the castle, and it was only last week, whilst staying there with my daughter, that the bishop intimated to me that the death of Archdeacon S— was hourly expected, and that, when it did take place, he had made up his mind to offer me the archdeaconry, and he sincerely hoped I should do him the favour of accepting it. My good fortune, as I before told you, came too late to be shared in by my poor wife. She died worn out with the struggle she had undergone against poverty, and ere I had hardly settled here, I followed her remains to the grave. But my daughter Mary is a very good girl, and makes me feel the loss of her poor mother less than I should otherwise have done.' As the rector concluded, his voice was husky, and I observed his eyes were full of tears; but hastily brushing them away, he said, 'Come, Inkdish, do not smoke a dry pipe, help yourself.' I did as he suggested, and as I put down my glass after draining it of the grateful fluid it contained, I said, 'Yours is a most quaint and

extraordinary story, Thompson, but have you never heard any solution of the mystery of the coachman-like person wishing to lay sacrilegious hands on the lord bishop?'

'Oh yes,' said Thompson, 'I heard the whole account from the man himself soon after; but I have discreetly kept the matter to myself until now.'

'It appears that there was an omnibus which plies between the small town of Sourford and the county town of Campchester, which had to pass every day by the lodge gate of Rockminster Castle. A few days before the eventful one of which I have been telling you, the lord bishop was taking his after-luncheon stroll, as was his wont, when this omnibus, with its three wretched horses toiling painfully and slowly up the steep ascent called Rockminster Hill, passed him. The driver was lashing his horses, and otherwise conducting himself towards them in what the bishop thought a very improper and unjustifiable manner. He therefore held up his hand, and called to the fellow to stop. Thus the driver did, thinking his lordship was a passenger. The bishop kept the man, who was behind his time already, waiting some few moments, whilst he picked his way slowly and pompously through the mud to where the omnibus had pulled up. You may fancy the fellow's disgust when, instead of the bishop mounting the box at once, or getting inside, he calmly began to expostulate with the driver for his cruelty to his horses, and threatened him, if the offence was repeated, with all the penalties of Martin's Act. The coachman, as he afterwards told me, incensed at what he imagined was the interference of what he called some Quaker-like chap, proceeded to use language anything but parliamentary, and requested his lordship to retire to a place never mentioned to ears polite, and where the climate is supposed to be somewhat hotter than in this terrestrial sphere, adding, as he again lashed his horses more severely than before, and turned to shake his whip at the bishop, "that he would serve all

meddling chaps the same as he did his horses." A passenger, who had

as soon as the omnibus arrived at Campchester, asked the coachman if he knew who it was that he had spoken so roughly to, and sworn at so dreadfully. The man's reply was, that he supposed it was one of those (and he made use of an oath) Quakering chaps. "Not at all," was the passenger's answer, "it was the Lord Bishop of Plumpsee" "Bless my heart!" was the fellow's response, "the best customer I have; I would not offend his lordship for all the world. Why, I bring his fish regularly every day from Campchester. Oh! what shall I do?" It was by the advice of the passenger that the next time Jehu saw his lordship of Plumpsee taking his afternoon stroll that, hastily giving the reins to the occupant of the box-seat, he descended from his perch, intending to make a humble and most abject apology to the bishop for his rudeness. This happened the very day of my visit to Rockminster. The bishop, who was walking leisurely along the road a few paces in advance of the omnibus, no sooner saw this proceeding on the part of the man, who a few days before had threatened to serve him as he did his horses, than he immediately came to the conclusion that coachee meditated carrying his threat into instant execution, and therefore he turned his hands, and fled up the hill as fast as a pair of feeble legs could carry him. Jehu, seeing his lordship flying before

him, followed hotly in pursuit, gesticulating, shouting, and waving his whip, in hopes that he should induce the bishop to slacken his speed and wait for him to come up and beg pardon. But nothing of the sort, the more coachee waved his whip and gesticulated, the faster the bishop ran, until, almost fainting, he ran to earth, as the fox-hunters term it, in my arms.'

Long and loud were the peals of laughter with which I greeted the conclusion of my friend's story; and as I strolled slowly homewards through the soft summer night, to the abode of worthy X. Y. Z., I disturbed the silence around by more than one hearty roar at the thoughts of 'How the Bishop came to give Thompson a Living.' My stay in H—shire was prolonged from one month to two, at the end of which time I returned to town a regular 'dead hand' at fishing—thanks to Thompson's instructions—and determined to become a Benedict as soon as possible—thanks to his pretty daughter, charming Mary Thompson. Before the fishing season again came round the following announcement appeared in the first column of the 'Times' newspaper, that column devoted to Hatches, Matches, and Despatches—

'At Fattington-in-the-Clover, by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Plumpsee, T. C. Inkdish, Esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of the Venerable Thomas Thompson, D.D., Archdeacon of Rockminster, and Rector of Fattington-in-the-Clover.'



CHARADE.

(BY THE LATE T. K. HEVEY.)

THAT my First has its shades, I may frankly proclaim,
 Though they're none of them beauty to me;
 I would turn from the fair one who bids for the name,
 In whatever its tint or degree
 But I hope—for his sins, be they little or great—
 Friend of mine may be never so curst,
 As to take for love's colour, and tinge his own fate
 With the very worst type of my First.
 Such a fair one I've met, in my life's outer ways,
 And I hold it a part of my burthen of days.

Made by marriage a moon, she *must* move with a sun,
 And she yields as she may to life's praxis,
 But no dullard in science could ever dispute
 That she spins on her separate axis;—
 And if I were her sun, I should wish, I must own,
 I had left her a spinster still spinning alone—
 To dance in love's heaven her own *vis-à-vis*,
 And turn on herself without waiting on me
She's not the best wife that a wise man can take,
 Who *will* walk round the world in his own wide-awake
Her eyes have no brightness, though bright as love's stars,
 Who would make it her boast that she's not to be blinded;
 Who knows what she knows, and who talks by the card,
 And who claims, on the strength of a mind that is hard,
 To belong to the class that's strong-minded;—
 Who metes out men's thoughts in a bushel she bears,
 And measures your words by her own pocket-rule,
 And would scorn to be told, how the new may be old,
 And that wisdom can sometimes be—playing the fool;—
 Who will make no allowance for signs or for seasons,
 Thinks, reason must always be ready with reasons,
 Talks logic to love—keeps her feelings in bottle—
 And in matters of taste is her own Aristotle;—
 Who believes that the world had completed its knowledge
 About the same year when *she* entered its college,
 And talks, in the name of her ancient diploma,
 The rightness of round-hand, the cant of a comma;—
 Thinks, freedom of thought is, to clank the school fetter,
 And that, they are the lettered who stick to the letter,—
 Who tests all your types, to the turn of an S,
 And follows your fancies correcting their press
 —Though her lips let out Hybla, ye gods, put the gag on!
 Shut up all your doors, men!—keep out the she-dragon!
 'Twill mock you with music, to madden like Gorgon,
 This heart-hurdygurdy, this brain-barrel-organ!
 —*Should* his life-rose be stained with this tint of my First,
 Alas! my poor friend! he may safely be reckoned
 A victim consigned to a chronic soul-thurst,
 And most likely to take to my Second.

As he sits in his arbour on lone summer eves,
 With my First for a fear, and my Second a friend,
 When, to play with the spirits that hide 'mid the leaves,
 From my Second *its* spirits ascend,

And Puck, the wild urchin, steals silently in,
 To lead him astray through the mists they all spin,—
 Should a buzz in his ear to the buzz in his brain
 Make its mocking reply, 'twill perplex him, at worst,
 For, nigh buzz-proof must he be whose heart, through his head,
 Has been buzzed at so long by my First.
 As he lifts up his face at the sight of the rose,
 It will tease him, no doubt, to encounter my Whole;
 But, better, far better, its flap on his nose,
 Than the sting of my First in his soul!
 —I take the sad lesson —let fate do her worst,
 To my Second I fly, if she charge with my First;—
 If I bear with my Whole, be it insect not human—
 And my First is my Whole, in the shape of a woman.

IN ROTTEN ROW.



ONE glance at the protective attire of the 'walking lady' who illustrates this chapter will suffice to show the enlightened gazer that it is 'all over.'

Need I explain what 'it' is? Scarcely, I imagine. In every well-regulated mind, for some time to come, 'it' will mean the International Exhibition season of 1862, which has been, if not 'a thing of beauty,' at least 'a joy for a period' to many a comic draughtsman.

Along that row where now we see a couple of despondent horses, bearing, besides their riders, the weight of memories of what 'has been, and

is not'—along that row, during the past summer, of what delightful diurnal equestrian farces have we not been the cheerfully amused and appreciative witnesses? Shall I, for the benefit of those who like to read the 'impartial critique' of the comedy at which they roared last night, go back to one of the mid-season days, and essay, to the best of my ability, to paint glory in its transit?

Who is it that comes smiling into view round Hyde Park Corner, and by a lucky combination of circumstances—with which his lemon-kidded hands have nothing to do—

clears the space between the entrance-posts, and prepares to execute a series of witching feats of horsemanship? A bright, lively son of Gaul is this first performer, who has hired a wicked-eyed bay with the genial desire of entering fully into the sports and pastimes of hospitable England.

How easily—not to say loosely—he goes along for at least a hundred yards! How lightly and gracefully he holds his reins and whip! the latter, to be sure, flutters occasionally down on the flank of the bay, who, unused to such treatment, will soon resent it forcibly; and the former are elegantly disposed between the wrong fingers. But why dwell on such trifles as these? Rather mark with admiration the glittering balloon his silvery alpaca coat makes when the bay, roused to sudden fury, bolts with him, causing the trees and shrubs of this portion of perfidious Albion to reel before his eyes. But we must not follow him, for other forms of equestrian grace and vigour claim our attention. Never was riding so universal! All England—all softer England—has inserted itself into the figure-dressing cloth habit this year—put a black structure upon its head—taken the reins into its hands—and gone into the Park. The early hats of France and Germany have elevated themselves at least an inch, as the hair of their wearers has stood erect with admiration and horror at some of the spectacles offered.

What intense pleasure there is in driving up and down, at a funeral pace, between Prince's Gate and Hyde Park Corner! What bliss there is in coming every five minutes to a standstill! What soul-fraught joy in seeing a broken-nosed King Charles, or a lethargic pug, or a Skye-terrier all gone away to coat, yawn as if the air was having the desired soporific effect upon him.

There must be pleasure—nay, bliss, in all this; for people come here day after day and do these things. But how well the feelings are kept under! The majority look stolidly indifferent, gloomily grand,

unconscious of all things; the minority look actively uneasy, savagely vexed, and sorry for being here. They pass and repass, and those who bruise their elbows and wear out their coat-sleeves upon the rails that separate them, watch in vain for the shadow of a change of emotions.

The prettiest thing that passes—next in order of beauty, though not of succession, to the ballooning alpaca coat—is that pony-drag. Four fairy-like greys draw gently up and down the length of the drive at a sorrowful pace a portly, earnest gentleman and lady. The former must be one of our 'distinguished visitors' bent upon emulating, like his equestrian compatriot, in a harmless form one of England's most striking and hazardous enjoyments. The sting of danger is taken out of that four-in-hand, and the flower of security blooms unmarred through the smallness of those little steeds, delicate, gentle, fragile enough to be driven by Queen Mab or a baby. Yet still for all this the bland whip cannot achieve that look of being unconscious of all things, which marks the Englishman in a lico, or, rather, far more dangerous position.

That tall, fair man, in a mailphaeton, regulating—with an easy skill that wins from our delighted eyes flashes of admiration—the movements of a pair of nobly-crested, high-stepping horses, who 'match' in height and beauty alone,—that tall, fair man is unmistakably an Englishman. How sublimely contemptuous he looks as a black horse, bearing another incapable son of Gaul upon its back, careers into the drive with the palpably light-hearted intention of smashing its rider between the wheels of conflicting vehicles!

See how the delicate lavender kids, reposing on the rails, seem as if about to give an *encore* as a lady drives rapidly by, restraining with her tiny hands the onward impulses of a pair of ponies unequalled for symmetry, beauty, and speed. With an unerring hand and eye she guides them through passes fraught with peril, where a swerve of a hair's

breadth to the right or left would be destruction to all—herself, her thoroughbreds, and her equipage.

Not a dusky-visaged French mistress of coquetry in the promenade but wishes she could add *this* crowning one of 'driving ravishingly' to her list of heart-subduing accomplishments, despite the scorn with which she may endeavour to disguise the admiration she *can* but feel. She may walk better, she may talk better—that is, more winningly; she may dress, and receive, in a very superior style to her rival, the Englishwoman, but she cannot touch the latter on her own acknowledged vantage-ground of riding and driving. 'Die Vernon' could have grown to no such rare perfection on

We have had a pleasing diversity this summer in the Park. The countesses of Belgravia have not

been better—that is, more fully—represented than the matrons of Mudborough. The latter have fairly established their claim now and henceforth to talk about 'when we go into the Park.' The ignorant denizen of this 'great metropolis'—to use a phrase as strikingly novel as it is beautiful and correct—has had many opportunities of improving his local knowledge. Dissensions as to whether the huge house at the corner is Apsley House or the British Museum have, to the writer's certain knowledge, been frequently settled in favour of the latter. Wonderful people have been pointed out as the Duchess of Sutherland; astonishing bipeds have been pronounced to be Lord Palmerston; and, as a rule, everybody has been asserted to be 'somebody.'



DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHY: SERVANTS AND MISTRESSES.

The Two Sides of the Medal.



E were dining in Berkeley Square. A profusion of viands there were, though only visible singly as they were manoeuvred round the table by the chief butler and his myrmidons. It was a splendid dinner *à la Russe*—that great modern revolution against which so many stout hearts and strong appetites rebel in England. For a large party nothing is better: for a small one, nothing worse. As in all revolutions, to comprehend its benefits one must look back on the past, one must turn to the old *regime* before one condemns the new system.

Memory calls up before our view two soups and two fishes; four corners, four flanks; something very sickening after the fish in the shape of a calf's head, or a sucking-pig, with ears stuck out;

or an abomination of fricasséed veal, or, at best, a fricandeau, larded—successors to the poor innocent turbot. Memory places before us, at the other end of the table, a saddle of mutton, or a sirloin of beef, or an infanticide of lamb, and the horrors of an over-large dinner come back to our pensive retrospection.

But now all is remodelled. As we sat down to our dinner in one of the best houses going, not a comestable stood before us. An exquisite mass, rather than bouquet, of flowers formed the centre of the table. Plants in pots, sunk into silver or gold baskets of delicate fabric, a vast show of beautiful and decorative plate and of glass, filled up the space once tenanted by our old friends, corner dishes. The flanks were all routed, and had disappeared entirely; and the saddle of mutton in the rear, as well as his *vis-à-vis* of calves' head, or pair of chickens, had left the field altogether.

This, however, is little to my purpose. The dinner *à la Russe* is far superior for health, temper, conversation, and, above all, for economy, to its predecessor—that is, if you can get enough to eat at it. But it is not of the banquet, but of those who produce its glories, that I wish to say a few words.

As we went up stairs, the lady of the house, one of my intimate friends, said to me, 'Would you believe it? At three o'clock my cook was perfectly intoxicated on the kitchen floor.'

'Good heavens! How *lave* you managed?'

'As you see I drove off to Gunter's; it was then a quarter past three. I stated my case. "We can send you a dinner," was their reply—(you know what dear, obliging people they are), "but could you give us till eight?" "Certainly," I answered. "We should not ask it, my lady," was the angelic man's reply, "but that there are three more ladies in the same predicament; we have orders for entire dinners at No —, — Square, at —, St James's Place, and so on. Your kitchen-maids, I conclude, can undertake the roasts? If so, you can be quite easy. Dinner will be served at eight o'clock.'"

'Four ladies,' cried I, 'obliged to have dinners sent in! Four households upset! Four horrid examples set, from shameless creatures, the sport of men-servants, and the cause of great expense to their employers!'

Whilst I was pondering over this painful fact, a lady came up to me, and said, 'Mrs. Motherly, I know

you have a large family, well managed. can you tell me of a good upper nurse? Perhaps you you have heard the sad affair that occurred in the house of Lady——? —a child lost. She has three nurses, and 'tis strange that whilst poor people's children can be safe and well looked after by a little girl, perhaps, the heirs of daughters of



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our patrician class are not safe with three well-paid, well-clothed, over-fed attendants.'

Here was another recital. No matter what my reply. But I held my own opinion on the subject. We formed into groups. Young and accomplished married women were amongst us. Dress, the last new opera, pictures, travelling, fell under review; and then we turned to servants. Scarcely a lady was there who had not some loss regis-

tered in the sore part of her memory. Mrs. Letherby's butler had just been sentenced to penal servitude for stealing and pawning all their plate. He was a man in whom they had placed the utmost reliance. Mr. Letherby having been very ill, the plate had not been used for some time, but was left under the charge of this 'most confidential' servant. Mr. Letherby suddenly recovers; a wedding is about to take place in the family; an entertainment is to

be given; let all the plate be taken out and cleaned. 'All the plate'—open the chest, and see. There is not an ounce of plate inside. All has been pawned, or melted down. You punish your offender; but you must do without your *épergnes*, your *plateaux*, your curious nautilus-shaped salt-cellars, your exquisite claret jugs, and your apostle spoons in future. Then the chronicle goes on to relate the domes of butlers, and the sink of iniquity which their pantry history affords is pretty well sifted. I visit a friend next day, and take luncheon with her. I see a cloud on her brow; she is calm, but has no smile even for my last anecdote. I see something is the matter. We go up stairs. 'Your carriage is here,' says she, 'but wait five minutes.' Then she shuts the doors, she looks into the back drawing-room to see that no one is listening; she comes back mysteriously. 'I have lost all my jewels,' she whispers, 'my very dressing-box carried off!' And then comes the history. It was done whilst the family were at evening prayers; the audacity of the thieves, the silence of the house, the despatch and celerity of the whole exploit, are dwelt upon with a mournful gravity by one who shall never again rejoice in a certain emerald and diamond bandeau, the admired of all observers.

I turned to sympathise, reminding her (it was a sorry comfort) how our relative, Mrs. S——, had slept, unconsciously, with a man under her very bed; that man, when the housemaid came up in the morning to sweep the room, being found helping himself to rings and brooches as quietly as one gathers gooseberries, and darting off—the poor housemaid not being able to scream—down stairs with his booty. It is true he was stopped, caged, transported; but could Mrs. S—— ever forget that fatal night? Could she blot out from memory's page that, had she turned or spoken, even in her sleep, she might have been murdered? No; the very sources of confidence were poisoned; the calm, secure repose of happier days is no longer our fine lady's portion.

Her servants are spies and robbers, not humble friends, as were those of her parents. There is always an enemy in any camp worth robbing; and, in this case, the rich pay the penalty, and the poor escape it.

'One cannot leave home,' says a worthy matron to me, 'without something happening, especially if one disregards a warning.'

'A warning!' I answer, 'do you mean a servant's warning?'

'No, Mrs. Motherly; I mean—but you must hear the whole story.'

'My children, like other people's children, are in the habit of walking out in the Park every day. One morning in comes little Harry to me (you know his bright, dear face?). "Mamma, what do you think? There was a white chalk mark on our door to-day. Nurse rubbed it off. Who could have put it there?"

"Some naughty, vulgar boy, with a piece of white chalk," said I; and went on with my collar, which I was working in holes, and told him to say his lessons. It was the choicest collar I ever worked, and it so engrossed my thoughts that I forgot the angel boy's warning.

'Presently in comes my husband "Jane," says he, "you wanted to see Macready for the last time in 'Macbeth' here's a box for you—a private box, first on the stage; so you will be able to follow his reading."

"And to see the awful faces he makes," added I; "but he's a great artist."

'I went. Why are the theatres at such an unnatural hour as seven o'clock? I hurried over dinner, and took one last look at my antique salt-cellars and useful, common plate—all solid and good. I drove off to the theatre. To cut a long story short—I returned at eleven, full of the admirably-read play (Fanny Kemble as *Lady Macbeth*), and feeling that I never had understood Shakespeare so well, nor felt him so little. The door was opened by our fat old butler; demure: "Tired," thought I. I passed into my husband's library, and there I heard the real tragedy of the evening. Whilst

the butler was taking up coffee—indispensable to me after dinner—some one had contrived to slip into the house, enter the dining-room, and carry off all the spoons and small plate, which, contrary to custom, the butler had left there. The alarm was instantly given by him, and he was ready to faint, the housemaid said. In less than half an hour the police were advertised of the robbery; but do the police ever find out a robbery of plate or jewels? Tell me, ye happy few who can say "Yes." It was a painful business. Our servants insisted on going before a magistrate, and being examined upon oath. Nothing could be elicited against them: the butler was not known to belong to any of the clubs where gentlemen of his *genre* meet to gamble and mystify their intellects. He was a married man, and his wife and only daughter were dressmakers. I believe him to be as innocent as I was of the theft. Many years afterwards I saw that a page, whose name I recognized as that of the boy then in my service, was taken up for theft, and that his father was a receiver of stolen goods. "Aha!" thought I, "here is my plate gone!" But it must be long since melted down ere now.

Dishonesty is, we must all admit, the rule, and not the exception among our domestic servants; and we shall see presently how it arises, where the impure source is traceable, and how we insensibly swell the dark and turbid wave of crime.

Now let us turn to the softer sex. A very high-bred and accomplished Frenchman once remarked to me that nothing surprised him so much as the dress, bearing, and dignity ('*retenue*' he called it), of our lady's-maids. Take them as a class, they are, perhaps, if (saving their presence) we except the good, well-trained house-maids, as meritorious as any other stamp of servant—perhaps better; and, certainly, if we compare them with those of their own rank in France, or Italy, or Germany, far more competent and efficient than any foreign *femme de chambre*.

True it is that the duties of the

English lady's-maid are whereas the *femme de chambre* assists in everything except the kitchen. She is more what we should call an upper house-maid or parlour-maid than a lady's-maid. Now the vices of the English lady's-maid are avarice, presumption, and implied impertinence; a passion for dress, an immense appreciation of number one (herself), a total and actual indifference to number two (her mistress).

Allow it; they are not like the intriguing, falsifying, unscrupulous *femme de chambre*, who meddles with, and who often governs the *ménage de Paris* into which she has been admitted; they have more principle, more conscience, in short, more '*retenu*,' to borrow from my friend, Mons. Le Vicomte de ——. Your French maid will take a bribe, as soon as she will eat her breakfast, to betray her mistress's secrets, or even to open her letters; whilst most English maids would be shocked at the bare idea; not but that their fingers itch to clench a half-sovereign, with all their '*retenue*;' and they are thorough Jewesses in respect to veils, wages, left-off clothes, and presents. It may be perfectly true that the English lady of rank is not, as her French contemporary is, wholly in the power of her maid, whom the fair Parisian often *dares* not turn away. But she is, to an extent, governed by her maid; and a lady's-maid will rule a termagant whom no husband would dare to control.

Let us not, however, triumph over our neighbours across the Channel. With all their legion of faults, there is still, in France, between servants and mistresses, what there has long since ceased to be in England, attachment.

I pass over the mordant finery of servants—the cry against which is everywhere, and which all utter, but no one attempts to prevent. I pass over the kitchen-maids in crinoline, the house-maids in black silk, and the lady's-maids with *crêpe* hair and nets (my abomination). I pass over the painful fact that the primitive, comfortable, old-fashioned female servant, with her closely-

plaited cap, her round, little flat curls, and her shapely, well-preserved gown, is quite gone out among us. I even pass over worked petticoats, now seen coming up from arca-steps but I must say a few words on the subject of nurses and maids. It is not merely a matter of convenience or inconvenience whether they do or do *not* do their duty, it is not a question of comfort or discomfort only, whether they are reliable or not; but it is a matter, as regards our children, of health or of sickness, of happiness, at that period when alone can enjoyment exist without the sting of anxiety it is present and even future felicity; it is peace of mind and safety of limb, or it is an after-life of ill-temper, ill-health, and perhaps insanity. For I am disposed to think that many cases of insanity are engendered, if not produced by infantile depression. Fear, dullness, neglect, prepare the way for Hanwell or Bedlam, where there is even a very slight tendency to congenital disease. I look, therefore, to the subject of nurses with a sentiment of anxiety almost next to that which I did towards those who tried to alter the Liturgy—it is so vital, so fearful a point to whom we trust our children.

But here, again, I must acknowledge the vast superiority of English nurses over all others, in cleanliness and order, in temper and principle, in good sense, and even in good feeling.

Granted this superiority; yet, after all, nurses are plagues. They exact much; they expect much; they are extravagant, partial, overbearing. They are full of little slynesses, and often 'act a lie,' as Robert Hall used to term it, before the little creatures, so prone to original sin, who quickly take up the same cue. They are the most unsettled of any servants, and the least irritation brings the old threat. 'If you're not satisfied, ma'am: I'm sure I do my best.' In five cases out of ten their influence and example are pernicious: if old, they are so afraid of wet or cold, that they do not give the children half enough air and exercise; if young,

they will run out at any time, prudent or imprudent. They are often sour and savage, and more spoiled than the children themselves. Let it pass. After all, the happiest time for parents is when their children are in the nursery, safe, innocent, affectionate, trustful: before they arrive at an age when they detect faults, enter into family quarrels, or arrive at a knowledge of separate interests, before love begins—and peace of mind as parents ends. Hatred as nurses are, their rule is a period of happiness compared with the turmoil of the world: compared with separation and absence. compared with the days when Charles sets off for the Crimea, or George sails for Canada—never, perhaps, to return.

We have touched a little on the vices of cooks, for each degree of domesticity 'of the period' has its own particular vices. Chronic dishonesty reigns in the kitchen; occasional dishonesty in the pantry. The natives of both places are wont to be greatly shocked at the delinquencies of the other. It is like Turkey and Greece 'Degraded beings,' cries the Greek, speaking of the Turk. 'Nation of thieves,' says the Turk, on referring to the subjects of poor King Otho, with the bee in his bonnet. 'I am sure, ma'am,' says the family cook and housekeeper, 'it made me quite hilt to 'ear that Mr Parsons had be'aved hilt. Whatever could hinduce 'im to do such a thing?' Pawn the plate! he ought to be transported for life. For my part, I wouldn't touch the value of a farthing, in *my* situation.' 'There's as much goes out of the 'ouse almost as comes in it, some days,' whispers Mr Parsons (*before* his 'little misfortune'), to a sympathizing under nurse. 'A 'orrid shame! What! if I had the misfortune to be a woman, and was a cook, would I ever purline my hemployer's beef and mutton? Oh dear no!'

If men-servants are malefactors, cooks are sinners—clever sinners. How they mount up bills and books! How they destroy, how they waste, how they make one's heart ache: what masses of gravy beef they use to make the mysterious abuse they

call *concomit*: what volumes do they not inscribe with the detestable word 'lard:' what exits do whole joints make when once cut into: what sinks of pilfering are the washtubs: what mysteries the baker's bills! what incomprehensible narratives the cook's own book! Surely a cook, or more especially her lady superior, a cook and housekeeper, is one of the most voluminous authoresses of fiction living.

All these points are incontestable. Cooks are detestably unfaithful. Men-servants more or less dishonest, and even dangerous. Lady's-maids grasping. Nurses overbearing, and often indifferent, and all these vices, somewhat diluted, spread, like the roots of a tree, in a downward direction. House-maids, laundry-maids, kitchen-maids, scullery-maids, still-room-maids, are all infected, though slightly, with the one prevailing principle of making as much as possible out of those they serve. I say nothing of head-gardeners—very grand gentlemen, with an immense deal in their power—who, when they do a nobleman or gentleman 'the honour' to take their situations, have one eye to their service, another to their interest; but, not only are they out-door domestics, but, being more highly educated than others, have often more worthy and elevated notions of duty.

I have drawn a melancholy picture of service in England. Let me now show the reverse side of the medal.

This side is almost as dark as the other; for if servants are changed, how much more their employers! When was there an age of such fraud?—for I call it fraud to live at another man's expense—to give dinners for which your butcher, your poulterer, your fishmonger, your wine-merchant and confectioner pay, but for which you never think of making one sacrifice to pay. This is fraud, and fraud of the most fashionable and prevalent sort, and the taint of such a system spreads into every class, especially into that so near to you all, in actual contiguity, so very far removed in sympathies of any sort. Your servants, dear Mrs. Fitz-Reckless, know very

well that you are deeply in debt, though they do not know the extent of your liabilities; and the root of all respect, and the foundation of all principle—and principle is always infirm! enough in our lower classes, soon to totter—are undermined by a secret distrust, and even contempt. You are deceiving others—what is the harm of deceiving you? You are defrauding others—do not you deserve to be defrauded? We talk of the servants of former days. Alas! their ghosts may haunt the buttery of yon old hall, but never shall we see such faithful servitors again until we ourselves are changed, and the whole texture of English society taken to pieces, renovated, cleaned, and fortified. It is very rotten, and in some respects very foul; and whilst in such a state up stairs, the nether regions will never, never be purified.

But it is not only of unsound and unprincipled people that we speak when we say that the race of servants is deteriorated, and when we refer to their superiors as greatly responsible for that deterioration.

In the first place, there prevails, even amongst good people, a totally different style of thinking *about* servants, and about their position relatively to their masters and mistresses, than that which was entertained by our grandmothers and grandfathers. The old friendly, fatherly interest in young servants, the kindly reverence to an aged domestic, are traits very rarely to be remarked in our time; and it is singular that when they are observed, it is in two very different grades of society that we see them. It is first in the very highest class, and then in the lower middle, or yeoman class—rarely, very rarely in the *parvenu*, or even in those not always *parvenues*, namely, the *nouveaux riches*. And I ascribe this fact to the circumstance that in all countries, as in England, the nobility are the last to change either in manners or habits. How is it that we find them more courteous than any other order of society? It is because they retain the only ancestral notions of good breeding, which we call the 'old school.' The old school is only

to be found genuine in the highest classes, where it is almost proverbially said still to exist; and, in short—I speak from a large experience—it is inculcated from father to son, mother to daughters. And so in regard to servants: our notions of what our servants ought to be to us are changed, but not so much as those respecting what we ought to be to them.

We think now that if we pay them justly, if we feed them well, if we fulfil all our just engagements to them, and don't absolutely outrage decorum before them, we have done all. They are no more to us than the poor street-dog, which, when in place, is fed—when strayed, or not valued, is starved. They are of infinitely less importance to us than our pet Skye terrier or our darling Maltese imp. They may come and go, be sick or sorry, what matters it to us? The old sympathies, the personal care in illness, the advice—not alone from master to slave, but from friend to friend—or, if you will, from Christian to Christian—all that has died out, and the instant a servant enters your service, a system either of blind favouritism or of antagonism is set up. The happiness here and hereafter of those who sleep under our roof and eat our bread is a matter of no earthly difference to us. How can it be? 'I dare not go into mourning,' an old nurse said once to me, 'my lady cannot bear mourning. I should have to leave.' Nothing can, however, be kinder than many mistresses are really; but a young woman may be dying by inches, and your prosperous lady, going three times a day to St Barnabas, and hearing the text, 'Blessed are the merciful,' thinks nothing of keeping up her pale-faced maid till four in the morning, night after night, until suddenly the tightly-drawn spring of life snaps, and a cough begins. The maid is pronounced to be diseased. 'For heaven's sake!' cries mamma to her highly-dressed, much-admired daughter, 'don't keep a servant that's sickly; she'll plague you to death.' And off goes the worn-out maid, either to 'friends' poorer than herself, or to an unwholesome

lodging, or to an hospital—or—but who cares where?

Yet this lady—sample of her class—is wonderfully compassionate to distressed needle-women; to orthopædic institutions she is a benefactress; she subscribes for the idiots; she figures largely in the columns of the 'Times,' but she has no notion of the serious duties between mistress and servant. Besides, her maid 'is well paid for it.'

Again—what a moral nation we are! What efforts we make to reform the poor, to reclaim the lost, to restore the wretched to society! What a feature it is that we have set the debtor free! O jubilee of jubilees! when the last captive—he for whom we all have prayed these three centuries, Sunday after Sunday—is free! Merciful England! The wanderer over Dover heights may read now without a pang those few words which used to check the gay girl in her happiness, as she walked over them to the old stern fort 'Remember the poor debtor.' He is not there! the dark cell is tenanted no longer. What a merciful nation we are!

Stop a while. Let us look at our responsibilities. Year after year we bring up from the country stalwart youths—fine, happy lads—first as pages or as grooms, next as footmen. They are in all the heyday of youth, as are, perhaps, our own sons. Suddenly they have rushed into what is to them a career of immense prosperity. Good wages, capital, and high living—fine clothes—what gallant, handsome lads some of them become! We receive them from their homes—they are domiciled in ours. How well they are treated—too well is the common cry, and perhaps they are. But they have passions and vanities like other men—but we insist on their going to church.

See what good Christians we are! And they follow us in—so go they must.

Our conscience sleeps; but we all know what London is. We all, the most innocent of us, have heard of midnight meetings, and the cause; yet night after night, during the season, are these fine boys about the

streets with our carriages, either waiting on the box, or in the public-house near for warmth, for refreshment, and, alas! for their advancement in sin. What can they—what do they learn there? Yet my lord is an active member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and my lady is devoted to Reformatories! How admirable!

Then we do our best to demoralize the class by the number of servants kept in each family. Up all night, the men-servants have wondrously little to do in the day. Formerly we had our servants to *work*: a couple of men-servants was a handsome complement for a commoner; now a rich commoner must needs have his butler and under-butler, his footmen, and a page. A perfect regiment of do-nothings—at all events, the real labour is confined to the underlings. Of course the elder men play at cards, and drink. We know they do—is it our business to interfere? Besides, we actively support all Temperance Societies. Alas! we are preparing subjects for reform, victims for the hospitals. Discharge half the roysterers in the servants' hall: you will be happier, so will they; you will be richer, so will they. They do but squander what you give them. Insist on their working: they will be perhaps prosperous and healthy men. In proof of this, who are the steadiest amongst our band of lazy varlets, with their plump legs and fine silk stockings? The men who in their underground retreats play some instrument—the men who blow flutes—out of tune, but no matter—or scrape a violin, or squeak on a clarinet—these are the men who *can* keep away from the public-house. And your men-servants are, when young, still to be reclaimed; when old, they are the most hardened and plausible of all sinners.

We complain that the distinctions of rank are broken down.—not yet so bad as after the Revolution of '48, when, being in a provincial town in France, I had occasion to order a pair of boots. The best boot-maker was sent to me. I went down to speak to him. he was seated. I

look surprised, and remained standing. 'Sit down, *citoyenne*,' said he, 'and let me see your foot.' I calmly answered, 'Leave the room;' and he rose, much scandalized at my total ignorance of the prevailing sentiment of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

We are so inconsistent, we modern housekeepers, in our manners to our servants—sometimes so familiar and confiding, then we are shocked that they are 'free'; sometimes so irritable and haughty, then we are most indignant if the worm we cherished yesterday in a hot-bed of favour turns, and is impertinent. Then, as to distinctions of dress: formerly all servants wore not only a livery, but a badge—a swan, or a peacock, or some insignia—wrought on the sleeve. Now we suffer our men-servants to appear in their decayed black—a sort of reflection of the master, and we allow our lady's-maids to abandon the neat and suitable distinction of caps, and to wear either their hair well *coiffé*, or to stick on a ghastly bit of black lace, or a net, so that it is wholly impossible to know whether the good lady who condescends to bring up warm water for our toilet is madame, at your service—or ma'am-selle—fish or fowl, mistress or maid. Oh for the days when one could know one's servants by the neat lace, or even muslin cap, the white apron!—but I shall make the ladies faint. 'A white apron! Why, that was in grandmamma's time' 'Yes, my dear, you are right. Every servant now has her black silk apron, fringed with a nasty bit of imitation lace. The good old Irish linen, wash and wear, is for dairy-maids, laundry-maids, and such-like. I beg pardon of society for thinking of such a thing.'

I have attempted to show the 'reverse of the medal.' Various characters figure on it. All agree in one principle—that, in regard to servants, 'Take care of yourself' is their motto. Let nothing more generous be given, and, until higher views, a holier system, and better practice obtains amongst us, servants will be as they are.

HASTINGS AND ST LEONARDS.



SOME months ago it was necessary that I should go and see a great London physician. I had been ill: my chest was affected, my symptoms were threatening. The eminent Dr. Stethoscope, as I shall venture to call him, is reputed the very best man in this class of cases. To Dr. Stethoscope I accordingly went. It was rather a nervous kind of business. Moreover, to be tapped, and poked, and sounded, and critically examined in very much the same way as a veterinary surgeon would test a broken-winded beast is humbling enough. I imagined that it would be a quick and speedy business. The doctor would examine you rapidly, speak oracularly, pocket his fee gracefully, and bow you out almost immediately. I repeat that it is a nervous and melancholy business. Although you are not conscious of offence you feel like a criminal waiting for the verdict; or, rather, you

know the verdict well enough, and are only waiting to learn the precise terms of the sentence. In my case it was milder than I had a right to expect. Instead of a few minutes the physician gave me nearly an hour. I was delighted as I saw his acute, experienced mind busy with every detail, however apparently trivial, of my case. He was a scientific man, and in the pure spirit of science sought simply for the truth. And I knew that he was one who could speak it in accents of calmness and words of fate. He filled a side of note paper with what I have no doubt was a prescription, but to an untutored mind appeared unintelligible hieroglyphics. His initials were more like Arabic characters than anything else. It is to be hoped that this illegibility will not produce any such dire effects as Mr. Dickens's chemist apprehended—that no nice intelligent boy has a prevailing un-

pression that Epsom salts means oxalic acid, and syrup of senna, laudanum. However, I pay my guinea, feeling that it is compensation little enough for so much care and trouble. As I pass out I perceive that the waiting-room is beginning to fill. Quiet, gentlemanly men, with an air of well-bred indifference, are glancing over the newspapers, or perhaps—save the mark—entertaining themselves with 'Punch'. Yet doubtless each has his own tale of sorrow and suffering, care, apprehension, gloom, and is about to indicate a dread burden to the physician. Perhaps one or two are doomed men.

The mystic scroll has produced intelligible results. I am told that there is a congeries of little packages in the hall. I sum up the results. Of course I am to be nourished by the oil of the liver of the cod. I am to use various medicines and appliances. I am to be particular about regimen and diet. But this was not all the prescription. Another remedy remained, one whose wonderful sanative influences physicians are increasingly alive to—climate, change of climate. You must not go to Florence, for Florence is too cold. Nice or Cannes might suit you better, but probably all these places are too far off. Go to our own south coast. The milder air and the more sheltered situation belong to Hastings, but if you require rather what braces than what relaxes, go to St. Leonards. Dr. Stethoscope generally recommends St. Leonards. It is almost peopled by his patients. It is almost his own private pocket borough. Accordingly, I put myself in the tram for St. Leonards. There the salt cliffs shall shield me from the stormy blasts of the north, and there stray breezes from the south shall waft me renovated health. My notions about the place are of the haziest. Whether it is close to Hastings, or forty miles from Hastings—whether it is on this side Dover, or on that side Dover, are points which I cannot at the moment positively take upon myself to decide.

In due time we arrived at St. Leonards. This part of the coast came

into celebrity as a watering-place by the great Dr. Baillie recommending it to his patients. It is increasing in importance, being constantly recommended by the eminent physician I consulted. Near the station there used to be a little rustic hotel, called, I presume, after primitive associations, 'The Bo-peep'. The humble inn had disappeared, and the great blazing railway tavern had made its appearance in its place. Hither late, spiritless and weary, we came in our ignorance, since it was night at hand. Here I paused for a day or two, listlessly endeavouring, in my languid health, to look round for more suitable quarters. These were discovered, and I prepared for a move. I soon found out that our second-rate inn ambitiously achieved first-rate charges. I confess I was a little disgusted when, having paid a handsome item for attendance in the bill, it was explained to me that the charge had nothing to do with exonerating me from feeing the servants. Methought to myself,

'Little Bopeep has lost her sheep,'

or, as they render it in my favourite Arundines Cam,

'Parva vagabundas Bopsepia perdidit oves.'

I may be a stupid and inconsequent sheep—that I am by no means prepared to deny—but I certainly have an objection to being sheared after so unreasonable a fashion, and shall not intrust myself to that treacherous fold again.

At first I could scarcely move about. Like a wounded bird I feebly essayed a few hundred yards. I indulged in desultory flights of a quarter of an hour. To me, after my long confinement in my chamber through the wintry months, the scene of the fair heaven and earth and universal air sufficed. Enough that I could once more see the sinking sun send down great flashes of gold upon the evening waters. I moved about like a shadow in a dream world. The stately terraces and the gay promenade were to me little more than the mechanical effects of a panoramic entertainment. I vaguely wondered at the stalwart

frames, the lusty health, the ringing voices that encountered me. By-and-by these confused images began to arrange themselves in order. I increased the length of my excursions. Every day I brought home some fresh discovery. I found out that Hastings and St. Leonards are virtually all one place, that the two towns run into each other without the break of a single house. I saw in the well-dressed crowds and the rolling equipages that it was a gay and fashionable place. Furthermore, like a growing child I increasingly began to take notice of people and things. Faces have always had a special attraction for me, although the infirmity of short sight has to a great extent debarred me from this enjoyment. But I begin to recognize people and to classify them. It is my especial pleasure to watch how poor invalids gradually gather flesh and colour and strength, and seem almost transformed before me. Others there are whose walks grow fower and their steps fanter. I look, I am sure, with most kindly feelings on the gay children of youth and pleasure enjoying with flushed and happy faces their walks and dives. I know by sight some noble-looking old men, some grave, kind matrons, some frank, gentlemanly-looking young fellows; some sweet-browed, gentle girls. But though I never exchange words, and only infrequently looks, I am pleased to meet them on the Parade, and I return home with a sense of personal loss and inconvenience if these familiar faces have been absent. Moreover, relief and refreshment have come to me at welcome times, for which I own that I am deeply thankful. Was it nothing that my old college friend found me out and renewed the inexpressible pleasure and charm that abides about our college life, the life of the river and the wassail, of keen debate, of letters, and of art; the rich and rushing life when we caught 'the blossom of the flying terms'? Was it nothing that old friends, wafted by business or by pleasure, at times found me here, or that I had now the happiness of adding new friends to the old?

Was it nothing that I found a thoughtful, kind, medical friend—forgive me, Wilson, if I write your name—whose skill and care have helped, under a kind Providence, to restore me to return to my books and critic labours, I trust, a better-hearted and more charitable reviewer? I have now been able to survey the region, and I put down my observations in the hope that they will be fun to some and of interest to many more. And lest I should be thought a victim to one of those obscure diseases of the brain which Dr Forbes Winslow writes about, and calls *Egomania*, I proceed at once to deal categorically with my subject.

I was not long in picking up a few general notions of the place, such as visitors gather, helped by miscellaneous guide-books and local histories and picture-books. That Hastings is one of the Cinque Ports—although it is not a port—that once upon a time there was a great battle here—although, by the way, it was not here, but six or seven miles off—were my first definite, or, rather, my first vague ideas. About this battle there have been pictures unnumerable, and stories and poetry, not to mention the serious makers of a tragedy and an epic. Of course there is a romantic glen, and a dripping well, and a lover's seat, and a lover's leap, and other places of mingled topographical and amatory celebrity. The long range of houses fronting the sea has a very imposing effect, thanks to Mr Burton, who raised the palaces round Regent's Park after the same plans. I was not surprised to learn that it is the finest marine parade in England, upwards of two miles long. The best part is called Eversfield Place, from the Eversfield family, who used to own the lands. In front of this at times a reef of green and black-looking rocks runs out into the sea, forming a natural breakwater. I was also given to understand that there were various churches, some of considerable architectural pretensions, and some quite the reverse, so that whether I was High Church, or Low Church, or Broad Church, my ecclesiastical taste could

be fully met. As a member of the Church Catholic I have gone to each, and, I trust, not in vain. There is a convent which has a picturesque and mediæval appearance, which of course implies also a Roman Catholic chapel. There are also an Ebenezer and a Zoar, belonging to our dissenting brethren. Above the cliffs are houses perched at a perilous altitude, which one would almost think a fierce north wind would cause to tumble over. Outlying the two towns are certain districts that may be said to belong to them, such as Tivoli, whose airy and Italian name is maintained by dancing and music in the summer evenings. Another is called Bohemia, an unsightly village, such as all the London Bohemians, if they made up their minds to migrate to the seaside, would inhabit. In the villages of watering-places poverty often looks graceful and contented, but in this queer hamlet with the queer name everything seems done in a coarse and repellent manner. But let the reader slip an imaginary arm in mine and take a stroll. First we will turn westwards and walk along the Marina. It extends from the arch that separates Hastings from St. Leonards, far away to the west, to the very confines of the last-named town. Eastward of the arch, a very crowded and fashionable neighbourhood, though within the limits of the borough of Hastings, belongs in fairness to St. Leonards, and is generally so accounted. Both places have increasingly flourished, but, according to the usual law, the west end, that is to say, St. Leonards, in a proportion of four to one as compared with Hastings. We proceed, therefore, westwards, passing three colonnades lined with prosperous-looking shops, that break the force of the western gales which blow down the Marina and afford a lounge in unseasonable weather. In one of the houses of the Marina our gracious Queen abode when she was princess. One day the horses of her carriage ran away. A gentleman who was passing succeeded in stopping them, and was subsequently made a baronet for his pains. But, observe the lady in that

donkey-chaise proceeding quickly along, with a gorgeous-looking flunkey bringing up the rear. That is her Majesty the ex-Queen of the French. She always patronizes that particular donkey-carriage, and very proud of the fact is the proprietor thereof. We often have celebrated people down here—a bishop or two, or judge, or ex-chancellor. All these splendid buildings which you are admiring—hotels, colonnades, libraries, assembly rooms, are of the most modern growth. Within living memory all this scenery was but out-of-the-way farm lands, with a population of about seventy souls. Within living memory, also, what is now Pelham Place—the gayest part of Hastings—used to be romantic rocks sloping down to the beach, but the rocks have been shattered by explosions of gunpowder in order to make room for the ‘improvements.’ We will, if you please, retrace our steps in the direction of Pelham Place. You will not fail to observe the various libraries and reading-rooms as we move along. A good deal of reading seems always to be going on, though not, I suspect, of any very heavy description. Again and again people are reading on the benches on the Parade, and positively here is a pretty girl walking on the pavement while she is reading a novel and shading it with her curls—running an imminent danger, my friend, of walking into your arms. There are a great number of proprietary and other libraries, including a literary society, two mechanics’ institutions, a philosophical society, &c, and also a theological library, which an amiable clergyman who formerly held a living in the town of Hastings founded by a donation of his own books of divinity. Works of fiction have been subsequently admitted in addition, and the theological element has sunk completely into the shade. Passing along the shore, we come to the picturesque fish market, under the shadow of a stupendous cliff, alongside of which ships are stranded upon the beach after most primitive fashion. Every morning, somewhere between six and eight, there is an open market on the beach, where

the fishermen sell the fish they have brought home in their boats. Fish are then to be bought many times cheaper than at the shops in the course of the day; but as sales only take place of considerable quantities it must be a very large and very fish-eating family that attempts any commercial transactions. These fisheries are very extensive, but perhaps not so much so as they used to be. A boat has been known to bring in as much as twelve thousand mackerel, and the nets have even sunk with the quantities of fish. As a whole the gains are very precarious, and the fishermen are only a poor set of men. Sometimes they go out to sea in vessels that are ill fitted to sustain the fury of the equinoctial gales, and every now and then such a vessel is lost with all hands, and charitable visitors are asked to come to the help of the desolate widows and children. I have always found at worth while to cultivate an acquaintance with the rough-and-ready sailor, who, in return for a little grog and tobacco, will tell you plenty of stories, which, if not quite true, are quite amusing.

Not being destitute of archaeological tastes, I had some thoughts of making a collection of matters relative to the history and antiquities of the neighbourhood. I had proceeded but a very little way, before a book called 'Hastings, Past and Present,' came in my way. While on a flying visit to town I disinterred it at the British Museum, and I have in vain asked for it at the local libraries. It is only a guide-book, not a very ambitious kind of work, but I suppose there is a good way and a bad way of doing a guide-book, and this book—by a well-known authoress—appears to me a very model of excellence in its kind. It has supplied all the materials for Mr Murray's 'Guide-book to Sussex,' and the uncommon degree of literary excellence indicates a thoughtful and accomplished mind. Acknowledging the hints I have gathered from this work, and recommending it to my readers as about the only good book on the subject, I proceed with my notes. The question that really lies at the

threshold of all discussion relating to these places is concerned with the sanative effects of the climate. I wish some able physician would write a work on the *Doctrine of Climate*, say, with a clear enunciation of distinctive principle and a sufficient apparatus of evidence. It is a subject on which much misconception prevails; and not professing to deal with the general question, I may make a few lay remarks on the climate of Hastings and St. Leonards, which possess some marked peculiarities. Rather I should say that there are three distinct climates. The warmest and most relaxing is that of Hastings, at least that portion of Hastings which is more immediately protected by the cliffs, but those whose health especially requires such a climate commit, I think, a mistake in coming to Hastings at all, since Torquay and other places in the west would be much better adapted to their peculiar needs. The situation of St. Leonards is more exposed, and consequently the climate is more bracing, while the place is almost shut in by cliffs, and the atmosphere is almost entirely marine. When through one of the interposed spaces you ascend to the altitude of the cliffs or surrounding hills, the pure fresh breezes of the Sussex Downs are stirring around you, and you find yourself in a third and very distinct climate. More rain falls in London than falls at Hastings, and Hastings is a dry place, as the porous soil quickly absorbs the moisture. The southerly and western winds waft a large supply of the vital oxygen, and the Gulf Stream brings a softened temperature from the Mexican regions. The chemists, M. Roubandi and M. Vogel, have experimented on and analysed the sea air. They report that the air on the sea-shore contains neither muriatic acid nor muriates; that particles of sea-water float in the air, and it is probable that this air contains a somewhat greater proportion of oxygen. I presume that these are the qualities which prove beneficial to consumptive patients, who form the majority of patients that resort here. At the same

time, I feel inclined to think that this benefit is mainly found in cases of abnormal health, and on visits of a very limited duration, and that, on the whole, an inland residence, as compared with a marine one, is probably the healthier of the two. In the case of consumption, unless a removal to the sea-side takes place at a very early period of the complaint, it is of doubtful value, and may even hasten the termination. When taken in time, it is a valuable remedy, but I am afraid it can scarcely be called curative. It seems that no corner of the world is secure from the dread disease. I believe that, on the whole, Madeira is by far the most favourable locality, but in Madeira itself the natives die of consumption.

To adopt the old adage, and begin at the beginning, I must go back to an earlier period even than the battle of Hastings. Mr. Arty, the Astronomer Royal, has published a dissertation, in which he contends that Julius Cæsar attempted his landing at St. Leonards, and afterwards effected it at Pevensey. There are, probably, excellent arguments against this supposition, which indeed I understand is the case, but as a temporary denizen of St. Leonards I mean to assert and uphold the theory. The origin of the town of Hastings is lost in a dim antiquity. An ancient Danish viking, named Hasting, used to prey on and plunder the southern coast, and it has been supposed that from him the name was derived. Unfortunately, we have a charter of King Offa's which mentions the name of the town about a century previously. It seems to have possessed a mint in the Saxon and early Norman times, as is attested by a great variety of coins. The old castle, of which there are some interesting remains, is traced back to the legendary domain. The castle walls extend to the verge of the cliff. We still trace tower, port-cullis, and sallyport, and the loopholes of the walls through which the besieged might reconnoitre or attack their foes. The area is laid out as a pleasure ground, which some years ago was the scene of a

lamentable accident. A party of young people belonging to a Wesleyan congregation were spending a merry afternoon in the castle grounds, when, in a moment of thoughtless excitement, a young fellow of the number leaped the low garden ledge, and in an instant was lying dead on the leads of the church below. The Hastings people think that William of Normandy landed there from St. Valery, for which, indeed, they have the authority of William of Malmesbury; but the Bayeux tapestry assigns the debarkation to Pevensey. This was in September, and the Normans must have subsisted on the harvest of the poor Sussex people. From Hastings William marched to the spot that is now Battle, about seven miles on, at that time probably without either house or trees, and only a rough heath and furze covered common. The poet Campbell, with true lyrical genius—and Campbell was essentially a lyric poet, and it is a million pities that he has not given us more lyrics—has seized this point of history for a stirring picture —

• On each turf of the mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high mettled the blood in her veins
• O'er hauberk and helm,
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown
Thence they looked on a realm,
And to-morrow beheld it their own'

Campbell lived for five years at St. Leonards, and liked the place very much. he found that he enjoyed a better appetite and better spirits than in London. In one of his letters he amusingly says. 'I went three evenings ago to the Lover's Leap with three ladies of unimpeachable virtue, reputation, and beauty; and by making each and all of them swear that they would love me all their lives, and persuade their papas and mammas to come back to Hastings in the autumn, was persuaded by them not to jump over the precipice.' But I must not permit myself to be interrupted in the few historical remarks I have to make respecting Hastings. I imagine that the careful study of the Bayeux tapestry

with Mr. Collingwood Bruce's 'Elucidations,' would give the most vivid as well as the most accurate notion of the Norman invasion. Thierry is of course the great authority; and those who like to study history with the help of poetry should also read Henry Taylor's 'Eve of the Conquest.' How the Saxons amused themselves with feasting and reveling, while the wiser Normans passed the hours of night in devout prayer or calm meditation, how Duke William vowed that he would erect a free monastery on the field of battle for the salvation of all, and especially of those who should fall on the field of battle, how the English at first won the field, and afterwards, by the stratagem of a feigned flight, were thrown into disorder, how the conquerors passed the night on the field of battle, how the body of Harold was found amid the slain by Editha, how the stern duke refused to give it up, even for the weight in gold; how at last he was carried to Waltham Abbey, and there interred, are all set forth by chronicle or tradition. The Normans went to work in a hard, business-like way at plundering the country, and measured out the conquered lands by the rope. Hence we have the name of rape—such as the Rape of Hastings—which appears in Domesday, but not in any of the Anglo-Saxon laws.

I of course went over from St. Leonards, as is the manner of visitors, to see Battle Abbey. I may say at once that the expedition is a very disappointing one. To those who are superior to a very vulgar reason for going to a place—namely, to say that one has been there—it is hardly worth while to give up the best part of a day for the purpose. The object of such an expedition is not generally the ruined abbey or castle—a notion which is frequently a pretence and imposture—but the fun and flirtation of a picnic, cold birds and lobster salad, the sparkling champagne, or the less ambitious but more wholesome bitter beer. We, too, have been in Arcadia, and though we have attained to that steadiness of view that prefers the regular meals to those discursive

festivities, yet we love to think of the young and fair thus enjoying the good things of earth with a glad heart and a merry countenance. I remember my own buried summers; more radiant picnics than are ever celebrated now-a-days, and certainly by statelier runs than this tame apology for an abbey, where the very ruins are irretrievably ruined. I remember Fountains Abbey—noblest specimen of Cistercian rule, rising like a grand vision evoked by unearthly music, like an embodied poem, like an architectural phantasy that might have visited you in a dream, and Bolton—thy fair domain and sacred reliquary columns visited by the murmurs of the Wharf, struggling down from the awful chasm that are heard still in the melodies of Wordsworth's exquisite poem of the 'White Doe,' and Furness, whither the railway bore across the wave-covered sands of Morecambe Bay, and worthy indeed of any pilgrimage, and Netley Abbey, fronting the fair Southampton Water. I will not continue the list, but I love all ancient abbeys, more beautiful in their ruins than they were ever stately in their pride: and here I record my vow that I will love them more and more, and visit them duly, and study their lore, and lay to heart their solemn teachings. Oh, those pillars on pillars, arches on arches, where all the winds of heaven streamed through vast lonely oriels, and swept over the open aisles where once the organ was sounding and censers swinging, and anthems pealing, and crowds adoring, while Nature, with her calm beneficent hand, weaves her festoons of wild flowers around the bases of the prostrate columns, and heals the unkindly wounds of man's lawless violence, and makes decay beautiful with exceeding beauty! A clear eye had the founders of those old monasteries for the rare and pleasant site. They chose the lands where the mould lay rich and deep, and low hills and overhanging woods screened their safe abode, and the trout stream purled along, suited for calm meditative hours and lazy summer afternoons, even such as the wise Verulam, 'the

master of those who know,' held alone of rivers to be salubrious, 'small, clear, and gravelly.'

That keen observer, Horace Walpole, has noticed the general rule in respect to these sites, and also the departure from it in the case of Battle. He speaks of Battle in his Letters 'The situation is noble, above the level of abbeys, what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat side of a cloister, which is now the front of the mansion house.' The genuine remains are of a very scanty description, and were it not that I am speaking of an abbey, should be passed over. I leave it to others to discuss the Early English, the Decorative, and the Perpendicular character of what now exists, merely pointing out that these undoubted varieties of architecture indicate in themselves the mongrel character of the buildings. The gateway has a noble tower, which probably dates so far back as the time of Edward the Third. The abbatal hall remains, and a curiously-vaulted room, probably the locutorium, where the monks received the visits of strangers, and it is not hard to indicate the remains of an old corridor, ranges of cloisters, oratory, refectory, sanatorium or library. In the northern part of the grounds excavations have been made which have disclosed the massive bases of columns belonging to a subterranean chapel, in the easternmost recess of which are the remains of an altar which stood exactly beneath the high altar in the choir of a church overhead. Tradition had always pointed out this spot as the scene of the death of Harold, to which the discovery of these remains lends some countenance. In the words of a local poet—Lord Thurlow, whose amiable attempts at literature strangely contrast with his rough and rugged legal sire—

'Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,

But dying, lay amidst his Norman foes.'

The place is, I imagine, not a good one for punics. I do not think they would be allowed in the grounds, and the vicinity does not seem very enticing. There are other

and more favourite resorts for the festive summer. Hollington is such a one, noted for the picturesque situation of its church, secluded in the centre of a wood, and removed from any human habitation.

Bodiam Castle is twelve miles from Hastings. It is a perfect specimen of a moated fortress. A broad and deep moat, filled with water, surrounds the still perfect walls of the castle. This is nearly a square, with a round tower at each angle, and a square tower in the centre. We have still the great gateway, once protected by barbican and drawbridge. The spiked iron portculchs is still visible, and the perforations in the groined ceilings through which melted lead was poured on the assalants. It is situated on the side of the River Rother, a stream mentioned in the 'Faery Queen.' The north side is remarkable for a very musical echo, such as is very rarely met with. In the church are singular brasses, one of a man in armour, and another of a female figure in a shroud. Thus, then, is another of the show places in the neighbourhood of Hastings. Within the limits of a walk is an exceedingly pretty bit of scenery, Fairlight Glen. Young ladies of sensibilities termed gushing have shed a great deal of poetry on this favourite locality, some of which are pretty and promising enough. The broken sides of the watercourse are carpeted with that pretty plant, the golden saxifrage, green-leaved and yellow-blossomed. A little down the cliff, where either underchiff is clothed with copse-wood, and fronting a beautiful sea view, on a ledge of rock, is the Lover's Seat. The story is attached to this, which, as it is authentic enough in facts, names, and dates, may be here related.

Towards the close of the last century there resided at an ancient mansion at Eilford, an ancient family of the name of Boys. They had an only child, a girl, the heiress of their considerable wealth. As is not unfrequently the case, the parents were morbidly afraid that she might be carried off by some fortune-hunter. The young lady was in delicate health, and was ordered to the seaside. Her parents were afraid of

Hastings, and liked Fairlight, a place where they might combine retirement and sea air. All precautions, however, proved abortive. Near the place there used to cruise a revenue cutter, the commanding officer of which, Lieutenant Lamb, used to come ashore to attend divine service on Sunday at Fairlight church. There he formed an acquaintance with Miss Boys, which, in the usual mysterious manner, ripened into a mutual attachment. When she went alone to seat herself on the cliff, and catch the health-wafting sea-breeze, the gallant lieutenant would put off from the cutter and climb the cliff, and meet his lady-love. Of course the attachment was discovered, and of course the old people disapproved. An elopement was the natural result. In due time Mr and Mrs Boys accorded their forgiveness and reconciliation to the impetuous young couple. I wish I could add the usual story formula, and say that they lived happily ever afterwards. But the issue of the tale is tragical. The lady died at the time of her first child, or shortly afterwards, her husband was faithful to her memory, and never married again. He was now able to keep a private cutter, a yacht of his own; and one day, in Southampton Water, the mainsail of the vessel, swung round by a stormy gust, knocked him overboard. He was never heard of again; and inasmuch as he was a good swimmer, it is inferred that he was stunned by the blow.

Thus far, my friend, in somewhat auctoneering fashion, I have reckoned up the beauties and celebrities of our neighbourhood. I now feel a little tired with 'promenading myself' on the beach. The weather grows very warm. The sun is high in the heavens. There is no screening shade. And though light airs are playing over the waters from the pleasant land of France, yet, shut in by these cliffs, the air is hot and oppressive. Come and let us climb the opposing heights where the free breezes course over the ridges of the downs. Now in the distance we see the town of Hastings nestling in the ravine. If we climb the next ridge we shall see the palaced West St.

Leonards stretching away almost to the curve of yonder bay. You can see new buildings everywhere arising, betokening the rapidity of the increase of the two towns. And what attracts all these people here? you ask. Why, my friend, some come here to dance and some to die. The place has its festive side and its funereal side. We have our balls—the Bachelors' Balls and the Subscription Balls; other public and many private balls. We have a Gentlemen's Club for Hastings and St. Leonards. Besides the regular populations, besides the flying visitors, who mostly honour us for the brief period between Saturday and Monday, in the summer vacation Pater et Materfamilias bring down their young brood, and when Parliament breaks up, sated fashionables and weary politicians come down to recruit their exhausted energies. For my own part, I like and approve of this pleasant stir of existence, and for the sake of the poor invalids who form such a large proportion of our society, it is to be wished that it were rather better managed, and brought closer home to them. Great as is the benefit which, without a doubt, is frequently derived from the air here, that benefit is often neutralized to a great extent by the fact that the visitor frequently exchanges a spacious home for a few apartments, and, instead of many friends, finds himself, save from accidental circumstances, destitute of society. We miss those chances of pleasant meetings so common at the spas of the Continent, and the frank and easy mode of life to be found in none of our watering places, except perhaps Harrogate, which, more than any other place with which I am acquainted, approaches pretty closely to the continental type. In some degree this defect is remedied in a quarter in which it is very desirable that such should be the case, namely, in the instance of poor ladies, who, for a very moderate payment, have pleasant and comfortable home and board provided for them, under the careful supervision of a committee of ladies. I know of nothing of a more sanatory and anchoring nature than cheer-

ful and well-chosen society. It is the too-true assertion of Novalis, that every Englishman is an island, and thus insularity operates unfortunately in the case of invalids who come to a strange place in search of health. Very many recover, and, as I have hunted, nothing is more delightful than to watch the gradual process of restoration. It would be well if those bore in mind, both the patient and the physician, the legend which the great Paris surgeon had inscribed on his laboratory. 'I dressed his wounds God healed him.' Many others sink and gradually pass away from earth.

Many of the monuments in the churchyards have a peculiar impressiveness of their own. In the new cemetery almost a heartbreaking interest attaches to many. They are called away so very early—some brief twenty summers, a few more or less, being a very common record of the age. And while Hastings has emphatically that sanctity and melancholy which belongs to the last home of the consumptive, and which one feels so strongly at such places as Penzance, Lisbon, and Madeira, yet it very, very often appears in a hallowed and beautiful guise, from multiplied evidences of the frequent existence of calm submission, cheerful, reverent piety, serene unshaken hope. We find often that pure devotional spirit that breathes in that exquisite Christian lyric of Toplady's, 'Rock of Ages,' which at the last I know was so often on the lips of the Prince Consort. I will not quote the English, which must be familiar to many readers, but will give a part of the exquisite version of Mr Gladstone, who has translated the lines after the rhymed Latin hymns of the Early Church.—

'Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem fero
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro,
Fontem Christi quero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

'Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes;
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latas.'

This is from a small volume of trans-

lations by Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Gladstone, 'In memoriam dupleum Nuptiarum,' published by Quaritch, but which, from the limited number of copies printed, can have little more than a private circulation. If a man is so fortunate as to lay his hand upon a copy, it is the kind of book with which he may very happily lounge away a lovely summer morning. The intense appreciation and pure poetical spirit which they display render the work very enjoyable in scholarship and classical finish the palm, very decidedly, belonging to Lord Lyttelton. Mr. Gladstone excels in versions from modern languages into English; let me give, as a specimen of this, his translation of some German verses from 'Der Freischutz,' which our poor invalid may well lay to heart:

'Though wrapt in clouds yet still and still
The steadfast sun th' empyrean sways,
There still prevails a holy will,
'Tis not blind chance the world obeys
The Eye Eternal, pure and clear,
Regards and holds all beings dear

'For me too will the Father care,
Whose heart and soul in Him confide;
And though my last of days it were,
And though He asked me to his side,
His eye eternal, pure, and clear,
Me too regards and holds me dear.'

But let us stretch north-east across country, and get into the London road, which will reconduct us to Hastings. Those who first come into the town by this entrance cannot fail to be struck by the extreme picturesqueness of the approach. Formerly you passed through an avenue of trees, through whose arch you caught a glimpse of the blue sea, as of a fair picture set in its leafy frame, and though, for want of timely care, the beauty of the avenue has been sensibly diminished, yet the view still goes far to justify the boast of the old local history, that it forms 'a picture, both inland and marine, of almost unrivalled richness, harmony, and beauty' Coming into the ancient High Street the homeliness and antiquity it exhibits contrast very strongly with the modern aspect and the fashionable stir and life of the new quarter. At the top of the street are the remains of an ancient house which, it is said, was once inhabited by the

notorious Titus Oates; at any rate, the entry of his baptism is found in one of the parish registers, and his father was rector of All Saints' in 1660. Two old churches, until a comparatively recent date the only churches in the town, All Saints' and St. Clement's, are situated in this neighbourhood. They are interesting old churches, especially St. Clement's, with its gray and massive tower. There is a noble passage in one of the volumes of Mr Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' descriptive of old Calais Church, that may be applied, in almost identical terms, to this stern embattled tower, which has stood for nearly five hundred years the winds and waves of the Channel storms. One week-day I spent some time in the empty church, and there, among the mural tablets, I found a somewhat pompous announcement, that the dead man whom it commemorated had assisted in carrying the canopy at the coronation of Charles the Second. Ah me! And thus far we bring our pomps and vanities even to these pulchre and the temple! That sacred sensualist, that royal rascal! And this poor man's descendants to contemplate with sublime satisfaction the imposing fact that their dignified ancestor's most honourable achievement in this life was to do honour to that weak bad king, that most foolish of all fools, the fool whom experience—and that the most wonderful—did *not* make wise. It is the privilege of the Cinque Ports that their barons should bear the pall at the royal coronations. The pulpit of St. Clement's used to be bedizened with some of the fribble finery of the canopy. A more honourable trophy is to be found in two cannon balls embedded in the south side, fired on the town by the French and Dutch in 1720. On other occasions Hastings has been exposed to hostile attacks. In the time of Richard the Second the town was burnt down by the French, and Bishop Patrick, in his 'Autobiography,' speaks of the panic at Hastings when the French fleet was hovering about the Sussex coast: some shipping was burnt and some people killed in their houses. Our own civil wars passed lightly over the place.

One or two random incidents are related. A vessel was stationed at Hastings to convey Charles the First to France, in case he succeeded in getting over here from Carisbrook Castle. This was through Mr Ashburnham, who had a seat in the neighbourhood. One Sunday during the wars a troop of Parliamentary horse came into the town, and the curate of All Saints', knowing they would apprehend him, broke off in the middle of the service, and ran away and hid himself in a wood. That night some soldiers bivouacked in the church, and one of them got into the pulpit and preached to his fellows, but subsequently either the preacher or one of the congregation stole the surplice belonging to the church.

We are so very proud of the impregnability of England that we are apt to imagine that we have been always free from invasion, and shall never incur its risks. A collection of the various occasions on which our country at different points has suffered invasion would tend to modify this impression. The thought occurs to me, Suppose that there should ever be a second Battle of Hastings, and that, like the first, the issue of this battle should be fortunate to foreign arms. Again the invaders would at once march upon London, at the present time utterly destitute of proper defences, and the richest city in the world would afford a sack as memorable as that of Rome or Antwerp. In our national arrogance we cannot conceive such disastrous events, but I believe that the military critics of the Continent are quite agreed on the perfect possibility.

Forgive this digression, *lector benevole*, and imagine that it is part of my conversation as we move down the High Street.

Yonder, in the side of the East Hill is the Minnis Rock, where many years ago there used to be a cross, cut out of the rock, in the middle of the cavern, and a niche for the image of a saint, betokening that it had once been the site of a hermitage or abode of a rigid anchorite. On the side of the opposite hill are St. Clement's Caves. These were originally

excavated for the purpose of obtaining sand, and, it is said, were much used by smugglers as storehouses. They are now regularly illuminated for visitors. Charles Lamb, who was down here, and who writes about the place in the 'Essays of Elia' after his own whimsical fashion, thought he detected the smugglers. 'There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue—an abstraction I never greatly cared about.'

About East Cliff House a story may be read in Nichols' 'Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century,' about a concerted humorist, who lived here in solitary grandeur for the summers of twenty years. In the Corporation Town Hall is a shield taken from the gates of Quebec, and presented to the town by the first British Governor of Canada, who was a native of Hastings. On the Marine Parade is one of the captured Russian guns.

We are now again by the sea-side. Here the base of the cliff has been excavated, and the upper part, to a considerable extent, removed, where Pelham Crescent has been formed, and in the centre is the chapel of St. Mary in the Castle. The names of several ancient churches are preserved which are believed to have been washed away by the sea, which has made considerable encroachments. If it is low water, you may see children and some grown-up people busy on the sands and reefs for shrimps, prawns, and mussels; and if it is high water, and there happens to be a rough wind, the waves dash against the stone seawall, and send up columns of spray, which sometimes reach across the parade in the rear, of the height of the first series of fountains in the grounds of the Crystal Palace.

Formerly there was no direct road between Hastings and St. Leonards. What is now near White Rock Place was then the white rock alone, an impassable cliff. The land was a kind of No Man's Land, and called the Desert, making up the parish of

Holy Trinity, the population of which was then nine souls, although the same parish has now both a handsome church and a crowded congregation.

When her present Majesty and the Duchess of Kent came to St. Leonards, there was then no road, and the procession which conducted them was obliged to pass over Cuckoo Hill.

On the shore are the traces of a submarine forest—a wood buried in the sands. A particular tide discloses a black-looking deposit of decayed boughs and foliage, in which is embedded timber of considerable size, and many hazel nuts, quite perfect, are also found. In reference to this I may add that only the other day some curious fossils were found in the Hastings sands; and similar tripod markings are also to be found in softer shaly strata to the west of St. Leonards. These three-toed footprints were supposed to have been made by some gigantic bird; but it is considered more probable that they belonged to huge amphibious reptiles, the same that the palace at Sydenham has made so familiar—the Iguanodon, Hylæosaurus, and Megalosaurus—that haunted the muddy lagoons and alluvial flats of which the Wealden formations—which include the 'Hastings Sands'—once consisted.

We now pass into St. Leonards, feeling annoyingly the north wind that sweeps down the unbuilt side of Warrior Square, and hoping that the place will be speedily completed. I shall not describe the grounds and buildings of St. Leonards any further, beyond quoting a sentence from poor Theodore Hook's 'Jack Brag'—

'Jack was amazed upon his arrival in that splendid creation of modern art and industry, St. Leonards, which perhaps affords one of the most beautiful and wonderful proofs of individual taste, judgment, and perseverance that our nation exhibits. A desert has become a thickly-peopled town. Buildings of an extensive nature and most elegant character rear their heads where but a few years since the barren cliffs presented their chalky fronts

to the storm and wave; and rippling streams and hanging groves adorn the valley which, twenty years since, was a sterile and shrubless ravine.

There is one place in the vicinity of St. Leonards which I would not wish to pass over in silence, I mean Herstonceux. Herst is really the familiar Saxon word *Hyrst*, meaning a wooded place or grove, and Monceux was the name of one of its lords. The great object of attraction is the Castle. It was formerly the most perfect specimen of the mansion of a feudal lord to be found in the south of England. Horace Walpole gives a minute description of the castle as it existed in his time. It was of great magnitude, consisting of three courts, moated, but the moat was laid out in gardens, a bewildering number of galleries and private winding staircases, drawbridges, which Walpole describes as 'romantic to a degree, and a dungeon that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage,' a chapel, with cloisters, round towers, with watch-towers on them, and battlements pierced for the passage of arrows from long bows. In Walpole's day it was as perfect as when it was first built, in the time of Henry the Sixth. But the Goths and Vandals have been at work. Wilberforce, writing to Lord Muncaster, in 1810, reports that it was pulled down to build a new house, which, it is satisfactory to know, cost twice as much as would have sufficed for the necessary repairs of the castle. It is now only an ivy-covered ruin.

But if the castle were at its very best now, to me it would only be an object of minor consideration. Herstonceux is bound up with the memory of two men who have strongly influenced modern thought, and have conciliated for themselves the strongest personal feelings of interest and regard—John Sterling and Julius Hare. Sterling's chief influence is mediate and indirect, through the renowned Sterling Club at Cambridge, and his biography by Thomas Carlyle. For a brief period in his fitful life he was curate of Herstonceux. It was a strange vagary

that led him to take orders. He would have done better if, like his father, he could have thundered in the 'Times,' or have devoted himself exclusively to writings as brilliant as he contributed in 'Blackwood.' He was one of that order of men whom Mr. Bouverie's Act sought to set free from the obligations which they once unwisely contracted. Poor Sterling, amid shifting speculations, was never able to find a resting-place for the sole of his foot. The delicate-chested man went to clime after clime, to escape the English Ventnor, till, while helping a servant to move a table, he broke a blood-vessel, which induced a more rapid decline. What a strange letter was that he wrote to Carlyle, when slowly dying under the cliff of Ventnor! 'Dying was not a hundredth part so bad as people thought it. He knew not whither he was going, but,' he adds, 'if I can do anything for you THERE, Carlyle, I will.'

If Sterling always seems to me an example of a maimed, fragmentary, and unhappy life, the life of Julius Charles Hare appears to have been as serene, rounded, and blessed an existence as ever adorned humanity. He was one of the authors of 'Guesses at Truth,' in which the authors so often guessed rightly. He did his work nobly and completely, and of inestimable value has his teaching proved to many. 'If any foreigner landing in England,' says a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' 'had asked where he should find the man best acquainted with all modern forms of thought here or on the Continent, where he should find the most complete collection of the philosophical, theological, or historical literature of Germany, where he should find profound and exact scholarship combined with the most varied and extensive learning, what would have been the answer? Not in Oxford—not in Cambridge—not in London. He must have turned far away from academic towns or public libraries to a secluded parish in Sussex, and in the minister of that parish he would have found what he sought. He would have found such a one there; he would now find such a one no more. For such was Julius

Hare, late rector of Herstmonceux and archdeacon of Lewes.'

After one has resided here for a considerable time he becomes acquainted with the internal politics of the local world, the circles within circles, the wheels within wheels, the sets and cliques that make up the tragi-comedy of a provincial town. The visitor, however, like the Lucretian philosopher who found it so pleasant to watch the storm-tost sea from his rock, looks with equal complacency upon the metaphorical and physical billows. The municipal mind is at present agitated on the question of erecting a harbour. The owners of house property seem opposed to the notion. Lodgings are very dear, but house-rent is very dear, and the owners more than the occupiers prosper with the prosperity of the place. These, then, say that if we have a harbour, the visitors will run over to France. They say—with what degree of justice or injustice I am not prepared to affirm—that since Dover has become a port it has been ruined as a watering-place. The answer to all this is, that the harbour would be the means of saving a good deal of valuable property, and a great many valuable lives. I think that the lives of the poor industrious fishermen ought to weigh down the scales against merely selfish considerations, supposing—which I doubt—that those interests would be injured. The fiscal prospects of such an undertaking appear to be good enough.

Amid all our fashionable amusements, our elegant trifles, our fair and well-ordered English life, every now and then we discover that there are lava fires which underlie the outer crust of exterior comfort and respectability. Here, as everywhere else, we hear tales or surmises of guilty deeds, of the ebullition of lawless passions. One week especially we supped full of horrors. Several violent deaths occurred almost at once. One man deliberately walked into the sea, and was drowned. Another man, an Italian gentleman, either about love or money, cut his throat. A helpless infant was found dead, exposed upon a doorstep

Besides this, a member of the rifle corps was accidentally drowned while skating. The Happy Valley is nowhere to be found.

I have mentioned some literary notices respecting this vicinity, and it would not be difficult to multiply them. I might go back as far as Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' and Taylor, the water-poet. While Lord Byron was down here, he was one day seen by a Mrs. Shepherd on the rocks, and the pious lady committed to paper a prayer on his behalf, which, after her decease, was communicated to Lord Byron by her husband. Byron, in reply, preferred this prayer to 'all the fame which ever cheated humanity with higher notions of its own importance.' 'I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head' I am afraid that Byron writes a little too rhetorically to be altogether sincere.

One March a Colonel Elliot took possession of Pelham Cottage for a brief sojourn. The bearer of this name was no less a person than the present Emperor of the French. He embarked at Folkestone the same summer for the attempt at Boulogne. Time passed, and Louis Philippe was living here for a time as an exile, and was visited both by Guizot and Thiers.

Some of the greatest heroes of our history have made their abode here. Such a one was Canning, who used to resort to a cottage at Ecclesbourne, within a mile of Hastings. The Duke of Wellington commanded a body of troops down here in 1806, and took up his abode here with his bride on the very day of his marriage.

Besides those great individuals whose visits we know of, and which, after the manner of provincial towns, we reverently cherish, there have doubtless been many other visits of the kind, which have escaped the chroniclers of local memorabilia. But these poor great people are, doubtless, too happy to get away to the sea-side for a quiet time, care about being greatly homized

by those who chronicle *vin ordinaire*. But my interest and sympathies are much more with the nameless many than the eminent few. Now and then we catch glimpses of some story of private sorrow, which, if set down by the hand of some great genius, might hold an admiring world in laughter or in tears for ages. The delicate, consumptive maiden, the happy bride, looking so unconscious through her blushes, the broken-down clergyman, the sated worldling—such suggest materials enough for dramatic and for tragic interest.

But my limits warn me to conclude. I do so with a feeling of gratitude and affection for the place, and, like poor Mogrudge, breathe my benediction upon all, from the barons of the Cinque Ports to the poor fishermen who dry their nets upon the beach. It is, perhaps, the brief

sojourner of a time that most largely profits by a seasonable stay. The poetry of the mountains and the sea almost appear to pall upon the continual demizen, unless it be some kind nature, like Wordsworth at Rydal, or Tennyson at Freshwater. But in crowded street or dusty library, the sights and sounds of the sea are ever welcome to him who has tasted a while of its repose and change. To him, ever fresh is the unflinching choir of the modulated waves; to him, ever fresh the lights, pure and splendid, of rising and of setting suns. In its simplest, as in its deepest sense—

* Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

F. A.

THE LONDON RUFFIAN.

MORAL, like physical diseases, are sometimes epidemic, and exhibit peculiar changes of modes and conditions at different periods of observation. Many of them, varying but slightly from the forms in which they originally presented themselves, receive new names, not always the result of fresh discoveries, but arbitrary, and often accidental. The panic which has led ordinary people to attribute all robberies with violence to 'the garrotters' began, indeed, with the discovery that the ruffians of the metropolis had adopted the partial strangulation of their victims as a ready and silent method of rendering them insensible, but the panic itself bears an exaggerated importance when compared with the number of actual strangulations which have occurred since the term 'garrotte' was applied to this mode of proceeding.

That the application of the word was an arbitrary one, may be gathered from the circumstance that while one exponent represents the

London Ruffian as having learned this peculiar art from his warders on board the hulks, who reduced the most refractory to immediate subjection by a scientific hug, another will insist that the evil originated with the newspapers, which in 1851 contained detailed accounts of the execution of General Lopez in the Havanah, and minutely described the *garotta*, a collar of steel, which, fastened to the back of a heavy chair, and working like a tourniquet, is the Spanish instrument of execution.

It would be well for quiet people, who have readily taken up and repeated the first notes of the garrotte panic, to examine, as they may, how many of the recent robberies with violence were actually accompanied by any scientific method. Leaving out those cases in which the victim was simply *seized* by the throat (by no means a modern method of attack), there will be few instances of that careful preparation, anatomical accuracy of adjusting the 'wrist-bone' to 'the apple of the throat,'

and immediate paralysis of the victim, which have made the name *garrotter* a terror to half London, and have given the dealers in 'lethal weapons' an opportunity for clearing out their old stock.

There are three other considerations which must be weighed against the reiterated warnings of the seeming bold and the lamentations of the really fearful. First, the usual increase of robbery attended with more or less violence during the dark winter nights, secondly, the dearth of some good sensation subject for newspaper articles which should have an immediate and personal interest; thirdly, that at a period of distress, whether it be in London itself, or at any part of the country from which a great part of the usual charitable provision for the poor is diverted, the number of criminals will be increased, not from the poor working classes, but still from amongst them, not by the conversion of the working members of families into thieves, but from the 'black sheep' of those families, the lazy, hulking scoundrels who are only to be kept within the pale of the law while they can live upon the hard earnings of their relations, who, failing these, transplant themselves to the London hotbeds of vice, and blow rapidly into flower as betting men, card and skittle sharpers, shoplifters, or the robbers of timid women and weak or drunken men.

With respect to the additional panic which seems to accompany the fact of many of the depredations being the work of ticket-of-leave men, it may be remarked—without entering into the merits of the 'leave' system—that there can be no more danger in being robbed by a man who has been in prison, and still has the shadow of the prison hanging over him, than by him who, never having been convicted, gains a ruffianly impunity from unchecked success.

The mere fact of a felon having served only five years instead of seven can make so inconsiderable a difference in his ultimate course, that, if the ticket-of-leave be accepted as a reason for the prevalence of crime, there is no way out

of an inevitable difficulty but either the utter riddance of convicted criminals once and for ever, or the exacting of the full term, and the provision of some after-employment which shall enable the reformed convict to retrieve his position. The garrotte panic will have done a good work if it should help on a more thorough administration of the law and a revision of the system of criminal punishments it will have effected something if it should be found that it has frightened people into inquiry, but the result of that inquiry will be the discovery of absurd assertions on the part of the alarmists which even the absence of any other topic of stirring interest will fail to justify. Of these one of the most frequently repeated has been that we are drifting back into that state of society when peaceable men are forced to carry 'lethal' weapons for their protection, and it was impossible to walk through even the best of the London thoroughfares after nightfall without the danger of encountering a band of villains and cut-throats who pursued their nefarious work unmolested.

Before adopting this canting formula, it would be worth while to understand its meaning, and, by even slightly tracing the progress of improvement, to recognize the real difference between the old and the new metropolis—nay, even between the London of the year 1800 and the London of to-day. Glancing here and there through the pages of such records as have been preserved of the means for public protection during the last 150 years, it would be difficult to discover a period when an armed community was effective in maintaining its ground against the London Ruffian,—nay, it may be broadly stated that the fashion of bearing arms made ruffians of many noisy and quarrelsome fellows who would, under other circumstances, have led moderately peaceable lives, and at the same time introduced a general disrespect for and mistrust of the law, which was thus shown to be insufficient to provide for the general safety. It was then, as it is now, against

the feeble or the imprudent that the thieves and cut-throats directed their attacks; and it may be doubted whether the possession at any time of a weapon which a man is unable to use, or which may be wrested from him and turned against himself, is a very desirable condition of existence.

Allowing the descriptions of old London which have been handed down to us to become, mentally, the scene of such pictures of the state of public safety as have become matters of history narrated by eye-witnesses, we are led to wonder, not that we should have gained so little, but that we should have attained so much in the way of improvement, especially when it is considered that the very people who are most ready to adopt the first outcry of a panic are also, by their very excess of timidity, the first to see danger in innovation. There are probably few of those who have lately been affecting to compare the present safety of London with the condition of the metropolis in a past age who would care to go so far back as those very good old times before the accession of that butcherly monarch, so admired for his bluntness, King Henry VIII. London streets had been for a long time before that the scene of such sanguinary conflicts as arose out of the civil wars and the pretensions of great rival houses; but even when peace was restored, and mourning, bleeding, and oppressed England became, as is sometimes insisted on, the 'merrie England' which had been its characteristic in that still more remote good old time when nobody could say his soul was his own,—even then the pictures of London streets are far from reassuring to the craven doubter who still sees flame and brand and faggot through the rose-coloured medium of later years.

In West Cheap of the City of London, in the year 1510, a great crowd is assembled, for it is the night of the festival of St John the Baptist, and in the space under the City wall hard by Ludgate a great bonfire has been lighted as well as that one which, flaring in front of

the Cathedral of St. Paul, flickers upon the pinnacles and buttresses, and is reflected from the neighbouring houses. The streets are lighted up with oil-lamps of glass over the doorways of the houses, sometimes with a cluster of them hanging to an iron stanchion; cakes and ale are plentiful in the streets, and the balconies are filled with musicians and gay company. The 'young, lusty, and courageous prince' has become king, and now, in the disguise of one of his own guard, stands by the Cross in Cheap to see the festival and to wait for the passing of the marching watch, whose approach is heralded by the glare from seven hundred cressets. Two thousand men—both horse and foot men—archers, pikemen, demi-lances, and gunners, are followed by the constables of the watch, armed and glittering with rich trappings, each attended by his esquire and cresset-bearer and his minstrel, a crowd of dancers; and, finally, the Lord Mayor. As the cavalcade passes, the king may well wonder at and admire the bravery of the City Watch. But this is a festival night—the warlike array a holiday pageant—the watch itself a collection of citizens, some of whom have seen service in the wars, and other adventurous 'blue cloaks,' who delight in the cry of 'clubs,' and would as soon raise a riot as help to quell one. The festival is over, and on the next evening the City lies in darkness, only made more gloomy by the lanterns which have been hung out here and there, or the single cresset of pitchy rope, to show the cut-purse where he may best find a lurking-place.

Seventy-two thousand thieves did the bluff hero hang during his happy reign—a bold and definite course of procedure, to which some alarmists would even now revert. And, indeed, it is admitted by the chronicler that 'he seemed for a while greatly to have terrified the rest,' but it is added, since his death the number of them is so increased, that, except some better order be taken, or the law already made be *better executed*, such as dwell in uplandish towns and

little villages shall live but in small safety and rest.' This being the state of things, there is little wonder that the marching watch is eventually altogether abolished, and that the streets, dangerous after night-fall, are intrusted to the care of a few regular constables, entirely insufficient even to protect themselves from attack.

It is seven years since the king stood at the Cross in West Cheap and saw the watch go by. Another festival is coming, for it is the eve of May Day, and the great shaft of Cornhill lies in its place in the open space by the Church of St. Andrew, not far from Aldgate, waiting to be decked with flowers for the coming morning. There is a bonfire in Chepe, and the apprentices are playing at bucklers; but the principal citizens are uneasy, for the Lord Mayor has come in hot haste from Court, where he has heard from the cardinal of some plot of these apprentices to make an attack upon the foreign merchants who have settled in the City. The Under-Sheriff counsels that none of the apprentices shall be suffered to be in the streets after nine of the night; and after much argument, fear, and confusion, the assembly breaks up, and the citizens go home to turn the bolts upon their servants until the May Day morning.

But they are still in Chepe playing at bucklers; the alderman of that ward rushes in amongst them to stop them; they pay no attention to him, and when his sergeants break through and take some of them away towards the Compter the rest shout, 'Clubs!' 'Clubs!' There is no marching watch to stay them, the streets fill at the signal, and the dreaded mischief is heralded by a shout of 'Down with the Lombards!' Hither and thither through the dark and ill-paved streets, down the broader thoroughfares of Leadenhall, Aldgate, and Whitechapel the crowd press on: the foreign workmen have already heard of the threatened danger, and have fled for their lives; but their houses and shops are rifled and their merchandise destroyed. Certain prisoners have been consigned to Newgate for

ill-using the strangers. The last mad act of the 'blue cloaks' is to break open the prison and carry their comrades away with them back to the great May-pole. All heated and flushed with their wild night's work, the mighty shaft is reared with a mad shout, and stands a bare and silent monument of their folly. Armed men pour in upon the weary and struggling crowd, which dwindles as the boom of the Tower guns drowns the noise of the shouting.

It is Thursday, the 22nd day of May; fifteen of the rioters have paid the penalty with their lives; the Duke of Norfolk has invested the City with fourteen hundred armed men; and four hundred prisoners, amongst whom are eleven women, are being driven up to Westminster with halters round their necks to sue for their lives with the king, who is sitting there in state. They obtain their pardon; but the great shaft of St. Andrew will never be reared again after the Evil May Day of 1517.

James I. is King of England, and the streets, in which coaches run with difficulty—the said coaches being little better than mere waggons—are narrow and ill-paved, except the main thoroughfares which lead to the western end of London, where the Court is still held at Whitehall. These streets are mostly lighted at night by the lanterns which the law ordains shall be hung from the windows from sundown until nine o'clock; and that the people may not neglect this lighting of their houses, without which no one could see his way over the loose stones and the great holes full of mud shadowed by the overhanging gables, the watchmen go round to see that it is done: these same watchmen, few in number, and men of no great prowess, themselves carrying a light and calling the hour when they are not asleep in some deep doorway. Men still carry arms; and the courtiers especially, who have been in the wars or serving with the English auxiliaries in the Netherlands, use formidable weapons.

One of these, a right gallant gen-

theman, is now riding towards Whitehall, followed by two lackeys. It is Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who has but lately recovered from a fever, and has written a book which is full of philosophy, and, as some say, irreligion. He professes, however, not to see grounds for believing in revelation, and may be said to abandon the supernatural and miraculous in favour of the general and universal principles of rational instinct, to confirm which views he has written a treatise, but not being assured of its usefulness, seeks by prayer a direct communication from heaven, which shall, as it were, miraculously attest the truth of his conclusions.

Have a care, my lord, for, though you are a brave and gallant gentleman, an unknown danger is near you; there is no watch set in Scotland Yard for the disturbers of the public peace, but there is one there who, with four armed ruffians, seeks your life. You must best know what cause for jealousy you have given Sir John Ayres, but without doubt he means to be avenged.

My lord rides on slowly till he reaches the hither end of Whitehall, when his antagonist rushes out upon him with sword and dagger, but only stabs his horse in the brisquet, and a second time on the shoulder. Lord Herbert's sword flashes out; but it seems that Sir John Ayres will have him down upon the ground to murder him, for the four men all come up and begin to stab the horse afresh, keeping out of reach of the rider's arm. The horse plunges and lashes out with his hoofs, but my lord cannot strike at Sir John, who wards off his blows with sword and dagger. Lord Herbert's sword is broken to within a foot of the hilt, and some passenger who knows him advises him to ride away—advice which he will not follow on any terms whatsoever, but attempts to alight. No sooner has he placed one foot on the ground than the cowardly Sir John makes at him, and the horse swerving while his foot is yet in the stirrup he falls to the ground. Sir John hereupon runs round the horse, and is about to plunge his

sword into his lordship's body when the gallant gentleman, who is still lying on the ground, seizes him by the legs and throws him backward on his head. Fortunately, one of my lord's footmen (a little Shropshire boy) runs up and frees his foot from the stirrup, and both the antagonists are on their feet at the same moment, one of them with only the stump of a sword, and hard beset by four or five men at once. He rushes down upon Sir John, however, who, knowing that the weapon is broken, and expecting a blow upon the head, again guards with sword and dagger, but receives a home thrust in the middle of the breast, so that he falls to the ground once more.

A Glamorganshire gentleman and a gentleman from Scotland join the affray on the weaker side, and closing with two of Sir John's lackeys, take them off at once. Meanwhile Lord Herbert is doing his best with the other three; and as Sir John comes on, puts aside a thrust with his left hand, and receives in return the dagger in his ribs; he forces away his enemy's hand, however, and the dagger is still sticking in the wound.

This is Sir Henry Carey who snatches it out at the moment that my lord closing with Sir John, and throwing him down, kneels astride his body, and strikes him with his remnant of a sword, nearly cutting off his left hand. All this time the two remaining ruffians are slashing at my lord, who, notwithstanding his rational instinct, discovers a belief in a particular Providence, and attributes his safety to a miraculous interposition, which enabled him to bear off their blows by the very action of raising his sword to strike

This fight, carried on in the precincts of the Court, and witnessed by a number of gentlemen, will result in the dangerous illness of Lord Herbert, and the disgrace of his dastardly opponent; but although the Lords of the Privy Council will apprehend Sir John Ayres, there will be no improved protection against violence at present.

or Merry

Monarch and his merry Court. Life at Whitehall is typified by the Great Plague, whose taint fills London streets, and can only be burnt out by fire. That fire has raged, and filled the citizens with terror, and smouldered out, and left a great part of London in ruins. The builders are set to work; the Court resumes its interrupted pleasure. Mr. Chuffinch has an audience, and the king goes to the play, where he sees Nell Gwynn, and is temporarily consoled for Plague and Fire. While the new streets are being built, the old ones remain narrow, dirty, and ill paved, and the whole town is infested with rogues and vagabonds, who form communities and band themselves into regular colonies. The principal of these is in Whetstone Park, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a neighbourhood so infamous that the London apprentices are already forming a determination to make an attack upon some of the most notorious houses. The Merry Monarch's three sons were there on a Sunday morning, the 16th of February, 1671, on 'a frolic,' which ended in the murder of a headle of the watch for daring to interfere in the amusements of the royal ruffians.

'Then fell the headle by a ducal hand
For daring to pronounce the saucy 'stand.'

Yet shall Whitehall, the innocent, the good,
See these men dance, all daubed with lace and blood.'

says the rhyming chronicler, referring to the fact of a state ball having been deferred in consequence of this mishap.

Not only do such lawless brawlers make the streets dangerous, by beating feeble men and insulting delicate women, but thieves and impostors infest every place of public resort. The 'Rufflers,' who pretend to be old soldiers wounded in the royal cause at Naseby, Edgehill, Newbury, or Marston Moor; the 'Anglers,' who carry a long stick terminating in an iron hook, with which they draw goods from carriages, open windows, or exposed doorways of shops; 'Wild Rogues,' or boys who cut off the gold buttons from the coats of fine gentlemen, or creep through

cellar windows to open houses for their confederates; 'Palfiards,' or clapper dogeons, women who sit in doorways with borrowed or stolen children; 'Fraters,' who go about with forged patents for briefs, and thus collect money 'for charitable purposes;' 'Abram-men,' who, under the pretence of madness or idiocy, are incorrigible pilferers; 'Whip-Jacks,' or sham sailors, who pretend that they have been shipwrecked; 'Mumpers,' or sham parsons, whose plea is the sequestration of their benefice; 'Patricos,' or strolling hedge priests, who are the rogues' chaplains, and may be said to be the very rogues of rogues, inasmuch as they live upon other impostors,—all these are mingled with the gay company who are going to see Mr. Dryden's new play, and as the coaches stick fast in the mire, or refuse to budge over the broken road, the inmates are besieged, threatened, and insulted by a crowd of wretches who cannot be distinguished by the pale flicker of the solitary street lamp, and whom even the flaring torches of the lackeys fail to drive away. Not only in Whetstone Park but in Alsatia the London Ruffian holds his own. That festering sore of Whitefriars has been the City's plague since the days when James I. gave the inhabitants that charter which protected them from imprisonment for debt. Now no bailiff dare show himself within its precincts, and unlucky wayfarers decoyed into its mazes are stripped and turned out bruised and naked. Here the full-blown ruffian and the tavern bully swear and swagger in ragged finery; and here the peaceable citizens shall be in danger till the foul nests are cleared and the birds of prey take flight from the troops of William the Third.

It is the night of the 9th of December, 1692, and the theatres are just closing. Before a house in Howard Street, which branches from Norfolk Street, in the Strand, two men are waiting (one of them with his sword drawn), and drinking a bottle of canary, which they have sent for to the Horse-Shoe tavern in Drury Lane.

Within the house there's great

fear and confusion, for it is the lodging of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous actress, who lives there with Mrs. Dorothy Brown. For some time past she has been watched and harassed by one Captain Richard Hill, who professes a great passion for her, and sits brooding moodily in the pit of the theatre every night, inwardly cursing Wilham Mountfort, who plays *Alexander* to her *Statira*; and 'although a married man, and with no pretensions to the charming actress, has aroused by his simulated tenderness the jealousy of the ruffian who has determined to have his life, stimulated thereto by that titled bully Lord Mohun. On this December night they have attempted to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle by force, and after watching for a whole day have stationed a coach at the Horse-Shoe, in Drury Lane, at the same time hiring *six soldiers* to force her into it, for she has been supping at Mr. Page's, in Princes Street. This part of their scheme has miscarried, however, for while Mohun stayed in the coach, Hill and one or more of the soldiers, in endeavouring to seize their victim, encountered the opposition of Mrs. Brown, who seized her friend round the waist, and of Mr. Page, who was escorting both of them home, and received a wound in the hand. The screams of the women brought a crowd, and Lord Mohun, stepping out of the coach, insisted on accompanying the actress to the house in Howard Street, whither she was escorted by Mr. Page, who remains at the place for her protection, since Mohun and Hill are still standing in the street, swearing to have Mountfort's life, but unable to obtain admission to Mrs. Bracegirdle, of whom they pretend that they wish to ask pardon. A messenger has just been sent to Mrs. Mountfort, waiting for her husband's return at their house in Norfolk Street, warning her of his danger; she, in her turn, has sent to all the places at which he may call on his way home, but nothing has been heard of him. The brace of ruffians still swagger in the road, and in reply to the watch, who ask

them what they are doing, Lord Mohun says they are drinking a bottle of wine, taking care to inform them, at the same time, that he is a 'peer of the realm.'

The worthy watchmen, having great discretion, have retired to the tavern in Drury Lane to 'examine who they are,' and the dim lights just serve to show a man coming easily up the street humming a tune. Mrs. Brown, who is standing with the door half open, strives to warn him, for she knows the foot-step and the figure to belong to Mountfort.

It is too late, however, or her warning is disregarded; the actor recognizes the peer.

'Your humble servant, my lord,' he says, not without some surprise at seeing Hill's attitude.

'Your servant, Mr. Mountfort. I suppose you were sent for?'

'No, indeed, I came by chance.'

'You have heard of this that hath fallen out between Mr. Hill and Mrs. Bracegirdle?'

'I know nothing of the matter; but I am sorry to see that your lordship should assist Captain Hill in so ill an action as this. I pray your lordship to forbear.'

Before he has time to say more Hill gives him a blow upon the ear, and, as both spring to the middle of the road, passes his sword through the unfortunate actor's body, wounding him mortally before he has time to draw in defence. The captain takes to flight, for, although there is at present nobody to stay him, the Duchy Watch are coming that way, and to them Lord Mohun surrenders himself. He will be tried for his life, but acquitted for want of sufficient evidence but 'he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword,' and years afterwards the body of Lord Mohun, the noted duellist and polished scoundrel, shall be carried home to his house in Gerrard Street, where his lady will be very angry at having her best bed made bloody.

It is the year 1712, and we have been walking up Fleet Street towards Charing Cross. From Bulton's Coffee-house Mr. Addison has just picked his way daintily over

the mud, so that he may not soil his stockings; and presently, from Will's, Steele runs across the road after him; for a new number of the 'Spectator' has introduced Sir Roger de Coverley at the play, escorted thither by his friend, Captain Sentry, with his Steenkirk blade, and two stout fellows armed with oaken plants, for fear of the Mohocks. It is doubtful whether Mr. Steele himself is frightened of them; but Mr. Swift has long shared the popular terror caused by these miscreants, and declares that 'they are all Whigs.' These Mohocks force him to keep early hours, for he believes that they have a special spite against him, and avoids taking a chair since the Lord Treasurer has told him that they insult chairs more than they do those on foot. 'They have lately,' he says to Stella, 'caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her without any provocation.'

Only a night or two ago he met Prior, who made him go home with him, and stay till twelve, so that he could not get a coach, and was in mortal fear. He declares that he will do so no more, and that 'the dogs' will cost him at least half a crown a week in chairs.

There is good reason for fear amongst peaceable men and women at the wild outrages of these lawless ruffians, whose cruelty and cowardice are all the worse since they are, many of them, men of good family, who play these pranks for amusement, as the 'Spectator' says, with an outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that is beyond the possibility of attending to any notions of reason or humanity, then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed.

One party is expert in 'Tipping

the Lion,' which means violently flattening the noses of their victims, at the same time gouging out their eyes. 'The Sweaters' give chase to some trembling passenger, and dance round him, pricking him in the soft parts of his flesh until he is ready to faint with terror. 'The Dancing-masters' prick the calves of the legs, and keep their captive in perpetual motion. 'The Tumblers' stand unprotected women on their heads. All of them disregard age or sex, and abandon themselves to scandalous outrages, which call forth the public indignation, but continue to harass and alarm all London.

Another strange danger is incident to Fleet Street, at that part of it near Ludgate Hill, where the shop-windows display notices that 'weddings are performed within.' Clergymen, whose scandalous lives have led them to the Fleet Prison, are driving a brisk trade by this unscrupulous exercise of their functions, and their touters infest the footway, and peer into the windows of carriages, in order to secure customers. The ceremony is of so loose a character, that 'false names, half-names, or no names at all' offer no impediment. And not only will these accommodating divines consent to provide a certificate bearing any desired date, but they have on hand a number of sham certificates, and even a stock of proxies who willingly act the principal part in the absence of the real bridegroom.

The cry of 'Parson, sir' may lead some loving couple to follow the active agent to a foul room in one of the prison galleries, where the marriage is solemnized by the production of a brandy-bottle. But the parsons are numerous and needy, and their services are claimed on occasions when the lady has been dragged thither by some unknown admirer.

One of the registers bears the following remarkable entry:—'William — and Sarah —; he dressed in a gold waistcoat, like an officer; she, a beautiful young lady, with two fine diamond rings, and a black high-crowned hat, and well dressed.—at Boyce's. N.]

These was four or five young Irish fellows seemed to me, after the marriage was over, to have deluded the young woman.'

'These ministers of wickedness,' says a writer in the *Grub Street Journal*, 'ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling or forcing people to some puddling ale-house or brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday, stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing their clothes off their backs.'

Ladies of rank and fortune are sometimes borne forcibly to these dens, and married against their will. One gentlewoman, who had missed her companion at Drury Lane Theatre a few nights ago, ordered a boy to call her a coach to the City, and was handed into it by a gentleman, who jumped in after her, pretending that, as he had hired the only vehicle in sight, he must intrude on her, but would put her down where she pleased, drowning her excuses and protestations by ordering the coachman to drive on. Arrived at Ludgate Hill, he jumped out, as he said, to meet his sister, who came up presently, and desired the lady to step into the house while she prepared to accompany her in the coach. No sooner had the lady entered the room than the sister vanished, and a ruffian in a black wig and a black coat made his appearance. 'Madame,' says he, grinning, 'you are come in good time; the doctor was just going.'

The lady feared that she had been entrapped to a mad-house, and asked what the doctor had to do with her. 'To marry you to that gentleman,' was the reply. 'The doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid before you go.' The lady begged hard to be permitted to go; but finding that she must either pay or be married, or both, left a valuable ring as a pledge, and was at last suffered to depart.

The same lady has been to the place since, accompanied by her brother and a friend, curious to see this London Institution, but she has obtained no redress; and the Fleet marriages are still openly advertised in the newspapers. From October,

1704, to February, 1705, the number of these weddings was 2,594.

The weapons of defence continue to be used for murder, under the name of honour. A passing jest, an accidental push, a warmly-expressed difference of opinion, can only be atoned for by drawn swords or a pistol-shot. Duels are of every-day occurrence, and the notice of them in the newspapers is as matter-of-fact an announcement as the record of a bankruptcy. Meanwhile, most of the public thoroughfares will only allow two persons to walk abreast. It is dangerous to step outside the posts which guard the footway, and the eaves and water-spouts discharge themselves upon the passengers at uncertain intervals in wet weather. The pavement is so uneven that

'Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
while heaps of rubbish render the
unlighted roadway a scene of confusion,
where

'From the crackling axle flies the spoke;'

and on a royal procession to Parliament, fagots have to be thrown into the ruts to render the passage of the state coach more easy.

The sedan chair and the hackney coach are the principal public vehicles; and to the terror of London streets is added the conspiracy of the drivers of the last-named 'conveniences' to upset any private carriages as detrimental to their interests. The thieves, too, have a knack of cutting a hole in the back of a hackney coach, and therefrom stealing the wigs and head-dresses of the passengers. At the charming retreat of Bellsize, in the Hampstead Road, where holiday-makers can listen all day to the singing of a variety of birds and the strains of music, twelve stout fellows are provided to patrol to and from London, to prevent the insults of highwaymen and footpads who infest the roads.

It is in the month of July, 1754, and Henry Fielding, the magistrate, and the author of the 'Life of Jonathan Wild the Great,' has just sailed for Portugal. Many of his friends say that he will not come back alive; for he delayed his voyage to pro-

ced with vigour against a host of the thieves and cut-throats of the metropolis, who had grown so outrageous that they committed robberies in open daylight in the sight of many people, and in defiance of the officers of justice, who had warrants for their apprehension in their pockets. People have been knocked down with bludgeons in Fleet Street, and at dusk the piazzas of Covent Garden have been occupied by a body of ruffians armed with *couteaus* to attack people coming out from the play.

Alas! the great evil which affrights London has only received a trifling check at the hands of the great author. Jonathan Wild and his gang, and a hundred others, have been disposed of, but their representatives have survived Mr Fielding; and now his brother, Sir John, has organized a horse-patrol, which has done very little. People are robbed and shot dead in the streets; the mails are robbed continually; the money is taken from the toll-houses, and the toll-keepers murdered if they offer any resistance; the footpads go about in gangs; and passengers to Islington band themselves into a company for mutual protection.

It is little to be wondered at that the ruffians should pursue their murderous trade with impunity, for the thief-takers are frequently in league with them: sometimes small tradesmen and others act as occasional thief-takers for the sake of obtaining the bounty, and it sometimes happens that even at the place of execution the mob is composed of sympathizers with the criminal, and his body is borne away and laid at the door of the prosecutor, where a riot ensues, and the inhabitants of the district are compelled to send for the military.

Public riots are of frequent occurrence. The riot of the English and the Irish chairmen; the affray of the Jews and the sailors—of the Portuguese—of the weavers—and now, worst of all, that great and terrible no-popery riot inaugurated by Lord George Gordon. The town has been filled with fear; trade and even social intercourse are almost para-

lyzed; and the streets are much left to the thieves, who go hither and thither almost unchecked. Three hundred pounds have been offered for the apprehension of that notorious London ruffian, Burnworth, the leader of a desperate gang, who have made the streets terrible; but he has been to a public-house in Holborn, where he called for a pint of beer, and held the pot to his mouth with one hand and a loaded pistol in the other. One evening he and his gang were walking in Turnmill Street, and the keeper of Clerkenwell Prison called to him, and said he wanted to speak to him, assuring him that he intended to do him no injury. Pistol in hand, he crossed the road to the keeper, his companions walking on the opposite side armed with cutlasses and firearms. A crowd gradually assembling, the scoundrels retired with their pistols pointed to the people, and swearing to shoot anybody who should attempt to molest them.

Neither horse-patrols, thief-takers, nor watchmen can succeed against either these or the water-pirates, who board vessels in the river, and rob houses near the shore. The City of London reeks with dens, where crime festers unchecked, and the 'Blood Bowl House' is but the representative of a score of others. Men are stolen as well as property, and many a young fellow has been kidnapped, and sent off to the plantations, while many another has been rescued from the man-stealers by the press-gangs, who, having won him by hard blows, take him off to the tender lying at the Tower, and send him safely off to sea.

There is no slackness in the execution of the sentence of the law upon offenders. The banks of the river are lined with gibbets, and the ghastly remains at Execution Dock are a constant warning to evildoers.

The shadow of the gallows falls upon almost every public road; and at Fleet Street, Catherine Street, Bow Street, and other places, its lesson is told to all who care to read it.

Tyburn is the hangman's headquarters, and its terrors are pronounced alike upon the murderer

and the wretched pilferer who cuts a hop-bind in a Kentish garden. From that horrible creaking beam a dozen culprits swing in one summer's morning, and even the burning of criminals for coming has not yet been abolished. Within the gaols and cages unheard-of cruelties are exercised, the majesty of the law asserts itself, and the London Ruffian flourishes at the gallows' foot.

A better time dawns, and the streets grow lighter, with oil-lamps gleaming here and there. As we traverse the main thoroughfares, improvements are going on, before which many of the foul haunts are swept away. The laws for criminal offences are revised, and, by a more merciful adjustment, capital punishment is narrowed to more defined limits. The gibbets disappear from the streets; and though at Execution Dock the skeletons still swing on chains, the 'hanging morning' is a less frequent festival.

The Bow Street runners, the constables, and the watch are still the principal safeguard against the thieves, but robbery with violence is less frequent, for society has changed many of its aspects, and it is unlawful for private individuals to bear arms in the public streets.

The watchmen are useful only to give an alarm, for they are old, feeble, and much given to sleeping in the watchboxes provided for their accommodation. Still, in many neighbourhoods the night brings terror to the peaceable wayfarer; and good citizens band themselves together to do duty as constables, while the 'Bucks' and 'Corinthians,' in humble imitation of the 'Mohocks,' sally from the taverns and beat the watch, turn the faces of their boxes to the wall, blow up the sleeping inmates with gunpowder, and play mad pranks against decency and order.

Trade riots, and the disorders which spring from political animosity, the influence of demagogues, and a period of distress, combine to increase the public distrust; and the attention of grave legislators is directed to the still imperfect condition of the arrangements for the safety of the community against

the criminal who gains impunity from success. The first great step to the improved condition of the metropolis is made when the first gas jet is lighted in Pall Mall, and, notwithstanding the forebodings with which the common people regard the innovation, London grows safe as the glimmering oil lamps die out one by one, to be replaced by the new lights.

Burke, Hare, Bishop, Williams, and Kiddy Harris are the exponents of a new horror, which for a time spreads a panic through the byways of the metropolis, but the arm of the law grows longer, its grasp more certain the special constables and the runners hear a whisper of a new force, which, at first denounced as un-English and full of evil centralization, is about to supersede both themselves and the tottering guardians of the streets at midnight.

The 'new police,' who receive the name of 'Peelers' as a term of reproach levelled at once against them and the minister by whose legislation they were established, are formed into a regular corps for the prevention and the detection of crime.

The London Ruffian finds that a great part of his occupation has become impossible in streets systematically lighted and watched; the last evildoer is whipped at the cart's-tail at Billingsgate—the increased humanity of the age being evidenced by the fact that the executioner rubs his thongs with red ochre, which, transferred to the shoulders of the culprit, conveys a warning at a small expense of suffering; the shadow of the gibbet falls only on one spot in the great City,—the last representatives of the Mohocks survive in the followers of a wild marquis who steals knockers, breaks street lamps, consorts with coalheavers and dustmen, and finally disappears from life in London as 'Spring-heeled Jack.'

The penal settlements have outgrown the necessity which rendered them valuable depôts for labour in new colonies. In that great offshoot of English energy and enterprise, New South Wales,

the London Ruffian has almost disappeared, either absorbed in the general population, or himself transformed into a capitalist and landed proprietor, all of whose interests are in favour of order, and respect for the rights of property. The horrors of the settlement of Norfolk Island are a traditional warning; the hulks and dockyards are still full of criminals, but an elaborate system is being constructed on principles which regards the punishment of criminals as the means of reformation. Torture and unnecessary cruelty are, in theory at least, left so far behind in the past fifty years, that thoughtful men are puzzled at the anomaly of the London Ruffian's existence in prison being made more comfortable than that of the virtuous but unfortunate pauper, or of the industrious but still needy labourer. The difficulty which remains to be solved, is the discovery of a system in the details of which absolute punishment shall exist without the penalties that shock humanity, and free from the advantages which prison comforts offer to the felon, when they are compared with the lot of the honest and toilworn artisan. Year by year the penal code grows more favourable to the criminal; and in 1862-3, the system has abolished not only all relics of barbarity, but as many of the hardships incidental to penal servitude as can in any way be considered detrimental to the health and comfort of the mind and body. The hulks and the cham-gang are superseded by the model prison and the learning of a handicraft; the separation of prisoners is mitigated by numerous changes in their daily occupation, and public attention is arrested by a controversy which can only result in some change, the effects of which should secure a still higher degree of public safety.

The strong arm of the law, say

some, wields only a willow wand, which fails to strike down the criminal, who gains impunity instead of reformation. To this it is replied by others, that the very last office of the law, as interpreted by a Christian community, is that of destruction; and that to punish by deprivation of necessary food, by the infliction of unremitting toil, by the dread monotony of unchanging labour without recreation or mental training; would be to destroy not only hope but life altogether.

Meanwhile, the condition of the streets, in spite of the exaggerated reports which have tended to produce the garotte panic, is safe beyond that of any other period. The police force, doubtless capable of vast improvement, is organized by rules which have stood the test of experience, and are the best that the circumstances will at present allow. The constables on nightly duty are visited more than once upon their beats by superior officers, who have no definite time for making their appearance; the men themselves are, for the most part, intelligent, prompt, and courageous; the popular sarcasm of a constable never being in the way when he is wanted may be contradicted by anybody who has been with an inspector on his nightly rounds, and has learned how and where to look for the guardians of the peace: the stations communicate by means of the electric telegraph; and the very fact of so small an amount of robbery with violence producing so much popular excitement, will in itself prove the ordinary efficiency of the means taken to maintain security.

That the working of the system may be greatly improved, there can be no doubt. It might be well to begin with a little improvement in the condition of the London Policeman as compared with that of the London Ruffian.

LADIES' COSTUME AT BRIGHTON:

(LEONORA

I SHOULD be very sorry indeed to arrogate to myself a better knowledge of human nature than my neighbours; but I vow and declare I am at once made master of the key-note of a young lady's mental idiosyncrasies by the sort of hat which she thinks proper to wear. If I were a bachelor I would select the future partner of my home by the style of her out-door head-dress; and I feel confident no one need ever seek the aid of Lavater or of modern phrenology, so long as ladies are at liberty to exercise their taste and discretion in respect to this important article.

As the same notion must have suggested itself to the most casual observer, let us briefly run through the different descriptions of ladies' hats, and see whether their shape, size, and style do not suggest or symbolize character and disposition; and what better place than the cliff at Brighton for an investigation into the latest returns of the poll?

Look at that little saucy pork-pie mine, with a knob at the top, the whole being something similar to those nondescript caps which the Christchurch boys, with a due regard to their ugliness, carry in their hands, not on their heads. Would you not determine that the wearer thereof is a roguish, troublesome minx, and that the round soft tuft, ornamenting the rim of her hat, is the sign and symbol of her character, as much as to say, 'I wear the least possible amount of ornament, because my face is so pretty I like to show it free from adventitious aid, the embellishments of feather, or the clouding of a veil'? Without looking at her feet, would you not vow she is *charmée à merveille*, and that she rejoices in as well-turned a foot and ankle as any on the Promenade? You feel at once that at times she plagues her parents, especially papa after dinner; teases her brothers, and is altogether a

lectic hill too part at *sousmise* abroad; but withal you know that one of these days she will make a thoroughly good staid English wife, and that the silk knob will be turned into a plaything for baby, while an elegant Parisian bonnet will usurp the place of the Tudor-looking thing she now carries so jauntily.

Then, again, let me draw your attention to that curious specimen of head-covering worn by the young lady approaching us from the West Cliff. It is similar to the other, excepting that the brim stands up close like a band, and the white wing of a pigeon ornaments the front. You wonder whether the bird is inside the hat, making its nest there, and whether it ever flutters, and if so, whether it produces a pleasant sensation; or whether, content with its sweet captivity, it exposes one pinion and rests at peace. By a natural corollary we pronounce this demoiselle to be dove-like in respect to her heart; but so far as her head is concerned she will pigeon you at any game of flirtation you choose to play at.

More extraordinary still is this marvellous affair close at our side just passing. By all that is ornithological, an entire pheasant's breast, with its radiant feathers in perfect condition, sweeps round the entire hat! What are we to think of the wearer thereof? Was she born on the 21st of October, and celebrates her natal day by a shot-silk dress and the beautiful phasianic trophy? or, with a keen eye to economy, did the flesh of the bird support the waste of her system at dinner, and the skin afterwards do duty as we see it? At all events it suggests an accompaniment of sauce, which is not found wanting.

As a contrast to this wonderful specimen, so suggestive of a poultry-



OBSERVATIONS AT BRIGHTON.

[See "Hats and Faces"]

can't sleep, look at that hat (he could just do not stare rudely under it) with a broad brim and two negro feathers sweeping round it on either side. A veil conceals the lady's features, and altogether there is a consciousness about the entire arrangement which seems to say, 'I am determined to attract those horrid men who stare so rudely; but, while I pique their curiosity, I decline to satisfy it.' Alas, for the vanity of human designs! the veil is blown aside by a violent gust of wind, and though we hold it a sacred canon that no woman can be pronounced 'ugly,' yet it must be confessed that this present specimen of the fair sex approaches as nearly as possible those dangerous confines which separate beauty from its antithesis; and if this fact were doubtful, the certainty that some fifty summers had passed over those would-be veiled roses is quite undeniable so, *allons*, and with a due regard to age, feathers, and rouge, note that variegated hat, made up of scarlet plumes, faded flowers, and bits of old lace. Why, the birdcatcher in the 'Zauberflaute,' might have worn it as a badge of his calling; and we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that the wearer thereof had very much better invest eighteen-pence in a plain straw, and trim it with simple ribbon, than expose herself in such a May-day affair to the astonished breezes. I decline to speculate upon the character of this fair being, not because she is worse than her neighbours, but because we have just discovered in her antipodal extremity a hole in her boot, and a glaring red stocking above.

But why is that dog jumping and barking in such a vociferous manner, by the side of the somewhat fast-looking young lady just before us? By Jove! it is a fox-hound, and he is yelping at that fox's brush in the Honourable Miss Harkaway's hat! Yes, positively, a fox's tail encircles it, and I hear the serious joker of the Excrescent Hotel exclaim, 'Her hat is always well brushed, at any rate.'

Of course the Hon. Miss Harkaway follows the hounds; but as I

as of young ladies who kick over the traces—I beg pardon, leap over the fence, I mean—I had better be mental or in

Who is that pretty! always describing acts of grace, as she canters along with the most perfect ease, but without ready at a moment's notice to be down on her saddle, her leg against flank, the rein tight, but not shaking, and her eye alive with fire and energy, as her thoroughbred is prying his ears, fancies to shy at that great s with a lion at the top, and a hand blaring and clanging in the front? So! ho! softly, pretty one; if he does shy and prance and dance, what care you?—you see like a bird on the waves, and rise and fall with your horse's movements with a grace which you divide between you, but with a strength and certainty of seat all your own. Look at her hat—a *chapeau d'homme*—how well it becomes her, with a veil loosely tied in a knot at the back, but otherwise simple in its copy of a man's. She is made of the same stuff—a combination of pluck and womanly attributes—which some 300 years ago was chronicled in Scottish history when a fair and rounded arm was thrust into the lacerating staple of a gate, and which only a few months since was found in the homely housewife, who, tender yet brave, stole from her sick husband's side while he slept, descended by herself to the room which burglars were entering, and steadying her aim upon her wrist, fired at the cowardly miscreant, like a heroine as she is. Canter on, pretty horsewoman! and may you never be called upon to exhibit the latent courage of your high-bred woman's nature, nor find occasion to do a more daring deed than to guide your palfrey skillfully in the crowded way, accompanied as you fly along by the truest admiration of every fresh manly heart, as well as of every kindly feeling of your own sex.

Possibly a riding-hat is the only portion of a man's dress that a woman may wear without detriment to a truly feminine nature; but the

face of the wearer should be oval, and, above all, a lady in a riding-hat *must* ride well, or else let her betake herself to Hampstead Heath and a Jerusalem pony

Of all the hats that have lately come into vogue, the 'brigand' hat, such as that now passing on the opposite side of the way, is the most peculiar, owing principally, I believe, to the effect which it has of making the youngest girl look old, or at least elderly; and of all the strange phenomenon in the hat and face line that I ever remember to have seen, was one of these hats worn with widow's weeds! Nothing out of Wales was ever seen like it; and even there the conjunction of mourning frills and a beaver at the top of them would be a rarity. Perhaps the most becoming to the female face of all description of hats, is that on a fair-headed girl, driving by in a barouche. It is one of the ample flap sort, with a full, handsome ostrich feather encompassing it—a kind of sombrero made for a pretty woman's face, but, on the other hand, of all the monstrosities which one sees in the way of head-gear, there is one which out-Herods

them all. Its technical name, I believe, is the 'Cleopatra,' and it consists of a thing—I do not know what proper name to give it—suddenly turned up at the forehead, like the leather flap of a boy's cap stuck upright. It enlarges the features, gives boldness to the countenance, and suggests the vilest taste, made even more apparent by a theatrical ornament placed in the centre.

There is, however, one great charm about the generality of hats now worn, which we must not omit to mention—the increased value which, by contrast, they impart to the dear, darling, ducks of bonnets. Bonnets as a whole (of course there are profoundly hideous exceptions) are not only becoming, but give a tone of sweetness and modesty to the female face which no other description of head-dress imparts, and though hats may be well enough for coy fifteen, yet if a lady arrived at womanhood wishes out of doors to resemble a lady, she must, in my humble opinion, leave off her hat, though the prettiest in the world, and take to a bonnet, if even a 'scuttle' or a 'poke'



ENIGMA FOR SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

OFT standing near the crowded mill,
Or where, beneath the flower-deck't hill,
The beehives stand, with joyous thrill
I hear my First.

When from yon ivy-mantled tower
The bell tolls out the midnight hour
I wake and start to feel the power
My Second holds.

When lovers hand in hand by night
Gaze on the moonlit sea, and plight
A troth of never-ending might,
I know my Whole.

R. B. L.

A LAY OF SAINT VALENTINE.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

CARA mia! Cara mia! why the blush upon your cheek?
 Why the whisper, why the stammer, when you softly try to speak?
 Why the radiance that lightens all your face in happy guise?
 Why the sparkle and the triumph in those gentle hazel eyes?

Fanciulla bella mia! shall I read the riddle right?
 Shall I say what makes the rosy flush that deepens in the light?
 'Tis a saint's day—*his* I know by many a token and a sign,
 For to you there's no saint, darling, equal to Saint Valentine.

What's that which you read so deeply?—Ah! I'm answered by the smile
 (Happy offspring of a pleasure free from every taint of guile);
 Lace-embroidered margin—verses—picture pencilled deftly. Mine
 Is the true guess—'tis a missive sacred to Saint Valentine.

Dream on, daughter mine. Too soon may come the clangour of the strife,
 All too soon the woe and turmoil of the battlefield of life.
 Dream on brightly o'er each honeyed accent—ponder every line,
 All enchanted by the magic woven by Saint Valentine.

I remember—ah, how freshly!—in the vague long, long ago,
 How the pulses of my wild heart throbbed so fiercely to and fro,
 As I wrote to her my darling—her whose beauty e'er could shine
 All unchanged, untouched—in sentence sacred to Saint Valentine.

How my burning words flowed swiftly!—how I added vow to vow
 (And the very phrase is graven on my soul's best memory now);

In the simple, earnest verses guarded by Saint Valentine.



Drawn by Louis Huard.

ACCEPTED!

Ah, my darling! I have worked and battled now through varied years,
Yet that faded scroll of writing is the fountain of my tears.
I could weep, remembering how my wearied, crushed heart could but pine
For her loss to whom I murmured vows loved by Saint Valentine.

Do I sadden you, *ma mignonne*? Turn we to a happier theme ;
Bask in all the peerless sunshine of your radiant first-love dream ;
Drink the joy that bids your heart bound as with some Elysian wine,
Add another to the pæans sung to sweet Saint Valentine.

All the air to you is halcyon—all the landscape tinged with gold—
All the breezes from the southward, never growing harsh or cold—
All the flowers of earth seem ready a fresh coronal to twine
For your brow, which wears the joyous gladness of Saint Valentine.

W. R.



TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

(II.)

ETHEL.

HOW dares the boisterous wind assail
 My darling fair,
 And boldly toss her fluttering veil
 And silky hair?—
 Blest he—to kiss those clear grey eyes,
 Yet wake nor anger nor surprise!

Fair Ethel is 'a-hunting boune'
 This merry morn;
 Loud rings across the dew-sprent down
 The cheerful horn.
 For she like Dian plays her part
 To chase the hare—and chase the heart.

Hark to the music of the hounds
 Among the furze!
 Joy brightens—while her bosom bounds
 Those eyes of hers:—
 To saddle all then—and away:—
 Love and the chase brook no delay!

Out flies her habit to the wind,
 As on she speeds:
 The boldest riders fall behind,
 And Ethel leads:—
 Nor shame to them that they prefer
 What is their fate—to follow her!



TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY —(II), ETHEL

[See the Poem

THE TENANT OF THE CHINTZ CHAMBER



(Page 164.)

CHAPTER V.

THE VISITOR.

AND now all Ravelstock was in a flutter. My lady had a hundred plans for amusement, a hundred little arrangements to make; and, to her honour be it said, she fully acknowledged the extreme service which Mrs. Grey did her at this time.

None of the state chambers, were they ever so grand and rich, could be fresh enough or pretty enough for the young visitor who was to come with July's first morning sun. 'Gwendaline must have a bower,' said my lady. 'She is like one of those old Saxon princesses who always lived in bowers, unless the poets tell fibs. We must make her a bower.' And in pursuance of this idea stiff curtains of rose-coloured brocade were veiled and flounced

with snowy muslin. Little gems of pictures and statuettes gleamed from the fluted hangings on the walls. All kinds of pretty toys and ornaments littered the tables. The rosy hues of couches and chairs were also half smothered in white. The carpet was a verdant sward strewn with moss-roses and lilies of the valley. Mirrors shone from every wall, repeating the room and its contents, till its tenant seemed to inhabit a labyrinth of fairy-like chambers. The balcony, which led by stairs to the garden, was stocked with the choicest flowers; and the never-falling ivy sent its youngest green to tap pleasantly at the window, and wish good-morrow to the lucky bird who had found so luxurious a nest.

And after all had been completed,

even to Lady Ravelstock's satisfaction, July arrived, and conducted the fair Gwendalme to Ravelstock. She came, riding up the avenue in her pretty green riding-habit and saucy hat and feather, exactly like the princess in a fairy tale—only, alas! there was no prince as yet. 'Alas! there is no prince,' sighed my lady. At least, her thoughts, if they did not precisely take that form, said 'How provoking that Percy has not come!'

She had written to him some weeks before, but the dutiful son had returned no answer. Whether he had got the letter or not, my lady did not know, but she clung to the fond hope that the postman and not Lord Ravelstock was to blame in the matter. So on this first of July evening, after the bird had been introduced to its nest, after the green riding-habit had been exchanged for a white muslin, in which Gwendalme appeared as fresh and dainty as a wood-sprite, after tea had been discussed in Lady Ravelstock's favourite bow-window, after many of the new songs had been sung, and a good deal of chat indulged in—after all these things had been said and done, and all had separated for the night, Lady Ravelstock sat up full two hours writing a long and urgent epistle to her son. The gist of the letter was something like this—'Gwendalme Lisle is here at Ravelstock. She is a very lovely and lovable creature. I hardly imagined that her peculiar childish beauty could have developed into such perfection. She remembers you well, and, I know, looks forward with pleasure to meeting you again. Percy, my son, I implore you to come and spend this month with us—or I only ask you for a week, and after it is spent, if you do not stay of your own accord, I will annoy you no more about it. You know, my son, how anxious I am to see you settled in life. Gwendalme would indeed be a charming wife, even without her thirty thousand pounds. And thus last, after all that has been spent' (she had written 'squandered,' but scored it out) 'of your patrimony, is no mean consideration.

I would not have you mercenary, but surely Gwendalme is all you can desire in every respect.'

Something in this strain was the letter posted by Lady Ravelstock's maid next morning.

Meantime the golden hours sped. The princess, being of a lively disposition, was fain, in the absence of the prince, to make herself happy with the good old fairy, her hostess, and that agreeable shade, the companion. Innumerable drives and walks were taken, new songs were sung, and new stitches in embroidery taught Lady Gwendalme by Mrs Grey. On a stool at her feet the pretty thing would sit, her golden head close to Mrs Grey's carmelite sleeve, and her airy drapery sweeping the carpet. Then, with her blue eyes wide with enthusiasm, she would tell the quiet matron of beautiful scenes far away, in lands which had been trodden by her wandering feet during the past year, or with sly mischief she would describe gay balls and assemblages at which she had been present, mimicking the tones and manners of fops and *blasé* young men, till my lady, listening through her afternoon doze to the dear child's prattle, grew fearful in her heart lest my lord coming should, by too much concert and affectation, disgust the girl, and frustrate all that had been so long and so anxiously planned and anticipated. Thus, all things considered, poor Lady Ravelstock did not quite walk upon roses at this present crisis of affairs.

It was also true that, though Gwendalme made herself so agreeable to every one, and seemed so happy, she was yet not quite satisfied with her visit to Ravelstock. It was true that those dear old childish days, when Gwendalme rode the pony, and Percy held the reins, were by no means forgotten by the heiress. She remembered her handsome young knight, and Lady Ravelstock's letters to her while at school and abroad had kept his idea fresh in her mind till he grew to be a hero therein, and she looked forward with no little interest to the time when their friendship might be renewed. A visit to

the picture-gallery had introduced her to the external of his manhood, and many a pretext was almost unconsciously made afterwards to get another peep at the fascinating face. But two and three weeks had passed, and no Percy had turned up at Ravelstock. Gwendaline began to think that coming home was rather dull after all, and to consider within herself how soon she should return to the Beeches. She was tired of her songs. She had no one to ride with, for, as if through spite, she would not allow Lady Ravelstock to invite any company to the castle, pleading that she was so glad of a quiet country time at home after her dissipation abroad. Nevertheless, for all her laughter, and her songs, and her merry anecdotes, poor little Gwendaline was rather disappointed.

My lady, on her side, watched the post as only an anxious mother can. She made various passing allusions to 'Percy,' generally at breakfast-time, after the letter-bag had been rifled, talked of his 'pressing engagements,' his 'tiresome duties,' &c. &c. in a vague way, which rather led the visitor to imagine that this young lord was a kind of modern Atlas. She often wondered to herself what the inexorable labour must be which prevented him from coming to see his mother and, incidentally, his mother's guest. But she knew little of 'business,' and rested assured that the great world of London could scarcely go round without his presence—in fact, that the motions of the universe in some measure depended on Lord Ravelstock's exertions.

Poor Lady Ravelstock made her vague excuses for her son; and on these occasions Gwendaline laughed, and changed the conversation to show her supreme indifference to his lordship's movements, while Mrs Grey laid down her muffin, and lost her appetite for the rest of the meal.

And all the while Percy of Ravelstock had received his mother's letter. It had arrived just when my lord was on the verge of a miserable and unpraiseworthy despair, because of a many-headed vision of

ruin conjured up by his own recklessness, which had haunted him night and day for a long time past. Terrible sacrifice of property, shameful sale of his birthright, or exposure and imprisonment, Lord Ravelstock found either alternative hard to choose. His lady-mother's 'chatter' about 'Gwenne Lisle' had at first annoyed him, but the latter part of this second letter of hers had changed his mind. How could he have recollected that little Gwenne was mistress of thirty thousand pounds? He swept away his countless threatening duns and his desperate thoughts at one blow, and walked hurriedly about his studio. This pretty Gwenne—yes, surely he should go and pay his respects to his mother's guest. She was a sweet little thing, good-natured and passionate, fiery and gentle. He remembered her long golden hair, and how he used to wind her will round his boyish finger; how she used to pout and scold, and finally yield to his slightest wish. And after half an hour of this kind of reflection he sat down and wrote what he considered a very accommodating, dutiful letter to his mother, announcing his arrival on a certain day. After it was finished, he sat staring at it lying open before him. He crossed the *t's*, and touched the stops blacker, and all the while a shadow was gathering on his face that darkened its beauty. He threw himself back in his chair, and folded his arms, and looked doggedly at the opposite wall. 'Confound it!' he said, between his teeth, 'confound it! why should I not?'

He sat there long with the letter before him, cursing under his breath, and gnawing his lip. At last he started up, and threw the letter in the fire, swearing at himself for a fool while it burned. Then for some five minutes he chafed about the room like one possessed, till, wearying perhaps of the exercise, he lit a clay pipe, and sallied out to cool himself in the night air.

But despite that little ranting scene enacted by Percy in the privacy of his 'studio,' a copy, almost

verbatim, of the torn letter was despatched to Ravelstock on the following evening.

CHAPTER VI.

PLEASANT NEWS.

On the morning which brought Percy's letter to its destination, breakfast was rather late at Ravelstock. My lady had a headache, and lingered in her room longer than usual. In consequence of this she had her correspondence in her chamber, before descending to the breakfast-room. Poor Lady Ravelstock! how she snatched at that letter, and read it and re-read it, with a wetness like tears dimming her eyes.

She hurried down, and found Gwendaline standing near the glass door, in the sun, with a note from her father open in her hand. She was at that moment trying to decide whether or not she should inform Lady Ravelstock of her desire to go home. She felt out of humour, she scarce knew why, and vexed with herself for being out of humour. Her pride was piqued, and she would not acknowledge to herself that she was disappointed because Percy had not come to see her.

So she stood at the glass door, the breeze just raising the golden platts with a 'gentle, lazy motion, and a rose from the creepers outside tapping her cheek, as if to reprove her discontentedness and win a smile to the arch blue eyes. So she stood, and Lady Ravelstock came behind her and laid a kind hand on her shoulder.

'Good morning, my dear. Where is Mrs. Grey?'

'I don't know—that is—I suppose she is still rambling. I believe she hasn't come in. I wasn't thinking about her.'

This was said with a degree of pettishness for which the young lady would reproach herself the next moment with impetuous sorrow, as was her wont when she had misbehaved. However, Lady Ravelstock was too full of good-humour at that moment to mind the little girl's temper.

'Well, my dear,' she said, 'I suppose she will be here presently; meantime, I have some news which I hope will not annoy you. Percy will be here the day after to-morrow.'

Gwendaline blushed with surprise and pleasure, and faltered:

'Annoy me? Oh! how could it annoy me, Lady Ravelstock? I am sure I am very glad.'

Some more studiously-careless speech, indeed perhaps some mischievously-sarcastic speech, would undoubtedly have been coined, had Gwendaline had time, but she was so completely taken by surprise that her tell-tale face betrayed her pleasure as well as her tongue. Lady Ravelstock, however, was too busy fumbling among her letters to notice anything else.

'Shall I show you the letter? Shall I let you see what he says about you? But no, you naughty girl, you don't deserve it, because you don't seem half enough pleased about his coming.'

Gwendaline laughed, coloured, threw back her pretty little proud head, and declared she was not at all anxious to see what Lord Ravelstock had said about her, upon which my lady consigned her letter to its envelope. Indeed, she had not the slightest idea of showing that letter. Her mother's heart had got a bitter training before it could rejoice at the reception of such an epistle. Perhaps Gwendaline would hardly have been pleased, had she seen Lord Ravelstock's cool allusions to herself and her thirty thousand pounds, she, who was accustomed to homage the most delicate and reverential, and who had not yet discovered the disadvantage of being an heiress. And so Lady Ravelstock thought, 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Alas! poor little Gwendaline.

When my lady made that announcement to her young visitor, the two were not quite alone. Had the girl not turned at that moment when she felt her friend's hand on her shoulder, she must have seen Mrs. Grey close by her side, about to bid her good morning, and enter by the glass door. But the ivy

screen made another step necessary to bring the new-comer in view of those inside the room, and ere that step had been taken the word 'Percy' had fallen on a listening ear. The name had its usual mesmerizing effect upon Mrs. Grey, her steps were checked, her eyes lit and darkened, while the warm colour paled out of her face. Every word of that short conversation was devoured, and then the involuntary eavesdropper crept round to the front entrance, and took her way to her own chamber.

Whatever trouble was upon Mrs. Grey, it had only five minutes to indulge itself, which it did with stifled moans, rapid rushing of feet back and forward from wall to wall of the chintz chamber, silent wringing of hands, and hunted staring of eyes that seemed seeking escape from existence. Poor Mrs. Grey! God help those who have a recurring sorrow, terror, or remorse, which they cannot, dare not, share with any near them.

Five minutes for a greeting with misery in solitude, and then a wan face studying a smile in the toilet glass, and trembling fingers arranging disordered gray hair, and clothing it with a spotless cap. Another five minutes, and the gray woman had glided into the breakfast-room with her customary cheerful face not a whit less bright than usual, and carrying her morning offering to Lady Ravelstock—a bunch of wild flowers.

There are many occasions in life on which it is a blessed thing to be of no consequence, and so forgotten by those around us. This morning's breakfast was one of these to Mrs. Grey. She minced her muffin and sipped her coffee in unobserved silence, whilst my lady held forth about Percy, and Gwendaline listened with glad interest.

After breakfast there were notes of invitation to be written, for a gay entertainment which Lady Ravelstock purposed giving. Gwendaline was full of interest on the subject. She tripped about all the morning in a restless, joyful fever of expectation. Although she had declared her indifference to her old play-

fellow's coming, yet her transparent character shed forth her gladness, while she, simple girl, was quite convinced that no one knew the secret of her good spirits but herself.

She spent an hour in the garden quite alone. A rare thing for her to do. Mrs. Grey raised her head from the writing-table, at which she was sealing up cards, and watched the bright hair gleaming among the green boughs, and the slender figure fitting among the flowers as she wandered about, filling her lap with blossoms for the drawing-room vases, indulging in one of those vague golden reveries, into which summer days beguile youth—golden reveries, whose sweetness is fancied by the dreamer to be only a foretaste of the after bliss which life's full noon will bring to their lips.

In the afternoon there were visits to be paid. Mrs. Grey had got a headache from the heat, and, leaving her at home, Lady Ravelstock and her young charge rolled off in the carriage together. Mrs. Grey, from the drawing-room window, again watched the airy drapery that hung over the front seat, and the delicate profile, shaded by the pretty white hat, with its azure-tipped feather. She studied the girl pretty closely at all times, her eyes followed her wherever she went. Gwendaline and she were good friends now. Did Mrs. Grey love the girl? Was this scrutiny the result of affection? Whether or not, she did acknowledge in her heart the extreme loveliness of Lady Ravelstock's elected daughter-in-law, and mused much upon her evident pleasure at the expected visit of the young lord.

The carriage had been gone an hour, and in the late afternoon the air stood still in the chambers, weighted as with the intense heat of an Indian summer. Mrs. Grey wandered from room to room in search of a breath of cool air, and soon found herself in the long dim picture-gallery, dim even then at either far end, but in the centre flooded and emblazoned with the deep light which burned through star and diamond of the coloured glass overhead.

Gliding through the glory, almost as like a ghost as she looked on that winter night of the sleep-walking, Mrs. Grey came and stood before one of the pictures. It was smiling in the sunshine. The woman gazed on the face till her own grew convulsed, and sinking, she knelt in an agony of weeping upon the mat, with her brow against the frame. It was a violent storm, and a short one. She rose again, walked to the balustrade, and, leaning against it, gazed intently at the picture.

'It is past,' she said. 'I swore never to weep again, and yet I have wept like this. I have dared all, and why cannot I dare bravely?'

Then she went on talking to the picture. 'You shall not do it. The innocent shall not suffer. You shall not do it.'

CHAPTER VII

PERCY.

The day of Lord Ravelstock's return home dawned with the same vivid brilliance and breathless heat which had reigned over hall and meadow since July brought Gwendaline to Ravelstock. The evening train was to bring him to the village that lay ten miles away, along that white, green-hedged road which swept from the gates of Ravelstock, and a groom with horses had ridden to meet him the day before.

A long hour ere there could be a possibility of his appearance, Lady Ravelstock sat in the window, looking towards the gates. Her sixty years had not extinguished in her the desire to appear well in her son's eyes, and she had dressed herself with unusual care. She held a book in her hand, but she did not read. Her thoughts were gone to meet the absent son whom her eyes had not beheld for three years.

Gwendaline had shown some caprice in insisting that a ramble, several miles into the park, in search of wild strawberries, should no longer be delayed, but taken that very day by Mrs. Grey and herself. True, Mrs. Grey had hinted the proposal, but Gwendaline had fastened on it at once; and, in spite of

all Lady Ravelstock could say, nothing would please her little ladyship but to dress herself in brown holland and set off with a basket on her arm to the park. Perhaps she intended to prove to his lordship that his arrival was not an event of so much consequence as to interfere with her rambling arrangements, or perhaps she imagined that, if he should come to meet them a little way, the introduction would be pleasanter and more unembarrassed there, under the trees, than in the hot drawing-room, with nothing to talk about but the weather. At all events they went, and the evening sun, quivering down through the thicket of leaves, found her and Mrs. Grey resting on the cool grass in one of the farthest recesses of the park.

Just then Percy was riding along the scorching road alone, having left the groom to look after his baggage. Lord Ravelstock shared in an antipathy common to his kind—an objection to having his shoulders burned for a longer time than necessary. So, on reaching the first park entrance, he left the more direct road and followed an irregular path through dells and dingles, till it brought him to the very spot where the ramblers were resting. They did not hear him as he approached—his horse made no sound on the soft turf. Mrs. Grey sat against a stout tree with her back to him, and Gwendaline lay among the fern-leaves beside her, holding her broad hat up with both hands, to shade her face, and gazing up through the boughs at the little blue lakes floating among them overhead.

Both were startled by the sound of a man's voice inquiring courteously if they could direct him to a spring anywhere near, as his horse required a drink, and he himself was parched with thirst. Mrs. Grey shrank farther into the shadow of the tree. Gwendaline started up, colouring vividly, and looking as pretty a rustic, with her coarse straw hat in hand, as it was possible to see.

The young lord sat composedly admiring her, and waiting for her

answer; and Gwendaline's quick wits soon perceived that he did not recognize them. Of course Mrs. Grey was unknown to him, but he might have remembered *her* better. Her little ladyship was piqued at his forgetfulness, and she resolved to punish him. In truth, it never occurred to Percy that this simple wood-nymph was the travelled and accomplished Gwendaline, whom his mother had so eloquently described. This little rustic maid was pretty enough for anything, but she wore a brown holland blouse and a coarse straw hat, and, in short, the idea of her being his mother's guest never entered his head. He imagined a listless beauty in a most *recherché* toilet, with hardly energy to fan herself or turn over the leaves of her novel thus hot weather.

Gwendaline answered his questions by first presenting, with a great deal of mock respect and deference, her tempting basket of strawberries for his own refreshment, and then offering to lead the way to a stream close by. Mrs. Grey never raised her eyes from the book which lay on her knees, and the mischievous girl indulged her whim of fooling the young lord to her heart's content. As for Percy, he was charmed with the freshness and good-nature of his guide. He believed her at once to be the daughter of some neighbouring farmer; this part of the park was free to all who chose to walk in it. He was charmed, and, while his horse drank, he plied her with questions. He affected to be a stranger. To whom did the park belong? Gwendaline informed him that it belonged to Lady Ravelstock. Whereupon Percy said, 'Indeed!'

'I believe,' continued Gwendaline, slyly, 'that it belongs really to the young lord, but he never comes here, and people forget about him. He is only a kind of tradition at Ravelstock.'

Percy cleared his throat. It was not just pleasant to hear a little country girl, be she ever so charming, talking of his being only a 'tradition' in the domains of which he was master. He swallowed his vexation, however, and went on with his questions.

'Lady Ravelstock lives here alone, then? Has she no visitors?'

'Oh! she lives quite like a hermit.'

'I thought—that is, I heard a report that a young lady is staying with her at present.'

'You mean Sir Francis Lasle's daughter?'

'Exactly.'

'Yes, she has been staying there some time, but she is not at the castle now. She left it this morning.'

Lord Ravelstock stooped suddenly to smother his angry oath. Gwendaline bit her red lips to keep the corners from going off into a laugh. Percy was no longer in humour for chatting with the prettiest rustic in Christendom. He mounted his horse, dragging its mouth from the water rather roughly, and, waving an abrupt adieu to his fair tormentor, he cantered from the glade and gained the beaten path.

The merry girl flew back to Mrs. Grey, her face brimming with mischievous glee. Reaching the tree, she burst into such a fit of laughter that the doll rang back the pleasant echoes, and she leant against the tree and wiped the bright tears from her eyes.

When the last gust of merriment had shaken itself free of her happy heart, she stooped suddenly and snatched the book from Mrs. Grey's lap.

'There! don't be vexed, dear Mrs. Grey, but do come along. I've sent my lord off in such a fuss. He thinks I've gone away, and you should have seen how black he looked when I told him. Oh! do come. I'm longing for the fun of meeting him again, he will look so foolish—but what is the matter? You are so pale!'

'Nothing, nothing,' Mrs. Grey said. It was the heat, the walk through the sun. She had been a little sick. She was quite better now, &c. &c.

Gwendaline offered the support of her slight arm, which was declined. Mrs. Grey seemed to creep almost with a shudder from the touch of the gay girl who tripped along by her side, trying to keep her feet in measure with the slower steps of her companion, and in all ignorance

of the bleak looks which were cast outward over the happy trees by the wan, averted face beside her.

When Percy left the glade he had turned his horse's head towards the village, determined to set off for London again, without crossing his mother's threshold, but, on second thoughts, he wheeled round again, and hurried on to the castle.

His mother's embraces were taken with an ill enough grace, till a few minutes' conversation revealed to him his blunder in believing the gossip of a girl who knew nothing of what she was talking about. After this discovery, his temper improved rapidly, he talked graciously to his mother, and laughed at his adventure.

'A pretty country girl,' he said, 'whom I met, and who gave me some strawberries, told me she had gone. The little baggage! What a dance she has led me! And pray, mother, when may we expect the Lady Gwendaline to make her ladyship's august appearance?'

CHAPTER VIII

MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL

Great was Gwendaline's amusement when the young lord sauntered into the drawing-room, and found her attired in most ladylike and becoming guise, seated in the bay window at her embroidery. However, he bore the laugh very well, and all things went on pleasantly. Mrs. Grey's headache prevented her appearing again that night. No one missed her. Gwendaline was in high spirits, Percy was the most gallant of cavaliers. We have done this young man great injustice if we have said anything to lead people to believe that he was not the most polite and agreeable person in the world—when he chose. All the favourite songs were sung, Percy turning the leaves, and then he, who was a most accomplished person, as has been before set down, sang to his own accompaniment. In fact, the close of the evening found the two young people the best of friends; and Lady Ravelstock

blessed them in her heart, and was happy.

At breakfast next morning Mrs. Grey was introduced to Lord Ravelstock by my lady, who was so kind as to pass a private eulogium on her companion for her son's edification. He bowed to the lady and stared at her, and then took no further notice of her presence. Certainly, however Mrs. Grey might dislike his lordship's company, he had no objection to hers, and did not seem to have ever seen her before.

The days sped merrily after this. Gwendaline rode off every morning in her pretty green habit, more like the fairy princess than ever. And then the prince was by her side. The prince also gave the princess drawing lessons of bright evenings, when the two would wander off in search of good foregrounds and picturesque distances. Also, my lord was a good reader. Indeed, what accomplishment was there he had not? After breakfast it was the wont of the three ladies to repair to the cool shelter of the trees, when my lord, extended on the grass at Gwendaline's feet, would read aloud Tennyson's sweetest pieces, with a clear, lazy intonation, which was pleasant to listen to.

On one of these occasions, when Percy paused, in searching for a poem, to repeat a little bit which he assured them was delicious, and commenced—

'Break, break, break!
on thy cold gray stones,
oh! sea,'

Mrs. Grey, sitting in the shelter of the tree's trunk, with her face turned from the rest, fainted quietly away. No one observed her, as she did not fall, nor even stir, and in a few minutes she regained her senses, suffering all those terrible strugglings, those deathly chills, and unearthly hissings in the ear, which come back with the life which has been suspended by a swoon. She bore them; and, lest the change on her face should be seen, she made an excuse to return to the house for some wools which Lady Ravelstock had forgotten.

But Mrs. Grey's troubles were

nothing to anybody. The sun shone upon every one else. Lady Ravelstock was perfectly happy; Gwendalme lived in Paradise, and Percy—well, Percy was doing his business satisfactorily.

He did not fail to dazzle the eyes of the young heiress with his artistic powers. A huge canvas was sent from London, on which the charms of the Lady Gwendalme were to be perpetuated for the edification of generations to come. He fitted out a studio, hung it round with pictures, and set up his easel.

Accordingly, while Mrs Grey statched at the window, and my lady wandered in and out in ecstasies of joy and admiration, the girl stood for the painter in a white dress with her lap filled with flowers, and her straw hat lying at her feet. A favourite bit of the wool was chosen to fill up the picture.

The fair model was not very patient, and often demanded permission to rest herself, which she did by rummaging about the room, examining the pictures, and asking questions of their owner regarding them. On one of these occasions she opened the great portfolio for about the hundredth time, and began to look through its contents; the artist standing by the while with his palette upon his thumb, twirling his mahl-stick in his fingers, and regarding his own performances with a dignified indifference. Gwendalme asked a lot of nice little foolish questions, my lord was amused at her candidly avowed ignorance, and flattered by her constant appeals to his knowledge and judgment. She shook her golden head over his sketches, and acknowledged that he was a genius; she never, never, never could draw like that, not if she were to learn for a hundred years. Percy carelessly deprecated this emphatic declaration, assuring her that study effected a great deal. Of course it was an immense advantage to be born with genius, but cultivation was quite necessary.

And the young lord tossed back his hair from his handsome forehead, and with one foot drawn back contemplated his work with a truly professional air, while Gwendalme

glanced at him from behind the Bristol board in her hand with reverential admiration.

Contrary to her usage, Mrs Grey had come softly from the window, and stood, embroidery in hand, looking over Gwendalme's head, as she sat on the floor inspecting the pictures. Stooping quietly, she drew from between two papers, which had got curled and fastened at the edges, a sketch of a female head, almost life-size, a very beautiful face shaded by quantities of heavy dark hair. There was much sweetness in the face and a good deal of melancholy, and there was character about the mouth, and a certain firmness which rebelled against the soft sadness in the eyes. The chief beauty lay in the colouring, in the clear fairness of the skin contrasted with the ripe tinting of the cheeks and lips, and the shadows lying on the brows, under the eyelids, and thick about the head.

It was seldom that Mrs Grey addressed Lord Ravelstock, but now, after regarding the drawing attentively, she said—

'My lord, may I ask if this is a portrait?'

Percy looked up in some surprise, glanced at the sketch, reddened slightly, and said—

'Oh! it is only a study done from a model.'

Mrs Grey said, 'Thank you,' and Gwendalme picked up the picture.

'Oh, what a lovely face! I say, Percy' (they had got on pretty well during the past six weeks, considering that they called each other by their Christian names, as in the old times), 'wasn't she a beauty?'

'Yes, pretty well,' said my lord, shifting about rather uneasily, as he studied his work, now from one point of view, and now from another. 'But won't you come now, and let me get on?'

'Oh! yes, directly, when I have feasted my eyes on this beauty for a few minutes longer. Mrs. Grey, did you ever see——?' but Mrs. Grey was gone.

The picture progressed; and it must be owned that it did the painter credit, and proved that he had at least learned something whilst play-

ing artist in London. Very proud of it he was, and very complacently he looked at it, as he stood grinding his colours before the canvas. If any one had come and whispered in his ear that it never would be finished, I wonder what he would have said.

Time sped on. The hot July had long since melted into August, and August had carried its purple shadows and crimson glories into the heart of September. It had been one of those long, unbroken seasons of magnificent weather that come rarely to brood over these changeful islands. When they do come, we revel in them and wonder at them. Sometimes we tire of them, and sometimes we fear them with a vague dread that the shock of reaction will be sudden and severe. Who would not rather have the fitful passing clouds and rains, with their brilliant intervals of sunshine, or even the storm itself, than the sultry calm which precedes it, when the ear, tortured with stillness and suspense, listens intently for the first roll of the thunder?

Who under the Ravelstock roof-tree had thoughts like these? Percy? I cannot tell. I believe he sometimes had wakeful nights, and walked his room when he should have been asleep. But how should he dream of storms? There had been threatening storms, very black and dismal so black that before thus he might have been engulfed in their horrid shadow, had not the tide of circumstances carried him from under their menace and landed him on a high, dry, and pleasant shore. Gwendaline—beautiful, gay, affectionate—walked, talked, and rode at his side every day. He had but to speak. Thirty thousand pounds lay at his feet, inviting him to stoop and pick them up. And still he delayed doing so, and walked his room at night, and swore at his own folly, then went to bed and dreamed that Gwendaline stood before him wearing her bright hair in a net, which she pulled off as he knelt, while the yellow hair fell in a shower of real gold about him.

Why should Percy dread a storm?

True, he had heard of strong men being felled by a sun-stroke in the brilliant noon of a hot day. He had known of such a thing as lightning flying out of a cloud and blasting a young green tree. Was it the excess of his love that made him, whom many called reckless and daring, quail, and fret, and bite his nails in sullen irresolution, while he stamped his foot at the thought that anything could come between him and his prize? No, surely smiling lands were stretching afar in Percy's future, and he could dread no storm.

Was it Lady Ravelstock who nourished a fear in her heart and dreaded the future? Alas! no. Poor Lady Ravelstock rested like one who, having toiled a weary way up a steep height, reaches at last a sunny bank on which to repose—a sunny bank which may or may not hide an unseen precipice.

Was it Gwendaline? No. With that light step and gay laugh? No. With that bright face, for ever flinging its happiness like sunshine in other faces by day, and by night that dreaming head with its golden hair sweeping down the white pillow in the harvest moonlight? No, no! The young heart slept its golden slumber. It was not yet time to wake it.

It was the gray woman in the chintz chamber who stifled in the breathless sultriness of that long, spell-like calm. It was she who sat waiting for the storm to break over her head, she whose ears were distended for the groans of the thunder, the first roll of the muffled drum.

CHAPTER IX.

GATHERING SHADOWS.

A letter which Lord Ravelstock received in his chamber on a certain morning in the last week of September seemed to help him to his final decision if he needed a help. That afternoon he proposed a long ride to Gwendaline. They went; and at home in the drawing-room at Ravelstock my lady chatted her to Mrs. Grey all day.

long, and Mrs. Grey sat at her work as usual.

But in the evening my lady dozed, and Mrs. Grey strayed into the garden. Smiling and sympathizing with a kind friend does not seem hard work at which to spend the day; but it must have fatigued the gray woman, for she walked with a weary step and a worn face down the shady alleys of the garden.

The green arcades overhead were turning yellow fast in the sunset light now they seemed changing their tints at every moment as the eye watched. Decay was at work already. Amber leaves with brown edges lay trodden into the clay, and crept in mouldy layers in under the boxwood borders of the flower-beds. Every group of green foliage was dashed with some deeper, fiercer colour, and the very intensity of brilliant light and hue seemed to forewarn that neutralization was at hand. Sound also signalled the ear of an approaching change. The rustling shower of leaves, brought to earth by the sweep of passing drapery, the pipe of a lonely bird, melancholy, where so many voices had swelled the chorus, a low, sudden wail, running with subdued cadence from tree to tree, even under such a sky, all said, 'Summer has passed, let the earth prepare for desolation.'

I think that the hushed isolation of remote country places, especially if they be in the neighbourhood of the sea or moors, at times tempts Nature's voice to speak with more than usual force and intelligence to the listening human ear. We lie awake at night, and we hear indescribable callings and whisperings. We walk abroad at evening, and strange shadows flit across our path, and strange voices murmur from behind rocks. The ever-running river has taken some new weird tone; the darkening air eddies in rustling waves of sound around our heads. We may not be able to interpret our great mother's language, forgetful children that we are, living our lives apart from her, and seldom hearkening to her voice. But we fell her meaning. With a thrilling awe we bow to her voice, and walk

on our way with nervous tread and expectant eye. We watch and wait for the Inevitable.

Lady Ravelstock sought Mrs. Grey in the garden, and told her that Gwendaline had promised to be her son's wife. It was late in the evening—quite twilight, and the joyful mother came out all the length of the garden in the chill air to communicate the good tidings to her companion and confidante, not having patience to wait till the gray woman should come in from the shadows into the lighted house.

The poor old lady quite raved. They were both so happy, she said. They were made for one another. Their attachment had begun in childhood. It was beautiful to see such true mutual love. Ah! her mother's heart was at rest. She did not care how soon she had to leave the world now. And the two women went back to the house.

The late dinner-table shone in the lustre of wax-lights, and the fire leaped merrily in the great comfortable dining-room. Ease, luxury, repose were suggested to any one on entering out of the shadows. When Mrs. Grey came in, Gwendaline, tired with her ride, lay on a couch in shelter of the sweeping window-curtains, with her yellow head resting on the purple cushion, like a primrose on a bed of violets. She was watching the rising moon, glistening among the trees, and cresting the line of ocean visible from the windows. Her eye passed over the shadowy moor that swept dark against the shining water. Its gloomy stretch could not make her melancholy then: it only tinged the scene with a shade of mystery which charmed her sentimental mood. And on this evening she was sentimental, poor little Gwendaline! Mrs. Grey shrank from her, and sat at the distant end of the room.

Later in the evening the lovers went off to the billiard-room. My lady sat at the fire with her netting, and talked to Mrs. Grey. Percy and Gwendaline—their looks, their characters, their sayings and doings in childhood, their engagement and approaching marriage—formed the sole topics of her conversation. And

Mrs. Grey listened and assented, as she was expected to do.

Later still, when the drawing-room was dark and lights were in the bed-rooms, she stood at her glass looking at her own face with wild eyes, which seemed to say, 'Shall I dare?' She bathed her face in something which she poured into her basin from a bottle—something which washed away the dark circles from under her eyes and the brown colour from her skin. Coming again to the table, the glass reflected a face so different that it was no wonder the woman herself started. It was now fair as alabaster, and the eyes shone large and brilliant from under the shadowy brows and lashes. The lips turned red and full in contrast with the pale fairness of the complexion. And over all, that strange gray hair hung like a cloud over a spring landscape.

She looked towards the passage, and clung to a chair, then sank into it and covered her face. 'I cannot to-night,' she said, 'not to-night.'

She locked her door, extinguished her light, and crept into her bed to weep and moan with her head buried in the pillows.

The next evening was one of excitement. A ball was given at Ravelstock Castle. Percy, exultated with the triumph of his happiness, elegant and courteous as a prince, handsomest where many were handsome, was seen going from one to another, dancing with all the pretty gals, dazzling them with his wit, his gallantry, and his good looks. The elderly gentlemen, to whom he talked wisdom and politics, shook their sober heads when he went, and gave their universal opinion that he was a remarkably clever young fellow, who would yet do honour to his name and country. All the old dowager mammas avowed he was a most charming young man, though not too much so for that pretty Gwendaline. Unimportant male branches of families bit their white kid finger-tops and looked after him with envy, while others with more good sense and good-nature followed him with admiring eyes, called him a 'jolly fellow,' and

resolved, if possible, to cultivate his acquaintance.

His long absence from Ravelstock had been always satisfactorily accounted for by his mother. He was travelling abroad, cultivating his talents for the arts. He was such an energetic, enthusiastic creature he could not settle down to a commonplace life of ease and pleasure like other young noblemen. With this kind of dust continually thrown in their eyes by Lady Ravelstock in her periodical visits of ceremony to her neighbours, those good people believed the young lord to be a kind of universal genius, a wonder of talent and research, who might one day flash among them and dazzle all their eyes. Since his arrival he had made himself exceedingly popular, and on this especial evening, when it was known that he had pledged his troth to the beautiful and wealthy Gwendaline Lisle, and would, in all probability, take the lead henceforth among them, all faces beamed upon him and all tongues announced his praises.

Lady Ravelstock sailed about her gay rooms like a kind-faced old dowager empress, full of dignity and hospitality. Now her eyes followed her son, and now his future wife—'queen-rose of the rose-bud garden of girls' there blooming around her, Gwendaline, dressed in a robe of crimson velvet, on whose soft, brilliant folds her arm rested, as fair as pearl, with rubies glowing among the golden wreaths of her hair.

And the night sped. Hour after hour was hurried into the past. Wine bubbled, laughter sparkled, eyes shone, and hearts danced as well as feet. Servants ran to and fro, lights blazed, all was glad confusion in the castle's living habitation. No one thought of the lonely woman who sat up in the chintz chamber with her racking headache, and watched the candle burn down and counted the hours. In the dim picture-gallery the shadows lay thick upon the faces on the wall; and in the deserted studio the easel stood solitary on its three skeleton legs, and the curtain hung over the unfinished portrait—never to be

finished. From the windows of the chintz chamber and all within its line a solemn moon was visible, gloating above sombre trees, and that shadowy moor which would receive no gift of light, and that glistening ocean stretch with the land rocks thrown up black and distinct against it. And the tide welled and welled about the dark

cliffs, and the moon beamed and beamed. And still the time went on, as it ever will do to the end, as it does now, as it did yesterday, and the night faded into dawn as a black stain is bleached gray. And the waters ebbed, and the moon set; but to flow and rise yet once again for the gray woman.

VIOLETS.

THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER *

'O gentle flower, I pray thee tell
 If my lover loves me, and loves me well'
 So may the fall of the morning dew
 Keep the sun from dimming thy tender blue
 Now will I number your leaves for my lot
 He loves not—He loves me—He loves me not''

L. E. LANDON

ERE the swallow's homeward wing
 To its native bower hath flown,
 Or the genial airs of spring
 Prompt the cuckoo's monotone,—
 When an unseen presence fills
 Every pulse with fresher life,
 And the warm, moist air distils
 Dews with homed fragrance rife,—
 Hidden from the garish sun,
 In some nook of tenderest green,
 Waiting to be sought, ere won,
 Peeps the violet from her screen,
 Coy as maiden modesty,
 Bowed the common gaze beneath,
 Blue as fair Floranthe's eye,
 Fragrant as her odorous breath,
 Redolent of pleasures past,—
 Hopes that no fruition knew,—
 Bliss, too bitter-sweet to last,
 Faith no vows can now renew,

* The Decision of the Flower is a custom well known throughout Germany, and has been long adopted, with some modifications, in the northern counties of England. Goethe, in his 'Faust,' has introduced Margaret in the act of thus testing her lover's fidelity; alternating the sentences of 'he loves me' and 'he loves me not,' as she plucks off one leaf of the flower after another. The words associated with the removal of the last leaf are supposed to decide the momentous question either in the affirmative or negative as the case may be. Among the flowers usually selected for this romantic ordeal may be mentioned the violet, daisy, primrose, and forget-me-not.

Violets.

Remembrancer of love and spring,
 Of days that long have taken flight;
 Thy simple perfume seems to bring
 Sweet dreams of vanished years to light!

And she hath gathered violets blue,—
 To mingle flowers might break the spell,—
 And fain would try the test anew
 That may her saddest doubt dispel!

Such ordeals now are idle all,
 If needed, love is love no more;
 And tests that wishes vain recall
 But tell us what we knew before!

'He loves me not!' 'He loves me still!'
 Oh, that such faith were yet my lot!
 Or that this leaf might work my will,
 That says, alas! 'He loves me not!'

'He loves me not!' It cannot be,
 Till honour, faith itself be dead,
 I'll not accept the sad decree
 Till every leaf I hold be shed

Of man's deceit, or wild caprice,
 What reck's it to the broken heart?
 How vain the breath that whispers peace,
 When love and hope for aye depart!





‘HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT.’

; (See ‘VIOLETS,’ p. 173.)

TOBOGGINING.

‘AND what is Toboggining?’ will be the exclamation of nine out of ten readers. Well, Toboggining is a Canadian amusement, with which I have not the smallest doubt in the world your brother, cousin, or friend, whether in the Guards, Rifles, Artillery, or Line, now garrisoning British North America, has by this time a very intimate acquaintance, and I also venture to predict he will mention its delights in glowing terms in the next letter he writes home, if he has not already done so. However, as he may not take the trouble to describe it minutely, let me try to do so.

In the first place, it would shock the sensibilities of the Seven Matrons of Belgravia and their superlatively

brought up daughters, no doubt, not a little, and yet there is no more harm in it than in waltzing—both are innocent, except to those who wilfully make them otherwise.

Toboggining, then, is a sort of ‘Montagne Russe au Naturel,’ indulged in after the following manner—First, as Mrs Glass says, ‘Catch your hare,’ or get a toboggin, and here let me remark that I never found two people in Canada who spelt that word in the same way, tarboggon, treboggin, tobogan, and so on, ringing the changes upon the letters like a sum in variations and combinations, but let that pass—it is the name of an Indian sledge, and this is a sketch of it



It is made of a piece of thin, tough wood, about 8 feet long and 20 inches wide, turned up at one end, which is then kept in position by fastenings of a deer's hide: it is further strengthened by a couple of very light rods, as thick as your finger, running down each side, and by two or three other rods crossing them. The bottom is then perfectly smooth, and, as you see by the picture, is well adapted to glide lightly over the snow.

Now, when an Indian goes to the woods in winter, he invariably takes his toboggin with him, on which he packs his game to carry it home. This is its normal use, but the pleasure-loving Canadians use it for amusement, as you will see.

Having got your toboggin, you next make up a party, male and female, and on a fine day, with one of those glorious Canadian skies above, and five feet of snow below you, start for some neighbouring hill where the ground slopes away smoothly and steeply—the steeper the better. At Quebec and Kingston the glacis of the citadels were the favourite spots, at Montreal 'the mountain'. And now for a little work. You must first drag your toboggin to the top of the hill; and although it is very light, and you are feeling cold, you will most probably be warm enough by the time you get up, especially if the slide be long and steep. Arrived at the top, you suggest to one of your fair companions your desire to be her charioteer, or perhaps I ought to say toboggineer, down the hill, which polite offer she (conscious of the perils of the way) declines, till she sees how you can guide one of your fellow-men down first. If you are fresh from England she exercises a wise discretion; for, urged by her vote of 'want of confidence,' you boldly depart with your venturesome freight, or better still, for the first time, by yourself. Seating yourself firmly on the toboggin, with a bit of stick in each hand to act as rudder, a friend starts you from the summit. For the first ten yards or so your course is true, and all goes well, but now you fancy the head of your toboggin inclines a

little too much to the right, so, according to instructions, you instantly use the left-hand rudder by plunging it into the snow. Alas! 'gently does it' is as true here as in horsebreaking: your craft immediately answers to the helm, and swings round to the left, of course ten times too much. 'Right hand! right hand!' shout your sympathizing friends, and in it goes twice as hard as the other—brings your toboggin broadside on to the hill, and a roll is inevitable, besides which, your treacherous vehicle, left to itself, slowly rights, gathers way, and by the time you pick yourself up, is going down the hill at a pace which will certainly give you half-a-mile's run to fetch it. Never mind, a roll in the snow does not hurt, and an Englishman won't be done; so off you go, and in ten minutes are up the hill again, and ready for another trial.

But now mark this party start on their trip, and see if you can gather a hint or two. The gentleman has toboggined since he was five years old, and so ought to be a pretty good hand. The lady he asks has no hesitation in trusting herself to him. Gathering herself well together, and tucking in all superfluous garments, she seats herself in the front part of the toboggin, he immediately behind her, as you see in the picture.

And off they go. See how the lightest touch to right or left corrects any little deviation in its course. In truth, it requires but very little guidance; the 'way' the craft has on must almost keep its head straight if it is left alone, and has a good start. Every moment it goes quicker and quicker—ten, twenty, thirty miles an hour is the pace if the snow is hard, the toboggin well worn, and the hill steep. They dash by you toiling up the hill in a cloud of snow of their own raising, and, almost breathless, find themselves at the end of the incline, but still carried far on to the level by the impetus they have acquired: slower and slower they go, and finally come to a standstill.

But what a glorious spin they have had! The rush in those two

minutes, in which they have come nearly a mile, was of itself worth coming to Canada for. You will never get it in England, for you have neither the snow nor the toboggin. You must go the West Indies to eat land-crabs, and to Canada to learn toboggining. A steady hand, a good eye, and tolerable nerve will soon make you *au fait*, and then you will easily succeed in getting a fair freight. Even if you do get an occasional roll, what of it? Either the Canadian ladies manage their crinolines better than the English ones, or take some unknown precaution before they go toboggining, for there are more 'strange objects' to be seen in one day at the seaside, gathering sea-anemones and zoophytes at Scarborough or Ilfracombe, than I saw in three seasons' toboggining in Canada.

So, fair reader, if love or fortune ever carry you to Canada, do not fail to join the first toboggining party you are invited to. Consult a Canadian friend about the little affairs above alluded to. Put aside your English scruples, and I think you will candidly confess that a good slide is capital fun, although you are obliged to lean somewhat familiarly upon your Canadian guide.

After you have learnt toboggining, should your good fortune take you to Quebec in the early spring of the year, you will most likely be asked to join a sliding-party at Montmorenci.

Thus is the *crème de la crème* of the art, and on its glories I will expatiate some future time.

P. L.



THE CATTLE SHOW.

(INCLUDING A SKETCH OF TWO 'ANGELS' AT ISLINGTON.)



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

IN my uncle John, whose namesake and godson I have the honour to be, has got a project in his head, nothing in this world but an attack of gout (to which he is occasionally subject) can swerve him from his purpose. It is a clear case of

'Justum et tenacem propositi virum,' &c

by which, translated freely, I mean that he is just one of those tenacious old parties who will carry out what he proposes. For instance, a week or so before Christmas, instead of remaining quietly at Hollygate until after that festive season had passed, nothing would satisfy him but running up to town for the Cattle Show; and as if this was not sufficiently irrational in a person of his age, he must needs bring two of 'the girls,'

two of my fair cousins, with him. Not that they raised any particular objections to coming. Why should they? Wasn't Agnes, their elder sister, left at home to manage the house, with the assistance of Mrs. Plumtree, the housekeeper (who, I may here remark, *en passant*, has the finest receipt for egg-flip known in the west of England)? 'Wasn't Agnes,' they urged, 'left there by her own choice, and for the express purpose of seeing about the coals, and blankets, and woollen socks for half the poor in the village—of going to read to Goody Thompson's boy, who was laid up with a bad foot—of helping the curate in the choir practice at St Mary's, and finishing the embroidery of that antependium?' Of course she was; and so you will find in every family some dear, good 'angel in the house'

who is always ready to do duty for us all—to-day for you, my fair peruser; to-morrow, perhaps, for me—no matter—any one she can assist in her unselfish, quiet way, while we go on our way, and take our pleasure

So Rose and Kitty came with their papa to town, and put up at Box's famed hotel in Jernyn Street, whither I was summoned from my chambers by a little mauve-coloured billet soon after their arrival. Upon my word, there is no end of these interruptions to work. They come periodically to every British student who doesn't lead the life of a hermit. Look at Christmas, for instance. That is a time of the year especially set apart and dedicated (with sanction of the Church) to honest pleasure. Can I be drawing the figure when I ought to be drawing forfeits—cutting chalk when I might be carving turkey—using caoutchouc instead of taking a hand at another sort of rubber, and mixing varnishes as a miserable substitute for whiskey-punch? Of course not, and so Christmas is my Grand Annual Interruption Number One. Well, I have scarcely recovered from the unsettling effects of this festivity when the Season approaches. Perhaps I have sent my great work of the year to the Royal Academy—say an heroic incident in the battle of Prague (suggested by certain passages in a celebrated musical composition of that name), or the Birth of St Simeon Stylites perhaps, in short, I have produced a sensation picture, or perhaps on the other hand, which is more probable, I have done nothing of the kind. Anyhow, what with drums, routs, hops, and tea-fights, no one can work—no one can *paint* in the Season, except, perhaps, a few old dowagers who exercise that art in the most strictly private manner, and generally in repairing their own complexions. So the London Season is my Grand Annual Interruption Number Two. As for the autumn, every one, as you know, goes out of town; and though one may repair to the seaside ostensibly for the sake of sunsets—mount Ben Nevis in search of landscape, and go

yachting to study waves—I know full well how all these pseudo-artistic excursions end, as far as I am concerned, and how impossible it is to call the Long Vacation anything but my Grand Annual Interruption Number Three.

The slight hiatus in my studies occasioned by my cousins' arrival in town, I cannot (in common gallantry) say that I regret. Indeed, as I had not seen them for some three months, I laid aside my mahlstick cheerfully at their summons, and did not grumble when Mr. Hansom's representative, who drove me to Jernyn Street, romanced considerably on his proper fare. Who could venture on a dispute with a cabman before the threshold of Box's famous hostelry? There is an air of quiet dignity about the place which rises above the consideration of shillings, which no one, with a due respect for Box and the Constitution, would venture to disturb. The bare idea of an altercation with Mr Badge Two-naught-seventy-six—of his asking satirically, on receipt of the proper fare, 'What's this?'—of his remarking, audibly, that I was no gentleman—of his suggesting, with irony, that I had better keep the proffered sum for my washing, &c, &c—filled me with a silent horror, and I confess that I would have paid anything rather than incur the mild, reproachful look of that too respectable porter in Box's hall after such a scene. It may be a superstition on my part arising from youthful associations, but I have always looked on Box's establishment as *the* great original metropolitan family hotel, of which all imitations must be spurious. Talk not to me of Claridge and Mivart—of monster terminus hotels, and modern innovations. A century of patronage has given Box his fame. The wide and many-paned bay-windows projecting modestly into the street—the carved oak staircase winding up to bedrooms, of which four-posters form the leading feature, and all other articles of furniture are kept subordinate—the snug but ample coffee-room, built at a time when people really ordered coffee in it—but,

above all, the dear old-fashioned bar, redolent of brown sherry and fragrant souchong (N.B. All truly respectable bars are sure to smell of tea)—these, I say, are signs of comfort and hospitality which are peculiarly characteristic of Box's house.

I am ushered by a most demure and deferential waiter into one of Box's sitting-rooms, and find my worthy uncle and far cousins discussing one of Box's breakfasts, including Box's famous bacon, bread, and butter, Miss Rose gracefully presiding at the tea-urn, and Kitty, with her healthy rural appetite, going in for muffins to an extent that would at once have incapacitated me for any physical exertion during the day. As for my uncle, he greeted me as much like a father as is consistent with the dignity of an uncle, and forthwith announced that they were all going to the Cattle Show after breakfast, and expected me to be their escort.

Now, not being of a peculiarly agricultural or bucolic turn of mind myself, and being equally ignorant of the merits of 'Scotch-polled' and 'short horns,' I would willingly have proposed some other diversion, but, in the first place, there was nothing else going on at that hour of the morning, and secondly, Ro—, but am I bound to give a second reason? Of course I complied with Mr. Winsome's wishes like a dutiful nephew—dawdled over breakfast until mid-day, when one of Box's double broughams was ordered, and we all drove off to Islington. The road to that remote but favoured suburb first lay through the west-end squares and streets, and Kitty begged that I would ask the man to drive as slowly as possible, that she might enjoy that transient prospect of shop-windows which appears to be a never-failing source of pleasure to the youthful, and especially female, mind, and this fact (added to the somewhat antiquated appearance of our carriage, which, though eminently respectable, was certainly out of date) caused many unpleasant observations to be levelled at the head of our charioteer when, by loitering about, he came in contact

with other vehicles. Indeed, some gentlemen of the whip addressed him from the omnibuses as 'gardener,' thereby implying an ungenerous suspicion that his avocation was of a twofold character, and desiring him, ever and anon, in emphatic language, to 'wake up,' as though he had been suffering from the effects of a powerful opiate. But as we left the busy pavement and glittering shop-windows of the west, our pace grew faster, and presently we entered on that long and dreary wilderness, the New Road.

There is something to me painfully deceptive in the title of that thoroughfare. In a 'New' Road one would naturally expect something bright and cheerful, with all the latest improvements in macadamization, well-drained gutters, wide and clean-swept trottoirs, young saplings planted by the wayside, or at least a street of well-built, tidy houses. But, alas! as the poet has remarked, 'What's in a name?' The New Road has only one element of novelty about it, which is, that it looks as if it had been begun, and never meant to be finished. It is a sort of cheap-and-nasty speculation ground—a half-reformed Alsatia—a vulgar compromise between semi-genteel residences and shabby shops—a dingy colony of ugly trades. Here on the right an enterprising builder rears his sign before a yard where scaffold-poles and ladders crop up innumerable. Over the way a stonemason or statuary is established, who fills his court with plaster casts from the antique or monster vases for the gardens of the great. Perhaps Antinous appears without a nose, or Jove Omnipotens with dank green mildew on his compe beard. Sometimes the gladiators wrestle there begrimed and sooty, or Aphrodite rises from behind a row of chimney-pots. Anon a monster lion wags his broken tail ignobly at the passing cabs, and here and there you see a headless eagle perched upon a moss-grown column.

A little further on is the lollipop shop full of stale pastry and fly-blown buns. Here you may buy the celebrated Albert rock and

dubious 'bull's eyes,' or those well-puffed lozenges described as 'cough no more' (probably from the speed with which they put the sufferer beyond the reach of medicine). Here also are ginger-pop and that mysterious effervescent white powder which is always kept in light-green bottles, and called sherbet, for the consumption of little boys who *will* pay twopence for a stomach-ache. And all along the road, at certain intervals, are stationed rude and greasy men, with tightly-buttoned coats and paper collars, who thrust into the faces of the passers-by a pair of vulgar, worthless photographs, with a saucy hint that you should 'ave yer portrait took for sixpence. I wonder by what strange exemption from the law of nuisances these gentlemen are still allowed to ply their calling. Suppose the cheap tobacconist, the early coffee-house proprietor, the coal and cabbage merchant touted also for *their* customers, how much longer would our streets be passable, and when would the police interfere?

Compare the rank disorder, the ugly slovenliness of this great thoroughfare with the well-built, cheerful aspect of any modern Paris boulevard, and confess that Louis Napoleon, with all his faults, has learned the art of street-making.

Turning off to the left we drive through the classic region of Pentonville, and pass several omnibuses packed out and inside with ruddy, well-conditioned farmers bound for the same destination as ourselves. The drivers of these vehicles, anxious to reap a goodly harvest from the Cattle Show, kept shouting out to supposititious 'fares' along the road—'Now then, Angel! An-gill! Here you are, mum! Angel,' &c, which caused Miss Kitty to inquire, with charming simplicity, why they addressed their passengers in such endearing terms. This illusion was, however, soon dispelled on nearing the tavern which bears that celestial name. The Angel Inn is certainly a most unangelic-looking place, reminding one of a dilapidated Mechanics' Institute, which has taken to beer in later life and broken out into innumerable 'bars' in conse-

quence. There is the public bar full of 'bus cads' and costermongers, the private bar with boozy tippers from the street; there is the retail and bottle entrance with a narrow door, and there is the supplementary tap-room, which is apparently all window, and of which the chief characteristics are sawdust and spittoons. The immediate neighbourhood of the 'Angel' is principally remarkable for retaining the last of those hideous devices, the illuminated-clock-and-advertising-column, and also for giving the casual visitor an impression that the gentlemen of Islington, when not actually engaged in drinking at the Angel, are smoking fiercely on their own account. Never have I seen in the same extent of superficial area so many tobacconists' shops. The proportion which they bear to other trades is wonderful. Here is a pastrycook's establishment and a tobacconist's, and a pork-butcher's and a tobacconist's, and a hosier, and a greengrocer, and a tobacconist in a small way, and a barber, and a baker, and an ironmonger, and a tobacconist in a very large way, and further on, when we think we have arrived at a stationer's, we find him selling envelopes and sealing-wax indeed on one of his counters, but he is sure to do a little in the way of 'bacey on the other. In short, if that lamented monarch, James I, could but revisit this sphere, I make no doubt he would issue another edition of his 'Counterblast' for the especial benefit and warning of his subjects at Islington.

The Agricultural Hall is an 'imposing edifice' (as the art-critic hath it) 'in the Italian style.' It is built chiefly of red and yellow bricks arranged in such a way as to excuse the unartistic observation which I overheard an honest farmer make—that it reminded him of streaky bacon. My uncle, whose recollections of a London Cattle Show date from the Goswell Street era, and who has since learnt to associate it with carriage-harness and Madame Tussaud's exhibition, was loud in his praises of the building. Miss Winsome, too, was pleased to smile *her* approval as I helped her to

alight from the carriage, and we all walked cheerfully up the long lane of advertisements which led to the body of the building. What strange complications of advertisement!

what wondrous incongruities appeared in print along that passage wall! The 'posters' jostled each other to that extent that the separate texts fused into long and



straggling sentences, containing the most extraordinary announcements, such as—

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH . THE UNRIVALLED SHORT-HORNED HEIFER WEIGHT 2,000 POUNDS . . WILL APPEAR SHORTLY IN THE . . ROSE OF CASTILE WITH . . . INDIA-RUBBER LEGGINGS &c, &c

DO YOU WANT A GOOD AND CHEAP OYSTER, LUNCHEON, AND SUPPER ROOMS, WHERE YOU WILL FIND . SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE, &c

SAM COLLINS, THE RENOWNED COMIC VOCALIST, WILL GIVE AN . . ORDINARY EVERY DAY AT 1 O'CLOCK, AND COLD COLLATION, CONSISTING OF . AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF TURKEY SPONGES WITH . . EVERY VARIETY OF BOOTS AND SHOES AT PRICES REALLY ASTONISHING.

HIGHBURY BARN A SELECT AND COMPLIMENTARY BALL WILL BE GIVEN AT THIS FAVOURITE RESORT, TO . THE BISHOP OF LONDON, PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY . NB—SUPERIOR BATHS FOR LADIES, &c, &c.

SURREY THEATRE PHELPS, THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, FOR A FEW NIGHTS ONLY IN . . A GUINEA WIG WITH TRANSPARENT PARTING MADE EXPRESSLY . . BY MR SPURGEON AT THE . . . ORIGINAL JUDGE AND JURY SOCIETY IN THE STRAND, &c., &c.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR AND WHISKERS? . . SEND FOR

CATHRILL'S
CONCENTRATED
ONDIMENT,
WARRANTED IN A FEW DAYS TO IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF ANY BEAST, &c.

HOT JOINTS . . TO BE LET ON LEASE,

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION . IN GUINEA TO 200 GROSS OF HALF-GUINEA CRYSTAL SPECTACLES, SUITABLE TO EVERY SIGHT, AND INTENDED FOR . . . A CHRISTMAS TESTIMONIAL TO MR. F—

THE ONLY REALLY EFFICIENT HAIR-DYE IS TO BE FOUND IN . FLYNN'S WATERPROOF BOOT, TO BE HAD ONLY AT . MADAME TUSSAUD'S IN BAKER STREET, WHERE ALSO MAY BE SEEN SEVERAL NEW ADDITIONS, VIZ, MESSRS MASON AND SLIDELL, RICHARD THE FIRST AND . A MACHINE FOR CLIPPING HORSES, WHICH WILL BE EXHIBITED DURING THE CATTLE SHOW WEEK

GRAND ANNUAL DINNER AT THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN—LORD FEVERSHAM IN THE CHAIR . ALL HAY AND STRAW MUST BE BROUGHT INTO THE BUILDING BEFORE SIX O'CLOCK—SMOKING STRICTLY FORBIDDEN

Further on we saw the handball of a photographic firm, calling attention to the superiority of their portraits, immediately above the vignette likeness of a fine young bull, and the merits of Thorley's food for cattle set forth in immediate proximity to the name of a certain plethoric and public character, whose name nothing shall induce me to reveal

Conspicuous above the crowd, on a placard by himself, and flourishing that famous and much-dishevelled umbrella with which he has become identified, appeared Mr Unsworth, the inimitable 'stump orator,' who no doubt in person amused hundreds of those 'young men from the country' that a popular song represents as being possessed of such unusual sagacity.

Having procured change at the little 'al fresco' counter which is established for the purpose (an admirable plan, by the way, to prevent confusion at the turnstile), Mr Winsome ventured on a venerable pun about our present sovereign being worth four crowns, whereat we charitably laughed and entered the building. The view presented of the hall inside is a sort of triple alliance between a railway station, a riding-school, and a slice of the Crystal Palace. It is light, airy, and well ventilated, and altogether

does great credit to Mr. Peck, whose name has luckily stopped short of that enclitic 'sniff' which calls to mind another architect familiar to the friends of 'Martin Chuzzlewit'

How shall I venture to describe the meaty glories of this Christmas show? If I possessed the *pen* of Mr Samuel Sydney—I mean, of course, the goose-quill, not a sheep-fold—I might recount the merits of each class, draw nice distinctions between 'long' and 'short wools,' give graphic notices of each steer and heifer, descant upon the qualities of back and chine, show what proportion of success was due to oil-cake, how much to swedes and barley-meal. But being unfortunately neither a cattle breeder nor a cattle punter, and possessing only that limited connoisseurship which distinguishes the worth of beef and mutton at the dinner-table, I was content to look calmly down those lengthy avenues of oxtail as a simple amateur. My uncle, on the contrary, a west of England man, and zealous for the honour of his county, backed the Devon cattle and Dartmoor mutton warmly against the field, and presently entered into such a fierce discussion with a friend of his, an agriculturist from Ludlow, who contended for the excellence of Hereford breed, that my cousins and I were glad to escape and listen to the piping bullfinch, which issued many notes before the day had closed in aid of the Lancashire Distress Fund. Between ourselves, I think 'the girls' were rather disappointed with the Cattle Show. When ladies from our rural districts come up to town, no doubt they naturally prefer that class of amusements which they lack at home. The Misses Winsome had abundant opportunities of studying the habits of the bovine tribe upon the farm at Hollygate, and did not care to be reminded of the presence of prize pigs by the unmistakable effluvia which reached us from the porkers' antechamber.

'I wish, dear Jack,' exclaimed Miss Rose to me, 'that you would write to the "Times," and suggest that the Agricultural Hall should be perfumed by Rummel's scent,

like that nice old fountain at the Exhibition (which I suppose we shan't see any more, now that they have decided not to award the prizes, nor give a ball, nor do anything jolly there again), I dare say it wouldn't cost so very much—the scent, I mean, and really those pigs—I don't mind it so much in the country, but in London, you know, it's dreadful. You might call it the Islington Essence, or stay, you know there is a "Jockey Club Bouquet," why not a "*Cattle Club Deodoriser*?"

To this I replied that I should be very glad to write to the 'Times' or anywhere else for her sake, but having already indited several eloquent letters to that journal on various subjects, from street organs up to convict settlements, none of which the editor had thought proper to insert, I hardly felt justified in troubling him about the Cattle Club Deodoriser at present. I reminded her, however, that the widely-circulated pages of 'London Society' would be the best means of bringing her scheme before the notice of the British public, and perhaps Mr Rimmel might be induced to take the matter up, being a manufacturer no less distinguished for exotic perfumes than for his *common scents*.

Whether the ladies would have appreciated this ingenious little pun in proper time I cannot say, but just at that moment up came my worthy uncle (having failed to shake the Hereford gentleman's faith in short horns) and led us off to see Mr. Heath's prize 'three-year-old,' whose legs and ribs and flanks we found the subject of great admiration to the surrounding crowd. Over the head of each beast were inscribed particulars of its weight, food, pedigree, breeder, &c, on a little tablet, which worked on a pivot; and Mr. Winsome experienced some annoyance at finding this register continually pulled round to the opposite side by some equally enthusiastic spectator just as he was calling our attention to the important facts that the 'Countess' of Hereford was five years old, or that the diet of Mr. Neale's heifer had been lunseed cake and barley.

'Lunseed cake! Oh, papa, how very nasty!' cries Miss Kitty, who probably associated that nutritious esculent with cataplasms; 'I wonder it didn't make the poor thing sick. It does look very tired,' and here both the ladies fall to patting and fondling the poultice-fed darling in a way which made me really almost wish to be a 'three-year-old' myself. It was in extending these endearments to a charming long-woolled wether that my youngest cousin spoilt a pair of lovely mauve-coloured gloves with which I had presented her that very morning, being unaware that the sleek and spruce appearance of her 'pretty Southdown' was partly owing to the fact that their coats were kept well oiled.

The names and titles of the cattle became the subject of much amusement to some of us. Isn't it *Bassanio*, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' who sings—

'Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head!
How begot, how nourished?'

The youthful Venetian might have had these questions answered in the Agricultural Hall, where it was announced that little 'Fancy' (a Hereford cow) had been bred by Mr. Coate, of Sherborne, Dorset, that her sire was 'Young Protection,' and her mamma, 'dam Mystery,' also that she had been 'nourished' on hay, swedes, turnips, and oil-cake. To conclude (approximately) in the words of the immortal bard—

'It was engendered with huge eyes,
With gr(razing fed, and Fancy dies
Not in the cradle where it lies.

Let us not ring Fancy's knell,
She won't hear her ding-dong bell.'

'Be that young *Moss Rose*? Well she is a pretty creature, never saw a finer head nor neck!' exclaimed a Devonshire farmer close behind us. Poor Miss Winsome blushed scarlet, and my uncle turning round angrily to see who had made this impertinent observation, discovered that this compliment had not been offered to my cousin, but was intended for young *Moss Rose*, Lord Portman's heifer, aged 2 years and 10 months. The old gentleman, who was beginning with, 'How dare you, sir?' had

just time to 'pull up' in his reproof, and we all laughed heartily at the mistake. Of course the four-footed Rose came in for more caresses; and this time I took upon myself to select a few hairs from between the dear creature's horns (having often and vainly solicited a lock from Miss Winsome's tresses), which I deposited with great care in my pocket-book.

'How can you be so stupid, sir?' whispers that lady in my ear, 'I'm sure papa saw you do that. If you are so *very* anxious to possess a souvenir, why don't you ask Kitty for one? I am sure she can spare it much better than I, and *her* hair is such a lovely colour too!'

Upon which I reminded my cousin that—well, I reminded her of something that had nothing on earth to do with the Cattle Show, and therefore cannot possibly interest the reader of this article.

Anxious to 'do' the Exhibition thoroughly, my uncle took us into the machinery department, explaining, as we went, the various merits of roller mills, straw-carriers, root-slicers, scarifiers, and all those wonderful inventions which save half the labour, and take away more than half the romance, of English husbandry. When I find Horace laying down that each particular kind of poetry should maintain with just decorum its destined place,* I wonder what sort of sentiment he would have derived from modern agriculture. The 'Pastorals' of Gray—of Thomson—of Goldsmith—don't they sound strangely in bucolic ears to-day?—

'Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!'

Those lines to which as children we were accustomed to listen, which then accurately described the toils and pleasures of a rural life, will seem, in a few years' time, to allude to an exploded and primeval state of things, as foreign to our notions of scientific farming as the details

* 'Singula queque locum tenent sortita decenter'—*Ars Poetica*

of the battle of the Nile would be to modern sailors. 'Sickle'—'furrow'—'team'—the words will soon be obsolete. The harvest of 1863 will yield more to 'self-delivery' reaping-machines than sickles. We *now* break up the 'stubborn glebe' with steam-power tillage. Circular saws cut up our timber; and as for 'driving teams afield,' haven't we Bray's traction engines to do the needful?

It is the same with everything. With travelling by land, with travelling by water, with portrait-painting, with woman's handiwork, with instrumental music, with every manual art which had its poetry, and which we can turn to dullest prose by chemistry or cogwheels. Formerly we associated the mechanism of artificial life with towns alone, it is now developed in our fields. I look down the long range of 'patent' implements and engines—of ploughs and 'hay-makers'—'drills' and 'horse-hoes'—'chaff-cutters' and 'corn-screens'; and hear they do their work so admirably, that rustic 'swains' and nymphs, shepherds and shepherdesses, and all who piped or danced in old Arcadia must take their congé. Even the milkmaid's occupation is gone: the cows are operated on by artificial means, and, as an agricultural orator remarked at a public dinner lately, 'with much more satisfaction to themselves'—though how he had been able to ascertain their views on the subject, I don't exactly see. Perhaps there is such a machine as a Boicopsephometer, or vaccine-sentiment-test? I don't know. At all events, it is quite as good Greek as most of the patent names.

In the gallery we saw a rotatory threshing apparatus, constructed on somewhat of the same principle as those sixpenny toys of one's youth wherein cheap flocks of little sheep with pink eyes and worsted tails performed endless gyrations on a piece of tape to doleful wry music. This machine became a sort of amateur treadmill for all the boys in the building, and I confess I saw some hulking fellows jumping and vibrating upon it with the greatest pleasure. I dare say it didn't hurt

the works very much, and it was so very refreshing to find anything like fun knocked out of this department.

We next accompanied Mr. Winsome (much against the ladies' wishes) to see the pigs. Saving the smell, which is not pleasant, I rather hold with prize pigs. To see fine oxen staggering beneath a load of fat I think is painful, and I have some sympathy with those poor, panting, overfed, immoderately clothed 'Cotswolds;' but I don't feel the least compunction for dairy-fed swine. It seems, as it were, their own fault entirely. They always were selfish, sulky gluttons, and deserve their doom. In looking at them, somehow one forgets their *Life in their Flesh*. That 'sensible warm motion' has already become 'a kneaded clod' It is not 'the delighted spirit' which will 'bathe in fiery floods;' it is the pig which will be roasted, and if there is any delighted spirit in the matter, it is that of the cook who will be looking on. There is something to me very suggestive of sausage-meat in 'Mr Baker's black Hampshire;' and I was reminded of 'crackling' when I first heard of Mr Crisp's prize sow. There they both lay, snorting and grunting in the straw, with a log of wood beneath their snouts to prevent the chance of suffocation. They had an ante-room all to themselves—comfortable no doubt, but not so

ornate as the rest of the building. The only decoration I saw on its walls was a strict injunction not to smoke—a rule which might have been dispensed with here, for I am satisfied that the few ladies who *did* venture into this retreat would have preferred tobacco to the unadulterated scent which reached them.

What can I say further on the Cattle Show? Shall I be profoundly hypocritical, and praise where I cannot appreciate? I might affect an interest in 'little Leicesters'—show why the Duke of Beaufort's steer bore off the prize—dilate on the advantages of Thorley's food for cattle, which appears to be advertised every day, at every place, under every variety of circumstances, and, if we may believe the pictorial placard at railway stations, 'converts the commonest hay or straw into a superior provender'—I might, I say, allude to these and other subjects connected with the Islington Exhibition, but I refrain. The object of my earliest ambition was to be a gentleman farmer, and no doubt, if I had embraced it, I should have shone in the profession. But Fate willed otherwise, and, consequently, I know very little about the matter. I expect to be more enlightened when I return from Hollygate, where I have been invited by my Uncle John. Meanwhile, I remain

Yours, faithfully,
JACK EASEL



THE BELLE OF A GARRISON TOWN.



WHEN I lived with my uncle at Plymouth—
 'Tis now twenty summers ago—
 I was wont to pay court to a damsel,
 Where waves whisper under the Hoe.
 Her sweet Christian name was Amelia,
 Her loved patronymic was Brown,
 Oh, why did I fix my affections
 On the Belle of a Garrison Town?

The first floor of her heart (like the lodgings
 Whereby Brown, *mere*, a living did earn)
 Was by officers occupied always
 Of the regiments there quartered in turn
 While I (like the man in the attic,
 Whose rent every week was paid down)
 Was retain'd, 'mid all flirtings erratic,
 By the Belle of the Garrison Town

Yet if e'er of her wandering fancy
 I ventured aloud to complain—
 'There's no harm,' she replied, 'that I can see,
 If I *do* waltz with Captain Maclean!'
 But then, when the Highlanders quitted,
 Came the Fiftieth, of fighting renown,
 And she found a new flame, as befitted
 The Belle of a Garrison Town

The Belle of a Garrison Town.

Her figure was natty and dainty,
 And white were her neck and her brow,
 And her cheek was red—rosy, not paanty—
 I can't say the same for it now!
 For last summer at Plymouth I met her
 (Her hotel is the best there—The Crown),
 And she's altered—but not for the better—
 The Belle of the Garrison Town.

Her cheek bears the Bloom Oriental
 A neighbouring hairdresser vends;
 And her smile displays miracles dental,
 Where metal with ivory blends;
 While her curls, so short, frequent, and frizzy,
 Are a cocconut-fibre-like brown
 Yes, the hand of Old Time has been busy
 With the Belle of the Garrison Town!

Ah, well! We're both older and staidier,
 And her late licensed-victualling spouse,
 Who a rich buxom widow has made her,
 Has left her an excellent house;
 Where ('mid other things worthy of comment)
 Some excellent wine is laid down,—
 'Tis in that I am pledging this moment
 The Belle of the Garrison Town!

Ah, once every word she would utter,
 My innermost breast could control—
 Now I'm starved when she says 'melted butter
 Is the very best thing for my sole'—
 For the stomach and heart are connected,
 Both feel, when on one the fates frown—
 And my heart through my stomach's affected
 By the Belle of the Garrison Town!

Why, I own that I love a good dinner,
 Washed down with a good glass of wine—
 She gives both good, as I am a sinner,
 And her Hollands are almost divine!
 Well, any poor fellow she *did* owe
 Amends for an early cast down,
 Might do worse than to marry the widow—
 Ex-Belle of the Garrison Town!

T H



AMONG THE BLACKBERRIES.

A CHARMING picture is peerless Kate,
 Although but a country maiden,
 As under a hedge she stands, tip-toe,
 With tempting berries o'erladen,
 Her hair of chestnut, and hazel eyes
 From under her straw hat peeping—
 Eyes that hide in their depths a spice
 Of innocent mischief sleeping.

The other side of the hedge strolls Frank,
 Sighing and watching her sadly—
 Sir Philip riding along the road,
 Has seen, and hastes to her gladly
 While Kate, as if intent on her task,
 Her merriest ballad hummeth,
 Noting the while how close draws one,
 The nearer the other cometh

With well-feigned rapture Sir Philip cries,
 'What task so pleasant as this is!
 Let *me* the basket with berries fill,
 And *you* reward me with kisses!
 But Kate, with a half-offended air,
 Objects to such style of paying;
 And he pronounces himself her slave,
 Whatever she wills *obeying*.

But gathering berries in light kid gloves
 And a suit for summer wearing,
 Results in deeply dying the first,
 And the latter sadly tearing.
 And treading a bank where thorny trails
 Are closely clinging together,
 Not light-heeled Mercury long could bear,
 If his boots were patent leather.

And soon Sir Philip exclaims, 'Sweet Kate,
 Oh! do not call me capricious
 For owning myself surprised that you
 Can deem these wildlings delicious.
 Luscious they look 'midst the leaves I know,
 But thus to clumb and to scramble
 Is energy wasted, if nought it wins
 But fruit from a wayside bramble.

'Ah! let the reward of such efforts be
 A heart, like thine own, securing,
 And what canst thou bid me dare, or do,
 That will not be worth enduring?'
 To add effect to his speech he seeks
 A spot at her feet for kneeling,
 But thorns lurk there, and a man in love
 Is full of sensitive feeling.

Among the Blackberries.

Now, Frank in his hiding gnaws his lip,
 But Kate says—blushing and smiling—
 ‘Confess, Sir Philip, these words mean nought
 But an idle hour’s beguiling;
 And Conscience warns me that flirting thus
 Is very meanly coquetting
 With a passion that must be pure and deep,
 Or lead to a life’s regretting.’

Sir Philip looks from Kate’s honest face
 To the earth and sky; but gaining
 No aid from their stolid calm, begins
 To think it awkward remaining;
 So calls her cruel—examines his coat—
 Then hopes she is only jesting;
 But says farewell, for in garments rent
 No wooer feels interesting.

And Kate, her basket filling alone,
 Starts, and commences screaming,
 When Frank jumps over the hedge, of course
 Of *his* presence so near not dreaming.
 And what he pleadeth, and how she lists,
 It is not ours to discover—
 But is it the berries crimson her check,
 Or the lip of a happy lover?

L. C.





THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

“Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument”—CHAPMAN

[See the Poem

LONDON SOCIETY.

MARCH, 1863.

HOUSEKEEPING IN BELGRAVIA.



ABOUT six or seven years ago, a gentleman of considerable fortune, a merchant of Liverpool, paid a visit to London after an absence of many years. He took an open carriage one fine afternoon, and drove with a friend to those quarters which he remembered once fields or gardens, and where magnificent streets and princely squares and terraces are now standing. After exploring the apparently interminable region about Bayswater, they drove to the more fashionable and still newer quarter called South Kensington. Here this gentleman's astonishment was excited, not only by the vast changes

in this locality, but by the style and importance of the dwellings, which proclaimed them to be prepared for the wealthy only.

'The rents of these houses, you tell me,' said he, turning to his friend, 'range from three to seven hundred a year. Now in the north we reckon that a man's rent should not exceed the tenth of his income. If you Londoners are guided by the same rule, what a vast number of people there must be amongst you with good comfortable incomes of from three to five thousand a year!'

His friend smiled, and half shook his head, was about to speak, when his companion resumed—

'People with ten thousand a year are, after all, not numerous one might almost count them. But where do all the occupiers of these houses come from? Tyburnia alone could swallow up the West End that I remember twenty years ago. But how is this quarter peopled?'

'Perhaps,' rejoined his friend, 'from your part of the world—from Laverpool and Manchester. But don't run away with false ideas of our London wealth. House-rent here is no criterion of a man's means. With you it is comparatively moderate, with us mordantly dear. And people of small or moderate incomes would get no home in London at all if they limited their rent to a tenth of their income. And yet,' continued the Londoner, with something of a sigh, as the rent and cost of his own expensive abode in Tyburnia presented themselves to his thoughts, 'there is no item of our expenditure that we ought to study more, or more determinately keep down than this very one of house-rent, for one's expenses in this luxurious capital are very much regulated by the style of home and quarter one lives in. For instance, the class of servants, that present themselves to you, are more exorbitant in their demands, more luxurious in their habits, if you live in a fashionable neighbourhood, than if you occupy an equally large house elsewhere. Rather than lose a footman who had been with me some years I was obliged to turn him into an under-butler the other day, as

he told me 'the society he was in rendered it impossible for him to remain any longer in livery.'

This anecdote brought the conversation to the subject of household expenditure in London as compared with that of the great northern towns, and the picture drawn by the Londoner of the habits and customs of the great and wealthy in the metropolis caused his friend to exclaim, with thankfulness, 'It was well for him that he had to fight the battle of life elsewhere.'

'Perhaps so,' rejoined his friend, 'but you, too, have your weak points. Whilst you are content with *waitresses*, you spend double on your table. I have seen an alderman's feast prepared for a party of eight, and a lady's request for a few oranges answered by a whole case arriving, &c, &c. And then, again, your wives and daughters are more costly in their dress than—'

'True! True! But we would rather spend our money upon them than upon flunkies.'

Six or seven years have done little to alter the habits of living amongst the upper classes. something, certainly, towards increasing their expense, and a great deal towards improving and embellishing their abodes in town. The ugly, plain brick house, ill-lighted by windows few and small, yet, nevertheless, well-built, and with much substantial comfort about it, is now superseded by a bright, cheerful-looking dwelling, where, if there is less space, there is more light and air; where, though the area it covers be smaller, there is more accommodation, where, if the walls are made thinner and neighbours ignored, the convenience and comfort of all the inmates are more cared for; where, if the rent is higher, the rates are less—where, in short, the attractions and advantages are so obvious that those who are able to consider and follow their inclinations (that class of people usually so prejudiced against the *very new*) have thrown aside this feeling, forsworn old associations, and adopted the new quarters of the town as their own.

Shade of King James! arise and view the scene realized that filled

thy acute and far-seeing eye with dismay. Acres and acres of brick and plaster compass us around, the pleasant country homes of England are despised; their occupants, great and small, brought by our iron roads into contact with the outer world, have had new impressions given, new desires inspired; the calm and quiet, the leisure of country life becomes unendurable, they exclaim, 'Let us away! it is not good for man to live alone'—content to resign their prominence, even their individuality, if they may, though but as a drop to the ocean, swell the ranks of the world not inaptly named after their chief resort, *Belgravia*. Oh railroads! much have ye to answer for. Twenty years hence we may look in vain for the social, kindly, hospitable country life now only to be met with in remote countries, in Cornwall, in Scotland. Already have you made the 'Great Houses' independent of their neighbours. Their fish and their friends come down from town together. And the squire, the small proprietor despairing of husbands for his girls or his rubber for himself, where the doors around are closed nine months in the year, leaves his acres to the care of his bailiff and takes refuge in the nearest watering-place, or yields to his wife's solicitations, and launches also into the cares and troubles of

HOUSEKEEPING IN BELGRAVIA.

How much these three words combine! And yet, have we anything to say about the homes and habits of Belgravia or the upper classes of London society, that people fancy they do not know already? We will leave our reader to settle that question by-and-by, when he has visited their abodes and inspected their *ménage* in our company.

Formerly, when one spoke of oneself as living in the West End, one gave by that single word a general idea of one's locality. In the present day it is necessary to specify the particular quarter—whether Westbournia, Tyburnia, Belgravia, &c., for people now doubt whether the Regent's Park district may be classed under that general head; and

the inhabitants of the regions round about Cavendish and Portman Squares speak modestly of themselves as inhabiting an 'old-fashioned part of the town.' We therefore discard a term which we do not care to define, or run the risk of offending by so doing, and adopt one now generally understood to apply to all who move in a certain sphere of society, whether living on one side of Oxford Street or the other, and derived from that quarter that contains fewer of the workers of life, and offers, perhaps, more gradations of fortune, rank, or fashion than any other. There may be found the wealthy titled, and the wealthy untitled family; the fashionable without fortune, and the fashionable because of fortune; those who give a prestige to the quarter they live in, and those who derive a prestige from living there. And yet little more than thirty-five years ago Belgrave Square was not. It owes its existence to a builder's speculation, who perceived the want of well-built first-class houses, and probably foresaw the increased demand that would arise from the centralizing influence of railroads. His speculation answered, in spite of the unhealthy reputation of the ground, and a new suburb rapidly arose, provoking the emulation of other builders, who have now nearly succeeded in their intentions of enclosing Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens in a labyrinth of streets and terraces. Small as Paris comparatively is, every one knows that she has distinct quarters, and that each quarter had a character and society of its own. The barriers that divide them are fast being infringed in this imperial reign. And we, who twenty or thirty years ago had less chiqueism than any other capital, are gradually merging into it, simply because the vast growth of the town has scattered one's friends so far and wide that for sociable and friendly visiting people are thrown upon those nearest to them, and take their tone naturally from that with which they are in most frequent communication. Already there is a sort of *esprit de locale* (if we may so express it),

amongst the inhabitants of the new quarters that the old West Ender never dreamed of. He lived in *London*. He never thought of fighting a battle over the respective merits of Portman or Berkeley Square Grosvenor Square, in his eyes, was *ne plus ultra*. And if he did not live there himself, it was because he could not afford it; so he took the best house nearest the Park that he could get for his money, and visited around, from a judge in Russell Square to a peer in Piccadilly. 'How do you like your house?' was a question often addressed. 'How do you like this part of the town?' was needless to him. In the present day it is the prelude to warm discussions, and so sensitive are people now to remarks upon their district, so bitter in their objections upon other parts, that it has been proposed more than once that Tyburnia and Belgravia should settle the vexed question of superiority by an appeal to arms—or, in common language, 'Meet and have it out in Hyde Park.' If this feeling increases, in ten years' time each of these vast suburbs will become, as it were, distinct towns, with a character and society of their own.

Those who remain faithful to the dingy-looking streets around Portman and Cavendish Squares pique themselves on their central position, which enables them to enjoy the advantages of every, without identifying themselves with any neighbourhood, and it is in these quarters still that some of the best resident London society may be found—society that lays its claims to this position upon higher grounds than mere rank or fortune, yet not deficient in either, the elements that form it being varied, and brought together from all points. The remark made by a lady lately dining in Princes Gate would never have been uttered there, or in Mayfair. After listening to the conversation that was pretty general for some time, she said to her neighbour—

'I could fancy I was dining in the country, you are so very local in your conversation. I hear of nothing but the state of the roads, of meetings about them, who has

taken this house, and who has bought that.

'Well,' replied her neighbour, 'I suppose we are. I myself hardly visit any one not living in this immediate neighbourhood.'

The question arises, In what does the superiority of one district over another consist? Without entering into the reasons that induce people to prefer one to the other, we may briefly describe them as follows—Grosvenor Square and its immediate environs as the most aristocratic, Belgravia the most fashionable, Tyburnia the most healthy, Regent's Park the quietest, Marylebone and Mayfair the most central, and Bayswater and Eccleston Square quarters as the most moderate. People's views and means may be guided, in a general manner, by these leading features. The man of small income finds he must locate himself in a region verging upon what in former years one would have called Shepherd's Bush, or in a quarter uncomfortably near Vauxhall and the river, if a family man, solicitous for the health of his children, he decides in favour of the former, where he finds a choice of houses, from 60*l* a year and upwards to 200*l*, and the rates moderate.

But, if either he or his wife are linked by ever so small a chain to the world of fashion, he chooses the latter, where, for much the same rent and rates and taxes, he finds an abode with all the modern improvements, extra story, light offices, plate glass windows, portico, white-papery drawing-rooms, &c., and deludes himself into the notion of his being in Belgravia. The man of an ample, though not large fortune has a wider range he may choose from all parts, for there are houses to suit his purse and his style of living in every quarter; but when his home is London—when he leaves the metropolis only, perhaps, for a three-months' tour abroad, or some sea air at Brighton—he carefully eschews the 'out of the way' quarters, as he terms them; he will go no farther west than Connaught place, scarcely to Hyde Park Square, and no farther south than Grosvenor Place, and so settles finally in May-

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fair or Marylebone, choosing the latter for health, the former for fashion, and finding everything else too far from his club 'and the busy haunts of men.' In Great Cumberland Street, one of the pleasantest and most central streets, a good small house may be had for 200*l* a year, a larger one from 300*l* to 400*l*; in Connaught Place, where the advantages of light, air, and an open space in front (Hyde Park), are combined with a central situation, and quiet at the back, from there being no thoroughfare, the smallest house, including rates and taxes, will cost the owner 500*l* a year, and the larger considerably more. These houses may perhaps be considered dear, for those near the corner of the Edgeware Road suffer from the noise and dust of that great line of traffic, and many of the others are ill built. In Seymour, Wimpole, Harley, and Lower Berkeley Street, the average rent of a good-sized, well-built house, with stabling, is 200*l* a year. In the Regent's Park, in the terraces that so delight the foreigner, there is a choice of charming moderate-sized abodes at rents from 150*l* to 300*l* a year. These houses, however, in spite of the advantages they offer of greater light and cleanliness, and the attractions of gardens to look upon, and cheat oneself in summer time into the idea of being in the country, must be considered expensive, as the accommodation they afford is limited, and the terms upon which they are held from the Crown involve more frequent painting and restoration than is elsewhere insisted upon.

Within the last few years a new suburb has arisen, enclosing the once countryfied Primrose Hill, and throwing out arms that almost touch Hampstead and Highgate. We will not attempt to decide whether it constitutes part of the West End, it holds much the same position, in that respect, as St. John's Wood, but as the class of people living there hardly come under the head *Belgravia*, as we define that term, we shall make a long step to the more fashionable neighbourhoods of Mayfair and Park Lane, where a greater choice of houses, in respect

to rent and size, is to be met with than in any other part of London, and where a man of good, although not large fortune may locate himself very desirably, he must, of course, confine himself to the streets, the squares in the older parts of the West End, like Hyde Park Gardens, and the larger houses in Park Lane, Rutland or Princes Gate, facing the Park, being attainable to the wealthy only, ranging from 500*l* to 1000*l* a year. There are, it is true, a few smaller and less expensive houses in Berkeley Square, but, as a rule, if a house in a square is desired, and the rent not to exceed 300*l* per annum, it must be looked for in Hyde Park or Gloucester Squares, and the region beyond *Portman and Belgrave Squares*. Grosvenor Square and one side of Eaton Square contain first-class houses, family mansions, seldom in the market, and then chiefly for purchase, not hire. There are no two more agreeable or convenient streets in London than Upper Brook and Grosvenor Streets, and although there has been an invasion into them of brass plates, supposed to be fatal to the fashion of a street, the character of the neighbourhood is not likely to fall, but rather to rise again, for the improvements projected and being carried out by the Marquis of Westminster will place Grosvenor Square so far beyond its modern rivals, that the streets in its vicinity will add to their present advantages the prestige of appertaining to it. Not only are extra stories and handsome frontages being added to these princely dwellings, but as the leases fall in, the noble owner sacrifices some of the houses in Lower Grosvenor and Lower Brook Street, to build stabling for the houses in the square. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that when a nobleman can lodge his servants and his horses as well in Grosvenor as in Belgrave Square, he will not hesitate between the two.

A great proportion of London residents, however, do not hire but buy their houses, or rather the leases, paying a ground-rent, which varies, of course, according to situation, and as land becomes more valuable every day, is higher in the

new than in the old quarters of London, except, of course, in business quarters, and in such cases as, for instance, the Portland estate, where many leases having lately fallen in, the duke has doubled, and in some instances trebled, the ground-rent on renewing or granting a new lease, so that a small house on his property was paying 60*l.* a year ground-rent, and one of the same dimensions in Upper Grosvenor Street only 20*l.* Generally speaking, the ground-rents of Tyburnia are higher than those of Belgravia, whilst the new houses in South Kensington are higher still. Houses looking into Hyde Park, whether north, south, east, or west, are in much the same ratio, from 70*l.* to 150*l.* yearly, those on a large scale even higher one, for instance, in Princes Gate was lately to be sold at a ground-rent of 200*l.* per annum, and fast as squares and terraces and gardens spring up (for street is now an old-fashioned word) in this magnificent quarter they are inhabited, furnished, and fitted up handsomely and luxuriously, proving that the owners who have the money to buy, have also the money to live in them, and causing even the old London resident, a being who is never astounded at anything, to inquire with a Lord Dundreary air of surprise, "Where all these rich fellahs come from?" More than one-half are supplied by the legal profession and the mercantile community. There has been quite a flight of judges and well-to-do barristers to South Kensington--long-sighted men, who saw that it would be a rising neighbourhood, and bought their houses before Fashion had given the approving nod, which instantly ran up the rents to a premium. To this class of men the drawbacks to this neighbourhood are unimportant, the distance from those parts of the town that we may term the heart of West End life, the clubs, the lounges, the libraries, the shops, &c., signify nothing to them engaged in chambers or the counting-house all day. The denizen of South Kensington has no other wish, when his day's work is over, than to get home, and to stay there. The light, the clean-

liness, the airiness, and modern comforts of his house are doubly grateful to him when contrasted with his close business quarters: once in his cab or his carriage, what is a mile more or less to him? He has not the smallest intention of going to his club in the evening; and the theatre he forswore years ago. The ladies of his family find no fault with the situation, but, on the contrary, will not allow a quarter so near Hyde Park, and the fashionable morning walk by Rotten Row, to be termed out of the way. As they drive out every afternoon, they do not care to be in the way of visitors, and as the female mind is not strong upon the matter of distance, they are not troubled by the reflection of how many miles their unfortunate horses are daily doomed to perform. But then, perhaps, their horses are jobbed, and the best plan too, they are therefore often changed and rested. No single pair of horses could stand the amount of work required by a fashionable lady, living in one of the new outlying quarters of the town.

The Belgravian, of course, keeps a carriage of some kind if rich, more than one, a close one for winter and an open one for summer, and a brougham, perhaps, for dinners and night work. If moderately well off, he is content with a brougham only, or allows his wife horses to her barouche in the season, and, although he rides his own horses, he almost always jobs his carriage horses if a little more expensive, that plan is so much more convenient, as a man is then never without the use of his carriage, that even those who have time and inclination to look after their own stables generally adopt it, and where the head of the house is too much occupied to look after horses, it is unquestionably the best plan. For ladies living alone the best course is to job the whole concern, horses, carriage, and coachman. There are liverymen who undertake this, and provide a handsome carriage, of the colour desired, with the crest and arms of the hirer, with the proper livery for the coachman, for about 300*l.* a year. The horses stand at

livery; and a lady is thus sure that they are well cared for, that she will have a sober and civil driver, without any of the trouble and anxiety of looking after him herself.

The usual plan with regard to the carriage in London is to have it built for you, for a term of years, generally five, at a certain annual sum, for which it is kept in repair, furnished with new wheels, reined, varnished, &c. At the end of the term the carriage remains to the builder, unless it is in such a condition as to be done up and used again, when of course a fresh arrangement is entered upon. It is scarcely possible to keep a handsome well-appointed carriage and pair under 300/ a year. Before the introduction of broughams, therefore, many people in easy circumstances even, did not attempt to do so, but contented themselves with hiring one occasionally. Now, the one-horse carriage predominates, so much less costly, so light and convenient are the broughams, that not only those who hesitated to have a carriage have adopted them, but many who had already a chariot or coach were glad to drop one horse, and come down to a brougham, when they found it was a reduction that they could effect without loss of that prestige in society so dear to the heart of the Belgravian. And, as these horses are not generally jobbed, the reduction could be effected by those who understood looking after a horse at rather less than half the cost of the pair, the job-master having had, of course, his profit to make. Another advantage of the brougham is that a groom can drive it. It does not necessarily entail that important personage—a middle-aged, sedate-looking coachman—whose dignity would never condescend to drive one horse, and who requires twice the help in the stable for his carriage horses, that the lighter, younger, more active groom does for his master's riding horse and the brougham horse also. Truly the introduction of the brougham has been a blessing to many whose means forbade a carriage otherwise, and whose habits of life and ideas made them consider

one a necessary, not a luxury. The sacrifices some people make to enable them to 'keep their carriage,' savour sometimes of the ridiculous to those who are in the secret of their *ménage*. Plain, substantial Mrs. Blunt, of Devonshire Street, Portland Place, was surprised when Lady Mary Fauxanfier called on her for the character of Jane Bell, her under-housemaid, the girl having informed her she was going to be her 'ladyship's' own maid.

'I assure you, Lady Mary,' she exclaimed, as she looked at the elegant dress of the earl's daughter, and observed the smart, well-appointed brougham that brought her to the house, 'I assure you the girl is not fit for a maid, she has never even dressed me, as to hair-dressing, I should think her incapable of even brushing mine.'

Lady Mary smiled, and said, 'The girl is teachable, I suppose, and, you say, honest and respectable, such important points the latter, I think I shall take her. We are only in town three months of the year, and then—well, good morning.'

And so Jane Bell went to Lady Mary, who had a furnished house for the season in a small street not a hundred miles from Belgrave Square, where her husband's father, Lord Belmontine, had a splendid mansion, and her own papa another; and Mrs. Blunt often wondered, when she saw Lady Mary's name at the great parties of the season, how poor Jane Bell managed to attire her elegant form, arrange her ladyship's head, and so forth. She was not surprised when the said Jane made her appearance one day in August, and said she was looking for a place again.

'Ah, Jane! I thought it would be so, I thought you could not play lady's maid very long. How could you take a place for which you were so unfitted?'

'Unfitted, indeed, ma'am; but not as you suppose. Why, I was nothing but a general servant. I and the groom—and he was out all day with the horse and carriage—were the only servants they kept. I did all the work of the house, except what an old charwoman did for

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an hour or two in the morning. I fastened her la'ship's *gossams*, to be sure; in short, ma'am, I was maid, and housemaid, and cook, too, sometimes.'

'I was just going to ask,' said Mrs. Blunt, 'what they did for a cook.'

'Well, ma'am, they seldom or ever dined at home, always going to some grand place or t'other, and if by chance they had no dinner party, master, he went down to his club, and I cooked a chop for her la'ship with her tea.'

Such was the town establishment and town life of this well-born pair, who lived the rest of the nine months of the year with their relations and their friends, spending more than half their income on the small furnished house, at ten or fifteen guineas a week, and on their brougham, sacrificing for the three months' London season the independence of the rest of their year, being in the position of always receiving and never giving. Few of their London acquaintance suspected that the neat-looking girl who opened the door when the MAN was out, was Lady Mary's sole female attendant, and those who did know it, doubtless thought it strange that, with the limited means such an arrangement bespoke, they could contrive to keep up the appearance they did. For our part, we are not sure, if the choice lay between spending one's money upon half a dozen servants, or upon one's self, we should not prefer the latter too, but then it must not be at the sacrifice of one's independence. There are certain people to whom a carriage in London is as much a matter of necessity as their dinner. The younger children, perhaps, of wealthy or noble families, they have been accustomed to the use of one all their lives; and, whilst it would be no hardship to dine upon one course only, and that of the plainest, it would be so to have to pay their visits or do their shopping on foot. These people are really not so inconsistent as they would seem; still, it must be allowed, that it is a mistake to adopt any habit of life that implies means above the actual state of the case. You lay yourself open by so doing

to have things expected from you that you have no means of meeting; and often, therefore, incur the charge of being mean and stingy, when unable to comply with such claims. You place yourself also in a false position to your own servants, who, naturally associating certain luxuries with the idea of wealth, misunderstand the economy of the other household arrangements, think ill—and very likely speak ill—of you; for, if servants and masters are to go on well together, there should be a certain degree of confidence between both parties. If a servant is worth having and keeping, he should not be treated as a mere paid machine, but should have a general idea at least of his master's position, when he will feel an interest in, and in time will associate himself with the family he serves, and work with his heart as well as with his head.

But to return to our Belgravians. There are those struggling to keep up an appearance to which birth, &c, entitles them; and those struggling to attain an appearance to which nothing entitles them, if the adequate means are not theirs. With some of these, the possession of a carriage is the great thing, with others a man servant is the acmé of respectability, and (indeed they are to be pardoned for this last idea, for many highly estimable, worthy, substantial, good sort of people, do not deem you respectable, if you do not keep a man servant) others limit their views to a page, or 'buttons,' few have the moral courage to keep to the good, clean, useful, waiting-maid, who waits without noise, and does not break a tumbler a day, as most 'buttons' must do, since no family who keeps one ever has tumblers enough, although their number is constantly made up.

Some of these strugglers live nine months of the year in London, by letting their house well for the other three. Ten and fifteen guineas a week are easily got for small but well-furnished houses in the immediate neighbourhood of Belgrave Square.

House letting has of late years become so common, the peer even condescending to receive his them-

maid or twelve hundred guineas for the season, that people now don't take the trouble that the Honourable Mrs. A. B. always does of telling you, in answer to your inquiries about her movements, when she leaves town, &c

'Oh, soon, I hope; I'm longing to be off. I always do, you know, the moment the sun begins to shine. I can't stay in London in hot weather.'

The truth being that she remains on until the house is let for the season; when she takes her six children off to some cheap sea-side lodgings, whilst the Honourable A. B., her husband, wanders about from one friend to another, preferring anything to the early dinner and cooking of the lodging-house. His exemplary wife does not murmur at this, she is rather relieved at his absence, and better endures the three months' discomfort without him than with him. She is glad, in spite of the hot weather, however, to return to London at the end of August; but it is quite unnecessary to tell everybody, as she does, that 'she always prefers London at this season, when everybody is away.' This assertion is needless, because every one knows that her house is empty again, and that that is the reason London sees her again.

Numbers of families, like the A B s, cover their rent by letting in the season. Many reduce their rent, when they have a country house also, by letting the London house through the winter. Houses that let from three to five hundred guineas for the season, may be had during the winter at from eight to twelve guineas a week.

Many families coming up to London for the season hire not only their house, but their whole establishment, horses, carriages, coachman, and all. Many, even among the residents, take an additional servant for the season. Some so contrive it that they manage always to quarrel with their footman, and discharge him at the end of the season—a shabby plan, which brings its own punishment, as these people never have a good servant, and, when their practice becomes known, have

no chance of ever procuring one. 'Alas!' exclaims our reader perhaps, 'a good servant! where is such a thing to be found in the present day by any one?'

'Ah, indeed!' rejoins Mrs. Oldview; 'railroads and penny poets have ruined one's servants. In my young days, if Betty behaved ill, I told her my mind, and she had a good cry, and mended her ways. She knew well enough then, if the Squire discharged her, she might sing for a place, but now Miss Betty writes to her mother or sister, who tell her not to mind; that there are plenty of places in town, and off she goes, as pert as may be.'

Mrs Oldview is right, this easy communication, passive or active, has the effect of unsettling many a household. You have a treasure of a cook, perhaps, and, enchanted, fill your house at Christmas, easy about your *entrées*, humbly proud of your sweets. Well, your intimate friend's lady's maid tells her 'her talents are wasted on the desert hair,' and mentions a situation that is exactly suited to her, in the metropolis, and she leaves you, without a pang, by the parliamentary train. But we are not now about to bewail the housekeeping troubles of Belgravia out of town, they are in most respects greater than in London, but, as far as men servants are concerned, people are better off in the country than in London. The men there, as a class, are far more respectable and better behaved. If steadily disposed too, they have more chance of remaining so, as they are not exposed to the great temptations that beset the man servant in town. The clubs, the betting men, the bad example, sometimes, of their young masters, the bad society and temptations to drink they are constantly exposed to, when waiting by the hour for their mistress at some fashionable party; all these evil influences surround the young man, without perhaps a single good one to counteract them—with-out a friend or mother near, to warn, at a time of life when the passions are strongest, and principles weakest, and when, from every necessary creature comfort being provided, means

are given for indulgences, and habits are acquired, which the same man in any other position, toiling for daily bread, would not dream of.

We do not know how it is that even the best masters and mistresses, those who do take an individual interest in their servants, seem to maintain a strict reserve towards their footmen—the very servant that most needs a special surveillance and interest has none of it. They know the family history, perhaps, of every maid in the house. They can talk to the butler, and be interested in *his* private affairs; but the unfortunate footmen may come and go, and, as long as they are honest and clean, and do their work well, no questions are asked, no information is wanted, and John or William leaves at the end of his two years (and we think really he is right to do so), and no one is surprised he was not expected to become attached to the family, and the family have not become attached to him. He signs a receipt for his wages, and says good-bye, without a shade of feeling being aroused upstairs, whatever there may be below. The departure of a kitchen-maid would cause more excitement, whilst that of a nurse or lady's-maid creates a disturbance, and makes a blank in the family almost as great as the absence of a relative.

And, indeed, good servants in these capacities are often as much and deservedly cherished as if really part of the family, and there are many good ones to be met with, in spite of the outcry of the day. If a lady is worth anything as a mistress at all, she does not change her nurse or maid often. These two servants will stay for years in a place where the cooks and house-maids are perpetually being changed, proving how great is the personal influence, the constant communication with a superior, educated mind. The nurse, perhaps, may be retained by the tie of strong affection to the children, but the maid will not stay, unless the mistress she serves has those qualities that make her respected and loved. When we see a lady perpetually changing her *own* maid, we are convinced the

fault is *all* her own. With her other servants, other influences work, with her personal attendants, her own is paramount. Women-servants in London—if we except the cooks, of whom we are afraid we cannot speak so highly—are as respectable and hard-working a class of people as can be met with. For every worthless, ungrateful one, we feel satisfied we could produce two, capable of acts of devotion to their employers that their superiors in station would not dream of. Early isolated from their own families, the loving heart of woman often finds a vent for those affections which her own kindred should claim, in the family of her master and mistress. Their sorrows become her sorrows, their prosperity or adversity is hers also. She will excuse when the world condemns, and oftentimes becomes the best comforter in the hour of trial, and she will rejoice, without a shade of envy or jealousy, when fortune smiles on those whom *she* might deem already blessed enough. We have known the hard-earned savings of a female servant tendered, without thought of self, to her master's young son in his first trouble, or to her perhaps ill-treated mistress. Then what shall we say of the nurse? Who can contemplate the unselfish devotion of these women to their duties, their renunciation of all liberty and pleasure for themselves, their watchfulness, their self-denial, that their shillings and sixpences may buy a toy for this one, a ribbon for the other, and not be struck with admiration?

We have in our mind one, whose dying hours were embittered by the dread that the loved children might not be well cared for when she was gone. Her mistress, thinking she might like to see their young faces once more, offered to bring them. 'Oh! no,' she exclaimed, 'I could not part again. Let me not see them. Let me not hear their voices.' Oh! deep, pure love! How can we, how ought we, to run down, as a body, those amongst whom such characters are found? No, we will not. The material is good, and, as far as women-servants

in London are concerned, we are certain a good mistress will make a good servant. The cooks we have excepted. We are sorry to say that their habits are bad after a certain age. Most of them drink, and few stand the temptation of making out of their place. They have much in their power—much they can legitimately dispose of. If they would but stop there, how delightful it would be! Their wages are high, too, so they have no excuse, but the fact is, that servants' code of morals, with regard to what they think they may honestly do, wants a complete revision, or, rather, a re-making. They have chosen to lay down for themselves rules for the disposal of certain portions of their master's property, without ever consulting the lawful owner, and choose to consider any departure from those rules as a breach of privilege. 'There,' said a gentleman, one day, to his father's butler—'there is a pair of boots for you.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied the man, 'but they belong to the footman.'

'Do they?' returned the gentleman. 'I thought they belonged to me. Put them down again.' And neither footman nor butler ever got boots from that gentleman again.

People of late years have very properly made a stand against the cook's 'perquisites.' Ladies have determined to dispose of their left-off clothes as they pleased, and gentlemen to pay their own bills, and servants will be better and happier when they consider as gifts what they have before looked upon as 'rights.' The scale of wages in the present day is high enough to place them above these considerations in Belgravia, at any rate.

To begin with female servants. Kitchenmaids and under housemaids begin at 10*l.* a year, and get on to 12*l.* and 14*l.* Upper housemaids have 16*l.* a year, and in great houses are found, as the expression is, in tea and sugar, besides beer and washing, which are given to all servants. A plain cook in a small family, who does some housework, gets from 18*l.* to 25*l.* a year; whilst a cook and housekeeper, or cook, with one or two kitchenmaids under

her, receives from 30*l.* to 40*l.* yearly. This high rate of payment places what is called a good cook out of many people's reach; consequently those who can only afford what is called a plain cook, and think the dinner they eat themselves every day, not good enough to invite their friends to, resort to the expedient of having one sent in by a Guxter or a Bridgeman if they can manage it, or an inferior purveyor if not. The present fashion of a dinner 'à la Russe' has been a great relief to some other housekeepers. Their peace of mind is not disturbed if the jelly does fall, because it will not appear on the table; and if the capon is not well larded, who, they think, will detect the failure in the delicate slice doled out to them. They regret, it is true, the corner-dishes and 'pergue' it cost so much to obtain, ill replaced by a few cut-glass dishes and pots of flowers; but then the saving of being able to employ their own cook is a consolation to them, although often none to their friends.

The wages of ladies' maids and nurses are much the same, from 18*l.* to 25*l.* a year; whilst a young lady's attendant has 16*l.* a year, and nurse-maids from 8*l.* to 14*l.*

The page, or 'buttons,' begins with a wage of 8*l.* and his clothes; a footman from 20*l.* to 28*l.*, with two suits, and sometimes three suits of livery in the year, and so many hats, and so many pairs of white silk hose in 'my lord's' house, and so many pairs of black in Sir John's, and so much for powder, and so much for gloves, and everything else, these high, important, and now difficult-to-be-got servants can bargain for. The 19th century considers livery a badge of servitude, or 'Punch,' with his 'Jeames of Buckley Square,' has made it ridiculous, or—but it matters little for what reasons, but a man for livery is scarcer than he was, and one of height and figure may command his price, and be almost as impertinent

'Pray, sir,' inquired one of these individuals when he was being hired—'pray, who is to carry coals up to the drawing-room?'

'Well,' replied the gentleman, 'I hardly know; but I don't think I do it myself.'

These servants hardly ever stay more than two years in their places. It seems to be an understood thing amongst them that they are to go at the end of the time, even if they cannot get the same advantages elsewhere; and many people are so accustomed to this biennial movement of their footmen, that they look with suspicion on the man that prolongs his stay, and imagine there must be some, not good, but had reason for his not going.

In what are called single-handed places it is still more difficult to get the man to wear livery, and many families are obliged to put up with a short, ill-looking man when, from having a carriage, it becomes necessary that the man should be in livery. A man's height is not a mere matter of fancy. It is an inconvenience if the man cannot hasp the windows without a stool, and if his arms are too short to carry the tray, or put it properly on the sideboard, but, as the strong, well-made men are now off to the railroads, there is no help for it. The single-handed man likes to be out of livery, and to consider himself on the level of a butler, but he is, generally speaking, a much more humble-minded and useful individual than he whom he aspires to compete with. We can easily believe the lady of rank who declared to a friend one day that she had been better served when she only had one man and a boy than she was then, with five men in the house. She knocked at her own door one Sunday morning, unexpectedly, when they all thought she was gone to church, and had to wait more than half an hour before she was finally let in by the under housemaid! The butler was at home, but far too grand to open the door. John, who was also at home, left it to James, who was out, and so on. So, out of the five, not one was at hand. The strictness practised in some great houses, where the establishment is large, seems justified by such instances as this. No order

could probably be kept if any fault was passed over.

A lady, hiring a housemaid, asked her why she left her last place. 'I was discharged,' she replied, 'because the fire went out.' This was found to be true. She had lighted the fire, but not attended to it well; it went out. The lady complained, and the housekeeper gave her warning, as it had happened once before. No doubt the lesson was not lost on the other housemaids.

If the footman leaves his place every two years, the butler's aim, when once comfortably installed, is to stay. The longer he remains in a family, the more important he becomes, or fancies he becomes, and the less, generally speaking, he contrives to do. How often have we seen this high and mighty functionary at a dinner-party limiting his duties to the handing round the champagne, or putting the claret on the table. Dickens has drawn an amusing picture of the man over-awed by his awful butler; and really it is astonishing how these individuals impose upon themselves, if they do not upon others, the idea of their vast importance, and of what, as they consider, is due to themselves.

A gentleman who was in want of a butler stopped to speak to one who came after the place on his way out to his carriage. 'Sir,' said the man, with an air of great dignity, after a few questions had been asked, 'save yourself needless discussion your situation will not suit me, for I am not accustomed to be spoke to in the 'all'.' The London butler endeavours to impress upon his master that it is inconsistent with the position of a butler to ask leave to go out. Their morning walk and their evening visit to a friend, or the club, are sources of quarrel between many a master and man. Few masters would deny a man reasonable air and exercise, but all who study their own comfort should fight against any special hour being appropriated by the servant for his outing. His time belongs to his master, and ought to be subservient to his, to say nothing of the danger of a butler, who has

Housekeeping in Belgravia.

so much in his charge, making a practice of being absent at a stated time, and thus giving the opportunity, so soon taken, for many a serious plate robbery

A very well-known nobleman, it is said, was told the other day by a servant who was leaving him, that the reason was, 'His lordship's hours did not suit with his. they were so very uncertain that he found he could not get any regular time to himself!'

Butlers' wages are inordinately high, and their habits self-indulgent. The rich parvenus, the cotton lords, and great contractors, who do not mind what they pay to secure a man whom they think will, by his *savoir faire*, make their table outvie my lord's, have to answer for the preposterous demands of some of these men.

A gentleman (and we think he ought to be ashamed of himself), who gave his butler 100*l.* a year, was rather astonished when a man he had decided to engage stepped back and said there was one question he had forgotten to ask, which was, 'What wine, besides port and sherry, he allowed'

In quiet and regular families, where a butler and footman are kept for instance, we need not say that no wine of any description is allowed, but in the homes of many noblemen, where the upper servants are very responsible, and have many under them, they have the habits and indulgences of their masters. In a certain earl's house, who died a few years ago, and was one of England's wealthiest noblemen, the table of the upper servants—the house-steward, housekeeper, butler, countess's maid, &c.—was as luxurious as their master's. Four corner dishes and four sweets were put down every day before these fortunate individuals, whilst they were waited upon by a man out of livery.

In many a nobleman's home, it is true that there is greater simplicity and economy in the household arrangements than in many a commoner's; but still the habits and dress of great people's servants, on the whole, are very much out of

keeping with their position, and unfortunate for themselves, as they acquire extravagant ideas, that prevent many saving for the rainy day. We must also deprecate the system of two tables: servants are but servants, and this separation at meals does not promote good fellowship, and makes them troublesome visitors, where there is but one.

When the Cornish squire, with a pedigree four times as old as his noble guest, was asked by the latter, 'What his valet *could* do, as he found that the squire had no second table for his servants?' he replied, 'He really did not know, unless his lordship preferred that the man should dine with them,' an alternative which settled the question.

The days are gone by when servants were looked upon as paid machines, and their food and lodging indifferently cared for, but from one extreme we are running into another, and when the enthusiastic nursemaid described her master and mistress, a wealthy stockbroker at Blackheath, as the 'best people she had ever known,' she founded that opinion on the fact 'that their servants' comfort was their constant care.' She, like many others of her class, did not stop to consider anything else, or whether Mr and Mrs. Scrip were wise or kind to provide a table and mode of living for servants which they could not find in many other places. No, if she had been questioned, she would tell you she never meant to take a place where she could not have what she had at the Scrips'. She wouldn't go to mean people like the Hon. Mrs. Bragg, who only allowed her servants a pudding on Sundays, 'not for all the gold of all the Ingies,' &c., &c. In this way a class of servants soon spring up, of extravagant pretensions, and a class of people like the Scrips, who, with more money than wit, pique themselves on the peculiar advantages *their* servants enjoy, foster in them habits of self-indulgence and idleness, to which those in whom the intellect is little cultivated are ever prone. Servants are, after all, very like children: over-indulgence spoils them; and if

we would make them good and useful members of our household, we must train them with all kindness, but in wholesome fear. We want them to think of *us*, to study our comfort, and not, as we now perpetually see, to become in reality the first people in the house their hours so important, their work so defined, that a master or mistress dare not venture to disarrange one of their meals, or ask any servant to do anything not precisely stipulated for, without encountering black looks, or, 'If you please, ma'am, to suit yourself this day month'

But, as we have said before, the *matériel* is good, as far as women servants are concerned, and therefore the remedy is in the hands of the masters. Men servants are, doubtless, more difficult to manage, but we think here something may be done to. People are too apt to expect from their 'men' what is impossible in the nineteenth century, the life of a hermit in the midst of society. He is to have no friends, no family, no failings of any kind, music is discouraged, conversation in the kitchen strictly forbidden, his newspaper is half objected to, and his bird, or his two or three plants outside the pantry window sometimes considered a liberty. No, plate-cleaning should be his relaxation, folding his napkins his sole delight. Can one wonder that the devilled kidney for breakfast is a treat, and the buttered toast at tea a consolation to these forlorn creatures, who naturally become selfish and self-indulgent from having nobody to think about but themselves?

Why should people object so much to their men-servants being married? Most of them are, and half of them go into their places with a lie on their lips, vowing they are single. They can't help themselves; they might starve, if they spoke the truth, and those dear to them also.

Mrs L. S. D. is so glad her son is going to be married, because marriage always steadies a man, and 'dear Augustus has perhaps been just a little wild,' but she won't have a married man-servant on any account, 'because, then, you know,

I should have his family living out of this house too?'

Not if the man is honest, dear Mrs. L. S. D.; and if he is not honest he will pilfer or purloin all the same, whether he has a wife or no for if he has not, perhaps there is something worse, for men-servants, dear lady, are no better than their betters in *les affaires de cœur*. If dear Augustus is steadier and better for being married, so, I assure you, is honest John, and more content to stay at home and save his money, and do his duty, if he is a man at all, for having ties and claims upon him that he is not ashamed to own, than when he was a single man, tempted out to the servants' club at the public-house round the corner, where he lost his money at cards, and made a book for the Derby, and sometimes got himself in such straits for money, that he just borrowed a few spoons and forks for a time, only a very short time, to help him on until he could get clear again,—which time sometimes never came at all, but ended in run to himself and serious loss to his master. Let masters and mistresses weigh well this truth, that their servants have the same passions, affections, and feelings as themselves, let them keep them well in their places, strict to their duties, and endeavour to influence them by the same motives they would employ for the guidance of their own flesh and blood, and they may then perhaps find the key to many a domestic difficulty.

Next to the troubles with one's servants come the troubles of one's tradespeople, but these are more easily overcome, for London is so large, so well supplied, and competition so great, that if discontented with A you have only to go to B, and from B to C until you are satisfied. All this, provided you are master in your own house if your cook or housekeeper reigns, you may find that, spite of all you say and do, you return to A, or that difficulties insurmountable prevent your dealing with M. if your servant has settled to employ N. The fact is, your custom is large, and the tradesman makes it worth the while of

your cook to have him retained. Of course in the end, it is you who pay the Christmas gratuity, or the odd pence which the butler, who pays your bills, always gets, and which amount to a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year. It is only the credit, or first-class tradesmen, as they call themselves, who can afford these retaining fees, and they do it by putting a higher price on their goods, which are often not so good as those of the man who sells cheaper next door, and who, having a ready-money custom and quick sale, has seldom a stale or depreciated article on hand.

All this, however, is now well understood by Belgravians, and those who care to study economy pay their own bills and choose their own tradespeople. It is no longer received as an axiom, that the dearer you pay the better you are served.

The best fishmonger in the neighbourhood of Belgrave and Eaton Squares was Charles, who has made a fortune, left the business to his son, and become a landed proprietor, by selling good fish at moderate prices. To many families he supplied fish every day, or two or three

times a week, at sixpence a head; a family of eight, therefore, had an ample dish of fish for 4s., whilst two people were supplied for one shilling. At the close of the day his surplus stock was sold off at reduced prices to anybody who chose to fetch it away. His customers, therefore, were sure of always having fresh fish. We wish the greengrocers would adopt a similar plan, and sell off their stale greens, &c., at the end of the day. Still, how much less have we to complain of here than in former years: railroads and steam bring to this mighty mart of men all that is fit for food, and 'good and pleasant to the eyes' also. Our grapes and plums come to us with the bloom on, spring vegetables arrive steeped in the morning dew, countries vie with each other in sending us their best products; in short, let a man travel where he will—to the east for his case, or the south for his pleasure—if he have but Fortunatus' purse he will find there is no place in the wide world where he can make life more truly comfortable and enjoyable than when he is keeping house in Belgravia.



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

'Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue;
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument.'—CHAPMAN.

OH! joy is in the sunny hours,
When gracious spring has birth,
To sanctify the flush of flowers,
That clothes our mother earth.
Soft winds rejoice in frolic play
To breathe Ansonian airs,
And streams go dancing on their way
Like life without its cares.

Gaily the jocund spirits dance,
As light leaves on the tree;
On such a day, fair Queen of France,
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee
'Twould seem by some especial grace,
Or merry mood benign,
Thou camest, like the fabled race,
Half-earthly, half-divine!

We try to cheat life's weary hours
By lays the poet sings,
As children gather wayside flowers,
And search for fairy rings,
On fancy's wings essay to soar
Beyond earth's chull domain;
Stern Reason meets us at the door,
And drives us back again.

The worldly think Earth's highest prize
Fate hath assigned to thee;
But tears have welled from those soft eyes
When none were nigh to see
Peace dwelleth in the 'mean' estate,
The wise man sang of old;
Chains have been forged of heavy weight,
Whose links were virgin gold.

Uneasy lies the fairest head,
On earth, that wears a crown;
So hast thou cast thy regal robe
And stately trappings down;
Rejoicing for a little space
To breathe life's common air,
To sport with Nature face to face,
And 'bless her unaware!'

The crowning gifts of many a race
Would seem to blend in thee;
Brave Saxon truth, gay Gallic grace,
And Spain's high courtesy:
Thy soul owns yet the richer dower
That well befits a throne;
Wide sympathy's electric power,
That makes all hearts its own!



THE LIVING STREAM AT LONDON BRIDGE.—ON THE BRIDGE.

THE LIVING STREAM AT LONDON BRIDGE.

HOW EVER *did* they live in London, when there was only one bridge over the Thames? Imagine a Westminster waggon, having to go to Lambeth, being obliged to make a detour by way of London Bridge! Or, imagine the Archbishop of Canterbury going from court, or from Westminster Abbey, or from the House of Lords, to his archiepiscopal residence in Lambeth Palace, and having no other road for his carriage than that said bridge! Did he really take such a roundabout route, or did he employ a large, flat barge to bear his carriage and horses across the stream? Let antiquaries answer this query. At all events, London did somehow manage with only one bridge for a period considerably over seven hundred years—rather a long time in the history of a city.

Just about the year 1000 A.D. the metropolis saw its first bridge. In 993 that mischievous fellow, Olaf or Olave, the 'hardy Norseman,' sailed right up to Staines with his fleet, working pretty havoc as he went; so that there could have been no bridge at that time. On the other hand, in 1008, there was a 'Battle of London Bridge' between the Saxons and Danes, in which the one party pulled the slight wooden bridge about the ears of the other. We will therefore guess that the river was first bridged somewhere about the year 1000. As to the first stone bridge, one of the priors of St. Mary Overy told the following pretty story:—

'A ferry being kept in the place where near the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits arising of the said ferry, builded an House of Sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's Church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards, the said House of Sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber, as all other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to

time kept the same in good reparation; till at length, considering the great charges which were disposed in the repairing the same, there was, by the aid of citizens and others, a bridge builded with stone.'

Dr. Dryasdust has picked some holes in this story; but that is always his way. Very likely he would quarrel also with the popular tradition that 'St. Mary Overy' is derived from 'St. Mary o' the ferry;' and that 'Tooley Street' owed its origin to 'St. Olave Street.'

What a living stream has been witnessed at London Bridge! What an array of kings, queens, usurpers, traitors, merchant-princes, traders, shopkeepers, apprentices, and scamps have passed over and under it! People say that the stones of the old bridge, pulled down about thirty years ago, were used to build or rebuild Ingress Hall near Greenhithe; and that the tough pieces of iron which held the stones together were made into razors and penknives as mementoes. We know not how this may be; but if the old stones could speak, they might tell of many an exciting scene at the old bridge. There was the high wind of 1091, which, combining with an unusually high tide, knocked down a great part of the structure, together with numerous houses and churches along the banks of the river. There was the fire of 1136, which burnt the bridge (a wooden one) to ashes, and set the bridge-builders to work again. There was, towards the end of the same century, that sport on the Thames which was called *water-quintain*, and at which the people on the bridge looked and laughed heartily. Fitzstephen, the Dryasdust of those days, thus spoke of this sport:—

'In Easter holidays they fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged on a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream; a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by violence of the water; and in the fore part thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be he break his lance against the shield, and doth not fall, he is thought

to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield side are two boats, provided with two young men, which recover him that falleth as soon as they may. Upon the bridge, wharfs, and houses by the river side, stand great numbers to see and laugh therat.

The living stream assumed very different forms at different times. We may be sure that the citizens and the Southwarkers mustered strongly in 1209, when the first stone bridge was opened in state; and we can understand the origin of the popular tradition, that 'London Bridge was built upon woolpacks,' when we find that the cost of the bridge was defrayed by a tax upon wool. That must have been a dreadful affair in 1212, when the houses on the bridge (for it was fringed with houses and shops on both sides) caught fire near both shores at once, during some festivity which had drawn a large multitude, and, burning towards the centre, occasioned the deaths of three thousand poor creatures by burning and drowning. Queen Eleanor of Provence, in 1263, found out the materials of which a London populace is made; for they hooted and molested, and barred the passage across the bridge, of the hated consort of Henry III. Then, in 1281, the inhabitants were scared by the carrying away of five arches of the bridge during an ice-swell, nearly destroying the beautiful chapel of Thomas à Becket that stood on the bridge. Among the London Bridge sights of the next century was the exhibition of Sir William Wallace's head on the bridge; and the daring passage of Wat Tyler across the bridge, in pursuance of that plan which every English schoolboy knows something about; and the knightly combat between the Earl of Crauford and Lord Wells, to determine whether Scotland or England should bear off the palm for bravery; and the two gorgeous processions of Richard II. over the bridge, first with his Queen Anne, and then with his second

Queen Isabel. The living stream was not less exciting and momentous in the fifteenth century; for old chroniclers tell us that the head of the Earl of Northumberland, father of the famous Hotspur, was exposed to a crowd of spectators on London Bridge in 1408; that Henry V. passed in triumph over the bridge in 1415, after his victory at Agincourt; that in 1422 the funeral procession of the same monarch crossed the bridge; that in 1428 the Duke of Norfolk nearly perished in crossing the Thames near the bridge, by the formidable rush of water there at certain states of the tide; that the young Henry VI made his triumphal entry into London over the bridge, that about the same time Jack Cade crossed sword in hand, and afterwards fought a sanguinary battle on the bridge itself; that in 1441, Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, did penance on London Bridge for sorcery, that in 1445 Margaret of Anjou, the 'she-wolf,' as the people afterwards ungalantly called her, crossed the bridge in splendid array, on her entry into London to be married to Henry VI.; that in 1452, Lord Mayor Norman introduced the custom of having a water-pageant from London Bridge to Westminster on Lord Mayor's day—a pageant which many persons have been sorry to see quite pass away; and that the dashing Falconbridge crossed the bridge with his Kentish men in 1471, to deliver Henry VI. from the Tower. Katherine of Arragon crossed the bridge in much pomp, when she came to make her unfortunate matrimonial alliance in England; and Wolsey crossed it in still more gorgeous array, when starting on his embassy to France; and Wyatt crossed it, when engaged in his mad rebellion; and Charles II. crossed it in great triumph, on his return to England after the Restoration. We may be fully certain that the old bridge had what might now be called "an overflowing audience" on such-like occasions. Then to gaze on the trunkless heads of distinguished persons—Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, the chief regicides, &c.—was a sure thing on the

part of the country people as they entered London over the bridge; for the heads were stuck upon pikes on the top of the gates and houses on the bridge. We may take warrant that a goodly number assembled to see the opening of Peter Morris's ingenious Water Works by the side of the bridge in 1582, seeing that by those works a great part of London was supplied with water.

Poor old bridge! It was greatly damaged, and many of its houses burnt, in 1633; still more so by the Great Fire of 1666, and still more in 1727, when no less than seventy of its houses were destroyed. These houses were rebuilt over and over again; and before the days when houses were numbered, every one had its sign, creaking on uneasy hinges over head. We know for certain that the houses on the bridge comprised a 'Blue Boar,' 'Three Bibles,' 'Angel,' 'Looking Glass,' 'Black Boy,' 'Golden Globe,' 'Bible and Star,' 'Anchor and Crown,' 'Boebuck,' 'Breeches and Glove,' 'Lamb and Breeches,' 'Lock of Hair,' 'Lion,' 'Sugar Loaf,' 'Bear,' and 'White Lion'—according to the trades carried on in the shops. But all were doomed gradually to pass away—the houses and shops in 1757; the gate at the Southwark end of the bridge in 1766, Peter Morris's Water Works in 1822; and the old bridge itself in 1832.

Is there any bridge in the whole world that, during a period of thirty years, has witnessed a more busy living stream than Rennie's magnificent new London Bridge? We doubt it. Year after year the concourse increases. No new bridge across the Thames has been built since 1832 nearer to it than Hungerford Bridge; and this is (or rather was, for it is in a chaos of reconstruction just now) only for foot-passengers. Hence there has been little relief to the wonderful traffic over London Bridge. The mass of humanity (occasionally diversified by inhumanity) that makes this passage every day is almost unbelievable. In 1850, Mr. Haywood, Engineer to the City Commissioners of Sewers, ascertained that 13,099 vehicles of various kinds passed over

London Bridge in twelve hours of one day! On another day in the same year, Mr. Bennoch caused the bridge to be carefully watched, and found that 10,767 vehicles went over it in nine hours, from nine in the morning till six in the evening. In 1853 Mr. Bennoch ascertained that, during a similar period of nine hours on one day, there passed over the bridge 11,498 vehicles and 63,080 foot-passengers. Again, in 1856, on the 22nd of October, Mr. Haywood planted a staff of persons to keep count of the whole traffic over the bridge from eight in the morning till eight in the evening;—the amount was stupendous—11,150 single-horse vehicles, 4,265 two-horse, and 577 three or four horse, making 15,992 in twelve hours! Again, in 1857, on the 11th of February, notes were taken of the traffic across the bridge in a similar period of twelve hours; it amounted to 14,890 vehicles and 85,690 foot-passengers. Once again. In 1859, Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, Commissioner of City Police, determined to investigate this matter to the very utmost, he caused the bridge to be watched for twenty-four consecutive hours, on the 16th of March. He found that there passed over it in this space of time 4,483 cabs, 4,286 omnibuses, 9,245 waggons and carts, and 2,430 other vehicles—making 20,444 vehicles in all, there were 107,074 foot-passengers, and 60,836 persons in the vehicles, or 167,910 specimens of human nature altogether. Sometimes statistical people tell us how far large quantities would stretch if laid in particular directions; as, for instance, how many times the distance from the earth to the moon the cotton yarn would extend that is spun in England every year. Very well: let us do the same with the one-day traffic over London Bridge. If the 20,000 vehicles with their horses were averaged at five yards each (a small allowance, considering that many were four-horse waggons), and if they followed each other in close file, they would extend fifty-seven miles; and if the 160,000 persons marched in column six abreast, they would extend fifteen miles—or,

in other words, the head of this formidable procession would reach Hastings about the time when the tail of it was passing over the bridge!

How can we avoid jostling each other when passing over such a bridge? How can we expect that policeman X, even doubled twenty-fold, can keep all the vehicles and drivers in order? There are the cabs taking passengers to and from the London Bridge railway stations. There are the multiplied copies of 'Paddington,' 'City Atlas,' 'Citizen,' 'Marlborough,' 'Wellington,' 'Favourite,' 'Royal Blue,' 'Nelson,' 'Pleurite,' &c, doing the same thing, or passing to and from the southern suburbs of the metropolis. There are the market-carts carrying provisions from the several markets and wholesale depôts. There are (in autumn) the vast waggon-loads of hops going from the Borough to the Camden, or Paddington, or King's Cross stations, or to the great breweries on the northern side of the river. There are the waggon-loads of corn, flour, bacon, hams, tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, lumber, tallow, oil, turpentine, resin, varnish, paints, seeds, hemp, wool, hides, leather, and other produce, incessantly passing on from one dock or warehouse to another. There are Messrs. Pickford's wheels always in danger of locking into Messrs. Chaplin and Horne's wheels, and moiting the drivers to use strong and emphatic language against each other. There are Barclay and Perkins's drays at loggerheads with Truman and Hanbury's. Alderman Dakin's cart, full of grocery, stops the way against Mr. Mudie's cart, full of books. Articles of furniture in the Peckham carrier's cart project so far as to imperil the hats of sundry drivers. The lad drawing a truck runs against the Bermondsey woman, who is carrying a mass of newly-made bags on her head (those women are *always* carrying those bags somewhere or other). Butchers' carts do as is the wont of butchers' carts—threaten to run over everybody and everything. The pavements are broad, but not broad

enough; and it is no small achievement to get from one end of the bridge to the other, especially from four to five in the afternoon, when pedestrians muster in great force—from and to steamboats, from and to railways, from warehouses and offices and shops of every imaginable description. Let it not be supposed that our woodcut depicts a theoretical state of things, concocted by the artist in his own room. We can assure the reader there is a stern reality about it—not, of course, as the bridge *always* is, but as it is on certain portions of every day. The fast man, with the glass to his eye, may have a momentary glance at the pretty girl in the plaid cloak; but he must keep moving as he looks, or he will be tripped up by those behind him. There are lots of young clerks, you may know them by their hats being tipped a little on one side. Inverness capes are much in requisition, for it is the winter season. The gentleman with the velvet collar is evidently an important man in some old city house. All, gentle and simple, are playing the very necessary game of follow-my-leader; for without this they could not progress at all. As to the boy eating the apple, he worms his way in some inscrutable manner between the other people. boys always do. And vehicles in the road, if seen in the usual kind of perspective, present fully as dense a mass as that which the artist has here shown. How many men are sitting on 'knife-boards' of omnibuses, who can tell, and into what queer shapes they arrange their nether limbs, who can describe? The suburban 'bus driver has always something to say to the passengers nearest to him; but he must nevertheless keep a sharp look-out at his horses; and the two gents in the Hansom must content themselves with a slower rate of motion over the bridge than is altogether to their liking. The Black Diamond is smacking his whip; but he doesn't care much; for others have more need to be afraid of his coal-waggon than he of them. A whirl it is, a never-ceasing whirl of man and

vehicles, all seeming to be influenced by a determination of purpose not to be gainsayed.

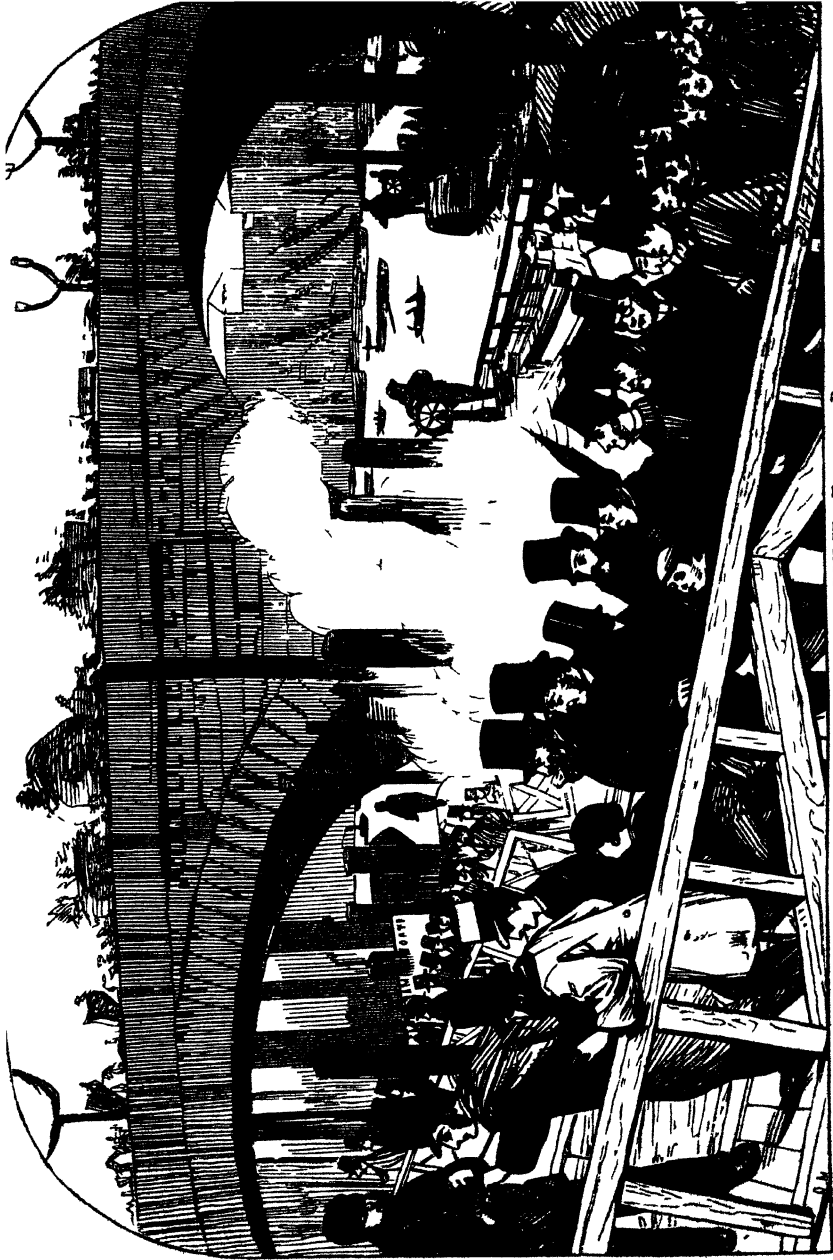
The bustle near and under the bridge, though not so exciting as that as it, has an interest of its own. We see day after day an intensified form of that scene which Mr. Charles Knight thus graphically described in his 'London' twenty years or so back: 'We have stood for a few minutes on the eastern side of London Bridge, looking upon that sight which arrests even the dullest imagination—mast upon mast, stretching farther than the eye can reach, the individual objects constantly shifting, but the aggregate ever the same. We pass to the western side, and descend the steps of the bridge. We are in a narrow and dirty street, and we look up to the magnificent land-arch which crosses it. A turn to the left brings us to the river. A bell is ringing, we pass through a tollgate, paying fourpence, and in a few seconds are on board of one of the little steamboats, bearing the poetical name of some flower or planet or precious gem. As the hand upon the clock of the pier approaches to one of the four divisions of the hour, the boat prepares to start. The pilot goes to the helm; the broad plank over which the passengers have passed into the boat is removed; the cable by which it is attached to the pier, or to some other boat, is cast off. The steam is up. For a minute we appear as if we were passing down the river; but, threading its way through a dozen other steam-winged vessels, the boat darts towards the Surrey shore; her prow is breasting the ebbing tide. What a gorgeous scene is now before us! The evening sun is painting the waters with dancing flames; the cross upon the summit of that mighty dome of St. Paul's shines like another sun; churches, warehouses, steam-chimneys, shot-towers, wharfs, bridges—the noblest and the humblest things—all are picturesque; and the eye, looking upon the mass, sees nothing of that meanness with which our Thames banks have been reproached. In truth, the juxta-

position of the magnificent and the common fills the mind with as much food for thought as if from London Bridge to Westminster there was one splendid quay, containing the sheds, and coal-barges, and time-worn landings which meet us at every glance. The ceaseless activity with which those objects are associated, renders them even separately interesting. We see the gongs-on of that enormous traffic which makes London what it is; and whilst we rush under the mighty arches of the iron bridge, and behold another, and another, and another spanning the river, looking as vast and solid as if they defied time and the elements; and also see the wharfs on the one bank, although the light be waning, still populous and busy—and the foundries, and glass-houses, and printing-offices, on the other bank—we know that without this never-tiring energy, disagreeable as are some of its outward forms, the splendour which is around us could not have been.' We have at the present time all that is here described, and something in addition. Our steamboat piers are more numerous, and so are our steamers, our number of journeys is greater, and include fares of a halfpenny, a penny, twopence, and threepence, as well as those of fourpence and upwards; and there is a greater condensation of two kinds of traffic—up from London Bridge to Westminster, and a dozen other places; and down from London Bridge to Greenwich, and so forth. Look at the piers just above bridge on the City side of the water, and the gangways and dumb barges in connexion with them. What a living stream is there! The 'Primrose' comes in and deposits its load; and before this is finished, the cry of 'Stop her,' tells that 'Waterman No. 4,' is coming in; though why a waterman should be called *she* and *her*, it is not our business to say. And then the 'Nymph,' from the east, draws up about the same time as the 'Bridegroom,' from the west. The 'Dahlia,' in our picture, is being moored to the pier in mid-winter, when wrappers and over-

coats are more plentiful than sunshine, and when the boats are not so full as in summer; nevertheless, the passengers come out pretty thickly at certain times of the day. And if several other steamers are, not simply 'looming in the distance,' but actually depositing *their* loads just at the same time, the scene is busy enough to astonish 'young men from the country,' and even Londoners themselves. The ticket-man, who takes the little bits of blue and yellow paper, might be a great judge of physiognomy if he liked. He could draw a distinction between the people who are awkward and fumbling in getting ready their tickets, and those who are prompt and ready; very likely

he could tell from the look of a man, and still more from that of a woman, to which group he or she belonged. In this instance our artist has evidently taken a business-like view of the matter; he has selected the business-men's time, when they have almost undisputed possession of the steamer, with scarcely a petticoat to be seen. There are such times in steamers as in omnibuses. 'Mamma and the girls' have not yet left home. The women of business, it is true, must and do bestir themselves early; but, as measured by 'bus and steamer travelling, they constitute but a small ratio to the throng of fathers, uncles, husbands, brothers, cousins, sweethearts, sons, and nephews.





THE LIVING STREAM AT LONDON BRIDGE.—UNDER THE BRIDGE.

SLIDING AT MONTMORENCI.

‘HOW is the Cone?’ ‘Any one been to Montmorenci lately?’

These questions, strange to English ears, are generally to be heard bandied about at the beginning of February at the breakfast-table of whatever regiment happens to garrison Quebec in that month; and they usually produce a proposal from some one to lend his horse for a leader, if some one else will furnish a wheeler and sleigh, when the former obligingly offers to drive the latter over and have a look at the place *pro bono publico*.

We will suppose that, like the majority of our readers, the gallant — had not yet passed a winter in Quebec, and therefore were not conversant with all the amusements to be derived from five feet of snow covering the face of nature from November to May. Of course, long before the first fall of snow, Brown and Jones had agreed upon the sleigh, robes, and bells, with which they were to provide themselves for their joint benefit and that of their fair friends. Many had been the discussions whether the ‘back robe’ should be black bearskin, wolf, fox, racoon, or wolvenme; whether the sleigh should be a high one for tandem, or the more cosy, but less dashing ‘carole,’ in which a lazy man, with his nose just peering above the robes, may allow his intelligent Canadian pony to steer him, not he it, along the track; whether the bells should be à la *Russe* on an arch over the horse’s back, or, à la *Canadienne*, hung round his neck. All these important points, with the still more important one of selecting their joint property, the horse, had been amply discussed and settled whilst yet the autumnal tants were lingering on the maple.

The delicious sensations of the first sleigh-drive, with the perilous passage of, and upset, runaway and recovery, consequent upon an unskilful endeavour to avoid carefully a large *câlot*, or hole, formed in the

road by a little softness of the crust of snow, and passage of many vehicles, instead of boldly driving through it, and emerging as safely as a yacht rides over a heavy roller; the terrific crash with which, in a perfectly helpless manner, you had ‘slewed’ up against the forelegs of the Governor-General’s stately leader as you so very carefully (and stupidly) took a good sweep round the slippery place at the ugly turning at St. Louis’ Gate, instead of clearing His Excellency by cutting sharply across it as you should have done; the wreck, ruin, and confusion of face consequent thereon witnessed, and apparently with but little commiseration, by the fair object whom you intended to solicit for your companion at the first meet of the Sleigh Club: all these little sensations had been experienced with more or less enjoyment.

To these had succeeded the skating Rink, where you first saw and admired the very poetry of motion displayed by more than one fair performer; and out of doors the charms of tobogganing had combined exercise with pleasure to an extent before unknown, and still behind them all remained one, as yet untasted, amusement so novel, so thrilling, so apparently hazardous, and yet, when learnt, so safe and easy as to throw all others into the shade—I mean ‘sliding at Montmorenci.’

‘Sliding at Montmorenci!’ I hear some fair reader exclaim; ‘what an exordium about sliding! Does he think we want to hear of a lot of tomboys sliding on a pond?’ Pardon me, mademoiselle, not for worlds would I ask you to condescend so far. Our sliding at Montmorenci (isn’t it a pretty name for a place?) is not conducted by means of hobnailed boots upon a duck pond. It is—but before I tell you what the sliding is, I think I had better introduce you to Montmorenci itself, and to do this properly, I must describe one of the grandest

and most extraordinary sights in the world; and how is a pen like mine to do it? Like the distinguished foreigner out hunting who, when asked by an indignant whip if he thought *he* could catch the fox, responded, 'I do not know, mon ami, but I will try' so I will try. A tailor, on seeing Niagara, is said to have

'made this note,
'Lord, what a place to sponge a coat!'

Now, all I can say is that Montmorenci would do quite as well, if not better, for this purpose. The river, which has been forcing its way from the high lands to the north-east of Quebec, finds itself pent up in a rocky gorge suddenly terminating in a drop of two hundred feet, or about fifty feet higher than Niagara, over which it has to leap to join the mighty St. Lawrence, and it knows no flinching—over it goes in one unbroken mass between the cliffs which stand on either side like giant sentinels, and then the deep pool at its foot spreads out into a large shallow basin, and nothing but the light bubbles of foam on its surface indicate the effort it has made to join the parent stream.

From this plunge rises a dense mist, which, when the pool is frozen over, as it always is in winter, within a few yards of the foot of the fall, collects on the frozen surface as it descends condensed, and gradually forms two immense cones, one shaped like a sugar-loaf, and generally some hundred and fifty feet high; the other, shorter and flatter, more of an ant-hill shape, and about half the height of the first. These are called the 'gentlemen's' and 'ladies' cones' respectively.

By dint of perseverance you manage to climb to the top of either cone, and seating yourself upon an iron-shod 'traîneau,' or small sledge, you either guide yourself, or are guided, down the incline at a perfectly fearful pace. This, then, is the 'sliding at Montmorenci' of which we write, and which as far surpasses the delights of 'tobogganing' as—what shall we say?—for the ladies, as a valse surpasses a polka—for the gentlemen, as a day with the Pychley exceeds a run

with harriers. Such is our subject.

And now suppose Brown and Jones have been over to the falls, and, having tried the cone, return, reporting it in good order; the first thing then to do is to call upon some benevolent chaperone—and in Canada benevolence is strongly developed in this long-suffering class of human beings—and induce her to get up a sliding party at the earliest possible day. This done, and the time arrived, you pack into your sleigh a jar of mulled claret wrapped in a blanket to preserve the warmth, and drive to the place of meeting. There you offer the vacant place by your side to some fair friend, others do likewise, and then some half-dozen or more sleighs drive off for a day's 'sliding.' Escaping the dangers of the narrow and tortuous streets which lead from the gates of Quebec to its suburbs, you drive over the long wooden bridge crossing the St Charles, and are soon in the open country beyond, with the large church of Beaufort to guide you on your road, lined by the whitewashed cottages of the habitants, looking chill, and somewhat dirty externally when compared with the dazzling covering of nature; though truly if you enter one of them you will find no lack of comfort or of cleanliness. Beauport passed, you are on the table-land from which the Montmorenci river flows, and an almost precipitous road winding down its face leads to the inn at which you are to put up. Now do unskilful whips half regret the rashness of turning out in a tandem; those who drive a pair wonder if they will meet a wood sleigh at the hasty turn halfway down the hill; whilst the happy owner of a carolee and rough Canadian pony coolly lets the animal follow one of the larger vehicles, assured that if it doesn't upset his won't, whilst he can devote his energies to a last effort to persuade the lady by his side to trust herself to his guidance in her first slide down the cone. However, dangers and upsets in the snow are seldom serious, and either with or without them our party assemble

at the inn, leave their sleighs and horses, and engage a number of small boys with traîneaux for the day's amusement. The Canadian 'gamins' are almost as mischievous and amusing as the London or Paris ones. The ladies of the party generally know the best sliders, and attach them accordingly, and, I rather suspect, indicate to them those whom they wish should reach the bottom safely, and those whom they like to see rolling down head over heels; at all events, it is curious that such skilful sliders should sometimes give one such awful purls! Arrived at the Falls you find the cones in capital order. There has been sliding enough to harden the snow on the sides, and no thaw and succeeding sharp frost to make it a sheet of ice. If the snow is soft, sliding is not rapid enough—if ice, then it is rather dangerous, except to first-rate sliders.

We find it all right. The ladies' cone may be climbed easily, and the gentlemen's by the aid of a few steps cut in the sides. And now commences the fun of the day. Traîneau after traîneau is freighted and despatched from the ladies' cone, some guided by the ladies themselves, some under charge of a 'gamin,' some helplessly set agoing by rash young men making their first attempts. The velocity with which you descend is much greater than in a toboggan—the principle of guiding the same, but a much lighter touch required. A few slides at the ladies' cone soon give confidence for an attempt at the greater one; and here I must confess that when I, for the first time, scrambled with hands and feet to the narrow ledge, some hundred and fifty feet above the plain below, and considerably steeper than the steepest of Gothic church-roofs, and looked down the road I had to go, I did rather wish I had not come—that wretched boy grinning at me, and informing me, in a mixture of Canadian and Irish *patois*, that when once seated on the traîneau it *would* start, and that he was to jump on behind and steer me, and that I had better be quick as some

one else was coming. If it had not been for 'the credit of the corps,' I think I would have sneaked back again on hands and knees! Screwing up my courage I placed my long legs (I am six foot one in my stockings) carefully in front, with an injunction from my steerer on no account to let them touch the snow, and in another second felt myself rushing through the air as if I had been dropped from the top of a church steeple. Of course I forgot all about my legs—who would not under the circumstances?—and my heels, first one and then the other, caught the surface. Nothing but this was wanted to bring us all to grief. Gamin went one way, traîneau another, I a third, and all found ourselves together amidst an admiring and, of course, deeply sympathizing group of friends at the foot of the ladies' cone. Still, I do not see why sympathy need have been expressed in such shouts of laughter. I was rather sore both in mind and body. I would have kicked 'gamin,' who was grimacing and sacréeing and gesticulating, only I could not catch him, and so perhaps the best thing to do was to join the laugh, and try again. I forget exactly how many times I rolled the first day. I remember distinctly the destruction of a beautiful new pair of long and shiny boots from contact with the hard snow. My clothes suffered no less, and protected my poor body only in some slight degree; but—yes—but I learnt to slide alone! and ever from that day I was freed from the trammels of 'gaminism;' and when once learnt, how delightful and easy it was to rush, with the speed of an arrow from the bow, down the steep side of the great cone, and spin away a mile at least on the frozen river without a check! Then, too, was I trusted with the precious charge of some fair and adventurous Canadian, and we dashed down together, to the envy and admiration of less skilful sliders.

And now the lengthening shadows warn us that winter days are short. Sliding is stopped; buffalo robes spread over the snow; the hot mull and sandwiches produced,

and after a hearty and hasty lunch we re-embark in our several sleighs for home.

The steep hill is mounted in spite of the perversity of certain tandem leaders, who will turn round at the narrowest and steepest parts, and from the summit Quebec, with its tanned roofs and spires, glitters in the setting sunlight like burnished gold. The bells of many a habitant, returning with his empty sleigh at full trot from market, en-

liven the way; and tired though you and your companion may be, you still seem to think that a good dinner will enable you both to find sufficient energy for the quiet dance which that ever-to-be-admired, though - so - often - disparagingly - spoken-of-towards-two-o'clock-in-the-morning chaperone, has been kind enough to ask you to enjoy as a wind-up to a day's 'sliding at Montmorenci.'

P. L.





JOINT-STOCK NEWS.

Scene.—THE MINING EXCHANGE.

MR. HAWK to MR. PIKE.—‘ I’ve a new mine coming out, Pike :—take some shares ?
MR. PIKE to MR. HAWK.—‘ Have you decided what sort of metal it is to be ?’
MR. HAWK to MR. PIKE.—‘ Anti-money, my boy—Anti-money !’

THE TENANT OF THE CHINTZ CHAMBER.



CHAPTER X.

AT BAY.

Not long after the moon had gone down behind the pale banks of cloud, Percy lay in the arm-chair by his dressing-room fire. The candles on the mantel flared a sickly yellow in the gray light that entered by the balcony door, which he had thrown open to cool his feverish blood, overheated by wine and other exciting causes. He is dozing now, muttering in an uneasy slumber, calling strange names, now in a threatening, and now in a coaxing tone. And again he sinks into a deeper sleep.

He is wakened up by a noise, the rustling of ivy at the balcony door. Half awake, he is conscious of some one coming into the room—some one in white with dark hair lying on her shoulders, and large bright eyes fixed on his face. Only half

roused, in a kind of frightened stupor, he stared at the apparition. The figure came nearer, and said, 'Leonard!'

He tried to rouse his intelligence, but he was stupefied by wine. It seemed that the voice was familiar to him, and the person to whom it belonged; for, after struggling to sit up and look at her, he said thickly, but readily.

'What do you want, Eleanor?'

The girl (for she looked only a girl) gazed at him with supreme disgust.

'You are *drunk*, Leonard, but you must try and understand what I am going to say. Do you see that?' putting out her small white hand with the handsome ring and keeper on the proper finger. 'Do you know that? You are "Le-

nardo" no longer. That was a pretty, romantic story invented to amuse me.

'I suppose you did not expect that the starving wife of the painter, Leonardo Rosselli, would come troubling you to your great home of Ravelstock, and forbidding the banes between you and your new bride? Well!' she went on, drawing back from him a little, not liking the ugly flare in his eyes, 'I have come though, to explain to you, that no feeling for you, no sickly sentimental memory of what I once felt for you, shall keep me from doing justice, and saving the innocent from misery.

'I do not pretend to care about you now. That is dead and buried; like your old false name, and your old smiles I want nothing from you. I can support myself. I never should have come near you, had your wickedness rested satisfied with what had been done already, without hunting out a new victim, a fresh, sweet young victim like Gwendaline Lisle. Yes, my lord,' she said, drawing herself up and confronting him unflinchingly as he stood glaring angrily at her, 'frown if you will I am not afraid, but mark me, *I will prevent the marriage*'

The stupid angry scowl dropped down from his brows into an expression of slavish despair. He sat down again and whimpered maudlin appeals to her pity. The proud, talented, fascinating Lord Ravelstock whimpered there in the gray morning light, sitting opposite to that hazel-eyed woman.

And what did she do? She who called herself his wife? At the first softened accent, miserable and unmanly as it was, a quiver of grief passed over her face, and she sank upon the floor, burying her face in her hands. Then raising it up again, wet with tears, and flushed with the passionate repression of sorrow, she crept to his knees, and looked up to him, saying:

'Leonardo, I do love you. Do what I will, it will not die. Oh! my husband, promise me that you will not do this thing. If you cannot love me again, if I am in

your way, I will go, and never claim anything from you, only say that you will not stain your soul with this crime. Only say that you will spare that innocent girl.'

But her humility only roused his savage rage, cowed before by her calm fearlessness. He got up and flung her from him roughly, with such coarse drunken abuse as must not be set down here.

She stood up again, and all the softness vanished from her white face

'I will plead no more,' she said. 'I am going, but recollect my words. I can prove our marriage; and if you do not repent in time, if you attempt to enter into this second one, I will prevent it.'

She went out of the balcony door as she had come, and the ivy rustled again as her white skirt swept past it. Lord Ravelstock staggered to the window, but she was not to be seen. He found his bed with some difficulty, and slept heavily till the sun was shining broadly into his room as it shames at eleven o'clock in the day.

Not till he had nearly dressed, did his memory furnish him with any reflection from the scene of the night before. At last, when the recollection did flash upon him, it turned him pale, and he stood for half an hour in the middle of his dressing-room floor, reviewing every word and look as it recurred to him. Could it have been a dream? was the question rational thought put to imagination. A dream induced by conscience and the uneasy fancies with which the wine had crowded his brain. And yet no; he could not make up his mind that such was the case. Surely no dream was ever so clear and perfect. He was half-crazed with doubts and conjectures. How could it be? And yet such an occurrence as this visit was to be feared.

At breakfast-time my lord Percy was sudden and absent in his manner; and Gwendaline's eyes filled with tears at an announcement which he made soon after, that he must ride to the village on business.

It had set in a dreary, wet day,

the first for how long! Gwendaline thought something might have been done towards finishing the painting, or that, if indisposed for such work, Percy would have passed the time for them pleasantly while they worked, by reading aloud. It was so sudden; so very awkward to have to ride so far on such a day; he would be wet, perhaps get cold, fever—it might cost him his life. And the pretty bride-elect appealed to Mrs Grey's judgment if my lord Percy were not the most obstinate of men. And Mrs. Grey smiled and bent more closely over her embroidery.

He left at once, and did not return till dusk. Heaven knows to how many places he had ridden in the meantime, and what inquiries he had made, skilful inquiries, but without procuring any information regarding any woman, young or old, supposed to have lately taken up a residence in the neighbourhood. Wet and splashed, Percy rode home after his fruitless day's work. He switched the mud off his boots with his riding-whip, and slackened his horse's pace even in the rain to meditate on the likelihoods of the present bewildering case. If she really came, she did not come far. She wore a white gown, and no out-door dress over it. Her hair was loose. Faugh! it must have been a dream.

'And a pretty fool I am, scouring the country in search of a woman who must be at this moment hundreds of miles off. Whether or not, I will do nothing more. I am only laying my conduct open to remark, riding about in this fashion, making such inquiries, when I should be playing the attentive lover at home. Dream or reality, I will think no more about it.'

Meanwhile, at Ravelstock, the day was wearily long. Gwendaline was out of spirits, fatigued after the exertions of the night before, and vexed at Percy's absence. Mrs. Grey had her (of late) customary headache. My lady herself was the only undamped spirit of the three. She rallied Gwendaline, she threatened Mrs. Grey with a visit to the doctor, and repeatedly avowed her

conviction that they should have a pleasant evening, such a pleasant evening on Percy's return. And still the rain fell and fell, and occasional gusts of wind swept round the castle, making poor little Gwendaline shiver, and declare it would soon be winter.

But when the dusk came, bringing horse's feet to the gravel, the sunny girl's good temper came back, as the April light floods from behind a cloud. Percy, having thrown care to the winds, came in looking as gay as ever. His business had been all satisfactorily settled, he was sorry they had had a dull day. What should they do to make up for it? Sing, chat, read, play chess? The latter was chosen by Gwendaline for an hour's pastime. My lady, brisk all day, now felt fatigue, and slumbered on her couch. Mrs. Grey sat, resting her head on her hand, and looking into the fire, listening the while to the rattle of the chessmen.

'Checkmate!' cried Percy, and Gwendaline shrugged her shoulders, and rose from her seat. 'Play a game with Mrs. Grey, *do*,' she said. 'I'm so tired, and I should like to watch you.'

She threw herself on a sofa, and her white eyelids drooped. She was sleepy.

Percy said, 'As you will;' and began to settle the men in their places. Mrs. Grey moved reluctantly to the chess-table, and sat down.

'Don't you know the game?' said my lord. 'King and queen in the middle; your bishop's in the wrong place. Will you move first?'

Mrs. Grey seemed unusually awkward and nervous. Very awkward, for she knocked down several men with her sleeve, and picked up a pawn with her left hand.

My lord's eyes were on the board. The small shaking hand, with its ring and brilliant keeper, moved under his glance, and he dropped the piece he held with a shock which drove the blood from his lips and face.

Mrs. Grey started at the sudden movement, and looked up. Their eyes met, in a look so long, it seemed as if neither had the power

to end it. My lord's face grew every moment more dark and colourless, and his gaze poured a whole ocean of deadly meaning into the hazel eyes of the gray woman who sat trembling, but unflinching, before him.

Gwendaline opened her eyes, and asked why they did not go on with the game. Percy swept down the men, declared he was tired, put his hands into his pockets, and stalked to the other end of the room. Gwendaline opened her blue eyes still wider at his rudeness, and called him a bear, whereupon he apologized for his want of politeness, and sat down beside her.

Half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Grey folded up her perpetual embroidery, and went to a distant table to fetch her work-basket before retiring for the night. My lord, sauntering about the room, waiting for supper, bent down to examine an ornament on the table, and a creeping whisper found the gray woman's ears—'I know you'

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER ?

Twelve o'clock struck by the castle clock, and the window of the chintz chamber stood open. The rain had ceased since nightfall; and now that solemn moon sailed triumphantly above the ocean, making the near trees look low and black beneath it. The air was unusually still and clear, after the day's tempest. The flowing tide heaved and welled about the dark rocks, swollen by the rains; through the open window its low surging could be heard. A hazy radiance seemed blurred over the dim moor, and at times the eerie plaint of a curlew floated up from its shadows like a stray echo from the land of spirits.

The gray woman sat writing at a table in shelter from the window. Her candle fluttered slightly as the air reached the corner where it stood, and its light streamed with a yellow flare over the paper under the writer's hand. The ink glistered quack and dried, and page after page was turned, while the

hand never faltered nor the brain seemed to flag. Scrape, scrape, scrape, went the pen, only gaining a respite by times when a lurid head gathered big upon the long wick, and the busy hand dropped the pen to snuff it away.

Faster and faster the woman wrote. It was the history of a life. It was a letter from one who had been wedded and deserted to one who had heaped cowardly injuries on the writer. It told over a story which was well known to him for whose eyes it was intended; how a young girl, delicately cared for in childhood, spent her early youth in a dire struggle with poverty. How she toiled and prayed and dreamed that better times might come for her and her sick father.

'Leonard!' it said; 'do you remember the day you met me in Kensington? I had sat up all night to finish needlework, and I had taken it home. I had been told to call again for the money. I hungered for that money to buy wine for my father. You stopped me. Oh, Leonard! you had a kind word for me then. You bade me come with you, and I should have money. I followed you. I would have followed you to the world's end. I trusted your eye, and I trusted your voice. Day after day I went to you, while you painted my face. And my father had wine. And I was so happy. Oh! I was so happy!

'Oh! Leonard, have you forgotten the day when you took my hand and said "Will you let me put a ring on this little finger? Will you be a poor painter's wife?" And I said I would. If you had been a beggar, I would have put my hair under your feet. And have you forgotten how happy your kind words made my poor father's deathbed, and how he died at peace when he saw my hand in yours?

'And oh, Leonard! have you forgotten the happy time at the quiet sea-side, when you lay on the beach with your head on my gown, and read aloud to me all through the short dreamy days? * * * I did not come here to be a spy upon you. It was all a strange chance. I was on the brink of starvation.

Whither ?

I had been thrown out of my situation of teacher. I had been ill. I saw your mother's advertisement. In despair I answered it. I disguised myself only because she required an elderly person. I could not let the chance of bread escape me, the chance of sure, daily bread, a quiet home, a retreat from the world. I came, I did my best to please. I succeeded; I made myself necessary; I endeared myself to her. I said, "I have found a haven, I need not wander any more." I believed I should never trouble you again.

'Your picture first revealed your secret to me. Then I should have fled from your path, only for your precious soul's sake. You shall not live your life in sin, Leonard, while I can prevent it. I have witnesses to prove our marriage. But do not drive me to this alternative. Hard as it seems, renounce this poor girl. She is young—she may still be happy. Go abroad—do what you will; I will not cross your path. I do not covet your rank. I do not ask to be acknowledged your wife, since you have ceased to love me.

'Do as I have suggested, and I'll make an excuse to leave the castle at once. Oh! Leonard, for your soul's sake'—

So the gray woman wrote, with a lingering hope. Ah! but the gray woman did not know about the debts, and the thirty thousand pounds.

'Oh! Leonard, for your soul's

There came a tap at the door.

The soul, recalled from its passionate commune with the absent, was startled back to consciousness of the dead hour of night, of the silent chamber, and the candle flaring in the chill breeze creeping through the open window. Awake, keenly, vividly wakeful in the sleeping house, the gray woman realized her own presence, and sat listening. Again the tap came; she arose, and went to the door.

In the visible darkness of the passage, she saw a figure with a finger to its lip—a figure that her heart recognized. It beckoned her out.

She gave a hasty look backward, as if she would extinguish the candle, perhaps look up her letter from the risk of chance eyes; but a hand was stretched forth which drew her across the threshold from the room. The figure said, 'Come!' and she went. Had not the letter said, 'I would follow you to the world's end?'

Ay, to the world's end, or to life's end, which is the same thing to any separate unit of us of creation. Down the stairs she went after his feet, with a deep strength lying like steel at the bottom of her heart for what might be to come, but trembling with a hope that in some way the torture of suspense endured for months would end with this sought interview.

Down stairs, past doors of rooms with sleeping inmates, past closed doors of empty rooms, once tenanted, but over whose threshold the dead had gone. Past the ticking clock on the staircase, whose 'beat, beat' had told out the measure of the lives of many generations under that roof. Past the wide doors of the chambers where the revelry had been so late. Following, trusting, fearing, yet hoping, the woman went.

Great heaven! would nothing stop her? The figures in the corridors stretched their white arms towards her. A stair rail caught her dress and held her, till her impatient hand set her feet free again. On she went, the shadows were thick in the house, and she could not see his face. Even at the stair-foot she had yet been in time, but she did not see his face. They passed through the great hall, and out from the gloom of its carven pride into the white moonlight—the calm, sinless moonlight, under which all is spiritual and pure, and no unruly thought should live.

CHAPTER XII.

UNDER THE MOON.

Gwendoline sat up in her bed in the moonlight. She had been dreaming. And in her dreams, strangely enough, there came to her that face which lay stretched, lifeless, to-

The Tenant of the Chintz Chamber.

tween the leaves of Percy's portfolio, down in the studio. She had fancied that a slight figure in white came to her bedside through the moonlight, and stood looking at her, with a sweet, sad countenance. The face was the face of the sketch; the hair lay so on the shoulders, and the mouth and eyes were the same. Wakening, Gwendaline sat up, but the white, slender figure faded away in the quivering wreaths of moonlight, the face grew shadowy and indistinct, its hues and outlines died out into the neutral colour of the air, and the vision was gone.

Gwendaline was not frightened. It had been a sweet dream. She recalled the face, the figure, the attitude. She could have loved—o! so loved—a sister who had looked like that 'Ah! I never had a sister,' thought the girl, 'but I have Percy, and he is enough I used to wish for a sister I don't care so much now. But I love that face. I will ask him to give me the sketch I should like to dream that dream again.'

And then she thought of the poor model who had sat for the drawing, and resolved to ask Percy about her; perhaps find her out, and do her some good. She was a large-hearted, romantic little creature, childish as yet, thus Gwendaline.

She lay with her face to the moonlight, and her hand on the coverlet, she closed her eyes, opened them again, and dropprd the lids once more, almost sliding from waking dreams to sleeping ones, when she heard a noise.

A slight sound, like the opening of a door, and the stealthy tread of a foot on the passage. How fear rushes in on our calmest, most delicious thoughts, like a hawk among doves. Gwendaline sat up, and gazed at her chamber door, with both hands pressed to her side, as if to keep the flying heart within the trembling frame.

What a terrible thing fear is, that comes on us so unawares, and sways us with such an unearthly power. We are resting, we are happy, and full of bright fancies; a moment, and we are stricken with a freezing chill, we are shaken with pain. But

this minute it was pleasant to be alone in the quiet room, resting on the cool pillow, dreaming over to ourselves our life's happiest dreams. And now in a breath it is horror to feel no living presence but our own. The air is thick with mystery, our ears are filled with husses, we seem encompassed by the shades of death. Our own breathing, our own touch, our own consciousness terrifies us. We long for annihilation, and perhaps we find it for a time in a swoon. Gwendaline did not faint. She sat for a long time staring at her door, and then as the minutes—like hours to her—went by, and no noise came again, she breathed more freely, her heart throbbred less wildly, the thuck air seemed purified, the spell of terror gave way.

It must have been fancy. One of those shocks which come so often between waking and sleeping, just after we have passed, as it were, the verge of the land of sleep, when our feet seem to stumble, and we fall back on the waking world with a rebound which shakes all our system. We imagine we have fallen down a precipice, and recognize with astonishment the bed under our limbs. We were cantering on a spirited horse, when he suddenly flung us, and again we are amazed at the soft support bearing us up. 'It was fancy,' said Gwendaline, 'or could it have been Mrs Grey walking in her sleep?' She had heard Lady Ravelstock quiz her companion for having done so once. How readily small things come up in our minds when we are anxious to find out a 'reason why' Be it as it might, the shock had made Gwendaline nervous, and she got up, not without trembling, and bolted her door.

Coming back to her bed, she paused at the window. The glorious moonlight—so tranquil, so soothing—like the white wings of a mighty angel brooding over the world, banished all lingering fear, and she stood, like Evangeline,

'With naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber.'

to drink one draught of the night's deep peace and beauty.

Her room was on the same line as

the chintz chamber, and the same view was to be seen from the window. The same glistening stretch of ocean, with the black battery of rocks thrown up against it,—the same heavy sweep of moor, blurred dim with the overhanging radiance. The trees spread their lacework between Gwendaline and the solemn moon, and the light fell in silver levels upon the invisible green of the sward, and the formal intersections of the gravelled paths under the window.

As she watched, two shadows sprang up silently on the white gravel. They moved swiftly out from the shelter of the house. Again that fear flew to Gwendaline's throat, and almost strangled her. But fear was lost in wonder, and wonder merged in a vague sense of curiosity and apprehension, as the figures faced the moon, and she fancied she recognized them.

They passed under the shadow of the beech trees, across the sward, out of sight. Still the girl lingered by the window, lost in wonder. By-and-by she beheld the figures again, moving together in the distance, and then once more the shadows swallowed them. Suddenly, while her eyes rested on the shining sea, two small black shapes started up on the rocks, and stood sharply defined, even so far away, against the moonlit water. Gwendaline leaned from the window, and watched them eagerly, with a sick bewildered suspense that did not altogether spring from curiosity. She saw them standing together, quietly at first, then separating and gesticulating like the shadows thrown by a magic lantern. They went through a strange pantomime: one figure—the smaller—seemed to drop low before the other, then rise and move away. Then again it drew near, and then suddenly and swiftly it vanished, and the taller figure remained.

Gwendaline's eyes were strained for the return of that tiny black shape, but to no purpose. It did not appear again. And then the solitary figure moved slowly away, down among the rocks, and was lost in the shadows.

Strain her eyes as she might, there was nothing more to be seen. Gwendaline turned from her window. Painful and perplexing thoughts troubled her. Could her eyes have been deceived? Could she have been mistaken? No; she had seen two figures, and, strangest of all, they had had the appearance of Percy and Mrs. Grey. Why should either leave their rooms at such an hour? Why should they be together—they who scarcely ever addressed one another, scarcely knew one another? Why should they go to the rocks, and why should one return alone? Why should Mrs. Grey suddenly disappear?

Unable to go to sleep, she wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, and ventured to open her door. Once upon the passage she hurried along, till her feet paused before Percy's room. The door was open. She looked. The bed was untouched. The place was empty.

She sat down upon a chair by the open door, feeling almost stupefied by amazement and alarm. She remained so for some time, gazing vaguely at the moonlight and the shadows, with no purpose, no settled thought filling her mind, only conscious of the existence of a strange, unreal state of things.

She went into Mrs. Grey's room. The open window, the fluttering writing paper on the table, the pen still wet with ink, the candle guttering down in the socket,—all these signs that the room had lately had a wakeful tenant struck the intruder strangely. She came and sat in the chair, which had been driven back a little as its last occupant had risen from the table. She seated herself with a kind of feeling that she might thus more easily guess the motives of the person who had so lately been in her place.

She had not sat there long when her eye, wandering over the table and its litter, caught a familiar name on the open paper—her own name. A moment ago, and she would have shrunk from reading what had not been meant for her eyes. But a second wrought a change. Without any intention of reading, the eye received a sentence.

from the paper. An abyss yawned at her feet.

The letter was now handled eagerly, and every word devoured from the beginning to the end. Little the girl thought whether she had a right to read or not. She flung the paper from her when the broken sentence pointed to the moment when the writer had been called away. She threw it angrily from her, and burst into a passion of tears.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

Two o'clock struck by the great clock on the staircase. Gwendaline was cold and stiff with the chill air from the window, and her face was swollen with crying. She bore her misfortune as an impetuous child bears a sore disappointment and injury. Her heart was bursting with resentment, misery weighed down her head and gave her a strangling sensation at the throat, while the tears fell like a thunder-shower over her hands.

She waited for the gray woman's return. She would tell her she had read her hateful letter, reproach her with not having revealed herself before and averted all the misery. Then she would go to her own room and make instant preparations for departure. She would quit Ravelstock before breakfast time, only leaving a cold and cutting note of farewell to Percy. Her father should take her abroad again. She would show Lord Ravelstock that she did not care for him so much as he thought; she would punish him well for his wickedness.

So the fiery little girl planned in her anger, believing that she would soon get over her disappointment when she had signally chastised those who had caused it. Her passion would not let her feel for the poor young wife who had so long suffered and endured in silence.

But the gray woman was long in returning, and Gwendaline, shivering with cold, almost gave up her resolve to await her coming. Almost, for a minute, and then she

angrily redoubled her determination to remain. The candle had long since burned out, and she looked about the dim room for some means of lessening the cold. She feared to make a noise closing the window. Mrs. Grey's bed was smoothly spread; no one had been in it that night. Gwendaline sprang into it, and covered her trembling limbs, trying to keep down the cough which at intervals rose in her chest and shook her slight frame.

Sobbing and shuddering she laid her head on the pillow, and soon fell into an uneasy sleep, from which she was roused by a slight sound in the passage. She started hurriedly from the bed, and crept out of the room. Percy's door was shut.

He had then returned, but still no Mrs. Grey. Gwendaline looked from the window, and lingered half an hour longer in the chintz chamber; and then, when dawn was breaking and the gray woman had not returned, she stole wearily to her own room and fell asleep.

In the morning Lady Ravelstock waited long in the breakfast-room alone. No one appeared to share the meal with her. She wondered most at Mrs. Grey's absence, who always arrived from her morning walk punctually, to the minute. She inquired of the servants at what hour Mrs. Grey had left the house. No one had seen her that morning. Lady Ravelstock sought her room and found it deserted. She then said 'she must have gone out,' and went on to Gwendaline's chamber.

She found the girl tossing and moaning in her sleep, and thinking she suffered from a bad dream awoke her. But Gwendaline stared at her with heavy red eyes, and turned shuddering from her.

Poor Lady Ravelstock was distressed. The dear child must be ill, something must be done. She implored Gwendaline to tell her if she felt unwell or if anything had happened. But the girl only coughed violently and buried her flushed face in the bedclothes.

It was now nearly twelve o'clock in the day. My lady hurried to her son's room and found him dressing.

Accidental Death.

She told him of Mrs. Grey's mysterious absence and Gwendaline's illness. My Lord Percy seemed very much disturbed by his mother's agitation, and went down to breakfast by himself. Gwendaline continued ill all day. My lady did not leave her side.

Towards evening the doctor came, said she had caught a severe cold, was threatened with fever, and ordered her to be kept very quiet. All the day, while Lady Ravelstock sat there, the patient never spoke, except to ask the constantly repeated question—'Has Mrs. Grey come back?'

'No, my love,' was still the answer; 'not yet. You know she walked in her sleep. We fear she has got out of the castle and wandered very far away. But I trust we shall soon hear of her. Don't think about it.'

And Gwendaline only moaned at these words, and turned her head again from the light.

'She walked in her sleep. We shall soon hear of her,' so my lady kept repeating. She pointed to the tossed bed where Gwendaline had lain, and strove to assure herself and others that the missing woman had risen, had dressed in her sleep as she had heard that sleep-walkers often do, and contrived to escape from the castle. 'She will be ashamed of it,' said my lady, 'and perhaps feel it unpleasant to come back; but we shall soon hear.'

She had despatched her son to make inquiries, and Percy was absent all day, only returning with evening, bringing no news. Then indeed was Lady Ravelstock alarmed, and the servants gossiped among themselves and surmised a thousand things possible and impossible.

That night wore on. My lady watched long, and still Gwendaline's question broke the silence of the sick room. 'Has Mrs. Grey come back?' And still the answer had to be given: 'Not yet.'

Then Percy lingered at the door to ask how Gwendaline did; and she, hearing his voice, wailed out, 'Send him away! send him away!' and covered her eyes. And Lady Ravelstock whispered with tears on

her face; 'I fear she is raving; you had better go away, my son.'

Morning came. A quiet neutral day without sun or rain. Gwendaline seemed better, so the doctor said. When he had left the room, Lady Ravelstock sat at the window, looking out. Gwendaline's eyes were fixed on her face.

All at once my lady's attention was attracted by a small crowd of people, coming slowly towards the house, seeming to carry some heavy weight upon their shoulders. As they drew nearer, her face changed, she stifled a cry with wonderful self-command, strove to rise, but sank back faintly in her seat.

'What is it?' cried Gwendaline from the bed. Lady Ravelstock struggled to speak: 'Nothing, nothing.'

But Gwendaline raised her head on her hand and gazed at her. 'Is it Mrs. Grey?' she asked.

Lady Ravelstock, trembling from head to foot, tried to evade the question; but it was repeated. 'Is it Mrs. Grey, drowned?'

Lady Ravelstock went to the bedside and laid the girl's head upon the pillow.

'Tell me,' said Gwendaline; 'you may as well tell me. Did you not see Mrs. Grey's drowned corpse carried up to the house? I have dreamed of it so often.'

'I fear something has happened, my darling; but he still, and do not think about it. Don't think about it,' murmured poor Lady Ravelstock, while the tears dropped over her face.

Then Gwendaline turned again to the wall, so quietly, Lady Ravelstock wondered at her; and, finding she remained still, stole down stairs to learn something of the strange sight she had seen.

The doctor met her on the stairs and led her into a room. 'My dear lady,' he said, 'do not go down. This is a sad case of drowning. I shall attend to the corpse. There will be an inquest immediately.'

'She walked in her sleep,' sobbed poor Lady Ravelstock, clinging to the doctor's hand; 'she walked in her sleep.'

'So I understand,' he said. 'It

is probable that she wandered down to the shore and fell from the rocks, or was carried out by the tide.'

At the doctor's earnest request my lady went to her own room, a nurse having arrived to take care of the invalid. The poor wet corpse was laid in a dark room, and the door was locked. The doctor stayed a great part of the day at the castle getting information and talking to Lord Ravelstock, who was dreadfully shocked at the occurrence, and could not be induced to go and see the corpse.

Towards evening Lady Ravelstock was summoned to Gwendaline's room. The girl was now in a raging fever. She raved wildly. The first words which fell on Lady Ravelstock's ear were so terrible that she sent the nurse away and took her place for the night.

Awful fancies, or else frightful revelations were muttered incessantly in the listener's ear, and at last, in a moment of high excitement, a letter torn and crumpled was flung by the sufferer at the poor old woman who watched by her.

A poor old woman she was now, with her son's guilt lying on an open page before her, knowing that that poor wet corpse in the dark room above was his wife. Listening to the wild words that poured with merciless constancy from the sick girl's mouth. God knew her thoughts as she sat with bowed head leaning against the bed, and hair that seemed whitening every hour. Ten years of ordinary trouble could not have aged my lady as that night aged her. She appeared to the nurse who came at dawn a bent decrepit old woman, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, and hardly the shadow of a likeness to the frank, kind, self-complacent Lady Ravelstock, with her smiling looks and her little black shining curls.

From that night she watched the nurse jealously. She would scarcely admit her to the room. She avoided her son, waving him away when he came near her, and hurrying out of sight when she heard his step. With her gray hair brushed back under a linen cap, and wrapped in a

thick shawl, she sat morning and night by Gwendaline's bedside. No entreaties of the nurse, no exhortations of the doctor, could move her from that seat.

On the night before the inquest, she left it of her own will for the only time. All the castle was silent. She took a shaded light, as she had done on another night so long ago, and traversed the house alone. Passing her son's room, she stopped and listened to his tread. He walked his room instead of sleeping. Her head fell dejectedly on her breast, and she went on.

The key was in the door of the death-chamber. She opened it and went in. The corpse lay untouched, as they had been desired to leave it until after the inquest. Lady Ravelstock set down her light and uncovered the face. One could hardly guess now what colour it might have been, it was so wofully altered. She raised a little the thick fold of gray hair which was fastened tightly on the head by the cap. Under it there lay a band of glossy black. Lady Ravelstock groaned and covered it again with the disguise which the poor creature had in life preserved so steadfastly. Then she replaced the covering upon the eyes that in death gazed with that hunted look which Lady Ravelstock had never detected in them before.

Next day the verdict was given, 'Accidental Death,' and a modest funeral left Ravelstock soon after. There was much gossip among the servants and about the neighbourhood, regarding my lady's strange whim of helping to dress the corpse herself. No other dare arrange the dead woman's hair, or settle the folds of white about her head. And they said that she kissed the poor thing's face, and would suffer no one to take the rings from her finger.

There was also some talk about Lord Ravelstock's haggard looks; but the gossips thought it only right that he should be in deep distress when Gwendaline's life was in danger.

CHAPTER XIV. (AND LAST).

RAVELSTOCK AS IT IS.

The crisis of the fever passed, and Gwendaline retreated from the dark threshold which she had seemed about to cross—slowly, and with uncertain feet that for long seemed every moment on the point of tottering back into the abyss. But at last the scale steadied, the balance was struck, life outweighed death.

Lady Ravelstock sat by her bedside and watched her recover. Gwendaline gazed with wonder on her dear old friend's changed countenance, and a conviction came upon her that she knew the worst. She lifted the withered hand and kissed it reverently.

But the caress was not returned. The softness was gone from Lady Ravelstock's character. She was now a stern, broken-down woman, whose only hope was to save her family name. Only once was the past alluded to between them, once when the twilight emboldened Gwendaline to whisper her lingering hope—

'She may have fallen by accident.'

But Lady Ravelstock only shook her head grimly.

One evening, when the invalid was able to sit up at the fire and look out of the window at the stormy sea and the dreary moor, she said to her friend—

'Send him here.'

The eyes of the two women met, and each understood the other. Lady Ravelstock said—

'You are not afraid?'

Gwendaline shuddered, and said, 'No.'

Then Lady Ravelstock went away, and soon after Percy went into Gwendaline's room and shut the door.

No one ever knew what passed between the two; but Percy came out with a white sullen face, and hastened to his own chamber. He only left it to make preparations for his departure from Ravelstock. They said he was going away on business, but he never appeared in the country again. Probably his absence was the condition of Gwen-

daline's, silence upon all that she knew.

Her father took her from Ravelstock as soon as she was able to travel. A sunny village in the south of France received her, and the warm climate did what it could to save her from consumption; but in vain. The grave closed over her bright head one year from the date of Mrs. Grey's death.

After Lord Ravelstock's hasty departure, after Gwendaline had left the castle, my lady found herself once more in solitude at Ravelstock. A bleak solitude. The winter brought more troubles to her in her lonely room. Those debts, which had once threatened to overwhelm Percy, now became known to her. My lady wrote to lawyers, and lawyers came down to Ravelstock. One piece of property was sold after another to save exposure, and at last it became necessary that the old estate and castle of Ravelstock must also be sacrificed.

Dearlily, but with a stern bravery, my lady gave her consent to the sale of her home. She chose a quiet retreat, and prepared to take possession of it. But on the morning on which she was to leave Ravelstock they found her sitting in her arm-chair by the window, with her hands folded together and her head against the sill, quite dead. She had been stricken by paralysis.

Ravelstock was sold. Everything remains in it as it was. The pictures hang on the walls in the dim gallery, the river runs under the bay window, and the sea and moors have an unearthly glimmer on clear nights, seen from the chintz chamber. The unfinished picture stands on the easel in the studio, and the dust lies thick on the leaves of the portfolio. The owner of Ravelstock seldom comes near it, for they tell ugly stories of the rooms being haunted. The chintz chamber especially is shunned, for the caretakers describe the figure of a woman in gray which is seen passing in and out of the room on moonlight nights. These are only stories, of course; but they serve to throw a gloom of mystery over the fine old place which is not likely to be cleared away.

HERALDIC STUDIOS;

Or, Messrs. Sulze and Griffin.

'Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms.'—*Troilus and Cressida*.

IT has been remarked that one may form a very fair estimate of a man's character and habits from the style of his watch, and, it may be added, of his ancestry by his coat armour, provided, however, we know how he came by the latter. The armorial distinctions, however, of the present century present themselves under so many anomalous conditions, that we fear were the shade of precise old Gwillim permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and glide down Oxford Street or Piccadilly, it would certainly not repeat its visit in the face of such scandals as, 'No fee for search,' 'Name of county *only* required,' 'Parties supplied with arms and crests at the shortest notice,' and such-like. Perhaps, after all, the stately heralds of the seventeenth century were practically little more scrupulous in reality than those self-constituted authorities of the present day.

In the time of Gwillim, we have read that 'armiger' was a title of some distinction, and a man did not lightly discuss such important matters as the ancestral gules or azure, bend or fesse, and as for any old gaffer of low degree presuming to intrude within the sacred pale, the idea was probably too absurd even to have been seriously entertained, notwithstanding certain dark hints, not very complimentary to the ancestry of some of the pedantic Stuart's favourites. Still, Wat and Tom, Hobbs and Judd, when they aspired to be ranked with the upper ten thousand, very wisely—and the practice is still honoured in the observance—took unto themselves the patronymics of extinct noble families, or such as were, though gentle, too poor to offer much opposition. It was long before those days that armorial achievements had ceased to be considered as property alienable by will.

Another change, however, took

place, and on the day when 'Old Noll' was enthroned by fellows like Whalley and Viner, and an 'Other House' was constituted, a severe blow was struck at the gentle science, albeit those sturdy Republicans, from Bradshaw downwards, were ever ready to attach their seals of arms somewhat ostentatiously to important documents, whereby they evinced the instinctive respect of their race for ancient institutions and time-honoured usages, however much their political career might have been at variance with such tastes.

If 'Democritus Junior' lamented the increase of books, as tending to deprive the scholar of his literary omniscience, the official herald of the nineteenth century may now with better reason complain that the press has been the means of depriving him of much statute-made importance. The advertisement sheet of a morning paper will teach him as much, as he finds himself undersold in his own market, where trefoils and roses, bulls and lions, pigeons and eagles, and all the *et ceteras* of 'honourable ordinarig' are offered to the million, at a greatly reduced price. The constitutional herald may grumble, but scarcely ventures to test his means of legal redress against the bold and plebeian innovators. True, the opposition does not offer the *genuine* article, but to the vulgar eye it appears just as good. Without head or claws a kite or a cat might 'pass muster' at a Lord Mayor's table.

Not the least curious consideration is the effect of modern ideas in giving elasticity to one of the most precise and uncompromising of mediæval social contrivances. The self-constituted herald of Shoreditch or Pimlico addresses himself with due formality to the rising generation of small householders about the Victoria Park or St. John's Wood, and offers them with becoming

gravity their choice of a crest stamp for linen, cards—social or business, and—irresistible bart!—a coat of arms, emblazoned in full colours, for the small sum of five shillings, the same being available as a design over the porch of the Elizabethan cottage, or on the embossed side of the family teapot. What is more—there is ‘no fee for search’ when ‘the county is given.’ Now it so happens that this *search* has on minds suburban a most potent influence—it implies something lost, and attaches some importance to the transaction; accordingly, for one crown piece, or sixty postage stamps, the heraldic Gordian knot, with all its entangled bugbears of dates and domestic occurrences, such as baptisms, marriages, and burials, is at once severed by a bold stroke of harlequin’s lath, and forthwith issues a sublime mystery, resplendent in gules and or—the veritable coat armour of some hero of Agincourt—and Young Pimlico is a gentleman. The unknown progenitor of the fifteenth century is now alluded to amongst intimate friends with the sigh of fallen greatness, and his supposed representative prepares to transmit the strange mystery of his house to his heirs for ever. In due course, Mr Mutton’s successors become De Mouton, and perhaps inaugurate a fleur-de-lys in the escutcheon on the brougham. Perhaps young De Mouton has been gifted with the ‘bump’ of causality, and considers it the aim and object of his existence to solve the problem of his ancestry. He consults the man of devices. The oracle again utters a response, but its tones are not so encouraging. ‘The charge for a search at the British Museum, although unsuccessful, will be twenty guineas.’ The oracle well knows that its inspiration cannot be obtained from their majesties the outraged Kings of Arms, hence its mention of the national repository of accessible information—albeit difficult to the uninitiated, of approach—or, more sensibly, the man of devices saves the walk by retiring into his back shop, there to consult the sibylline pages of ‘The General Armorie’ or more voluminous, but questionable, works

on family history. Happy the priest of that oracle when the applicant enjoys a Celtic patronymic! There is then no need of inconvenient reference to parish registers. ‘The Book of the Clans,’ and ‘Nisbet,’ will suffice him; and thrice happy he, the applicant, should he discover that he was originally a ‘Campo Bello,’ or a ‘Mac Fhiodhbuidhe.’ The pedigree is soon made out; there are about a dozen remote ancestors before the ‘documentary’ period, when suddenly a certain Duncan MacFarlane, Esq., appears as the maternal grandfather of the present head of the family, and settles in the parish of St Egidius, London, about the close of last century. The Anglised Celt now clothes himself in tweed, and assumes a Highland bonnet in place of his former Berlin worsted smoking-cap, and his children take after him.

‘Why so many feathers?’ we lately asked of a nursemaid in the south of England ‘Oh, sir,’ was the unhesitating reply, ‘these are a Scotch gentleman’s children.’

Not in vain then, seemingly, was the plumed Celt enshrined as the patron of snuff!

But the new herald’s spell is not alone felt within his immediate influence, it pervades the remotest colonies, and is readily recognized on the gaudy panels of transatlantic sleighs, and the harness of Tasmanian steeds. This remarkable inconsistency in the mental constitution of a pre-eminently practical race, is cleverly taken advantage of; but, as the doctor is rarely his own physician, so likewise the new herald but seldom takes his own emblazoned nostrums.

The new heraldry, as we have said, has even penetrated the depths of Canadian forests, where Mr. Shanty, J P, formerly staff-sergeant at Quebec, and sometime grocer, spirit dealer, and lumber merchant, sends home to the heraldic studio of ‘Messrs. Golpe and Griffin,’ for a correct drawing of the beaver and maple leaf which adorns his equipage. Perhaps Messrs. Golpe and Griffin, in deference to the magisterial office, augment the Shanty arms with an ermine spot, or some such pregnant

and cabalistic device, of which the *clever* Miss Shanty proposes an entomological explanation, but which her father accepts with a mysterious confidence.

But the rise of the Shanties is too much for the MacElks of Moose Lodge. Old MacElk had himself been a trapper, or, as he preferred to say, a peltry merchant; and, resolved not to be outdone by his neighbour, has a munn painted on his sleigh. The epidemic spreads, and larches, maples, black, red, and blue foxes, are called into requisition. The Shanties, however, having been first in the field, submit to the assumption of the MacElks with ill-disguised contempt, for what they term the *nouveaux riches*, and, in the malice of their hearts, produce the Shoreditch patent of arms, and so confound their bewildered rivals. Old Shanty, it is now delicately hinted, ran away from his father—a clergyman—and enlisted. The church has much to answer for, if we are to believe the rumours so often afloat in the 'national reformatory' of the army*.

The new system of heraldry has, we believe, found considerable favour in India, where official magnates, already in possession of wealth and power, require this mystic and symbolical stimulus, in the task of founding Anglo-Indian houses, under circumstances sufficiently remote to enable them to escape the ridicule which it has pleased the rest of the world to attach to parvenus.

The only colonies in which Messrs. Golpe and Griffin have not been favourably received, are probably the West India islands, where, as in Jamaica and Barbadoes, parish registers and intramural monuments have preserved some noble or historical surnames, which have had their influence in fostering an aristocratic sentiment amongst the descendants of the earlier colonists, many of whom even now have vague suspicions of their supposed family estates in the mother country having been alienated or escheated by unprincipled Roundheads, while they, the impoverished but true aristocracy

* So called by the late Lord Herbert of Lea.

of England, are reduced to the cultivation of sugar and pimento, or a desperate struggle for patronage in the cotton market. These gentlemen of the old school scorn the offers of Messrs. Golpe and Griffin, having themselves in the meantime adopted the arms of the supposed noble interlopers at home*.

The advantages of heraldic registration being admitted, we would not altogether disparage the efforts of Messrs. Golpe and Griffin. If there were no pretentious persons, these heraldic studios would cease to exist. But, on the other hand, it may be asked, 'Why should they not exist?' Although there is something repugnant in the idea of spurious honours, and diplomas which are purchaseable, we should rather censure the *customer* than the *dealer* in such commodities. There is deception everywhere—from Redan reputations to the disingenuous imitators of Lamb and Addison, in another field. But Griffin and Golpe are not simply purveyors of a spurious luxury, their influence is undoubtedly felt in art, in domestic architecture, in Berlin worsted work, and perforated book-markers, and their fiat gives employment to the seal-engraver, die-sinker, and to the printer, nay, even to the long-haired gentry of Leicester Square, and still more recently to the poor weavers of Coventry.

If Messrs. Griffin and Golpe entice the worldly pilgrim within the sphere of their gaudy enchantments, and turn their brains with the glamour of fictitious achievements and blazon, we should also bear in mind the light employment which they are the means of affording to delicate fingers, which might otherwise be idle, and that they offer a pleasant recreation to the man of business, who returns daily by the 'bus, from some eastern *terra incognita*, and can afford to speculate on a future equipage of his own. At that moment of weakness, the tempters step in; but in no malignant spirit, and insinuate the uselessness of even attempting to soften

* A planter in Jamaica was prosecuted for using the arms of the Earl of Galloway some years ago.

the obdurate nature of inflexible 'Portcullis,' or taciturn 'Rouge Dragon,' and their inaccessible masters. At the same time they offer their emblazoned equivalent, at the cost of a week's bus fare, whereas, it is well known, the 'other parties' would scarcely grant ordinary *sable and argent*, even at the price of the tailor's bill of the whole family for a year. Can any one doubt the practical advantages offered by Griffin and Golpe? True, it is scarcely the choice of Hercules, but its results are felt, in the unaltered comfort of our friend's establishment, and then comes the consoling reflection that, if my Lord Belgravia does not patronise Griffin and Golpe's blazon, he at any rate is obliged to them for his linen-markers.

But there is another phase of the question, and, if we are to believe Froissart, there is no reason now-a-days to doubt the propriety of our City friend's heraldic *propensity*, when even the renowned Sir John Chandos was subjected to the rebuke of a French knight for pirating the device on his coat armour. Indeed, many of the armorial bearings now most coveted, were, in the age of the Crusades, considered somewhat plebeian by the great overbearing Norman barons.

The present *sinister* impulse given to heraldry cannot altogether be chargeable on the Griffin and Golpe fraternity. It had probably its origin in the works of such writers as Clark,* Laurence,† and Evans, the two latter of whom, with the most exclusive tendencies, were so eager to put forward their own ideas, that they left fatal breaches through which the Goths of their outer world poured in, and by weight of numbers alone possessed themselves of the mysterious stronghold, altering and adapting it to their own purposes. The busy and matter-of-fact Goths were charmed with their discoveries, and, as they pondered each new-found and quaint device, pregnant motto, or illuminated manuscript, long-headed Griffin and Golpe, observing the novel movement, headed it themselves, by cunningly

devising their new system, by which the symbols of the past might be made a marketable commodity.

Modern heraldry, although in many respects useful to society, has nevertheless done serious injury to a certain class of minds. It is not of such works as those of the present Ulster King of Arms,* for, taken altogether, they are really very useful compilations, that we complain; but there is another class of genealogical works, superbly printed and bound, which invite a perusal, but disappoint the serious reader, when he finds that the contents comprise pedigrees of obscure commoners, who claim a descent from Anglo-Norman, or even Saxon, princes. Conspicuous as a *patrarch* of this strange gentry, appears the ubiquitous *Thomas de Brotherton*, the source of genealogical honours, which by no means harmonize with the cacophonous nomenclature of many of his *quasi* posterity.

In another work† of the same class, a royal hero's ancestry is carried back, actually and seemingly with confidence, into the night of Scandinavian mythology. For somewhat similar pretensions, the royal house of Stuart suffered severely under the criticisms of Lord Kames. More recently, we have seen the pedigree of Wellesley traced from Edward the Confessor, notwithstanding the able article on the Cowleys or MacColleys, in one of our periodicals; and Havelock the Dane has been disquieted, and called up to solve the problem of an enthusiast. Such descents, however, are not beyond the pale of possibility, and they have in some measure, as a system, the countenance of the most ancient empire existing, where the process of ennobling is retrospective.

These heraldic studios, then, must be regarded as amongst the necessities of the age in which we live. There is no doubt that they encourage respectability. They may give the first impulse from competence to wealth, and from wealth to rank and honours, and the means

* 'Families descended from the Plantagenets.'

† 'Royal House of Bruce.'

* 'Book of Crests.'

† 'The Nobility of the British Gentry.'

by which such prizes of fortune are won, by stimulating industry, indirectly benefit society, while they gratify a harmless vanity. Moreover, as an assistance (?) to registration, by the incentive that touches the sentiment of self-esteem, heraldry, legitimate, has always been recognised as a useful institution; but it seems that its rules are too oppressive for the present temper of the people; hence their following in such numbers the standard of revolt, under

such able leaders as Griffin and Golpe, with whom, be it clearly understood, we have essayed only a gentle passage of arms, not war, with the steel pen!

N.B.—We found the following answer to a correspondent in one of the weekly papers.

‘J J J—Letters are not crests; a crest represents a tuft or plume, formerly worn by knights upon the helmet.’



SOME REMARKABLE SERVANTS.



I HAVE been rather fortunate, or unfortunate, perhaps, in having had at various times in my life servants who I think may be considered as remarkable, and I have often thought that a short account of the most curious and eccentric ones might prove amusing.

My earliest recollections, however, of remarkable servants began with, not one of my own, but one of my father's—Jaspar Hibbels—as I write his name his image rises vividly before me—a Wiltshire man, small, with the most hatchet-like face possible to imagine, with legs of a distorted and withered appearance—legs which, as if to show them off, were always clad in the tightest of fawn-coloured smalls; but, with all this lack of outward beauty, with a will that

nobody ever attempted to dispute. He reigned for twenty years as bailiff and coachman, in both of which capacities he considered himself—nay, *was*—perfectly at home. The underlings who left us monthly on account of either his will or his temper are far too numerous to mention. We—that is to say, my brother and myself—feared him with a terror almost amounting to superstition. If we picked apples in the garden he found us out, if we chased the cows he knew of it before night; if we even ventured into the stables for a minute he was certain to appear from some dark corner, uttering terrible oaths, with a mighty coach-whip in his hand. I believe he knew all our movements; indeed, we used to fancy that every other

person in the village was a spy of his: certainly he must have considered that the chief part of his duty was to make war upon us, and nobly did he carry that out. One or two anecdotes of him will show the man's character more plainly than pages of description will. His great delight was a bargain; and as he used to sell our pigs to the neighbouring butchers he had many opportunities of improving that talent.

One day a butcher from the town near us had called to look at a litter of pigs that Jasper had advertised for sale; my brother and I crept down to listen to the bargaining: it began calmly, but soon waxed loud and furious, and ended in the butcher getting into his cart, and preparing to drive off, leaving Jasper boiling with rage at having failed to sell the pigs. At this juncture there emerged from the cottage by the farm-yard Jasper's wife, and she, utterly unconscious of Jasper's defeat, proceeded to give the following magnificent order—

'Master Butcher, next time you comes will you please bring I two-pennorth of the best part of a pig's belly?'

This was too much for Jasper, who, striding forwards, ordered his wife indoors. 'Noa! noa! Barbara, if he don't buy our pigs of we, we won't ave no meat of he.'

I fear the butcher was not as much affected as he ought to have been at this withdrawal of Jasper's custom, for, whistling to himself, he lashed his horse and trotted off.

I am not sure if it was to this man or not that Jasper sold the wine, but the circumstance weighs stall on my conscience. Somehow or other we had become possessed of a quantity—ten dozen, I think—of wine, which, on inspection, proved to be of that delicious description known as 'home made.' What to do with it we were at a loss to know. To drink it was utterly impossible. It gave one a pain in the—waistcoat, to think of such a thing. In this difficulty it ended, of course, in Jasper's being sent for.

'Bin you give it I, I'll sell it for ee.'

He nearly always prefaced his

speeches with this remarkable word 'Bin.' What it meant, to this hour I don't know; but he certainly could not get on without it, and I fancy thought it gave a certain force to his language. The wine was accordingly handed over to him, and he promised that we should not have long to wait for our money. Two or three days afterwards, passing through the yard, I saw a red-faced, stout man hard at work loading his small tax-cart with bottles, which I guessed at once to contain the wine. On going up I found Jasper standing near, smiling, actually smiling amiably, as he watched the bottles stowed away carefully with a layer of straw between each dozen. I looked on, wondering by what means Jasper had induced the red-faced man to become a purchaser. (I may as well state here that I believe he had primed him with a glass of something good, and assured him that all the bottles contained the like.) The labour completed, the man got out of his cart, and began to fumble for his purse, Jasper eyeing him intently, and alarming me not a little by actually favouring me with a wink. The stout man having found his purse, handed over ten shillings to Jasper, who received it quietly, counted it, and then, with an admirably feigned look of surprise, said—

'Be one shillun short, master'

'Why, how's that? I've given ee ten shillun.'

'I knows you have, but eleven shillun was the price I agreed on.'

'No, I'm dang'd if 'twere,' says the stout man.

'Very good; take it out agin,' says Jasper. (The cunning rascal had watched the care with which the stout man had packed the bottles, and had calculated that for the sake of one shilling the man was hardly likely to give himself the trouble of unpacking again.) 'Young master here,' turning to me, 'heard I say eleven.'

I had not been even present at the bargain; but, alas! with shame I own it, my fear of Jasper was far too great to allow of my saying anything, so, muttering something, I began to shirk off, not, however,

before I had heard the stout man ejaculate, 'Well, I'll pay ee, but dang'd if I ever did see such a thing as this,' leaving Jasper chuckling with delight over the extra shilling he had pressed out of red-face.

As I write scene after scene crosses my memory in which Jasper played the 'prominent parts,' but I must pass them over, giving, however, one or two of his more characteristic answers.

The good parson of the village had often been at him, but never with any success. Jasper would listen to him, but never make any comment on whatever he heard. One day, however, the parson having had some occasion for his services, had borrowed him from us, and at the end of the day presented Jasper with half a crown. On receiving it Jasper felt himself bound to say something, and, thinking of all the good advice and exhortation he had received, he thought that most likely something in relation to his own state of mind would be most likely to please the parson, accordingly, with eyes that wandered alternately from the good man to the half-crown and back again, he gave vent, with many hums and haws, to the following profession—'Well, sir, I'm surely, greatly obliged to you,—greatly. Well, sir, afore I knew you, sir, I was precious bad, I'm afraid I feared neither God nor devil. But, lor bless ee, now—(here a long look at the half-crown)—now, sir, I dearly loves 'em both.'

At another time, when he was very ill—in fact, his life was despaired of—he was visited by this clergyman. Jasper had a mortal enemy in the village, why, no one knew for certain, but the rumour was that returning home from the fair one night he had encountered this man, and, being a little the worse for liquor, had purchased some calves from him for double their real value. On coming to his senses the next day, and remembering what he had done, he vowed a deadly feud against the lucky vendor for the rest of his life. This enmity was known of by many, and, amongst others, it reached the ears of Doctor B—. Accordingly, the first question that

was asked Jasper on his arrival in the sick-room was, 'Jasper, have you forgivon Handley?'

'No, sir, I ain't,' in a most dogged tone from Jasper.

'Well, but you know you must. Perhaps you may never leave this room agaim,' &c., &c.

After much reasoning, Jasper raised his head, and vouchsafed the following reply, which even then savoured somewhat of a bargain, I fear: 'Tell ee what, if I dies I'll forgive un, but if I *don't*, I'll at un agaim.' And with this I must leave Jasper and pass on to my own first servant, a Madrassee, of the name of Mooncapah. I think he was worthy of being called remarkable. Though not possessing a title of Jasper's originality, still he had a kind of wit and humour in him that may perhaps amuse.

The way he came into my service was curious. I was in want of a second servant, and he found this out, and stationed himself outside my garden gate, where, as I went to parade, I always found him salaaming and smiling in a most cheerful manner.

'Who's boy are you?'

'Nobody's, sar, yet, less master like to take me.'

'Well, I'll speak to you when I come back.'

'Yes, sar.'

My other servant was not to leave me for two or three days. When I got back I found Mooncapah still waiting for me.

'Well, boy, come in, now then, where are your characters?'

'Got no character, sar, my next master (this meant his last one) one day done get angry with me and burn them.'

'But didn't he give you any when you left him?'

'No, sar, he forget.'

'Who was your master?'

'Oh, *master* not know him, he live up country far away.'

Altogether, it was a very lame story, and, in addition, the boy looked a rascal; still I had a fancy for him.

'Well, I'll think about it, and when my boy goes you can come and see me agaim.'

'Thank you, sar; please master advance me four annas.'

Considering I had not engaged him the request was pretty cool.

'No, certainly not, what d'ye mean *advance* you, what advance?'

'My wage, sar.'

'Why, you're not my servant yet.'

'Same thing, sar, I know master going to take me.'

I was weak and gave him the four annas. Two days passed, and in another my boy was to leave, and nothing had been seen of Moonecapah, when in the evening, after mess, as I was sitting in the verandah of my house, he appeared.

'Please, master, could I speak to master about some business?'

'Yes, of course you can, go on.'

'Please, master, be kind 'noff advance me four annas.'

'Why, you rascal, I advanced you four annas last time.'

'Yes, sar, all gone.'

'Well, that's not my fault, no! bo off!'

'Sar, sar, got no rice in belly, sar.'

With a most woe-begone face this was said. Such an appeal was of course too much, I handed over the sixpence. Two or three days afterwards he came into my service and began his duties, and all went well for a short time, till he presented himself before me with the same miserable face that he had put on before. I guessed what was coming, and firmly resolved he should not have another farthing till his month's service was up.

'Well now, boy, what is it?'

Very slowly, and in a whining tone, 'Please, sar, advance—me—four—annas.'

'No!' roared I; 'I won't, get out.'

'Sar, sar, no rice in belly.'

But this time the pathetic appeal entirely failed with 'master,' and I again ordered him to get out. He now suddenly took a cheerful view of the case, and said in a lively tone, 'I make an agreement with master, never ask one cash again for one month if master advance this four annas.'

'Now you know you're telling lies,' said I; then, with an appearance of offended dignity, 'No, sar!

lie, sar' no, I can't do that business, sar. I Christian man, sar, the same caste as master, I *can't* tell lie.'

'Well, here you are,' and again I was conquered. About a week passed and all was right, when bringing me in some tea in the morning, he said, in the most indifferent and off-hand way, 'Could master, please, advance me four annas?'

'Oh, nonsense, don't come here bothering me with your four annas; why it was only the other day you told me you were a Christian man and couldn't tell a lie, and swore you wouldn't ask me again for a month, eh?'

'Yes, sar,' then, this said with a mixture of cunning and fun that was irresistible, 'Master very clever, he know very well black man never tell truth.'

After that, what answer could be given? and as time passed on, I found him an arrant liar, a handy thief, and a drunkard, but for all that, one of the best servants I ever had. He was very quick, he had a good memory, and always robbed others more than he did me. In camp he was invaluable, my cart with my tent, bed, and etceteras was always one of the first to come up on the camp ground, and had it not been for the continual speculations I could have forgiven him. These, however, were carried on in everything: my money was taken out of my desk, he used to wear my shirts, and once came into my presence with one on, which I recognized directly from the ash of a Vesuvian having fallen upon the front. The bills he used to bring me weekly were a great point of contention. He never mended my things, and was always charging me needles and thread and shirt buttons. Constantly he used to charge me shirt buttons, when we were in the midst of a jungle, where we could hardly procure bread, much less shirt buttons. But it was his fancy. He thought it was a safe item, and thought also, I expect, that no bill looked complete without shirt buttons; but his time was drawing to a close, and I determined to get rid of him at the first opportunity, that is to say, whenever I

could find any one to fill his place. His time, however, was shorter than I had intended, for one night he was rash enough to creep into the mess-tent and purloin a large piece of what in India goes by the name of 'Europe bacon,' being the bacon sent out in tins. Alas! Mooncapah was watched through a chink in the tent by the mess butler, who, rushing in, seized him with the bacon in his hands. Next day he was ordered to receive fifty lashes from the *prévôt-sergeant*, but far worse than the lashes was the order that he was to be turned out of camp, which entailed his going back sixteen hundred miles to Madras alone.

'If you are found at any time within two miles of camp you will receive another fifty lashes,' was the order he received.

Well, I fear he deserved his fate, though it was a hard one. He ultimately reached Madras in safety, I believe, where, I have no doubt, he still exists, and continues to lie, cheat, and charge shirt buttons in the same manner.

The next servant, who, I think, may be styled remarkable, was one whom I picked up at a small village in the Jura, called Champagnole, and where I was once snowed up. I used to wander down to the little bridge that spans the mountain stream, about two or three hundred yards from 'La Poste,' and watch the stream, swollen into a considerable torrent, and wonder when the snow would melt, and there I used generally to find a little, sallow man, with long hair and dark bright eyes, who used to smoke, and sigh, and spit in a most amazing manner. I set him down in my own mind either as a musician who had dropped his instrument into the stream, and was bewailing its loss, or as a cook out of place, or, lastly, as a conspirator forming some gigantic plot. Our meetings had gone on for several days without our ever having entered into conversation, when one day, seeing him evidently seeking a light for his cigar, I handed him my fusee box, and from that act commenced our acquaintance, which ended in his entering my service as—I am at a loss to say as what—not

as valet, not as a courier, for he certainly considered himself my equal, if not my superior. I think I had better say as my travelling companion. How this was managed I do not know or understand; but from our constant meetings at the bridge I got accustomed to his society and conversation, and when the coachman appeared one morning to inform me the road was open, I was not in the least surprised to see Giovanni Rica, for that he had told me was his name, helping to load the carriage, and when it came round to the door he helped me in, and mounted on the box without my uttering one word either of approval or dissent. The fact is, I am naturally of an indolent turn of mind, and dread anything like explanations. For anything I knew to the contrary, I *might* possibly have made some agreement with him during our conversations at the bridge, as he used generally to talk Italian, and I French, in fact, leaning back in the carriage and watching the pine tops below me, still white with dabs of snow, I mentally decided that I must have entered into some bargain with him for his services, but I wondered when it was to end, and how much I should have to pay. We travelled, however, very pleasantly together, till we arrived at Turin, where I began to notice symptoms of uneasiness prevailing in the face of Giovanni. Up till that point, from the moment of his climbing into the carriage at Champagnole, he had quite given up his habit of sighing, on the contrary he was constantly singing, and one night serenaded me with a guitar under the window. When, however, he found out we were bound for Turin his manner changed again, he became dejected and thoughtful, and when I told him I should most likely stop some time at Turin, he muttered something about fate, and hastily left the room. We took up our quarters in that most comfortable of hotels, the *Féder*, and looking around at the luxurious room I was given, and contrasting it in my mind with *La Poste* at Champagnole, I determined to enjoy my ease in mine inn for some days. On the second morning

after my arrival, however, on ringing and asking the servant to let Giovanni know I wanted him, the man, instead of going to do so, stood staring at me, and on my repeating my wish, said, with a perplexed air—

‘Giovanni? The signor will mean his courier?’

‘Yes’

‘Then the signor did not send him to England last night?’

‘Send him to England—no! Explain,’ cried I, ‘what on earth do you mean?’

With many stoppages and shakings of the head the man told me that Giovanni had come into the hotel on the previous evening, looking pale and agitated, and calling for his bill informed the listeners in the yard that his master (who was

comfortably seated at La Scala) had ordered him to leave Turin immediately for England. He then called for his bill, paid it, and walked off to the station, where he was seen by the driver of the hotel omnibus getting into the train for Genoa. I have never seen him since. I have never heard of him. My valuables were safe, not an article missing. More—he had paid his bill. As I write this I feel that I should not be in the least surprised if he was now to open the door, walk in, and begin quietly to brush my coat—more, I feel that I should not have strength of mind enough to ask him what he was or where he had been. What was he? Shall I ever know? Will there be an end to this curious story? That is more than I can say

WANDERER.



ANSWER TO CHARADE (Page 116).

'POOR fellow! he's married a *blue*'
 May they never say that, friend, of you
 That ends your ambitions and hopes,
 Your castles—your 'ladder of ropes'—
 The hymeneal visions of bliss
 That lingered round each stolen kiss,
 Your love-dreams (whatever they may be)
 And the laugh of some innocent baby,
 With all the sweet paraphernalia
 That marriage is sure to entail you
 And all that soft billing and cooing
 You pictured, and all the re-wooing,
 The soft words, kind looks, and caresses
 Alas! for such rosy, but very wide, guesses

'Tis true as the sage Aristotle;
 That the happy (?) man takes to the *bottle*
 Or when the wind blows for a lecture,
 He's off to Dundreary or Fechter,
 Or perhaps he sits 'boosing' away,
 Trying hard to make night into day.
 So, when he crawls home to his Villa-1,
 The vessel won't answer the tiller
 While—forgetting all sense of what's proper—
 When he makes the first door-step, cries, 'Stop her!'
 And sleeps—never dreaming he's married—
 Till he wakes up to find he is carried.
 Carried? No; it's nearer a throttle,
 That rouses him up to see a *blue-bottle*.
 Then cuff'd and collar'd—away to the station,
 Where, if hungry, he finds a very thin ration
 Shoved into a cell, lock'd up till the morrow,
 Slowly he empties his deep cup of sorrow

This was often the fate of a friend that I knew,
 Who fished for an angel, and landed 'a blue'

M S W.

CRICKETANA.

PART VI.

THE ZINGARI, THEIR ORIGIN.—THE GREAT BOWLING QUESTION.—
A FEW WORDS ABOUT SINGLE-WICKET MATCHES



WILLIAM LILLYWHITE,
(THE MONPAREIL),

THE FATHER OF MODERN CRICKET.

THE Marylebone Cricket Club, therefore, is the great central power, the very balance-wheel of the world-wide machinery of cricket. It affords the 'fair stage and no favour' on which each 'colt' may show his best paces and promising action, and

each candidate for renown set forth his best pretensions. It also keeps up a certain high standard of excellence, so that Oxford, Cambridge, or one of the public schools, may measure their strength against a Marylebone deputation without much

danger of mistaking the powers of their Eleven.

But the M. C. C. is tied to time and place: its circuit is limited, having 'a local habitation and a name.' The exigencies of the country, therefore, in these railway days required some club of equal strength and standing, but moveable and ubiquitous withal. It wanted an amateur All England Eleven ready alike to flit down for a day's play to Eton, or to cross the Channel, to astonish Paddy in the Phoenix Park, and (as once we heard) to give as much entertainment in one way as they received in another at Vice-regal quarters, and even to bestow on the representative of her Majesty 'the freedom,' no doubt, he sighed for—of the very original (if not the primeval) community and guild of I Zingari.

We need make no apology for commencing the history of this interesting race *ab ovo*, that is to say, from the first conception over a quiet omelette at the Blenheim Hotel, nearly twenty years ago; because, as time goes on, new things become old; and things once familiar, as within the memory of living men, require quite the work of the antiquary to rescue them from oblivion, or, at least, from the vagueness of all traditional lore, and already the origin of the Zingari is to many almost as great a mystery as the ancestry of those erratic tribes whose name they bear. Yes, we have spoken to first-rate cricketers, in the pride of their strength and the maturity of their play, who, when asked about the Zingari, would say, 'They were already a people of renown before we were breeched, if not before we were born.' Already they can number the *Nati natorum*; and we can also confidently anticipate the *qui nascentur ab illis*.

But we were speaking about the 'freedom of I Zingari.'

As to this 'freedom,' though really gasped for as an honour, even by those who have exhausted all the known glories of the 'Heavens above and the earth beneath,'*—it must not, by any means, be confused with ideas of strict immunity: nay, rather, it savours of the honour of those

visits which their Egyptian prototypes are wont to pay, where most hens cackle and most ducks quack. That is to say, they are rather costly visitors only, since, in the most ruinous depredations of which we have ever known them guilty, their own true and loving subjects have been the sufferers, and most willing sufferers too, the usual pains and penalties of the Vagrant Act, in their case, would hardly fall within the contemplation of any enlightened and liberal legislature. Still, we must admit, many of them have 'no visible occupation,' which is always held suspicious. However, in all wise political economy it is maintained that those who increase the demand must stimulate production, and indirectly add to the supplies; and if so, thus illustrious race, pre-eminently *nati consumer e fruges*, must be allowed to form a very valuable element in the Commonwealth.

Having gone to the fountain-head of information, we can depose from the book of the chronicles of I Zingari,—that is, 'if they have writ their annals right,'—to the following effect—

Good cricketers are not often 'cricket *et proterea nihil*;' that is to say, there is generally something in the head when there is so much in the heels, and 'and at the fingers' ends too; and some distinguished cricketers—witness Felix, who had music in his soul and could sing and play exquisitely on some seven instruments, and sketch cleverly besides—some, we say, have been merry fellows, both 'with writ themselves' and also, as Falstaff claimed to be, 'the cause of wit in other men.'

When, in or about 1836, we were ourselves rejoicing in the matches on the Cowley Ground at Oxford—yes, *the ground*, there was but one, the ground of the Magdalen Club, so called because founded by Mr. Walker of Magdalen College, though it was soon afterwards the club of the University at large—and when, at the same time, every copy of 'Bell's Life' recorded the prowess of certain gentlemen, believed to be practising hard to meet us that year at Lord's;—just then, among

* Prosaic, Stairs and Garters.

the number of our much-respected opponents, were names since known to fame, Ponsonby, Taylor, Broughton—gentlemen who were the admired of all beholders, with buskin as with bat for, private theatricals divided their leisure hours with cricket, whence sprung many matches under various names—with dramatic entertainments for the evening, after the usual pastime of the day—and, ultimately, the annual Canterbury meetings, which have now stood the shock of time and the caprice of fashion for the full period of twenty years.

When once you throw great men together, something greater still is ever likely to sparkle and bubble forth. Accordingly, 'one day in the month of July, 1845,' *vera loquor*, F Ponsonby, S Ponsonby, R P Long, and I L Baldwin, good men and true, finding themselves at supper at the Blenheim Hotel, then and there formed a club, christened the same, framed rules, and the following day informed twenty-one of their friends that they had received the distinguished honour of being members of I Zingari.

That there is something truly puro-minded and disinterested in this community, the slightest glance at their laws will prove. With all other societies the first thing you hear is, 'Pay your money,' but with the Zingari, Rule 6 relieves your apprehension, thus—

'That the entrance be nothing, and the annual subscription do not exceed the entrance'

Nevertheless, though the Zingari treasury does not contain as much as shun plaster, it is duly protected by two secretaries, one chancellor, one liberal legal adviser, and one treasurer and auditor of their financial accounts.

As they savour of such remote antiquity, it were long to trace the achievements and the distinguished honours of the Zingari; we glance only at the earlier members, the auspices under which they started into life. *Quid memorem*, F. Ponsonby, the very Nestor of the strife, whose counsel is still valuable in the tent, though now to the generation

he has tutored many a happy day, in company with another distinguished member, R. Grimston, at Harrow, he may sometimes yield his place in the field; or Boudier, a tower of strength to the gentlemen against the players, after founding 'The Sixpenny Club,' for the lower boys at Eton;—Hartopp, whose stopping was as essential, even as if providentially sent on purpose, lest the bowling of a Fellows should run to waste in the very luxuriance of its strength, and W Pickering, perhaps never equalled at Cover Point, and prime mover in the arrangement for Eleven of England to visit Canada and the United States.—It runs us out of breath to keep pace with so much greatness, so we beg to stop.

The Zingari have, by this present date, played above 200 matches, and have either won, or had the best of (if unfinished), about two out of three.

We are, therefore—descending now to plain sublunary views—decidedly of opinion that by this time the noblemen and gentlemen of the Zingari are entitled to take substantial rank in the cricket world. Their principle has been to provide the best of amateur play—no professionals, save as umpires, are ever allowed to take part in a Zingari match, and their numbers are annually recruited from the rising talent of the day—as they enact *se bene se gesserint*, meaning, probably, what is written up in some village schools, 'None admitted that don't learn manners'

This being the case, we must maintain that the Zingari are as much entitled to be consulted as any club whatever—we think more. Let other clubs reckon as the House of Commons, and the Zingari be expected to check precipitate legislation, and perform the part of the House of Lords. On any question of general interest to all cricketers—and, above all others, so vital a question as that of the style of bowling which for the future shall be the practice, as well as the law, of Cricketdom,—the Zingari should certainly have a voice.

Wherefore, at the same time that we proceed to publish our own opi-

nions on this subject, we, with all due deference, hope that I Zingari will undertake maturely to consider and pronounce upon it. Certainly, I Z. matches can always be made on the basis of their own laws

We are sorry to find that, in answer to an inquiry instituted by a circular from the Marylebone Club, many cricketers have declared in favour of the bowlers being allowed to deliver as high as they please, provided that they neither jerk nor throw.

We say we are sorry, because we see no check or limit to the rough play that will ensue—we shall have two bad things instead of one, both a high delivery and a throw at the same time.

A throw is difficult to define a thing far too difficult for ordinary umpires to undertake. Wilsher's has always been an undoubted throw—a kind of heave over, while his figure revolved on the ball of his left foot, as the fulcrum of his power. Still, because there was no lash out of the fore-arm, with sudden check at the elbow—because, in short, his delivery was not a throw of one kind—not one man in a thousand could perceive it might yet be a throw of another. And Wilsher might have gone on as long as he pleased if he had only pelted away with his hand a little lower to save appearances.

The case of Wilsher, therefore, shows how little the throw is likely to be detected in practice, when once the hand is allowed to be as high as your hat.

But, suppose that the throw could be generally detected, what is there to prevent a man, when his hand already is at the height, and almost itching for a throw—what is there to prevent his sending in a ball as viciously as he pleases? We remember a case in point. Jackson's delivery is as fair as almost any man's; and Jackson can command his arm too well to be much tempted to bowl high, still, because he could bowl at a furious pace, we remember his being suspected of bowling spiteful, when once he hit Carpenter on the arm with a full toss, no doubt as a fair experiment on the wicket.

And may not any bowler henceforth play spiteful if he chooses, or be suspected when he does not? May not any savage fellow, out of temper at the strong defence of the wicket, indulge his fury by an occasional throw? What is to prevent him? Not always the spirit of fair play: for the All England Eleven have had bitter experience that, in certain latitudes, an umpire stands as if in defence of his own side, and no man will be given out, if there is the least pretence for giving him in. Why, with some of the north-country roughs, if once you let them get their hands in a likely place for a shy, you will have your teeth knocked out before any umpire can interfere.

The gentlemen of the Surrey Club are laudably bent on making their ground so true, as to obviate all danger from rising balls, but cricket is played at Lord's as well as on the Surrey side, and Lord's is often hard as a brick, and as rough as any ground in England. And if this is true of Lord's, what can you expect in provincial matches? Where, but at Canterbury, should you expect good cricket, and what kind of wicket did we find prepared for the matches of the great cricket week in August last?

Let us consider the danger that must attach to the game.—The ball will often rise as high as the face of the batsman, if delivered right over from as high as the bowler's head; and surely we ought not to forget such cases as that of —, a first-rate player, who almost sank from hæmorrhage after a blow of this kind about two years since. A cricketer's pads already are quite ridiculous. Carpenter, at Canterbury, was seriously hurt upon the elbow; and Mr. Felix, at the end of his splendid career, was compelled by the rough ground he played on, to pad even his elbow.

As to the art of padding—all of our young players regard it quite as a primeval cricket institution; as that 'to which the memory of man goeth not contrary.'

Now it is pertinent to the present question to chronicle the fact that it was not the speed of bowling, but

the fly-about uncertainty of it that gave rise to padding. Mr. Budd's cricket dress, representing the fashion of his day, was nankeen knee-breeches and silk stockings, a second pair of stockings being doubled down to form a neat roll, to guard the ankle bone. We never saw him wear a glove of any kind, though we have seen him opposed to Mr Curwan's bowling. He had also played through the days, not only of Browne of Brighton, and W. Osbaldeston—faster than Jackson's—of whom it may be said that they were not encountered very often, but Howard was quite the bowler of Mr. Budd's day, and Mr. Brand bowled very frequently too, and both of these players bowled at a rattling pace; and yet they were ordinarily encountered without pads of any kind.

During our Oxford career, from 1833-6, Mr R Price (a name long remembered at Winchester), and a noted Cowley man, old Hoskings, were players who certainly could vindicate underhand bowling from the modern term of 'slows,' yet there were not half a dozen pads of any kind to be seen in the tent. The first groove was claimed as an original and knowing invention, by Henry Daubeney (*juit!*), remembered by not a few at the present day, one of the freest of the Wykehamist (then the best) hitters and best fieldsmen of all the public schools. By this device he used to stand far more boldly than the custom was to leg balls, and as to the power with which he hit them, he hit Mr Lowth for a fair seven, near Stonehenge, on ground that in no way favoured the test. At that time (1836) Price was the last remaining representative of the old school of bowling, and from that time pads began to grow in size, shape, and variety; not, we say, because we feared the pace, but simply because no one knew where to look out for what was called round-bowling, but which always was as high or higher than the shoulder. We could mention an old Westminster man, who has now subsided into the financial department of the M. C. C. and the F Z, who, at Oxford, on the Cowley ground, used to pelt at us most cruelly, till Calde-

court happened to come down there, and called him back. We therefore speak feelingly when we deprecate any recurrence to the custom of carrying matters with quite so 'high a hand.'

No doubt we shall have pads of most ingenious contrivances next season. Though, with pads or without, how any fair player can play his proper game, when his nerves are shaken as they will be by balls flying up as high as his head, will remain for painful experience to reveal.

Add to this, the higher the delivery, the more the uncertainties of the game will be increased by the roughness of the ground—and the very best ground may become rough from the scarifying effect of spiked shoes. And, when about a hundred pounds have been expended on a match, to give some provincial club the benefit of first-rate play, we can picture to ourselves the looks of disgust and disappointment, when manifestly such men as Hayward and Carpenter can do nothing at all—'muffed out' by an easy catch to the point, popped childishly up in the air!

As to rough ground, the All England Eleven once caught sight of a note to this effect—

'DLAR JLM,

'So I am to bowl for your people against them Englanders. You wants to win, don't you now? Then don't be so stupid as to roll your ground.

'Yours

'C. A.'

We once proposed a law that would leave the question of the ball passing through a wider wicket to be determined by the umpire. The All England men at once exclaimed 'That law won't do to travel with. All laws must contemplate unfair play, and leave as little as possible for the provincial conscience to take advantage of'—But we do not think thus any sufficient objection.

As to the term *bowling*, it must disappear altogether. With true bowling, the ball can go no faster than the hand is going at the moment that it quits the ball; any increase of pace must proceed from a

sudden check, or jerk, or throw. The term, perhaps, is not worth disputing about, when we have lost the thing; still, the *thrower*, not the *bowler*, should, in all consistency, appear in the next revise of the laws, if it does really rule the 'hand-over-head' delivery. Yes, we must say what we mean, and write thus 'The ball shall be *thrown*,' after four *throws* the umpire shall call, Over.'

We are aware thus will not sound well. King John says of those vile creatures, who understood his murderous wishes by his signs, that, had they but made a pause—

'As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb'

No; folly does not look well in express words. To mirror our thoughts in words, and to see how they look, is rather unimproving sometimes. Therefore, we call on cricketers to reconsider. Say, How do you like the sound and the look of the measure you are disposed to enact? Will there be any working, spinning, or variety? Will there be anything but pelting in the style proposed? We are aware that, with a high hand, the ball may be made to break back; but this will rarely happen in practice. We shall have tall, strong fellows, pelting down most pitilessly, as mechanically as a catapult, with every ball about the same; and when the batsman is tired of raps on the knuckles, and begins shutting his eyes and throwing his chin up in the air, to avoid the ball in his face, it will be time to make his way back to the tent, and let some other unhappy player (?) have a turn at it. This kind of *ploy* reminds me of Will Caldecourt, some years since.

One day, on the morning of a great match, when Lord's was in its hardest and roughest condition, as Caldecourt was hurrying past us, evidently very much out of humour, we asked, 'What's the matter, Caldecourt?'

'Adams can't come; and I am ordered to play. Why, sir, I would as soon take my coat off and fight for the knocks I should get, as stand up against Redgate on such ground as this.'

In these remarks we would wish it to be understood that no doubt the existing set of trained bowlers will continue to act like bowlers, with comparatively little variation in the style of their delivery. But we are adverting rather to the bowlers who may be supposed to grow up under the said hand-over-head regulation. As to these, we have already remarked that the young player very soon finds that nature has given him very little muscular power while his hand acts horizontally, and much more power, as well as more command of the direction of the ball, when his hand is high. If so, what style can we expect to result? Can we imagine that the difficulties of the usual wide-arm bowling will be endured at all? Is it not likely that a mere over-hand throw—a kind of pelting with a little mannerism or flourish to disguise it—the hand being raised close to the ear, will be the model of bowling set up for the rising generation?

We have already published a very strong opinion that the style of bowling cannot continue what it is; that is to say, that to bowl with a horizontal arm is contrary to nature, and not one man in a thousand can bring it under command. We did hope to hear that, as the arm by law could not be permitted to be higher, it would necessarily seek precision by bowling lower. We did hope that under-hand bowling (not necessarily *slows*) with the hand rather round, and away from the side, would develop some difficult and effective varieties of bowling, to puzzle the batsman by combining bias with straightness. We thought also this might necessitate a wider wicket; in which case, to avoid the trouble of four stumps, three stumps, with a longer ball, might be used; the question of going through the wicket (which should be made Out) being left to the umpire.

We fully admit that the present position of cricket affairs is perplexing; still, with much deference, we do call upon cricketers to consider whether the alternative we propose is not by much the more promising of the two.

It is easy to talk of awkward

wickets, and to allude—as if that case by any means disposed of the question—to what was called the ‘Barn-door Match’—the match suggested by Mr. Ward (whence the match was by some called ‘Ward’s Folly’), in which the Gentlemen had the advantage of a large wicket to bowl at, as one means of throwing in a make-weight, in their annual contest with the Players. We are well aware that the Eleven Gentlemen then played disgusted and out of heart. The thing was new—most people like the laugh economical, at a neighbour’s expense, however ill-timed the laugh may be.

We are therefore disposed to insist on the simple way in which a wider wicket can be produced. Even with three stumps, on some grounds, it is troublesome to make a firm and upright wicket, and four stumps would be tiresome in the extreme. We say, therefore, that the simple introduction of a longer bail, and one question more—the easiest possible unless he is blind—for the umpire, will solve the difficulty at once.

While on the subject of things that will make good or bad for cricket, we will touch on two points more.

1. The single-wicket matches. We see much danger in affairs like that at Stockton last autumn. That Carpenter, Hayward, and Tarrant did honestly beat, and would beat again, should the ‘Leviathan’ of the sporting world find another son of Æsculapius to meet him, five of the best men of the northern counties, we do not doubt. But, with all honour to the integrity of these players, when thousands of pounds were depending on their hands, and heads, and hearts combined,—still we must presume, as knowing a little of what happened in days—very dark days, gone by—to speak of the probable tendency, and the principle of the thing.

At the present day, no man who ventures his money on a cricket-field, has the slightest suspicion of unfair play. While the power is so evenly balanced, and the talent so much divided as it is in this present state of the cricket world, the game is quite incompatible with heavy

betting. Not only does chance prevail as well as skill, but also, if any men are to be bought, the number required to insure the event is such as to render the attempt ridiculous at double wicket. Certainly it is a bold negative, to advance; yet we think we may say that, for the last thirty years at least, no player can be named who was ever believed to have had money to play to lose.

But in former days, when every great match depended on the honesty of two or three players alone, the betting men frequented Lord’s, as Epsom, to make a book, and matches undoubtedly were bought and sold; and, worse still, every professional who missed a catch, or failed to score, felt he was losing his character for honesty as well as play! We have elsewhere* chronicled the doings of these dark days, with the account of one single-wicket match, in which was fought ‘a double cross,’ men on both sides having been paid to lose; when, at a critical point of the game, the bowler wouldn’t bowl straight, so the batsman could not let down his wicket!

We say, therefore, let us have no more single-wicket matches. Such matches will never be made for the love of cricket, for what, then, will they be made? As regards a little variety in one season out of five or six, such matches may be allowed to pass. When the reputed champion of the day, like a Mynn or a Filch, sends forth a challenge, we may see some reason in the affair, but, as a regular system and common practice, single-wicket matches can only be preferred for gambling purposes, and then, when thousands are laid on the performances of men who live hard all the winter, and are all but penniless at the beginning of each cricket season—and such is the domestic history of not a few professionals—the high character of the game will be compromised, and our cricket grounds will lose half their charm.

We trust, therefore, that every club will discourage these single-wicket matches. As to cricket, there is comparatively no play in them. Certainly, the best points of the

* See ‘Cricket Field,’ c. vi.

game are left out. No wicket-keeping, little catching, and some of the most brilliant hits forbid to score! We are happy to hear that, on the Surrey ground, any applications are sure to be met with such a reply as will show that one of our great clubs, at least, see the matter in a very plain point of view.

We see various symptoms, on

which we may dilate another time, that the game is becoming too professional for the general interest. Stop single-wicket matches as simple gambling; cry *Barnu* to such matches—discard them as you would any public-house affair, where ‘the fools must pay, that the knaves may play,’ and one step, at least, will be taken in the right direction.

ARCH ARCHERY.

YOU ask me, darling, why I smile,
 And at what pleasant thing —
 My thoughts go back a few months' while,
 To the fairest day in spring,
 The fairest day, in the end of March;
 The sun shone warm and bright;
 All blue and bland was the heaven's arch
 With its calm clouds soft and white
 And some one said, 'I should like to go
 And shoot in this pleasant breeze'
 And I humbly prayed, 'Let me be your bow;
 You can bend me as you please.'
 And the saucy girl laughed, 'A bow of you!
 Oh, a bow of yew must be good
 They say it is tough and strong and true,
 Though a grave-devoted wood.'
 Over the rolling waves of sward
 We lightly skimmed along,
 While the larks from the cloud and the azure poured
 Freely their first full song.
 Then leaf-like came a dropping down,
 When their joy through heaven was told,
 To the short sweet grass, to the gorse half brown,
 Half lit with shimmering gold.
 And I said or thought Not Dian Queen,
 With her quiver and her bow,
 A stately form, a purer men,
 A lighter step could show.
 Till we came to a long, lone, quiet glen,
 Much loved by the thoughtful sheep.
 Before the Flood—or, who knows when?—
 It perhaps was a river deep.
 There were the targets ready placed,
 Right gorgeous to behold,
 With their red rings, blue rings, white rings graced
 Around the central gold.
 And there our mighty match we shot,
 Like eager volunteers.
 Hit we the mark, or hit we not,
 What merry laughs and jeers!
 Gaily we tripped along the glen,
 Between the targets two,
 With riant races, now and then,
 For arrows in the dew.

Oh, arch was she with her blush and smile,
 And arch was I, I ween ;
 But the archer archest all the while
 Was shooting there unseen.
 Swift, swift and keen his arrows flew,
 Well aimed at either heart ;
 And pierced the poor things through and through,
 With a strange delicious smart.
 Well—when the match was fairly done,
 Who triumphed, she or I ?
 We both had lost, we both had won ;
 It ended in a tie



For that third archer, we agreed,
 Alone should judge our case ;
 And thus he solemnly decreed,
 With wisdom in his face.
 ‘ You—maiden of the witching eyes,
 You—happiest of men ;
 Must share the honour and the prize,
 Nor ever strive again.
 † For thus on either I bestow
 The meed that fitteth well :
 She is the mistress of the beau,
 He bears away the belle.’



Drawn by Mucus Stone

'OUR HONEYMOON'

[See the Story

OUR HONEYMOON.

ALPHONSO, dear, now you have a few leisure hours, do write something for "London Society" This is the constant burden to the sweet melody of my honeymoon. At every new place of rest, whether by the sad sea waves or on the cheerful downs of Downshire, as soon as we are settled my gentle and most loving wife (this is only the first week of our mutual bondage) breaks forth into that one murmur, 'Do write something for "London Society"'

Poor, infatuated dear one! she has married a literary man, that terrible nondescript in social life, and she is already pulling the strings to make him dance. When the hotel bills are more extravagant than usual, I am sure her firm belief is that I have only to forward my MS to Fleet Street to receive by the following post a cheque sufficient to meet all difficulties. When I am dull, she advises me to write a tragedy, when cheerful, she thinks a book of lyrics, knocked off in a morning, would make a reputation. She reminds me, in a very encouraging and patronizing manner, of what I *have* written, and as she regards the above-named periodical as the ganghomic reservoir of all that is excellent in light literature, she naturally desires me to appear in her favourite pages; and when I say, 'But, darling, it is very easy to offer, but not so easy to be accepted,' she makes a sly allusion to other offers and other acceptances. Then, when I tell her the sea air makes me lazy and stupid, she proposes to post inland, and to give up our lodgings for the sake of this said something in 'London Society' In fact, whether waking, walking, winking, or working, the sole accompaniment of each and all is thus one refrain, so, out of revenge for her dear persistency, I have resolved to indite the true history of our honeymoon, and, as a re-ment of cruelty, I mean to make her my amanuensis, though she declares, with an emphasis on the second syllable of the word, that it

is impossible for a lady to perform in that rôle.

The merry bells had pealed their parting salute, the uncle, with the bow of his cravat under his ear (suggestive of the excellence of the Clicquot), had said his last say; the servants stood in the hall, expecting additional gratuities from every one; and the cook and the housemaid had cast an old slipper in the barouche; when off we rolled from the paternal roof, and started for what is termed sometimes, upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, the 'honeymoon.' Being very happy, of course we were very foolish, and selected a town on the railway where every accommodation had been bespoken by a body of City gentlemen, called 'Ventnois,' whose office, I have since understood, is to catch the young swans on the river, and to file a ridge on their tender beaks, so that they may be duly recognized and claimed by the civic magnates as their especial property. In fact, instead of being writers to, they are writers on, the cygnet, and each individual man (not bird) is known by a carpet-bag, and a swan's feather stuck in his hat. Whether they cry 'all maccaroni,' is a point I have not yet determined. These curious bipeds are called 'swanhoppers,' and if I am mistaken as to their avocation, or speak in an unbecoming manner of their occupation, I am sure, judging by their good-tempered faces, they will forgive me, especially when I tell them that they turned my blushing bride and myself out of every hotel in the town of Randew. There was a mystery about each individual landlord, as he rubbed his hands and exclaimed, 'Sorry, sir, we have not a room to spare, sir,' which suggested all sorts of horrible ideas to my mind. Notwithstanding our numerous packages, especially a black box, of which more anon; and, as I hope, the very respectable appearance of myself and my beloved, I began to have serious doubts whether her

bonnet and dress were not a little too *prononcé*, more especially when, on one occasion, the landlady herself came and made her excuses for the want of accommodation in rather a bounce-about and turn-up-nose style of manner. At all events, there *was* some peculiar circumstance which guarded our entrance into the hotels. At length the truth came out: a waiter more good-natured than the rest, taking compassion upon our being waiters also, explained that a swarm of swanhoppers had settled upon the garden of our longed-for Hesperides. Nothing, then, was left for us but to retrace our steps, my poor companion, as I believe (though she denies the impeachment), devoutly wishing herself back in her father's halls. However this might be, and many frowns and poutings were the result of my opinion, we were obliged to make a retrograde movement, and, returning by the same train which had deposited us amongst the conservators of the Thames, we reached a fine and commanding town, situated at the foot of a royal castle, and as we drove up to one of the principal hotels our misfortunes seemed to be at an end. The fates, however, had evidently during the day got up an especial quarrel with Hymen, and, revenging themselves on his disciples, made matters as unpleasant as possible. In fact, I began to have serious doubts whether my darling Jemima was not an old, or, more dreadful still, a new flame of Jupiter, and that Juno, according to her ancient jealous propensities, had sent some malign emissary, if not with the Brize's sting for my Io, at least with the irritating prickles of small *contretemps*. With flurry and bustle, when our packages were taken from the fly and placed in the passage, the chambermaid showed us into a dingy dormitory, smelling of dust and of that triple odour of closeness which drives me from a house sooner than a stronger smell of downright, honest rascality. The livery stables at the back, it is true, subscribed their sweets to the general smell of the place, but then one knew at once what that meant; but

dusted ledges, carpets never taken up, windows never opened, featherbeds never picked, bed-ticking never cleaned, curtains never taken down, together with a slight, sickly effluvia, of a nondescript sort, redolent of scarlet or typhus fever — thus odour, I say, always drives me from an abode with an alacrity proportioned to my disgust, but, upon this especial occasion, I backed out of sleeping in such an atmosphere with the best grace I could, though, notwithstanding my polite and bland smile, when our baggage was seen to make a retrograde movement, the landlady muttered something about people giving themselves airs, and declared that no less than six royal personages had slept in this identical chamber on different occasions, when all the beds were occupied at the castle. I have generally observed that those goddesses who preside over the destinies of hotels under the terrene denomination of landladies, evince a peculiar dislike to wayworn travellers of their own sex who look jaded and completely knocked up. If the sin of being pretty is added to fatigue, it makes matters worse, and nothing save a valet and a lady's maid in the rumble smooths out the wrinkles of their injured feelings. After a further series of small annoyances, we at length found a harbour of refuge, and though the breakfast in the morning was so questionable that the urn hissed at it in disapprobation, the white table-cloth, and a vase of flowers upon it, suggested a little act of kind attention on the part of the authorities for which we were extremely grateful. Thinking ourselves safe for at least a day or two, it was entirely without trepidation that we asked the waiter the cause of the sudden noise and bustle in the hotel, and I need not describe our sensations when he replied, 'It's the swanhoppers, sir, have come up from Maidenhead; and missus forgot to say, sir, that all the beds were engaged to-night, and if you could, sir, let us have your room, sir, before twelve o'clock, the gents will be very much obliged indeed, sir.' Yes, positively, again we were routed out by these same peripatetic philoso-

phers, who, as the reader can now understand, had been looking after certain bills (possibly over dew) presentable at the bank of the Thames.

I can laugh now, and make an equivocal *bon-mot* at my own expense; but it was no laughing matter then, and, to add to my discomfiture, I had by this time discovered that every fresh departure involved the necessity of my repacking a certain huge, black, cottage-like looking box—one of those French manufactured articles which hold parcels in the roof and attics—a great favourite of my wife's, and which she declared at starting would hold 'everything'—and so it did, in the same way that a large houseful of furniture can be stowed away in one lumber-room by dint of placing one article on the other, without the least regard as to what may be required first. I consider myself a fine hand at *unpacking*, but I acknowledge it seemed to me a stupendous effort at calculation, combined with physical power, to get the same things back again into the box out of which they came. In the innocence of her dear heart, my Jemima had given her maid a month's holiday, with instructions to join us at the end of that time. Never was there such a stumble on the threshold of the *lune-de-miel*, and oh! ye happy partakers thereof, who start on Love's pilgrimage with the belief that an especial Providence watches over your erotic course, take warning from what we suffered, and enlist in your service a man, woman, child, or machine who, or which, can pack a lady's travelling box, especially when it is of such dimensions as to hold 'everything'. When the swan-hoppers, therefore, drove us again to our packages, I groaned like the camel, as I knelt to my task, and nothing but the sweet temper of my companion in misery kept me up while the labour kept me down.

The west of England being our destination, away we went some two hundred mules on that celebrated railway which, like a knight of old, has earned its 'spurs' somewhat dearly, as the recent 3 per cent. dividends suggest. Heartily wishing

myself the secretary, to serve such generous directors as evidently direct the affairs of the G. W. R. C., downward, myself and my bride were whisked—not downward towards Nadir, as though I were carrying off Proserpine—but downward on the line, arriving safely at our destination.

Oh! the delight of the pure country, the scented hedge-rows, the cottages covered with clematis and roses, the corn fields brown with basking in the autumnal sun, the twittering of birds, the trudging of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the murmuring of streams, the hum of bees, and the indescribable sound of the still, sweet air of which Humboldt discourses so finely! And oh! gentle reader, the horror of those curious and detestable occupants of the fields called ricinus, or harvest bugs! They attacked us at once, the right and the left of us, the high and the low of us, and the thirty-two cardinal points of us; while as a memento of their skill in tunnelling in our epidermis, they erected little white hillocks to their own honour, which Scratch himself was unable to remove. An Indian padre declared to me they were only second in annoyance to mosquitoes, and that they gave us Europeans a very fine flavour of the pucky fever. At length in despair I proposed to my darling Jemima, who afforded them a more dainty repast than myself, to go forth again into the corn fields, so that a fresh batch of the wretches might attack us, and eat up their brethren, the preoccupiers of the soil. She, however, declined *in toto* this ingenious remedy of piling insectine Pelions upon Ossas, and goes about telling her friends that I declared I went to bed in Devonshire and got up in Wales! This, however, is her own little joke, which she has affiliated upon me, so please be merciful to a bride's first and terrible attempt at a *bon-mot*. The innocent recreations of these little insects at length drove us to the coast, to be there preyed upon by the larger and more voracious animals of the same genus, which Linnaeus forgot to classify as 'land-sharkus-horridus,' or letter of lodg-

ings. Having heard much of the beauty of the north of Devon, we thought we would pay a visit to the sea anemones there abounding, and accordingly the black cottage was again in request, and again I had to go through the ordeal of furnishing it. Delightful walks and drives, donkey riding, blackberries, pretty human zoophytes, bad living except on a Saturday, the worst hotels in England, and a lugubrious band of music, were, I should say, the characteristics of this place: but as I was fully determined that the 'black cottage' should be invalid: at least for a week, I took lodgings for that period, having first had my eye upon certain large hanging closets which I hoped might contain all the furniture of the cottage, if properly stowed away. To this day I am not quite certain whether the landlady let it to a bachelor, as an extra bedroom; or if a little too small for this purpose, I cannot conceive a more comfortable and convenient bathing machine. The chief peculiarities of our landlady we soon discovered to consist of a considerable irritability of manner, unless we pic-nicked on the crags every day, instead of dining at home, and her chief strength lay in the fact of her having kept lodgings for twenty years. She drew this stern truth from its scabbard whenever any little matter of complaint arose; but in common justice I must add that we were well used, on the whole, in this lady's abode, and that she mitigated the miseries of the commiserat as much as possible. Such beef! Io Apollo, how tough! It required bastinadoing before roasting; and when you attempted to eat it, the act of mastication was turned into the mere act of worrying it. And the mutton! such a fallow, sickly taste! And when you entered a butcher's shop, you were sure to find the butcher's boy busily employed in scrunching hundreds of flies on the backs of the sheep with a piece of flat leather, turning their skins into speckled monstrosities, some resembling a gigantic currant dumpling.

The only remedy against absolute starvation, unless you happen to

the digestion of a mid-price
; is to deal with the women
who come to your doors from the
various farm-houses scattered in-
hand; for they generally bring good
poultry and vegetables, dairy-fed
pork, and excellent fruit. At the
expiration of one week's sojourn at
Coombe Ilfra, we resolved to take the
steamer to Toulon, that exquisite
place of hills and woods, where the
meeting of the waters is like the
marriage of two loving Undines,
who both before and after their
union manage to make a consider-
able splash.

There was but one waiter at the hotel where we stayed; and as the coffee-rooms and all the private sitting-rooms were full, the nature of the attendance can be well imagined. However, we soon adopted a plan for obtaining better service, at once ingenious and successful. When I wanted any little matter which the waiter ought to have brought, I retired to our sleeping apartment, and, ringing for the chambermaid, ordered what was required in the bedroom. I regretted we were not able to pursue this course with regard to our dinner; but the nature of the waiting in respect to this important meal produced one good result: the first course served us for dinner, and by the time the sweets were placed on the table they served us for supper; so we retired to repose with the conscious pride of a young couple having perpetrated their first piece of economy.

Two or three days at this beautiful place entirely satisfied us; for though there was much to be seen in the daytime, there was nothing, save the stars, and the moon flirting with a cloudy mask before her face, to be seen at night; and Jemima having taken refuge in an old topographical dictionary, the grease on which would, I verily believe, have burnt brighter than the candles, I felt, I confess, rather happy at the idea of departing, and the evening of the next day found us once amongst the harvest bugs of f setshire.

I have not alluded to the fact that, during our two sojourns, the

business of the black cottage had arrived at a culminating point, and my powers of forbearance were exhausted. But how to rid myself of the incubus was the question; for, of course, my darling Jemima's feelings were to be respected, and I held council with myself as to how the matter could be managed. It so happened that at this juncture a puting Fate came to my aid, for a friend of ours, little imagining the boon he conferred, begged our acceptance of a large Newfoundland dog—at least so the generous donor called him, but my opinion was that Stingo—for that was his name—was of no especial country, or calling, or race, except Mongrelia. I confess at first I was somewhat averse to receiving Stingo to board and lodge with us, for he was one of those great shaggy fellows, suggestive of an unknown consumption of animal food *in presenti*, and of hydrophobia *in futuro*. The happy idea, however, flashed across my mind of making Stingo the means of freeing me from the thralldom of the black cottage, and I proceeded at once to take the necessary steps towards accomplishing this great desideratum. Making business my excuse for a day's run over to Exeter, I purchased some excellent lady's travelling paraphernalia, and without imparting the fact to my darling Jemima, I placed the said trunks in the custody of the village carpenter, with whom I had formed an alliance, offensive and defensive.

The date being now fixed for our departure, the whole of the day previous was to be devoted to 'packing up,' and early in the morning Jemima ordered the black cottage from the lumber-room.

'Oh, if you please, ma'am, I can't find the box nowhere, ma'am,' was the answer of our good little abigail, when requested to aid the man who cleaned the boots and shoes, in bringing down my *bête noir*.

'Not find the box!' exclaimed my wife. 'Why, what can have become of it?'

'Oh, it's been overlooked, Jemima,' said I, 'or perhaps Mary entered it without knowing, and mistook it for the attic itself—oh, dear?'

'I'll box your ears, sir, if you plague me so about my beautiful French trunk. But, Mary, where can it be?'

'Well, ma'am, I can't say, ma'am, but they've stolen a lot of silver spoons at Squire'—

'Stolen! What nonsense, Mary! but at all events the box *must* be found, for it is the only one I travel with.'

Whereupon poor Mary goes off to make further inquiries, and Jemima turns to me and says, 'Is it not strange about my box, dear?'

'Very, my love,' I replied; but as I did so I fear there must have been a wicked twinkle in my eye, for my bride exclaimed—

'Well, you know, dear Alphonso, if you have played me any trick, here we must remain for a week at least, for this is not a place to buy a travelling trunk in, especially such a beautiful, roomy one as mine.'

'The skipper of the steam vessel will lend us his sea-chest, dear.'

'Nonsense, Alphonso! Now I am sure you must have hidden my box.'

'No, 'pon honour, Jemima; I can see it at this moment.'

'Oh, my! what a wicked story!'

'I can indeed, love'

Upon this Jemima looks all round the room, her great eyes earnest with a superstitious belief in my words, and yet compelled to credit her own senses, for certainly the box was not *in* the room.

'I swear I can see it, Jemima.'

At this moment Mary burst into the room, and began eagerly exclaiming, 'Oh! if you please ma'am'—

'Mary!—with stentorian voice I pronounced the word, and Mary stood mute and hesitating at the door—'Go to Hammerhead, down in the village, Mary, and tell him we want the travelling-boxes.'

Upon this Mary decamped, sniggering.

'What does all this mean, Alphonso? You surely—no, I am sure—you would not have injured my favourite travelling-trunk—and this our honeymoon too?'

'No, dear, I have not destroyed it; on the contrary, I have converted

Our Honey-moon.

it into a most useful article. Come to the window, and judge for yourself.'

With this I placed my arm lovingly round my wife's little waist, and bade her look in the direction I indicated, just under the window, in a sort of forecourt. As she followed my directions, she gave such a screech as I have not heard for many a long day, save in the railway, and well it was no worse, for two large paws and a black muzzle protruded from the black cottage, which, in truth, made the most perfect kennel imaginable, for it only needed that the carpenter should cut out an arched doorway at one end to be in shape, dimensions, and appearance perfectly suited to the requirements of Stungo, who now, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, lay in it perfectly unconscious of the sensation he created.

'There's a splendid kennel for Stungo, Jemima!—why, what's the matter?'

From Jemima's expression of face I was not quite sure whether our first domestic broil was not on the gridiron of passion, ready for serving up, but a sense of the ludicrous overcame all else, and as Stungo at that moment roused himself up, walked leisurely out of his habitation, and gave a yawn such as I

never saw equalled save by Hippo,* when he shows *his* cavern of coral in the Zoological Gardens, Jemima burst into a long and hearty laugh, which I could only stop by resorting to means which I decline here to explain.

My good ally Hammerhead received as a present at my hands the kennel, and Stungo as residuary legatee; and I have very grave suspicions that poor doggy was ultimately fed upon glue and sawdust; but of course this was only a surmise never clearly elucidated.

The new packages were found all that could be desired, especially a flat imperial, though if ever an article was in the least degree rumpled, my darling bride did not fail to expatiate with fond regret on the merits of the transmuted box, and she would, I believe, have bribed Hammerhead to a restitution of the object of her affections, had it not been that I ventured to hint that the personal odour of Stungo might, if the kennel were reconstructed into her travelling-trunk, taint with Stungo perfume the apparel of my beloved, and that a garment smelling, however slightly, of the scent of Newfoundland, would not be of that romantic nature demanded by the exigencies of a honey-moon.



THE NEW PLAYHOUSES, AND THE NEW PLAYS IN PARIS.

ALTHOUGH they may not manage all things better in France than we do, it is understood that they excel us in the construction of public buildings; and as theatres are public buildings to all intents and purposes, for they are buildings intended for the public, and as the best plan for the erection of theatres is a subject discussed pretty often, it is interesting to inquire how far our ingenious neighbours have met the outcry for increased comfort and accommodation in the three new arenas that have so recently reared their stuccoed stories upon the Place du Châtelet. Our limits will not permit us to enter into an architectural description of the beauties or defects of either the new Cirque, the new Lyrique, or the new Gaîté. We therefore intend to take them entirely from the auditors' point of view.

And here we must acknowledge our obligations to Monsieur Ernest Fillonneau, who has devoted considerable attention to the subject in the 'Revue Française' M Fillonneau objects—and we entirely agree with him—to the general aspect of the Châtelet and the Lyrique as being more like temples erected to Industry, and not to Art, and tells us that this defect is not the fault of Monsieur Davioud, the architect, but is attributable to the necessity of the revenue exacted by the authorities, which compelled him to construct at the sides of the theatres 'des boutiques avec entresols,' and above them 'des appartements à location.' At the Lyrique the best places are reached in the usual way, by broad staircases; and the only special improvements noticeable are that ladies can wait for their carriages in an elegant salon, instead of shivering in a draughty, damp, and dreary vestibule; and next, if indisposed to listen to the opera, the visitor can lounge on a sofa, or in a comfortable arm-chair, by the fire in the 'salon de conversation.' In size the Lyrique is nearly equal to the

Comédie Française, and will hold about 1500 spectators. The seats are ranged in balcony, first and second loges, a gallery, an amphitheatre, and those hideous nuisances in French theatres—avant scenes—an accommodation for which, we have happily, no equivalent in English.

The front of the house is illuminated in a manner entirely novel to those playgoers who have not yet visited the Theatre Royal, Westminster, as the new lessee has rechristened our popular Astley's. Not a jet or a globe of gas disturbs the auditor's vision. The light comes from the dome, and is filtered through ornamented glass by a powerful reflector. The audience, therefore, breathe no gas; and the atmosphere is pure.

The ventilation, as well as the illumination, was the subject of a special commission, nominated by the Prefect of the Seine. Conduits for the re-entrance of air communicate with the dome; and the fresh air is warmed by two calorifiers, so arranged as to act either together or separately. The air is distributed over the house by means of open scroll-work round the footlights, which forces the air from the actor to the audience, and so utilizes it as an acoustic agent. There is also similar open scroll-work round the proscenium.

The Théâtre du Châtelet—the Cirque—is a much finer one than the Lyrique, and is capable of containing 3000 persons. Its capacity in this respect was often tested during the run of the famous 'Bothomago,' as it is now for the equestrian spectacle described at the end of our paper. Here the lighting and the ventilation are managed in the same way as at the Lyrique, with some modifications. The stage of the Châtelet is as large as that of the Opera in the Rue Lepelletier, and, says M. Fillonneau, 'présente des ressources inconnues jusqu'à présent. Enormous scene-docks and a grand

courtyard or annexe, at a vast distance from the footlights, permit the scenic artist to realize any flight of fancy. It only needs the brush of Mr. William Beverley to convert it into a fairy dell, a submarine grotto, an elfin lake, a pixy haunt, a flowery prairie, or the beatific bower of the languid lotus-eater. The Théâtre du Châtelet, continues our authority, suffices to secure the reputation of M. Davioud.

The Galeté is in the Square des Arts et Métiers — for they have squares in Paris now — and was built by M. Cusin. It will hold about 2000 people, and, allowing for the difference of size and situation, its internal arrangements present no marked difference to its sister edifices, the Châtelet and the Lyrique.

The seats in the new theatres are large, soft, and commodious — they are arm-chairs in fact as well as in appearance, there is plenty of room for the man endowed by nature with long legs, so that he can sit and watch the play in comfort, without either putting his knees upon one side or doubling up his discomforted limbs as if they were appendages he was anxious to get rid of. Ladies in the amplet of evening costume — although Frenchwomen are not encased in so enormous a breadth of crinoline as our fair countrywomen — would not find their silks and satins bulging out in their own and everybody else's way. A footstool is placed near each chair — a convenience of which the ladies almost invariably avail themselves. The seats of the arm-chairs rise as the visitor rises they are constructed with a strong spring, and double up to the back of the seat, and so allow the occupier to stand back, as it were, in his chair, and allow those with tickets for the same row to pass: this comfort, though, has its corresponding compensation. The seats are of the newest, and the springs are of the strongest; and, until you become used to them, you feel as if you were riding side-saddle on a fiery charger, which you are in momentary expectation of throwing you, or seated on a padded bomb-shell, that may explode immediately.

But even with this — we cannot say drawback — with this prospect of sudden and rapid ascent, the playgoer sits, his knees at liberty, unconscious of those plagues of civilized life, his coat-tails; breathing pure air, without olfactory unpleasantness; his eyes undazzled by the glare and smoke of chandeliers; in a temperature carefully regulated; without the fear of the box-keeper disturbing him, or the black looks of the lady sitting next him. To such an extent is the comfort of the visitor provided for, that at the Châtelet, when, at the conclusion of an act, the stage is filled with the smoke of a hundred guns, he is unconscious of the taste of gunpowder; and when the curtain rises for the following act, a well-arranged system of currents of air has cleared away the vapour, and the stage is cloudless.

But our friends in France must not be allowed credit for an invention not their own. Although they have improved upon it, the new system of lighting, ventilating, and seating has been some time practised in America, and was originally inaugurated at the Opera House in the once gay but now ill-fated city of New Orleans.

As Frenchmen cannot discuss politics in their own houses, or in the cafés, it is a great treat to them to hear public affairs hunted at, and parties and public men defended and satirized at the theatres. Hence the extraordinary excitement created by 'Le Fils de Giboyer,' which was produced on the 1st of December last. The author, Monsieur Emile Augier, is a member of the Academy. Originally an Orleanist, then a Republican, he is now a Bonapartist but through all these changes of opinion, which are not uncommon in France, he has always been a thoroughly liberal man, and the *bête noir* of that party which, headed by M. Veullot, is called by its enemies 'Les Clericaux.' The hatred between M. Augier and M. Veullot is of long standing. Some years ago M. Veullot attacked Figault Lebrun. M. Augier, whose wife is a direct descendant of Lebrun, conceived that the dead author's me-

and the New Plays in Paris.

mony had been assailed, and challenged M. Veullot. M. Veullot's reply to M. Angier's invitation to the duel was, that his religion forbade him to shed blood; and, as no swordsman, he ever so accomplished, can fight by himself, the encounter did not take place.

There was quite a fight about 'Le Fils de Giboyer.' No sooner was it known that the comedy was the vehicle of an attack upon the clerical party, than that party made interest with the empress, and the production of the piece was prohibited. M. Angier had an audience with the emperor, and requested his Majesty to read his play, assuring him, at the same time, that it contained no attack upon religion. It is not impossible that M. Angier may have added that his comedy abounded in hits at his royal master's enemies, and in speeches defending his policy. It was a difficult position for the emperor he must either disoblige the empress or lose a means of furthering his policy and popularity. He acted with unusual astuteness, and did not read the piece at all, but said, 'M. Angier, I am convinced that a man of your tact and talent would not write anything that would compromise me in giving your piece permission to be played. I will, therefore, only pray you to read over your piece again carefully, and if any sentence should strike you as being too violent, to erase it.' The happy author quitted the imperial presence, and altered the title of his piece from 'Les Clericaux' to 'Le Fils de Giboyer.'

All these things being known and understood, the excitement of the Parisian public on the first night of the representation of the comedy that the empress had prohibited, and that the emperor had permitted, can be easily imagined. Prince Napoleon, who entertains for M. Angier the strongest personal friendship, was known to be loud in praises of the new play, and Paris was rife with canards as to the misunderstanding between the empress and the emperor on the vital, political, and polemical question of M. Angier's comedy. The most absurd

reports floated from ear to ear, and even the little Prince Imperial came in for his share in the description of the Tuileries family row.

It must not be supposed that the 'Fils de Giboyer' rests its claims to distinction solely on the fact of its having been prohibited; on the contrary, apart from the present political situation, and with two or three personal 'hits' omitted, it is an excellent, well-written, and interesting comedy, as a brief description will prove to our readers. We shall facilitate our *prétis* by a copy of the playbill, to which we have taken the liberty of adding a description of the relations of the personages to each other—

LE MARQUIS D'AUBERIVE	M. Samson.
LE COMTE D'OUTREVILLE (his distant relative)	„ Lauoché.
M. MARÉCHAL (a bourgeois millonaire)	„ Protost.
M. CONFURRIER DE LA HAUTE SARTHE	„ Mucour.
LE VICOMTE DE VRIE- LIERE	„ Verdellot.
LE CHEVALIER DE GLR- MOISL	„ Raymond.
LA BARONNE PFEFFERS (a widow)	Mme. Arnould Plessy.
MADAME MARÉCHAL (M. Marechal's second wife)	„ Nathalie.

All these noble ladies and gentlemen are Clericaux, Anti-Imperialists and Faubourg-Saint-Germainites. The only other characters are

GIBOYER (a hack writer for the Press)	M. Got.
MAXIMILIEN (his son)	„ Delaunay. and
FERNANDE MARÉCHAL (a daughter of M. Ma- rechal and his first wife)	Mlle Favart.

The first act occurs in the study of the Marquis d'Auberive. The marquis is a high-spirited old gentleman, and, as he is a widower and childless, desires to leave his titles and estates to his young kinsman. The Baronne de Pfeffers calls to inquire after the health of the convalescent marquis. The character of the baronne is presumed to have a certain likeness to Madame Sweet-

chine, a lady who opens her salons to the party so strongly satirized by M. Augier. The baronne is a tall, grand lady, dressed in black velvet and furs, and will be best described as a fashionable Jesuit. The marquis and the baronne converse about 'the party,' and are pathetic upon the subject of the death of the editor of their principal organ. This editor, called in the comedy Deodat, is recognized by the public to mean M. Vemillot. The marquis informs the baronne that he has found a worthy successor of 'ce pauvre Deodat'—a cynical, virulent, diabolic pen, that spits and splashes; one who, for a moderate remuneration, would pelt his dead father with epigrams, and eat him afterwards for five francs more. The conversation then turns upon the orator to be chosen to lead the campaign that is to be commenced against the University, and the marquis declares that his choice has fallen on M. Maréchal. The baronne objects to his incompetency. The marquis replies that they have no need of an eloquent man, since the party supplies the orators. 'M. Maréchal can read as well as another, I assure you,' says the gay old cymc. The Comte d'Outreville is announced, and appears in the person of a young man in clothes of a provincial cut, whose mind has been carefully trained and clipped by the pruning-knife of a provincial priest. The marquis is rather disgusted with his heir, who is deeply smitten with the mature charms of the baroness, who, on her side, is mightily stricken with the young count's armorial bearings. The count is intended as a type of that class of aristocrat which permits their priest and party to rule them entirely in affairs of the smallest as well as of the greatest importance. The baroness takes her leave, and the count is sent by his noble kinsman to his tailor. M. Maréchal is the next visitor, and he is delighted with the honour conferred on him of being the 'Vendean of the Tribune' for the party. Maréchal is a gross, stupid, good-humoured bourgeois millionaire, who can be purchased by ministering to his vanity.

The dialogue that ensues is the perfection of the dialogue of comedy, terse and sparkling:—

MARQUIS.—'Are you sure that there remains no drop of liberal virus in your blood?'

MARÉCHAL.—'Can you doubt it?'

MARQUIS.—'Have you completely renounced Voltaire and all his pomps?'

MARÉCHAL.—'Don't mention the monster's name to me. 'Tis to him and his friend Rousseau that we owe all our misfortunes. Until their doctrines are dead and buried, nothing is sacred; *one cannot even enjoy one's fortune in peace and quietude*. We must have a religion for the people, Marquis.'

MARQUIS (*aside*).—'Since he is no longer of the people himself.'

MARÉCHAL.—'I will go further. There must even be a religion for *our* class. Let us return to the faith of *our* fathers. The Revolution can never be considered at an end until we have destroyed the University—that detestable haunt of Philosophy.'

M. Maréchal is then informed that his great opening speech will be written for him. This is intended as a hit at M. Keller, who is a furious legitimist, and whose discourse was known to have been prepared for him by M. de Montalembert. Maréchal says—

'If it needs but courage and conviction, why—but the world will know that the speech is not my own?'

MARQUIS.—'Not unless you reveal the fact yourself.'

MARÉCHAL.—'I hope you don't think me capable of such treachery. To you I confess my weakness—I am in love with glory.'

MARQUIS.—'Tis the passion of great souls.'

Maréchal, the patronized, the promoted and delighted, is dismissed. M. Giboyer is ushered in. Giboyer is the great character of the play. He represents the purchasable press, full of talent, but without conscience. He hires himself to the Clericaux, and is engaged to pen M. Maréchal's oratorical thunder. Though his public life has been entirely unprincipled, Giboyer is a man of the tenderest domestic feelings. His early life was sacrificed for the sake of his father; his middle life for his son Maximilian, whose,

the misfortune of his birth compelling to bear only his mother's name, Giboyer had brought up as his nephew. Giboyer's only thought is of this boy, whom he has placed as secretary to M. Maréchal. Maximilien's position would be a charming one but for two things—that Madame Maréchal, although a lady of the most spotless reputation, is fond of giving herself romantic airs, and affecting fantastic mnuaderies, and bores him by making him read poetry to her; and that Fernande, her stepdaughter, always treats him with marked superciliousness and contempt. The marquis and the young count, in full Parisian costume, call on the Maréchals, and formally propose for Fernande's hand. The young couple meet. The count, who loves the fair and portly baronne, is compelled to avow that he makes the offer in deference to his kinsman's wish, and Fernande promises to bear his name worthily, if not lovingly. The two—so much twain—are betrothed. M and Madame Maréchal are delighted, and the poor girl sighs, 'As well him as another!' Maximilien inquires of her why she treats him with such reserve, and gathers from her replies that she was of opinion that he encouraged her stepmother's follies for the same reason as his predecessors—that her interest might obtain him a bureau. The indignant young man proves how much she is in error by immediately resigning his position. Fernande sees with regret that she has deprived him of his bread, and shows him by a glance from eyes fired with sympathy and sensibility how highly she appreciates his sacrifice, and how deeply she regrets the wrong that she has done him. She explains to him, and asks his pardon, and a charming scene occurs, in which the word love is never used, but their looks, despite themselves, speak for them; a dialogue follows between Giboyer and the ex-secretary, to which no brief description could do justice, and Maximilien recognizes in the self-sacrifice of his pseudo-uncle the devotion and repentance of a father. The fourth

act presents the Clericals and the Legitimists in full salon. The baronne holds high festival, and schemes to break off the match between Fernande and the count, and to take the opening speech, which is to shake the Imperialist benches from Maréchal, and give it to another. To this end she suggests to Madame Maréchal that Fernande and Maximilien love each other. Madame Maréchal is indignant, and asks counsel of her friend, and the baronne advises the angry lady to 'put Maximilien in his place.' No sooner said than done. Tea is served, Madame Maréchal sips, and says authoritatively—

'Monsieur Maximilien, put down my cup.'

'Permit me, madame,' says the count, who stands close by.

'Thank you, count,' says madame; 'but as the young man is there—do you hear me, sir?'

'Monsieur Maximilien!' interposes Fernande, crimson at the outrage, and her heart up in her face, 'will you allow me to offer you some more tea?'

'Mademoiselle,' replies Maximilien, stricken and confused, 'I have already declined.'

'But you will not refuse when my hand offers it,' says Fernande, radiant with the glory of loving womanhood.

The defeat, the outrage, and the scandal are complete.

M Maréchal is furious at being thrown over by his party, and, prompted by the wily Giboyer, who promises that Maximilien shall write him a speech in refutation of the one he has already studied, goes over at once to the other side. But Maximilien will not write. He loves despairingly, and can find time for no other occupation. 'What!' says Giboyer, 'will you not write to crush the opinions before which merit and honour are an insufficient passport—the opinions that separate you from Fernande?' The young man resolves, 'although he breaks his teeth to imprint them in the stone,' he will write. 'Put on your paletot,' says the seedy press-man; 'I never wear one; they are too hot!'

The next day the baronne informs Madame Maréchal that M. de Ombre-

vile, after the scandal of the previous night, renounces the projected marriage; and Maréchal returns from the chambers, glowing with pride at having, thanks to Maximilien's speech, achieved a great national triumph. Maréchal is a thorough renegade, and avows his republican sentiments to his pretentious wife. 'The sole distinction he admits between man and man is that of fortune.' Giboyer calls to say that he and Maximilien are about to sail for America. Maréchal is in consternation. Maximilien is his right hand—his right arm—his mind—his pen. What will keep him in Paris? Giboyer answers, 'Your daughter.' 'Aha!' says the treble turncoat, the admirer of advanced opinions, 'my secretary dares to raise his eyes to my daughter!' But, fired with the idea of more speeches, more political successes, he at last consents, but retracts his sanction when he hears that his intended son-in-law's father is the notorious Giboyer. Giboyer, who is personally known to Maréchal under his pseudonym of Boyergu, offers to exile himself from France, but Maréchal is inexorable. 'Choose'—thus to the lover—'between your father and my child!' But here Fernando rushes to the rescue, and declares her intention of marrying the man she loves, and when the Marquis d'Auberive offers to adopt Maximilien, the scruples of the concerted but good-hearted bourgeois are vanquished, and, according to the old, old formula—unhappily not often verified in real life—the lovers are made happy.

We will not speak of the acting of 'Le Fils de Giboyer,' which was in all parts perfect, but pass on to M. Victorien Sardone's new and successful comedy-drama at the Gymnase.

As the 'Fils de Giboyer' may be considered a defence of Imperialism from the Legitimist and Clerical parties, 'Les Ganaches' is an attack on 'frondeurs' generally—that odd class of Retrogressionists who find symptoms of earthquakes in stones, and bad in everything modern. Almost every character represents a particular class or type. The Duke

de Rochepains, and his son (the Marquis, are the years '39 and '39. Fromental embodies the commercial man retired on his rentes; his son—dissipated, ill-mannered, brave—Jeune France. Leonidas Vaucun—kind-hearted and rough-tongued—the pure Republican, who hates alike king or emperor, and loves only the tyrant people. And Mdlle. de Forbac, the narrow-minded old devotee, who, hardly understanding anything, hates everything she does not understand. These five oddities all inhabit the same block in Quimperlé, and various are the discussions that arise from out such contrast of opinions. A daughter of the old duke having married one of the people, has been discarded by her family. Marguerite, the only offspring of the ill-fated couple, is received into the 'maison Rochepains,' and Marguerite has a *pénchant* for one Marcel Cavalier, a young engineer, intended to typify Progress, or rather the advancements, material and moral, of France since '51; and as M. Cavalier has been seen watching the house by the ever-prying Mdlle de Forbac, he is interrogated by the Ganaches, and a hot discussion between the merits of the past and the present is fired off in verbal volleys between the patrician marquis and the practical engineer, terminating in a furious cannonade as to the new boulevards and streets in Paris.

THE MARQUIS (*ironically*)—'An engineer, Monsieur Cavalier,—you have indeed chosen the career of the moment. You cannot be accused of not knocking down the stones, nay—it is in demolition that you excel—Pif, paf—*allez donc*—the pickaxe and the spade. Palaces, mansions, churches—down they go, and on the ruins of old Paris build us a new Paris, with railways on the roofs of the houses, and electric telegraphs from one window to the other—the whole arched and floored, and lighted and warmed with gas, like a factory, and perfumed with hot oil and smoke—'twill be delicious!'

MARCEL.—'I do not know, Monsieur le Marquis, if we shall ever build you that sort of Paris, but I pledge you my word that we will never restore to you the Paris of the middle ages.'

MARQUIS.—'So much the worse;—it was a lovely city.'

and the New Plays in Paris.

MARCEL.—'During the past particularly. But of which Paris do you speak, marquis? of the Paris of Louis XIV., of Francis I., of Charles V., or of Philip Augustus?'

MARQUIS.—'Of all!'

MARCEL.—'But as one was built upon the ruins of the other, you cannot, logically, regret more than the first that was demolished—that of Julian the Apostate.'

MARQUIS.—'I regret that any noble thing should fall.'

MARCEL.—'And so do we, and instantly endeavour to replace it. You spoke but now of churches. Without recalling to you that 'tis we who now restore those spoiled by your fathers in the 18th century, go to St. Croix, in your own parish, and in the interior you will find, near one of the windows of the vault, a stone on which is graven in antique characters, "*Un ex-voto à Cérès*,"—all that rests of the pagan temple that once stood on the same spot. The temple was beautiful, no doubt, but it was of the past, and the church rose triumphantly over the ruins of the temple raised into the dust.'

MARQUIS.—'Oh, the church—yes—but—'

MARCEL (*holly*)—'And why should I not obey the same law, when I enlarge our streets at the mere risk of scratching the façades of your hotels? They are empty and the street is crowded. Make room, then. You regret your ruins—so do we, but I want to pass, and I will pass. I have the right, in obedience to that divine law that everywhere sacrifices the poetry of the past to the realities of the present; for I hear a voice that cries to me unceasingly—"Remember that you destroy the Worst for the establishment of the Best. Make then your footprint, that your sons may see where you have trod. Quick—forward!" And inspired by the word "Forward," which, like your ancient battle-cries, leads us to the fight against Ignorance, Routine, Misery, Hunger, and Grief, in this holy crusade of humanity, I feel with pride that it is I who lead the van, and that I fly where I list, astride of obedient, bridled, caparisoned, and harnessed steam. Then, hurrah for the train as it tears across meadows, above the rivers, and in the deep bosom of rocks! 'Tis humanity flying on free wing towards the future; and for the ruins I knock down in passing—what matter? I sow towns where I halt. Good night, dust, and forward! Hurrah! The dead are dead! 'Tis for the living to go faster!'

This is the first time, we think, that a railway locomotive has been used as a poetical metaphor.

The indignation of the marquis is only increased when Marcel explains that he has been examining the Château Rochepeaux, because the new railway, of which he is engineer-in-chief, is to pass over its site: and when he has gone, poor Marguerite is told by the meddling old devotee that he has made a proposal for her hand, which has been ignominiously rejected. Marguerite falls ill, and is tenderly watched by the rough old republican, Doctor Vauclin; and M. Sardon has seized this opportunity of giving a charming scene between victorious though suffering faith, and rabid, wrong-headed materialism. Vauclin is forced to confess to the marquis that his patient is dying. The marquis would summon a physician from Paris—the nearest railway station is a day's journey from Quimperlé. He would telegraph to Paris, but the same objection applies. The good-hearted aristocrat then sees the error of opposing the progress of the age.

'We are in a desert here,' he cries, 'while everywhere else there are roads that devour distance, time, and space.'

He implores Vauclin to save her. That stern materialist answers—

'Give me a body to save, and I will try; but how can I administer to a soul in agony? It is not an unhealthy organ that afflicts her, but a cankering thought that devours her. Give her hope, give her courage, but don't ask me to cure with physic the madness of a young mind dying of love.'

'But,' says the marquis, 'no one ever dies of love, Vauclin, you have told me so a hundred times.'

'No!' shouts the material doctor, 'but they die of fever, and fever is brought on by love!'

In the end, as we need hardly say, Marguerite marries the man of her heart, all the contending interests uniting harmoniously to produce that desired effect.

A perusal of the two plays will show that '*Les Ganaches*' is as full of honey as '*Le Fils de Giboyer*' of vinegar. M. Augier has availed himself of politics, polemics, and the position of parties to make a brilliant dramatic demonstration. M. Sardon has fused aristocracy, republicanism,

commerce, the new boulevards, family pride, a projected line of railway, a love story, the tattle of a country town, the electric telegraph, and a snow-storm, into a charming comedy of manners. At the same time he has been sufficiently a courtier to deduce a moral agreeable to the powers that be, a course of conduct which, if it be a reproach to a dramatist, our own 'divine Williams' may stand accused of

Although the 'military drama and grand spectacle in 5 acts and 11 tableaux of "La Prise de Pekin,"' was first played in the summer of 1861, yet there are such peculiarly exceptional circumstances attached to the piece, as to give it unusual interests. The real author of the drama is M. Mocquart, the secretary to the emperor. M. Adolphe D'Ennery, whose name appears upon the title-page, merely arranged the piece dramatically. That the emperor's own secretary should write a drama, to be played at a theatre almost entirely visited by the people, and that the positive hero of that drama should be an Englishman, and that Englishman the "Special Correspondent of the "Times" newspaper," is a proof that the *entente cordiale*, bred of Exhibitions, the Crimea, and no passports, is more than a mere diplomatic form of words. It cannot be supposed that Louis Napoleon has any marked attachment for the 'Times,' and yet, with the exception of the French missionary, Sir James Brownly—the playbill does not state whether knight or baronet—is the principal character. It would be too much to attempt to describe the incidents of a horse piece scene by scene, but we may follow the adventures of Sir James Brownly with some amusement, clouded though it be with the remembrance of the fate of the unfortunate Boulby.

The actor, M. Clement Just, who plays Brownly, is admirably got up. With his flaxen hair, and flaxen Dundreary whiskers, his buttoned-up coat, stick-up collar, and trim, thin umbrella, his spotless neatness, good-natured smile, white teeth, and absence of demonstration with his eyes and hands, he looked a very

I type of the bland, self-satisfied Englishman. Sir James Brownly dit 'Times' boasts about his native land almost disgustingly; and it is amusing to see how the skilful dramatist, while permitting the Frenchman to boast infinitely more than the Englishman, throws all the onus of the 'bunkum' on the latter. For instance, where Dominique the Missionary tells him that he has been to India, America, and China, Brownly says —

'And have you ever been to England?'

DOMINIQUE — 'Yes, monsieur.'

BROWNLY — 'Is it not the first country in the world?'

DOMINIQUE — 'Yes (*smiling*), for an Englishman.'

BROWNLY — 'And you know our soldiers?'

THE SERGEANT — 'I met them in the Crimea, fine fellows in face of the enemy, but not active in furnishing the canteen after the battle, and when we had finished sharing the danger they were not sorry to come and share our soup.'

BROWNLY — 'Yes, yes—I admit our organization is not so good as yours, but for the rest England is the first country in the world—a country held up everywhere as a model for equality (?), liberty, industry—in fact, for all!'

DOMINIQUE — 'Pardon me—not for all. You have the law of primogeniture, which disinherits children of the same family for the profit and the pride of one, and then the suffrage, which should be universal, as it ours, is a sacred right, of which you disinherit the people—the children of a common country, as, among your nobility, you impoverish the children of one mother.'

BROWNLY (*with animation*) — 'Yes—there I am of your opinion—that is wrong, but I maintain that, for the rest,—l'Angleterre est, &c.'

THE SERGEANT — 'One moment. I have heard that in your army rank is to be bought with gold.' 'Tis not so with us—'tis open to every man, every man can buy it, because every man has the wherewithal to purchase, for it can be bought only with blood.'

BROWNLY — 'Oh! I admit that upon that point—but for the rest—l'Angleterre est, &c.'

Afterwards, when the sergeant has made up his batch of conscripts, and the drums are rolling, Sir James puts the whole line of march out of order by appearing with an enormous letter, and asking for the Post

Office. When it is pointed out to him, he explains, with singular want of reserve for an Englishman, that it is to send off his 'correspondance pour le "Times";' une lettre qui partait pour le premier pays du monde!

Sir James Brownly accompanes the united armies to China, and has a troop of English soldiers to protect him. The French begin to skirmish, and the outposts of the antagonistic armies engage hotly. On comes the 'Times' baronet, and, in the middle of a furious fusillade, calmly sits down upon his camp-stool, takes out his portable desk, and begins describing what is passing.

'Monsieur,' says the French sergeant, 'the enemy is advancing, and this spot will soon be the scene of the battle'

'Yes, I know,' says the "Times" correspondent. A bullet pierces the sheet of paper he was writing on, and he calmly takes another.

'Mon Dieu—quel sang-froid!' says the sergeant. 'But monsieur—you had better go to the rear.'

'Why?' asks the T C

'You'll be out of danger'

'But I shan't be able to see'

'What matter?'

'What matter! I came out here as the correspondent of the "Times"—the first newspaper in the first country in the world. I can't describe properly if I don't see properly. I can't see properly if I am not to the front.'

'But you'll be killed!' urged the sergeant.

'Possibly, but I must do my correspondence'

Crack, bang, whiz, fizz, go the bullets, and the T C's green wide-awake is shot from his head. He goes on writing as if nothing had happened.

'Monsieur, monsieur,—your hat!' says the sergeant, pointing to his bare head.

'Thank you,' says the unconscious correspondent, 'I took it off because it was so hot!'

The sergeant, completely out of patience with such a wanton risk of life, cries—'This shall not be!' and snatches the pen from the baronial correspondent's hand.

The T. C. follows him towards the foe, crying piteously—

'Give me back my pen! give me back my pen! I have to do my correspondence for the "Times"—give me back my pen!'

It is only justice to the Parisian *gamin* to say that every one of these salient characteristics of British pluck is loudly applauded.

When taken prisoner by the Chinese, our special correspondent maintains the same lofty and haughty bearing, and abuses the mandarins, the emperor, and other high functionaries, with an impartiality and an inveteracy worthy of a Briton.

In his last scene, when he is being led to execution, he dilates to a Chinese woman as to his pangs in parting not only from life, but from the dear wife and children he leaves in the land he loves so well. The woman, who thinks that her brother can procure his pardon, says—

'Do not despair—do not give way'

'Give way!' repeats the Englishman, in bad French—'Don't be alarmed, I shall conceal my emotion. I'll hide my tears before these men, for I know how to sustain the honour of the first nation in the world'

The girl runs to her brother, whom she finds fast asleep. She tries in vain to rouse him; she ceases her fruitless endeavour when she is told that he sleeps *the sleep of opium*. Had the girl's brother not indulged in that detestable vice, Brownly would have been saved. The mandarin orders the execution to proceed, and the soldiers approach their victim.

'Don't touch me!' says Brownly, with a last flash of Britanic pride; 'I will follow you. Opium!—oh! 'tis an odious commerce, and it is perhaps the justice of Heaven that wills that I, an Englishman, should be the victim of the dreadful traffic! Yes—'tis you who kill me, my countrymen!—but 'tis only the fault of some few, and I will shout again, to my last breath, "England is the first country in the world!" Now—I am ready!'

And the heroic braggart is marched off to his death.

It will be seen that the government exploits the theatres pretty considerably. Those Frenchmen—and there are plenty of them—who are entirely ignorant of the consti-

tution, laws, and customs of Great Britain, would suppose that the 'Colleen Bawn' was a wise measure for the creation of sympathy for Ireland, and the 'Peep o' Day' a sort of feeler or *avant courier* to the enactment of remedial laws. And no doubt, on the same principle, 'Lord

Dundreary' has been invented simply to keep the middle classes in good humour, and to assure them that the members of the aristocracy are too listless and supine to take any active part in domestic or foreign politics.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

(Page 157.)

OF T standing near the crowded mill,
Or where, beneath the flower-deck'd hill,
The beehives stand, with joyous thrill,
I hear a hum—

When from yon ivy-mantled tower,
The bell tolls out the midnight hour,
I wake, and start to feel thy power,
Bloodthirsty bug.

When lovers hand in hand by night,
Gaze on the moonlit sea, and plight
A troth of never-ending night,
It's all HUMBUG





THE DIVER A TALE

[See "Schiller's Ballads"]

SCHILLER'S BALLADS.

(WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.)

AMONG Schiller's poems there is one class, not numerous, but of all his writings undoubtedly the most popular in Germany. There are but seventeen of them, which he himself used to call 'Balladen.' They form the stock and storeroom for all official recital of poems in the German schools, and without reading the 'Burgschaft,' hardly any English boy has learnt his German. Nearly all of these ballads were written in 1797, about the time when Schiller commenced his great tragedy of 'Wallenstein.' It was the period of his closest intimacy with Goethe. Both poets, living then in the same town, at Weimar, met almost daily, they directed in common the Weimar Theatre, as they had published jointly the celebrated epigrams on the whole literature of the period, under the title of 'Xenien.' We happen to know that they likewise communicated to each other the subjects of these ballads, and the style of either poet approached so much just at that particular time to the style of the other that in some of Goethe's ballads—especially in the 'Bride of Corinth'—a chord of Schiller's lyre resounds; whilst 'The Cranes of Ibycus,' first undertaken by Goethe, but afterwards written by Schiller, would hardly be doubted, even by a fine critic, as being a poem of the former, had it ever appeared in his works. There is, however, in the larger number of Schiller's ballads a marked difference from those of Goethe. It may be questioned whether Schiller's poetic narratives ought to be called ballads at all. With the type of the old English ballad they certainly do not coincide. The tone of the genuine popular ballads, which have been handed down to us, mostly devoid of the names of their authors, is purely lyrical, they are short, and can be sung, as, instead of giving a circumstantial narrative of the fact, they rather paint the feelings which the fact awakens in the human soul. Sentiment is musical, narrative is

not, and thus the true ballad is capable of composition. This type predominates in Goethe's ballads; his 'King of Thule,' his 'Erlkönig,' his 'Ghost on the Castle Tower,' all written in the simplest style, and at the same time all very short, have frequently been composed, whilst we know but one of Schiller's, the 'Alpine Hunter,' in the charming composition of Franz Schubert. Schiller was more oratorical and philosophical than musical, his language is so rich, full, and harmonious, that every addition of a melody would overload its beauty—every line of his is written for declamation, very few for composition. So his ballads are, for the most part, rather long, full of description, and conveying a detailed narrative of the facts which form their subjects. We should call them poetical tales rather than ballads.

Their subjects are taken from various sources. After the year 1789, when Schiller was appointed Professor of History in the University of Jena, he for several years devoted himself to this special study of history, of which the fruits are before us in his 'Thirty Years' War,' and the 'Rebellion of the Netherlands.' From these studies he obtained the subjects for his historical tragedies, although they were written no less than ten to fifteen years after this appointment as professor. On this occasion he fell in with a great deal of stray reading, which furnished him also with the subjects for many of the ballads. Several of them are taken from antiquity, amongst which shines the glorious 'Eleusian Festival,' a celebration of the invention of agriculture and its influence on the civilization of mankind. Others are derived from the romantic and chivalrous legends of the middle ages, and it is to this class that the 'Diver' and 'Glove' belong.

The illustrations to these two ballads in the present number of 'London Society' are borrowed from the splendid edition of Schiller's poems

by the publishing firm of Cotta, at Stuttgart, who hold the copyright of all Schiller's works. It is illustrated with arabesques and photographs after drawings of some of the best living draughtsmen in Germany, and we know of no finer work of German typography and drawing. The exquisite elegance and elaborate design of these small plates, melted down in shade and outline by the skill of the photographer, have caused quite a sensation in the artistic world. The edition, which was commenced at the centenary commemoration of Schiller's birthday in 1859, will be completed in a few more numbers. Arthur Von Ramberg, Charles Piloty,* Maurice Von Schwindt, Julius Schnorr, and several others, are engaged for this publication. The original of one of our two woodcuts, where the bold youth, with a parting look upon the fainting princess, walks towards the edge of the cliff, by Ferdinand Piloty, is much appreciated by German critics; the second has not obtained the same approval, as the elegance of execution does not suit the heroism of the deed. We may add, that we should like to see the leopards with more of the cat about them, and less of the seal.

The subjects of Schiller's ballads are not of his own invention, but (with the exception of the 'Distribution of the World,' and, perhaps, the 'Alpine Hunter'), rest upon legendary poetry. The story of the 'Glove' Schiller obtained from a book by Saint-Foix, a French writer of light literature in the first half of the eighteenth century. This one work of his, however, bearing the title, 'Essais Historiques sur Paris,' is more solid than the rest, and contains a number of anecdotes illustrating the changing spirit of civilization in France from the foundation of the French monarchy. The story of the 'Glove,' however, is older than Saint-Foix, since the

* Charles Piloty is known in England by his great picture in the late International Exhibition 'Nero proceeding over the burning ruins of Rome.' Even with a colour too cool for the English eye, the signally grand and noble design of this work gained the admiration of everybody.

Spanish poet Lope de Vega (1562-1635) already treated the subject in one of his numberless plays, under the title of 'El Guante de Doña Blanca' ('Lady Blanche's Glove'), although he transferred the scene from the court of France to that of Portugal. Schiller's poem we give here from Sir E. Lytton Bulwer's translation.

The Glove :

A TALE

Before his lion-court,
To see the grisly sport,
Sat the king,
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring

King Francis, where he sat,
Laid a finger, yawned the gate,
And slow, from his repose,

A LION goes !
Dumbly he gazed around
The fox-encircled ground ;
And with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again.

A finger raised the king,
And numbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred,
Forth, with a rushing spring,

A TIGER sprung !
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the Lion he beheld,
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue,
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound,
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling

The king raised his finger, then
Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den

With a bound,
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay,

Terrible !
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold,
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled

Rose the lion with a roar,
And stood the strife before,
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst wroth and hot,
Halted still

Now from the balcony above
A snowy hand let fall a glove
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger,—there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove !



THE GLOVE

Fair Cunigonde said, with a tip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges, 'If the love you have

Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me.'
'The knight left the place where the lady sat;
The knight he has passed through the fearful
gate,

The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!
All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him
there,—

The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy, and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile'

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace,
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
'Nay, spare me the gibe, at least,' quoth he;
And he left for ever that fair ladye'

The 'Diver' is based upon a genuine tradition, which is so quaint and curious that we beg leave to put it before our readers in a faithful translation from the Latin of the 'Mundus Subterraneus,' or 'Underground World,' by Athanasius Kircher, the learned Jesuit, a book published in 1665, which contains quite a number of odd stories, and from which we know that Schiller took the subject of his 'Diver'—

'In this place (says old Athanasius, speaking about the depth of the seas) 'I will add a story, which happened in Sicily at the time of King Frederick.* There was then in Sicily a most celebrated diver by name of Nicholas, whom, from his feats in swimming, they commonly called "Pesce Cola," which means "Fish Nicholas." Being familiar with the sea from early youth, and wonderfully skilled in swimming, he busied himself nearly always with collecting at the bottom of the sea mussels, corals, and such-like things, by the sale of which he made a life. His habits were so changed by thus inhabiting the water that he would remain in the sea sometimes for four or five days, living on raw fish. Several times he went and returned, swimming, to Calabria, carrying letters for hire, they even say that he more than once reached the Lipari islands by swimming. Sometimes ships would meet him in the midst

* Either King Frederick the First, or Second, so that the story would belong to the first half of the fourteenth century.

of the stormy and surging gulf towards Calabria, so that they at first sight took him to be a monster of the deep; some of the crew, however, recognized him, and he was taken on board. When asked where he went in a sea subject to so many squalls, he answered that he carried letters to I do not know which town, keeping them in a leather belt cleverly shut by a sort of pulley, so that they should not be spoiled by the water around. He then, after a long conversation, would take a hearty meal, say good-bye to the sailors, and once more resort to the sea. He is even said to have changed his nature and organization from the perpetual stay in the water to such a degree as to be nearer an amphibium than a man so that a web grew between his fingers as in a goose's feet, and his lungs expanded so much that they contained air sufficient for a whole day's respiration

'Now when the King of Sicily once visited Messina, as he had heard so many strange stories about this diver, he was curious to see the man, and ordered him to be summoned to his presence, which was done, after they had sought him for a long while over land and sea. The king had heard marvellous things concerning the neighbouring Charybdis, and having now obtained such a good opportunity he resolved on exploring the inner structure of the Charybdis, seeing that he could find no better means than through this Nicholas. Then he ordered him to dive down; and as Nicholas seemed somewhat reluctant, and pretended many dangers to exist there which he alone knew, the king, to make him more willing for the work, had a flat goblet of gold thrown down there, and promised him that if he brought it back he should have it. Nicholas, allured by the gold, accepted the condition, and precipitated himself instantly into the deepest whirlpool, where he remained about three quarters of an hour, whilst the king and all bystanders were waiting for him with great anxiety. At last he came pushing up from the innermost vortex with a powerful rush, holding

out and brandishing the bowl triumphantly in his hand. They took him to the palace, where, feeling somewhat weak after his great exertion, he refreshed himself with a hearty dinner, and had a little sleep. Being then taken to the king, and asked about all things he had seen at the bottom, he spoke, as they say, to the king as follows —“ Merciful king, I have done as you commanded me, but I should never have obeyed your command, even if you had promised me one half of your kingdom, had I known before what I know now for because I thought it hazardous not to obey my king, I have hazarded the boldest feat of all ” The king asking why it was so hazardous, he answered, “ There are four things, lord king, which render this place so horrible, as it really is impenetrable not only to divers like myself, but to the very fishes. First, the rush of a current from the innermost recesses of the ocean, which hardly any man, be he ever so strong and skilled, could resist nor have I myself been able to pass through it, but was obliged to descend to the deep through other loopholes. Second, the multitude of reefs that are in the way here and there, below which I could hardly glide without the manifest danger of being killed or flayed. Third, the surge of the waters in the straits below, which break forth with an immense power from the innermost entrails of the rocks, and turning in opposite directions produce such a formidable gyration that a man will nearly die in it from sheer fright. Fourth, the herds of immense polypi which stick to the sides of the rocks horrified me, with their arms stretching out far and wide, of which I saw one, the mere pulp of which was larger than a man's body, and the arms not below ten feet in length had these fellows caught me in their arms it would have been certain death, as they would have drawn me to them, and killed me by their sole embrace. There are also on watch, in the caverns of the reefs near by, atrocious fish, called dogfish ” (vulgo, *Pece cane*), “ whose jaws have three rows of teeth, being about the size

of dolphins, from whose ferocity there is no escape: for if they caught a man in their teeth you may be pretty sure he would be done for, since there is no sword nor dagger so finely steeled but the bite of these monsters would surpass them in cutting anything in twain.”

‘ After he had explained this in its order, they asked him how he had been able to find the goblet so quickly, upon which he answered, the powerful currents and counter-currents in the water had not allowed the goblet to descend in a straight line, but it had been thrown out by the boiling waters much in the same way as he himself had been thrown out, and thus he had discovered it in a kind of hollow in the rocks, for had it once gone to the bottom there would have been no hope whatever for recovering it in such a boiling of the tide and rush of the vortex; for the whirlpools, now swallowed up in the abyss, now vomited out again, were surging with such a vehemence that there was no power able to withstand them. Moreover, the waters were so deep in that very place that they covered the eyesight with almost a Cimmerian darkness.

‘ Then they asked him about the inner formation of the straits, and he said they were complicated with numberless rocks, and the flux and reflux of subterranean waters running between the roots of these rocks as the tides changed were the real cause of those perturbations on the surface which the sailors there experience, to the great detriment of their ships.

‘ Then they asked him if he had pluck enough once more to try the bottom of the *Charybdis*, and he said no. He was tempted, however, a second time by a bag full of gold coins, which, being attached to a goblet of great value, was thrown into the *Charybdis*, and allured by the almighty lust of gold, he rushed once more headlong into the whirlpool, but never appeared again, having perhaps been drawn by the tides into the labyrinths of rocks, or become a prey to the fish which he dreaded so much.

‘ Thus story, as it was written in

the royal records, and communicated to me by the Master of the Bolls, I thought fit to insert here, that some light might be thrown on the whirling currents of the seas.'

Thus far Athanasius Kircher. And this is the groundwork on which the great poet raised his glorious creation. The former is a curious anecdote connected with a natural phenomenon, and the catastrophe is built upon the low motive of avarice in a professional man. The poet makes use of many characteristic lines in the old story. the goblet, the labyrinth of rocks, the contrary movements of the

waters, the terrible fish and polypi are not omitted; but to the second attempt of the diver the noble motive of love is lent, and with a warm sympathy we follow the hapless youth to his horrible grave. The creation of the poet is not necessarily the hatching of new stories from a fertile brain (otherwise Shakspeare would not be an original poet, as few of his plots are his own invention); but it is quite as much the elevation of coarse reality to a sphere in which we see man's soul and purpose ennobled by grand and worthy passion

G. K.



MY FIRST AND LAST BALLOON ASCENT.

IT is now about fifteen years ago that some business connected with the navigation of the Danube kept me for some months in Vienna.

As my engineering business did not employ me more than an hour or two a day, I should have soon found my time hang heavy on my hands even in that gay and motley city, had I not by chance made the acquaintance of the accomplished and scientific Mons Xavier Gallard. I met this gentleman first at the table d'hôte of my hotel, the 'Kaiser Elizabeth,' and a chance question or two about Hungarian wines soon led to an acquaintance.

Mons Xavier Gallard, as far as I could gather, had years ago been a lay Jesuit in Syria, but, growing more and more attached to science, had quitted the order and devoted himself entirely to the study of abstruse chemistry and an analysis of the narcotic medicines of the East. He had become well known throughout all Austria for his improvements in aerostation. Finding him a travelled man, of singular liberality and toleration of opinion, as well as an accomplished musician and an excellent linguist, I lost no time in as soon as possible cultivating his acquaintance, being, for an Englishman, social and unsuspecting. My companion, a clever Scotch engineer, but a cold, formal fellow—one of those distrustful men who, as the old Joe Miller runs, would not save a man from drowning if he had not been first introduced to him—fought shy of Gallard, seldom accompanied me to his lodgings near the city wall, overlooking the Prater, and expressed in a very solemn way his wish to know who Mons Gallard's father had been, about which I myself felt totally indifferent.

At first I used to rather laugh at my new friend's enthusiasm for ballooning, which I thought a useless, unimprovable, and dangerous experiment, that had already cost many valuable lives, and was only fit, like rope-dancing, to amuse a selfish and

gaping mob. But Gallard, on whom laughter made no more impression than a snowball would on a man in armour, soon, in his stern, quiet way, convinced me how shallow and irrational my sneers had been.

In that curious apartment of his, the walls of which were covered with drawings of every possible sort of balloon that is, or ever was, he explained to me, with philosophic clearness, the whole progress and prospects of the science, from the hints of Friar Bacon, the Jesuit Francis Luna, and the Portuguese Friar (1709), to Mr Cavallo's experiments (1782) with soap-bubbles filled with inflammable air, in pursuance of the discoveries of Black and Cavendish. He would then go on enthusiastically to speak of the first ascents by the Montgolfiers, paper-makers, in 1782, and of the more advanced experiments of Messrs Robert and Charles, by whom the first long journey was effected.

'I grant, Mons Gallard,' I said to him on one occasion, 'the rapid improvement of Montgolfier's clever suggestion—but what I want to know is, *cur bono*—men don't risk their lives for mere amusement?'

'What, not you Englishmen, who hunt and chase the steeples—Hein?' said Gallard, coldly and calmly, but rather maliciously. 'You want to know the *cur bono* of our pursuit—I will tell you. I want to see balloons used, to reconnoitre fortified places, to reach otherwise inaccessible mountains, to enable geographers to make surveys, to convey despatches to besieged places, to discover islands, and to study, on different otherwise unattainable elevations, the laws of sound, of atmospheric pressure, of gravitation.'

'I grant, I confess,' I replied, 'that you have overwhelmed me with your array of facts, but I still think the balloon a sort of wild monster, of tremendous and super-natural speed and power, but quite untamable. You can raise a balloon, and let it fall again, but you cannot steer it horizontally.'

'Experiment,' said Gallard, coldly, 'has proved the reverse—look here. Here is a drawing of the balloon of Charles and Robert. It is of an oblong spheroid shape—the boat is seventeen feet long—it has five wings, made in the shape of umbrellas without handles—and to the top of these, you see, sticks were fastened parallel to the apertures of the umbrellas. This extraordinary balloon ascended on the 19th of September, 1784, to the height of 1400 feet, traversed about 150 miles of air, and descended safely, with 200 pounds of ballast left. These wings were found to enable the aeronaut to deviate 30 degrees from the direction of the wind. In 1785, a Mr Crosbie ascended, at Dublin, in a balloon, the car of which was hung round with bladders, and these saved him, and rendered the car as buoyant as a boat, when he unfortunately fell into the sea.'

'But the parachute,' I said, 'that has proved fatal to several enthusiasts?'

'The parachute,' replied Gallard, 'is uncertain and dangerous to descend in, but it is useful to break the fall of the balloon itself, in case of accident. I have great hopes of further improving it, but even at present it is a useful ally. Pray divest yourself of these prejudices, *mon ami*. A time will come, I tell you, when we shall circumnavigate the world in these silk bags you now despise so much. *Vous verrez*.'

'I admire your thorough enthusiasm,' I said, 'yours is the true spirit of the discoverer. But how do you escape the risk of lightning? Imagine the horror, a mile from the earth, of seeing your balloon suddenly shrivelling above your head in a drift of flame. Another moment, and you are dashed, like Icarus, into the gulf of death.'

'You are too imaginative, *mon cher*, for a scientific man,' said Gallard, with a bitter smile curdling his pale face. 'There is no danger of lightning. Balloons have passed safely through thunder clouds, and the aeronaut can always leave such unpleasant companions above or below him. Besides, *mon cher Anglais*, as our balloons are constructed of

materials that are not conductors of electricity, and as they are also insulated, they are not very likely to be struck.'

'You meet me at every turn,' I said, 'but there is one other danger, I fear. It has always appeared to me, in reading accounts of balloon voyages, that the aerostatic machine has more tendency to descend when over water than when over land—a most dangerous tendency on the part of our friend the balloon.'

'Granted,' said Gallard, watchfully, but with evident candour. 'The remedy for that is to ascend from some place like Vienna, far inland. Moreover, you must remember that we aeronauts can nearly always select our place of descent. No, my dear friend, there is little danger to the skilful aeronaut.'

Here he turned suddenly on me, and asked me if I understood the primary principle of aerostation.

I replied that I had but the vague knowledge of a man who had no special taste for science. I knew that if a body was immersed in any fluid lighter than itself, it would rise to the surface.

'In a confused way you know it,' said Gallard, smiling, 'but the rule is this—it is simple. When a body is immersed in any fluid, if the weight of the body be less than an equal bulk of the immergent fluid, it will rise to the surface—if the mass be heavier, it sinks—if equal, it remains where it is placed. On this principle our whole theory is built: for it is the same thing if we thin the air, and so make it lighter—or whether we use gas, which ascends, being lighter than the atmosphere. I will show you.'

As he said this, Gallard threw open the sash of a window looking out over the rampart towards the Prater, where the trees were now fast turning saffron colour, from the effects of the autumn's chemistry—then, with a neat-handed dexterity, he took from a shelf a small balloon made of crimson lute-string, covered with caoutchouc varnish, and attaching to its strings a small square tin full of spirits of wine, he lit the liquid, which instantly inflated the silk—and, with a dexterous twist of

My First and Last Balloon Ascent.

the practised hand, the enthusiast floated off the little crimson globe, which instantly rose high in the air, and moved swiftly before the wind, over the Prater.

'Beautiful!' I said. 'Monsieur Gallard, behold in me a convert.'

'I thought I should soon convince you,' he said, shutting the window, 'of the beauty and safety of the invention of our great master, Montgolfier.'

'Have you ever yourself made a voyage in a balloon?' said I, somewhat maliciously.

'I have made,' he said ('for I understand the sneer, *mon ami*)—I have made three-and-twenty ascents, and all with safety and perfect success.'

'I never heard before of your enterprises in this way.'

'There is much about me that you may not have heard,' replied Gallard, coldly. 'I do not go about Vienna like a quack doctor, with a jack-pudding blowing a trumpet before me. Man's life is half night, half day—there are times when I choose to move in darkness—some men here call me an Armenian, others a Russian. I was really born at—but what do you care where I was born? Come, let us take lunch—for you must taste my Vossbauer,—it is not bad. Drink with me the health of my intended—the Fraulein Pulvermacher.'

'With all my heart,' I replied.

II.

It was a week or so after this conversation that I again sought the rooms of my friend Gallard, that mysterious and determined enthusiast, with whom I had by this time become far better acquainted. I had already, with the purposeless industry of an idler impatient for employment, picked up some scattered particulars of Gallard's history.

He had been, I heard, dismissed from the Jesuit seminary at St. Omer, for neglecting his studies to prosecute aeronautic experiments. Not having money sufficient to purchase a balloon himself, he applied to a rich and avaricious money-lender, who bought one for him, and gave

him a mere trifle for ascending, on condition he should receive the money which the public paid for admission. His father, however, a Levant merchant, who had married a Syrian woman, took great umbrage at these exhibitions, and on one occasion waited on General Farouche, the Commander-in-chief of the Parisian National Guard, and begged him to interpose his military authority, and prevent his son, who was a volunteer, ascending. The general quickly acquiesced, and sent a file of soldiers on the night in question, to put the young adventurer into confinement. Gallard was just preparing to enter the car when they arrived. Guessing what had taken place, he instantly drew his sabre, and threatened to run the first person through who interrupted him. Then leaping into the car, he slashed the mooring cords in two with his sword, and rose with tremendous velocity into the air, leaving the mob cheering and the soldiers dumb with astonishment.

'Soon after this,' said my informant, 'he left Paris, and went to the East to study medicine. There he ascended from the Desert, from the foot of the Pyramids, from Mount Zion, and other extraordinary places—always under an assumed name, and with an air of mystery. In the course of his life it is supposed that Mons. Gallard (whatever he may say) has gone through all possible dangers that an aeronaut can experience. On one occasion his balloon took fire, but he escaped in a parachute. At another time, at Calais, to escape descending into the sea, he had to cut away the car, and sling himself to the cords of the balloon. Once, near Strasburgh, he found the balloon expanding, and threatening to burst, when three miles above the town, and he averted his fate by boring holes in the side with his sword.

Two years ago, he had published an account of an ascent from Turin, in which he passed over the Alps by night: of this ascent my informant, a telescope-maker, from Berlin, could not remember anything, except the fact of M. Gallard's sensation having been as if the balloon was cleaving

silently upwards through miles of black marble, and that the stars seemed to him larger and more lustreous.

From another person, a wine-merchant, from Marseilles, I heard that M. Gallard was well known in France, as an habitual and dangerous duellist, and five years ago he had been wounded in three places, in a duel with sabres at Nice, where, however, he killed his antagonist, the son of a banker at Genoa. The quarrel had arisen from M. Gallard being taunted with the uselessness of balloon ascents. M. Gallard was now, added my informant, engaged to be married to the daughter of a professor of mathematics.

I amused myself as I walked to my friend's lodgings, with pondering over these rumours, and trying to sift the truth that was in them from the falsehood. This task, almost as easy as twisting sand ropes, or driving hares to market, occupied me till I reached Gallard's lodgings. The magnificent street-fountains of Vienna, the great St. Stephen's itself, I that day passed unnoticed. Even the crowds of Hungarian sharpshooters, and Wallachian peasants, failed to interest me, my mind was bent on joining Gallard, my friend, in a balloon ascent.

I found Gallard in his room, busy engraving his name on a sword—it was a beautiful Damascus blade of exquisite temper. He looked up from his work as I entered, his etching needle still in his hand, and greeted me.

'I thought it was the professor and Marie,' he said, 'they are coming to-day to see the great balloon I am having made—we will go after lunch and see it together.'

'You are busy, Gallard,' I said; 'I did not know you added engraving to your other accomplishments.'

'It is an old, and tried friend,' he said, patting the sword-handle; 'it has saved my life once or twice, and I want to mark my name on it, for it may be my only epitaph.'

At that moment, just as I was preparing to rally him on this remark, there were sounds of feet on the stairs, then a light silvery laugh, and a soft tap at the door.

Gallard flew to it and opened it. 'Is Mons. Montgolfier at home?' said the sweetest, merriest voice, I think I ever heard. It was the professor's daughter, Maria, who with her father now entered the room. The professor wiped his spectacles, and began, after being introduced to me, to look at the drawings round the walls. Maria chatted pleasantly to her lover and myself while the old woman of the house was laying the luncheon.

I think I never saw eyes so lucidly brown as those of Maria Pulvermacher, or a neck more exquisitely set upon its shoulders—she reminded me of Goethe's description of that graceful girl whom he took as the type of Gretchen, in *Faust*. No word or movement but seemed the result of a warm heart, good nature, and overflowing spirits, yet each word or movement might have been that of a consummate actress, so appropriate and admirable did each movement and each word seem. Yet Gallard, I thought, seemed scarcely at his ease, and from what I could not help overhearing of a long and earnest conversation, between himself and the professor's daughter, I gathered that he was resisting her wish that he should abandon some intended balloon ascent.

The conversation at lunch was constrained. Gallard tried to amuse, but seemed vexed and moody. The professor was entirely occupied with the praises of a new edition of the '*Principia*' he had just bought of an English bookseller, and his daughter was silent and tearful.

Luncheon over, Mons. Gallard arose, and giving his arm somewhat ceremoniously to Miss Pulvermacher, begged me to follow with the professor. We followed him into a back yard, leading to carpenters' workshops, and a laboratory. Unlocking a door, Gallard ushered us into a large, unfurnished room, with a stove in it; on the floor lay the silk gores, or long sections of lutestring, that were to form the greatest balloon ever yet made in Austria.

Heaps of blue and scarlet silk lay on benches and on the window-seat. The net hung on a nail near the

stove, and the basket-work, large enough to hold six persons, had already been covered with painted linen.

'You here see, Mr. Professor,' said Gallard, turning rather coldly from Miss Pulvermacher, 'the germ of my new air-ship. It is to measure fifty-seven feet in diameter, and will carry 400 lbs of ballast. This car, which is eight feet long, weighs 140 lbs. The name, you see, is 'Maria Theresa,' (here he looked at the professor's daughter). The weight of the whole apparatus, with myself, thermometers, &c. in it, will be——'

'Let me guess, Gallard,' said the good, fussy, old professor. 'Well, I should say 600 lbs.'

'No bad guess, Herr Professor—620 lbs.'

'Nevertheless, I would not go up in it for 10,000!,' said the professor, adjusting his spectacles.

'That's right, dear papa,' said Maria, kissing her father's frosty red cheek, and throwing her arms round his neck. 'Don't let him go in it—he's a naughty man—yes, you are, sir—you may frown—for wishing to go against my will. What right, sir, have you to risk your life?'

Gallard made no immediate reply; but a few minutes after, he drew Miss Pulvermacher to the window, leaving me and the professor to examine the elements of the future balloon, examine the long strips of coloured silk, lift the car, and perform such other experiments as our curiosity suggested.

In a few minutes, Gallard and Miss Pulvermacher joined us. I observed that Gallard was paler than usual, and was biting his lips, as if to suppress a passionate anger that was almost uncontrollable. The young lady, on the other hand, was flushed, and her eyes were moist with unrestrainable tears. I was sure from their manner that the levers had been quarrelling, but I made as though I did not see it.

As for the worthy purblind professor, who, like many other honest pedants, knew much more about the surface of the moon, than the inhabitants of this insignificant and

parvenu planet, he observed nothing, and after a time trudged off with his daughter, wishing Gallard every success in his interesting enterprise. Maria Pulvermacher bowed to me, and offered Mons. Gallard her hand with averted face. She had evidently been asking the enthusiast to make some sacrifice which he had refused to make. The professor, I forgot to add, on parting, begged me with obvious sincerity to gratify him with a speedy call.

The moment the door closed on the professor and his daughter, Gallard stamped on the floor, and uttered some words in Arabic between his clenched teeth. 'I throw her to the wind,' he said, passionately, 'swallow, that she is, quick-turning, never-resting, fickle, changeable, like all those creatures that God made from the refuse of Adam's clay. I have lived eight-and-thirty years in this vile world, and never yet knew sin, vice, trouble or mischief without a woman was in some way or other the cause of it. Miserable necessity of our solitude to need such companions! I renounce her. Shall I break up my glorious dreams and discoveries for a wax doll with movable eyes—a puppet that can smile, and move, and eat, and torment, but cannot reflect, compare, analyse, or refute? Ha!'

And as he said this he took down a case-bottle of brandy from a shelf, and took a long, deep draught, then silently he replaced the bottle with a smile such as Satan himself might have worn, and sat down, compass in hand, at his papers. I began to be afraid for his brain. I tried to divert his thoughts, but not by any of those deep consolatory platitudes which friends administer to you as if they were indispensable medicines.

'Gallard,' I said, 'courage! there are other women. As we say in England—"There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." By-the-by, do you know I have all but resolved to accompany you in your next ascent. You have fired my imagination by your enthusiasm; but perhaps you dislike a companion; "*N'est-ce pas*?"'

'On the contrary,' he said, fixing

his eyes on me, 'you give me more pleasure than you know; you will be charmed. The higher air, two miles up, is so calm and silent. You may find it cold, and may experience a slight pain in your ears, but that will soon go off. Whatever fog or rain we pass through below, we shall soon, as philosophers should do, rise above them into a region of clear light and soft sun heat. The sensation of first starting is only that of a strong but equal upward pressure on the soles of your feet: you will not repent it, *mon ami*.'

'But,' I said, 'who is this Mons Rozier, who has ascended so often, this year, in different parts of France and Germany? Is he a formidable rival?'

'Not very,' said Gallard, smiling, with all his usual stoical serenity, as he went to a cabinet that stood against the wall and took a roll of paper from a drawer. He unrolled it with a dry laugh, it was a large postage-bill, printed in red ink, it announced the ascent of Mons Eustace Rozier from a pleasure-garden, near Turin, twelve months back.

'I am Mons. Rozier,' he said, 'to disguise myself from inquisitive friends, I use this precaution.'

As he uttered these words, he took a bottle from a shelf of chemicals, and dipping the forefinger of the right hand in it, he rubbed it across the palm of his left. It left a deep brown stain of the colour of an Arab fellah's skin.

'Mons. Rozier is an Armenian,' he said, laughing, 'and a preparation I keep by me removes his Armenian skin in one wash. You shall be my companion then,' he added, replacing the bottles. 'I see you are cool, determined, and quick in resources, I have long wished for such a companion to manage my instruments and help to register my observations. I hope before long to be able to bring rain at my wish, and to predict weather changes with almost unerring certainty. I must forget this woman. You will now pardon my wishing you good night, as I must betake me to six hours' study. One caution at parting, be-

ware how you get entangled in that false creature's web!'

III.

I did not see Gallard for the next three weeks. During that time, as my letters had still not arrived from England, I devoted myself to making the acquaintance of the Pulvermacher family. My visits grew more and more frequent; I became a favourite of the old professor, and by no means, I flattered myself, disagreeable to his fair daughter. I am afraid my fondness for the house made rather a hypocrite of me, for I soon found myself discussing the 'Principia' with the professor with an unctious which was scarcely sincere, as I had always at college shown a singular incapacity for mathematics. To-day I was taking a telescopic interest in an eruption on the sun's face; to-morrow trying a new microscope on the plumes from a moth's wing, or a new sort of acaries, found in indigo. The professor was delighted with me, and took me to all sort of philosophical meetings and soirées, where I met small Humboldts, who bored me with absurd theories, and whom I bored with engineering problems.

But every moment I could snatch from this hypocritical routine I devoted to the gayer and more pleasant occupation of flirting with Miss Pulvermacher. I waltzed with her, I began to teach her to read English poetry, I sang duets with her; in fact, I fell all at once—one morning that we sang together—over head and ears in love with her. It even became a joke against me at the table d'hôte and at the hotel billiard-table, where my attendance became less and less frequent.

They were one day discharging their invisible yet stinging missiles at me, and warning me of Gallard's well-known jealous disposition, and his fondness for duelling, when a waiter gently touched my arm and handed me a note. It was from Gallard, and ran thus—

'MON CHER AMI,

'I shall ascend in the 'MARIA THERESA,' to-morrow at noon, on the

south side of the Prater. Be with me—if those fools at the hotel, or your fair friend, do not make a coward of you—soon after eleven, that we may start together, and superintend the filling.

‘Yours till death,

‘XAVIER GALLARD.

‘P.S.—Be sure, on the ground, to always call me “Rozier,” my aeronautic name. The weather promises well for our ascent.’

‘A *billet-doux* from the professor’s daughter’ cried out one of the hotel wits. ‘Herr Englander, I will be your second, but that Gallard is a d—— with the small sword.’

I made no reply, being rather ashamed of my situation, and also of my flirtation; but I finished my wine, tore the note carelessly up, and strolled off to Gallard’s lodgings.

The old woman let me in with a spiteful look, such as she had never before greeted me with, but at the time I attributed this to cold and rheumatism—great disturbers of the temper—and, knowing my way, pushed straight on for the laboratory, where I was told my friend was engaged.

I entered it—he was not there. I went upstairs—he was not there, but his mathematical drawings lay scattered on the table, and the ink was still wet in his pen. I went down again, and sought him in the balloon-room, and not finding him there I opened the door that led into an inner garden-house.

There was Gallard, bending over six small sacks full of what appeared to be black and white sand; but he hastily tied up the mouths of the bags as he saw me, and turned in his usual passive way to take my hand. To my surprise, he had already stained his face, and was now the colour of the poorer Caerean Arabs.

‘I am glad you are come,’ he said; ‘I began to think your courage had failed you, or that you were too much occupied with gallantry and that bad comedy called society, to care much for risking your neck with an enthusiast.’

Gallard said this in rather a sple-

netic way; but I took no notice of his mood, simply replying—

‘I do not change when I have once made up my mind. I am ready now, as I have been ever since I offered to go with you.’

‘That’s right,’ he said, with his teeth clenched, ‘bravely said, and like an Englishman; and I promise you such a flight in the air as you will never forget. Mind, to-morrow, at eleven, for it is a good mile and a half from here.’

I turned to go: he followed me to the door, and as I shook his cold, corpse-like hand, he said, with rather a forced gaiety, as I thought—

‘I have forgotten the syren,’ he said, ‘quite forgotten her, sponged her name from my slate, erased her photograph, burned her letters—Ha! but you see we enthusiasts soon forget these frivolities love and a catarrh are quickly cured. How do you get on, by-the-by, with the—the—Pulvermachers?’

I coloured slightly, as I replied, ‘O, pretty well! The professor is rather a bore, but the daughter is charming.’ And putting my fingers to my lips, I laughed and blew them apart, as Spanish lovers do.

He smiled, as he shut the door, without making any answer.

IV.

I was with Gallard punctually at eleven o’clock on the following day. I found his papers put up, his desk closed, and a *fiacre* waiting for us at the door. He received me with the abstracted air of a man whose thoughts are fixed on the future. He was busy collecting necessary instruments for the journey: an hygrometer, an aneroid barometer, and dry and wet bulb thermometers. The ballast, and the balloon itself, were already on the ground. As we stepped into the carriage Gallard threw open his borsoune, and drew from under it the engraved sword I had seen before, and a pair of pistols.

‘Why arms?’ I said, laughing, as the coach drove off. ‘Will the prince of the powers of the air attack us?’

My First and Last Balloon Ascent.

'No,' said he, drily; 'but on two occasions, when I have been throwing out the grappling anchor, ignorant farmers have threatened to fire at me; and it is as well to go armed. Besides that, last year at Strasburgh, the country people were troublesome when we landed. I had to force them, sword in hand, *les sanges*, to help to obtain the balloon. There are few countries, *mon cher*, where a sword is not useful for defence or attack, and besides, we may want it to let out the gas in case of the valve not working at a critical moment.'

I was satisfied, and I said so.

'I hope they won't put the ballast near any fire,' he said, after a long apparently thoughtful silence.

'Why, said is not very inflammable, is it?' said I.

Gallard made no reply, but gave a sort of sardonic smile that I could not interpret.

As we approached the scene of the approaching ascent Gallard grew more and more silent, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, sat in one corner of the coach absorbed in thought. The streets leading to the gate were crowded with citizens and soldiers hastening to the place from whence the balloon was to ascend. Merchants' clerks, Tyrolese riflemen, Hungarian waggoners—all classes were elbowing on, all bent on the same object, all eyes turned the same way, in every mouth the same subject.

'I shall never forget this day,' said I, my eyes glowing with excitement.

'You never will,' replied Gallard, gravely.

It was just as he uttered these words the coach drew up with a sudden jerk at the gate of the enclosure, where I could see the large balloon struggling and swaying to release itself from the ropes that bound it to the earth. Now, there is always, as travellers will remember, fastened in the inside of all the hackney-coaches of Vienna a small looking-glass, in a tawdry gilt frame. It serves, I suppose, to help the Viennese ladies to arrange their bonnets, the dandies to twist their moustachios. I was the first

to get out of the carriage; and as I passed the looking-glass I caught in it a pale glimpse of my friend Gallard's face: it wore a momentary expression of hideous mockery, which made me rather fear that the excitement of the moment was almost too much for his brain; but I said nothing, lest I might unnerve him.

A cheer ran round the arena, and handkerchiefs were waved, as we both entered the enclosure, bearing the national flags (white, with a black spread eagle) that our gatekeeper presented us with as we passed him. The preparations were already made: there were the tubs full of iron filings laid between straw, and on these had been poured vitriolic acid and water. These tubs, covered with others, were contained in strong casks, sunk in the ground; and through holes made in the top of these casks tin tubes were fitted, to which the silken tube of the balloon was fastened. The net was already adjusted, and the balloon being three-quarters full, the tin tubes were removed and the silken pipes tied up and coiled into the boat, which was now being fastened to the loop.

Gallard did not speak, but, giving a scoffing look at the populace, proceeded to examine the fittings of the balloon. He looked at the valve in the top part of the air-ship that was so soon to bear us starward, and several times pulled the string that fastened the brass-shutter padded with leather. He then tested the cords that suspended the car to the balloon by a hoop of cane, which had been sewn with leather.

It was a fine autumn afternoon, within half an hour of sunset, and a brisk wind blowing. The clouds over our head were fast turning to crimson and gold into their glory we were about to ascend. I felt at once excited and awe-struck; but Gallard, imperturbable as ever, seemed entirely occupied in watching the bunches of men who held on to the four ropes that still retained the swaying balloon. At his word of command three of the ropes were suddenly let go, and the balloon, feeling itself freer, swung so as to almost touch the ground.

We each took a draught of Voss-lauer wine, brought to us by one of the attendants, and then stepped into the car, in which the ballast, instruments, and weapons had now all been neatly packed away. As the signal gun bellowed forth, Gallard drew his sword and cut the last rope, and I fired a pistol as the balloon ascended steadily and majestically.

I instantly experienced that peculiar sensation as if some great force was pressing my feet upward, but I felt no pain in my ears, and the stillness and tranquillity of the air we traversed was delightful, and roused my imagination to the uttermost. A grim, composed, smile broke forth even on the corpse-like face of Gallard.

Vienna now lay beneath us, like a toy city. The barometer showed us to be only a mile and a half up, but it seemed to me already seven or eight miles. Everything now appeared on a plane, the highest buildings had no more apparent elevation than the mountains on a geological model. The country round Vienna lay beneath like a coloured map. There was St Stephen's, no larger than a doll's house, palaces, barracks, shops, fountains, had all dwindled to little blocks, no larger than cheese-cakes. Even the park itself, and the vast rolling multitude we had left, appeared no larger than a green meadow in a picture.

The balloon, looking like a large golden bubble, had risen into the clouds that now hid it from the earth. A moment more and we pierced the cloud, and rose above it into a clearer and more radiant atmosphere. Now below us the detached fleeces, coalesced, and formed into what resembled a sea of white cotton, above they were smooth, close-packed, and level.

Beyond this were dense hills of thunder-clouds, of the colour of cannon smoke, which were moving slowly at irregular intervals. We could now see the shadow of the balloon passing over the ground and the nearer clouds, at first small as an egg, but gradually widening, and encircled with an iris halo

We could still hear the cannon roaring farewell to us from below. We were now 10,000 feet above the earth; we were going fast before the wind, and had lost sight of the city. The atmosphere got rapidly colder, and a slight sifting of snow fell sprinkling around us.

'How do you like my air-ship, *mon ami*?' said Gallard, as he pulled his sword in and out of its sheath.

'Marvellous!' said I; 'it gives me a sense of a new power.'

'Just open that bag, and throw out eight or ten handfuls of sand.'

I stooped down, and was about to untie the string that fastened the mouth of the second sack, when Gallard leaped up, and caught my arm.

'Now, then—now, then, you foolish Englishman!' he cried; 'the nearest one—the nearest one!'

I looked round, rather angrily.

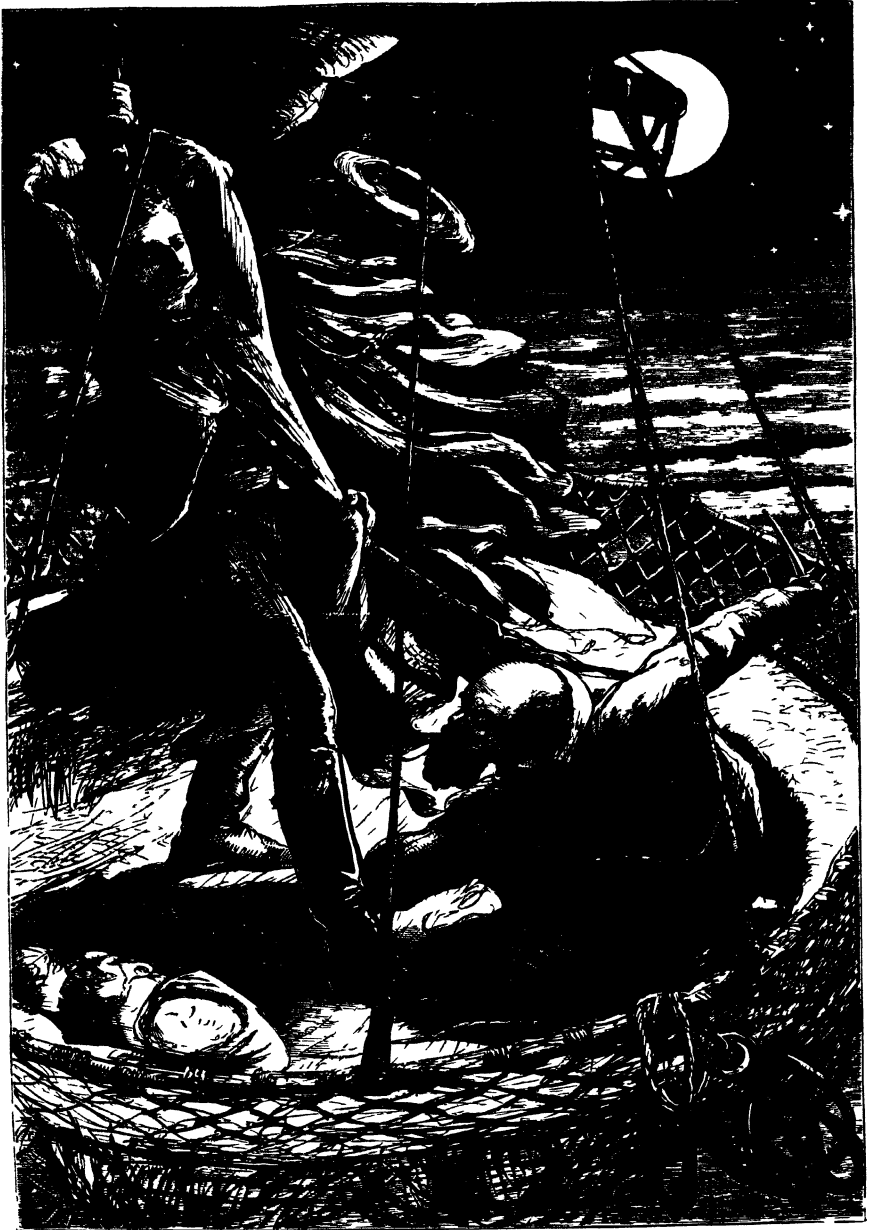
'You are rather hasty to-day, Monsieur Gallard,' I said.

'Pardon me,' he replied, rapidly recovering his serenity, 'I dislike the English race, but I like individuals of the species. We aeronauts are obliged to be particular. We must mount higher, and visit Aldebaran, and skirt the glittering domains of the jewel-girt Orion. More sand! throw out more sand, *mon ami*!'

I leant over the car, and baled out handful after handful of sand; thus lightened our air-ship rose higher and higher. We were a thousand feet higher. The temperature our instrument showed to be 30 degrees lower than on the ground we had quitted. Gallard, stooping behind me, untied the second bag—it was the black ballast.

A grunt, more like that of a beast than the voice of a man, made me look round, and pause in my task. It was from Gallard. He was standing up and cocking a pistol. His eyes burnt with rage. I dropt the bag of ballast, in my alarm, over the side of the car, and up we soared a mile higher than we had yet attained.

'Dog!' cried Gallard, 'beast! fool of an accursed Englishman! you are now at my mercy. I



A STRUGGLE IN THE CLOUDS.

[See "My First and Last Balloon Ascent."



OUR MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN LADY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

'Drop thou the thorns, true wife! and lift the flowers'

[See the Poem, "Victoria!"]

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LONDON SOCIETY.

APRIL, 1863.

GOING TO COURT —HOW I WENT.



'SOYEZ TRANQUILLE'

'AT eleven o'clock then, Mons. Cavalier, you will be sure to be punctual.'

'Si, si, Madame, à onze heures sans faute, Madame—à onze heures, soyez tranquille'

How could we help believing a haddresser so emphatic, so 'pénétré'?

With lightened hearts Mamma and I drove home, having accomplished

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this, the last of all the weighty preparations for the great event of to-morrow; my appearance, namely, at the Court of our most gracious Sovereign, an event not only to prove my loyalty, but to signalize my attainment of that delightful position in society, a 'come-out' young lady. (Why is there no genuine word to express the meaning of that doubtful, scarcely grammatical sentence?)

'I don't take Laura to Court,' said our worthy friend Mrs. Seveall, 'because really now-a-days there is such a mixture, that, as dear Lady Tiptop says, one is afraid of meeting one's coachman's wife.'

Mamma, I am thankful to say, had no such fears, and held, that until I had been presented, my *début* in the world would partake of a surreptitious and unauthorised character.

Now that the time had come, that that great responsibility, my dress, lay in awful silence in its gigantic home, the 'carton,' my heart began to mis-give me. Could I conceal from myself that, after the fiftieth rehearsal before the glass, of my curtsy, I still trod on the skirt of my gown, and, thereby pinning myself to the ground, was unable to rise without such exertion as partook more of the muscular than of the graceful? Did not visions of utter discomfiture in the royal presence cast their prophetic shadows over the next day's future?

'Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra.' That noble old motto! Mentally I pinned it to my shield and rose on the cool, grey morning of The Day with what courage its words could inspire.

'Above all things,' said Frank (Frank, in his uniform, who was to accompany us)—'above all things, be in good time' So, as I was to be at the Palace at half-past one, and my coiffeur to come at eleven, I got up at eight, and remained in a state of preparation quite indescribable, and which rendered me indifferent to all matters unconnected with hairpins.

The household being in that state of over excitement which accompanies any great female movement—was to be found on the stairs in a general state of running up and down. At ten o'clock I heard Frank ask, sarcastically, whether the cook also was going to Court? or whether he was to have any breakfast? I myself was too much 'wound up' to think either of eating or drinking.

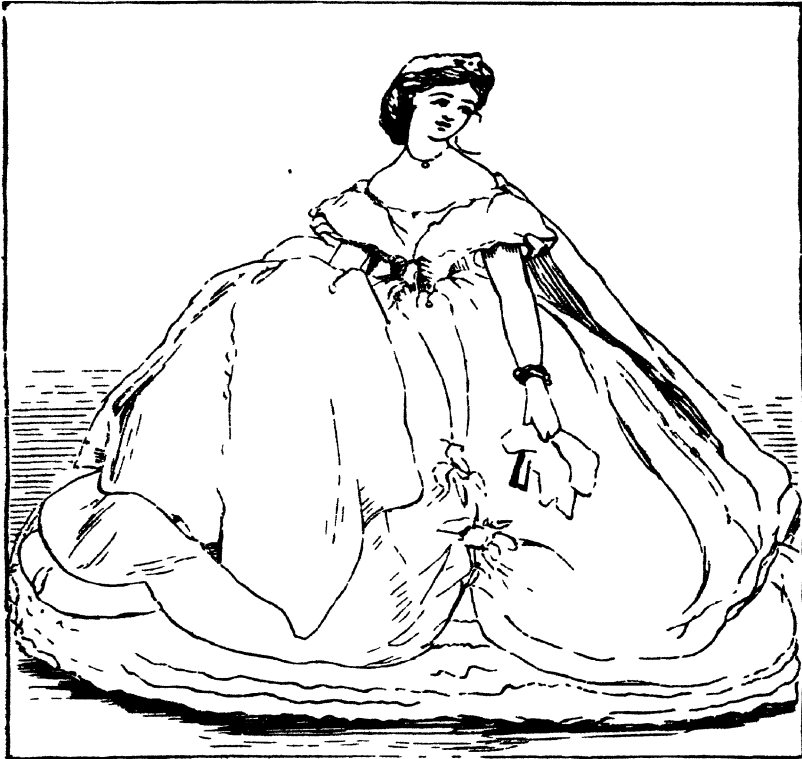
Eleven o'clock struck—half past—no hairdresser. Why did the door-bell ring in that frantic way every two minutes? Is there a demon that belongs to door-bells? Who was it that was always walking upstairs past my door with creaking boots?

Twelve o'clock!—no Mons. Cavalier. A violent rustling next door betrayed the state of mamma's toilette. Was I going mad? or what was it that rung in my brain at every sound of that dreadful bell? I will go myself for a coiffeur! I will commit suicide! I will do my hair myself! Just as I was seizing the comb to fulfil this despairing, this desperate resolve, the door opened. A curly, shining being glided in (not an angel), stuck a comb into his glossy locks, filled his mouth with hairpins, and began that mesmeric and incomprehensible operation that terminated in a triumphant wreath on the top of my head and two little coaxing feathers behind my left ear.

It was just one o'clock when I issued fully equipped from my room. A glass of port and a wing of chicken restored me after the agitation and fatigue of carrying all those flounces past the nails and corners in the staircase. The admiring household pronounced its astonishment. The carriage

was announced, the magnificans assembled, and we got in. What small words to express so great a feat!

It has since struck me that, of all the arrangements in the ceremony of presenting a *débutante* at Court, there is none so perfect as that which, previous to her great ordeal, subjects her to the minor one of passing under the gaze of a large and critical throng of spectators while herself in a state of forced quiescence. It is a baptism of fire—a first fence to a five-year old. Gratifying, doubtless, was the appreciation of the ladies'-maids on the pave-



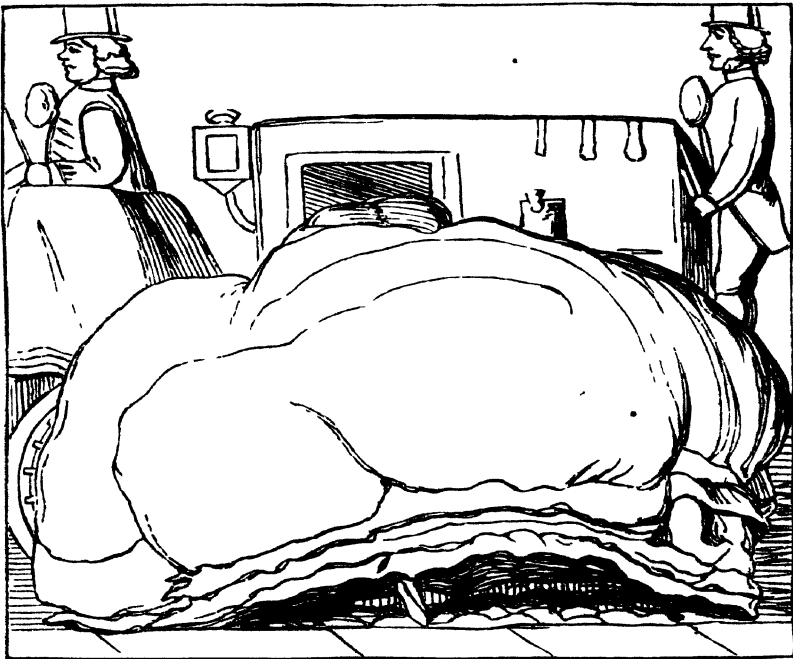
MADAME LA DÉBUTANTE AS SHE APPEARS.

ment, but it was insignificant compared to the verdict of the gamin, who, from the commanding lamp-post on which he was perched, pronounced that in all his vast experience 'he never did!' After that compliment to my personal appearance I felt so completely reassured that the supercilious eyeglasses in the club windows fell innocuous on my nerves.

It was charming, that perspective of bouquets and grand hammer-cloths on the carriages. An old lady was next to us, and her rouge and pearl powder gazed candidly from under her mouse-skin eyebrows. The red-

haired girls beyond her will be much happier at her age. The test of daylight and white feathers to their doubtful complexions causes them evident uneasiness.

Only two days ago I was in one of those crowded streets between Shore-ditch and the West End—Fleet Street, I dare say—and there, while our progress was stopped by a conglomeration of cabs, omnibuses, and carts, I looked at the wonderful assembly of heads and bonnets, and formed not only for the two-legged, but also for the four-legged of my fellow-creatures, a fate and a past history according to their appearance. To-day in the string in St. James's, moving slowly in the throng, I had the same opportunity of seeing a vast, mixed multitude, and I tried to realize how that these plumed and jewelled beings were fellows to those in the omnibuses—cast in one mould, made of one flesh and blood. The very car-



IT'S NOT 'THE GETTING IN.'

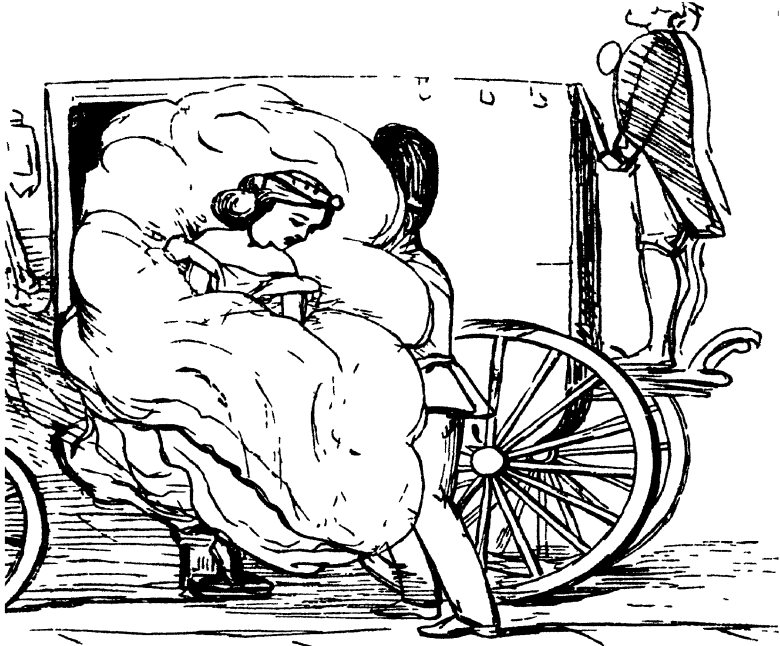
riages that so widely differed to the outward eye proceeding from the same original materials! Plunging into the deepest metaphysical and abstract views of the human race, I insensibly wandered to a speculative calculation as to the amount of tulle in the dress of a 'human being' in blue, and wondering whether that pearl wreath came from Foster's.

Ah! one must get out! How I envied the Queen of Spain! She has 'no legs.' How great a variety must pass before the steadfast eye of that unmoved guardsman at the door! We shuddered along a cold, white-

Going to Court :—How I went.

washed passage up stone steps past a personage in an unbecomingly costly whom the 'Illustrated News' enabled me to recognize as a Beef-eater, and spent twenty minutes in that grievance, 'The Pen.' Getting a seat in the church of a popular preacher on a hot day is bad enough, but trying for a chair in the 'Pen' is worse. One cannot even tip the pew-opener, and one has, in fact, to find space for two gowns instead of one.

The tests by which one's loyalty is tried are very sore. The poor, dear dowagers with the ruthless sunbeams extinguishing their diamonds; the girls standing evidently on their 'second leg,' knowing that another five minutes of such fatigue will tint their noses with the roseate hue that is leaving their cheeks; and here and there a hapless man conscious of his absurd black silk legs and his queue. They looked like the poles for standard roses in a flower-garden, those poor men. Suddenly a sound



BUT IT'S THE 'GETTING OUT.'

announces the admission of part of the victims to a different phase of torture—an active phase.

There can be no more true Briton—no more loyal heart than myself. The outside of St. James's was sacred in my eyes, vested with all the romance that the memory of great deeds could throw over it. 'What will not those rooms say to me,' thought I, 'that have seen such changes?' I believed immensely in those rooms. Why was I so cruelly disappointed? And yet in the melancholy look of regret for bygone glory they might

have satisfied me. They were so dark, so grey, so forlorn—like old bachelors they seemed to me.—‘ Ah! in our day,’ they seem^d to say.—Is it only in fairy tales that kings are surrounded with splendour?

I was still breathless with the rush that carried me through the high, gloomy apartments when I found myself jammed tightly between two other ladies moving, or being moved, towards an open doorway, beyond which instinct told me my fate awaited me. No time to collect my courage, to smooth my ruffled plumes (literally ruffled). Pushing as only fine ladies can push, frowning and dragging as only the British dowagers can, were all around me. A crimson cord kept us in the one track,* from which they well judged we might otherwise have fled precipitately. But beyond our cord I



IN 'THE PEN.'

P' 295.

saw, defiling in an opposite direction through the same room in which we were, those happy ones whose trial was over, and who were going to some paradise beyond where curtsies were unknown. One push more, and I was launched alone on the slippery floor. Dim consciousness of great jack-boots on either side of me, a sense of rustling and sweeping of my train behind me,

* See the Illustration printed separately (p. 344).

something in front of me—no hope of rescue, no possibility of flight—I moved onwards. A voice uttered my name, a voice, I think, belonging to a big stick and an embroidered coat. A gracious royal hand was extended. I bowed over, and touched it, with my lips; to this moment I firmly believe it to have been my gown that made the curtsies, not myself. I, who had intended to have looked not only at the lion, but at the unicorn, saw nothing but a pair of royal, polished boots and the hem of a lace flounce. The dread necessity of walking backwards had scarce dawned upon me when, with a sudden jerk, my train, seized from behind, was flung upon my arm, and I perceived, partly from the countenance of a benign



REST, AND BE THANKFUL.

giant in jack-boots, that I was in calm water. Before me was Mamma smiling with dignified composure, and beyond her a gentle stream of the released trickled down a passage into the great gallery.

Rest, and be thankful. One could breathe now; and how one's courage rose when the danger was over! On the soft, red divans that form the only ornament to the gallery we sank down, and before us passed in pro-

men in those that had preceded us, and those that, following us, had just left the royal presence. Waxen-faced girls in white, the distantes, with swelled, sky faces; haughtily confident beauties in every tint of feather and sounce; brides in their wedding sounces; and such astonishing old ladies! What blazing jewels! what rustling silks! A dressmaker would die of it 'in aromatic pain.' Such dignified old generals! Here a Spanish attaché, olive-tinted, with long, black moustache; there a squat, yellow figure grinning hideously—ambassador from the Loo Zoo Choo Islands; a bronze face, with a scarlet and gold turban, next to a pink and white ensign in the Guards; a young lady with red arms, from the country, beside a warrior so fierce that he *can* only be a volunteer. They dawdle here, and gossip, and look out for notabilities, and criticise a little, and talk a little scandal, and groups form. Gentlemen, gallant, but not loyal, who would not face the crush, but who, from being already presented, may come into the gallery after the 'drawing-room,' saunter in, and say to each other that 'You never *do* see a pretty face now-a-days.' Possibly it is in hope of some day seeing one that they stare so. One more cold stone passage, and then the lovely gowns and their fond wearers step into the carriages, and the drawing-room is over.

How elated, how satisfied, how *superior* I felt when we reached home: how I, ensconced in my arm-chair with a cup of tea and a novel, fought all my battles over again, need not be told. My loyalty, which at the moment of my curtesy trembled on the balance, is now firm as a rock, and Monsieur Cavalier is forgiven.

MY FIRST COURT-SUIT.

A MOMENT more I stay to cast
 'One last fond lingering look behind':
 My watch, I'm *sure*, is somewhat fast,
 (To contradict me were unkind!)
 I know the carriage waits below,
 That John sits solemn, staid, and mute,
 While I am strutting to and fro,
 Delighted with my first Court-suit.

The sword hangs deftly by my side
 —Most elegant of make-believes—
 My cheval-glass reflects with pride
 The matchless grace of skirt and sleeves.
 Ingenious Poole! I ask no more
 Why skill like yours has such repute.
 What other artist could insure
 A fit like this—my first Court-suit?

I feast my eyes on velvet sheen,
 The buttons glitter on my breast,
 No faithful subject of the Queen
 Will go to leave a better dress.
 Those neat *colletes*—them, *silken hose*
Get off the leg—how *delightful*,
 No tress to such advantage shows
 My figure, as a good Court-suit.

cession those that had preceded us, and those that, following us, had just left the royal presence. Waxen-faced girls in white, the *débütantes*, with excited, shy faces; haughtily confident beauties in every tint of feather and flounce; brides in their wedding flounces; and such astonishing old ladies! What blazing jewels! what rustling silks! A dressmaker would die of it 'in aromatic pain.' Such dignified old generals! Here a Spanish *attaché*, olive-tinted, with long, black moustache; there a squat, yellow figure grinning hideously—ambassador from the Loo Zoo Choo Islands; a bronze face, with a scarlet and gold turban, next to a pink and white ensign in the Guards; a young lady with red arms, from the country, beside a warrior so fierce that he *can* only be a volunteer. They dawdle here, and gossip, and look out for notabilities, and criticise a little, and talk a little scandal, and groups form. Gentlemen, gallant, but not loyal, who would not face the crush, but who, from being already presented, may come into the gallery after the 'drawing-room,' saunter in, and say to each other that 'You never *do* see a pretty face now-a-days.' Possibly it is in hope of some day seeing one that they stare so. One more cold stone passage, and then the lovely gowns and their fond wearers step into the carriages, and the drawing-room is over.

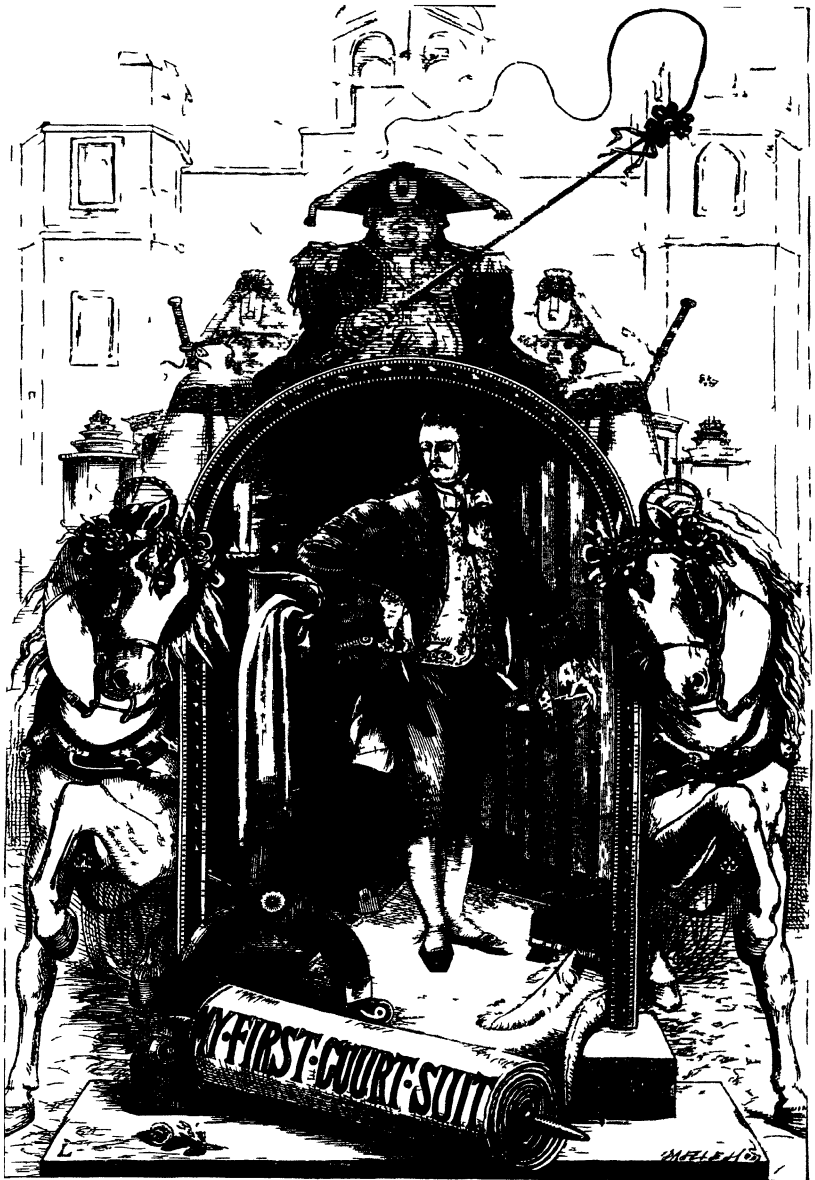
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MY FIRST COURT SUIT.

[see the Narrative.]

They say the clothes assimilate
Too near to those a flunkey wears—
That what we don on *jours de fête*,
Jeanne puts on ev'ry day, downstairs.
And p'raps the idle crowd will laugh,
Or little boys begin to hoot,
And ask me for my photograph
When I step down in my Court-suit.

I'll heed them not the vulgar herd
Was always slow to comprehend
The ways of Fashion 'Twere absurd
To such *canaille* an ear to lend;
Their want of judgment I deplore—
Could footmen claim the attribute
Of gentle blood, although they wore
The duplicates of my Court-suit?

My Lady Lucy drives to-day,
And takes her airing in the Ring;
She'd rather walk, I've heard her say,
But that 'in town 'twas not the thing'
She is the *daurest* girl, and—oh!
What would I give to know the route
Her carriage takes, that I might show
Myself before her in Court-suit!

Beats there a heart more true than mine
To powers that be? Or who will own
Of regal sway more right divine
Than I, when we approach the Throne?
If taste in dress and rich display,
A loyal subject constitute,
Then am I one, at least to-day,
Arrayed in this, my first Court-suit.

I hear the conflict waxes fierce
Within St. James's Presence-room,
That warriors lose their stars and spurs,
And dames their artificial bloom.
I may be hustled too, I fear,
And p'raps return all destitute
Of buttons, lace, and other gear
Which now adorns my first Court-suit!

But stay—the horses paw the ground,
And powdered lacqueys leap behind
Th' emblazoned coach, whose arms were *found*
—Where there are many more to find!
And John, bewigg'd in crisp horse-hair,
Impatient grows to execute
His task of driving me with care
Down Regent Street in my Court-suit.

Away, all recreant thoughts, away!
Roll down the carpet from the door,
I'll bravely bear myself to-day,
If I lacked spirit heretofore.
Who would not loyalty evince
With men of honour, birth, repute,
By waiting on our youthful Prince
In such a charming first Court-suit!

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon ("her") visage; and that all the walls
 With painted imagery had said at once,
 Jesu preserve thee! Welcome!—SHAKESPEARE.

I.

WHAT come these millions forth to see?
 Those ensigns whence that flout the sky?
 This universal jubilee,
 That lifts a nation's voice on high?
 What stars old England's giant mart,
 And thrills it to its inmost core?—
 That welds, as in one mighty heart,
 Wishes and hopes unfelt before?

II.

Is it some hero, conquest-bound,
 Forth-faring with the kingdom's brave?
 Some war-worn chieftain, laurel-crowned,
 Who seeks the land 'twas his to save?
 Or does our widowed Queen, true heart!
 Whose tears must ever fall in vain,
 In some proud pageant bear her part,
 And test her people's love again?

III.

Not so! Yet at her bidding, here,
 Yon surging sea hath poured its tide;
 That deep voice-thunder, cheer on cheer,
 That hails our Prince's Danish Bride!
 A fair-haired girl, of gracious mien,
 Whose charms, at will, all hearts command;
 Well fitted for our future Queen;
 To wed 'the Prince of all the land.'

IV.

For him, our King that is to be,
 What added boon may yet be won,
 What can we ask, or Heaven decree,
 That is not in this hour his own!
 A bright example, that will shed
 Its influence on his onward way;
 A trail of glory o'er his head,*
 A light that cannot lead astray!

* The trail of glory marks the vanished star.—DRYDEN.

v.

A people's love by heritage,
From hearts august that earned it well,
A grand and glorious appanage
As ever monarch's lot befell ;
A fair and virtuous Bride, the choice
Unprompted of his soul's desire :
Can heart conceive, or willing voice
One aspiration more inspire ?

vi.

In loving them we do but pay
Meet homage to the parent tree ;
Our heartfelt welcomes of to-day
But bursts of grateful loyalty,
For boons not all conferred in vain ;
Freedom enjoyed, but not abused ,
And Peace, with blessings in her train,
'Mid rich and poor alike diffused

vii

A tribute, too, these cheers to One
Who all he touched could well adorn ;
Whose ripened judgment propped the throne ;
Whose wisdom scarce the sage might scorn .
Friend of the Arts, to Science dear,
What need recall each cherished claim ;
Why weep upon his honoured bier,
Snatched in the very blaze of fame !

viii

Fair daughter of a Royal Lane,
Loved consort of our future King !
Be every cherished blessing thine
Hope can desire or Fortune bring .
Faith, to thy gentle virtues due,
From Duty's path that ne'er will swerve ;
Stall to the princely motto true,
God and the Land and Thee to 'serve.'

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE,

AND now that the fair Princess has made her joyous progress, not more through the ways of our City, waving proudly with banners, than through the hearts of our people in one flutter of generous excitement—now that she has safely ploughed her way through the billows of the Channel, and through those living waves that heaved and surged around her chariot, on that eventful day when the youthful Prince set off at early dawn to fetch ‘the dear lady to be his bride,’ introducing her on his way to exulting myriads of his future subjects—’tis time to ring the marriage bells—’tis time to follow the happy Princess to that pre-eminently royal castle, every stone of which speaks as a silent witness of ages past, how deep and how broad are laid the strong foundations of that Royal family of England, which that time-honoured fortress stands to welcome from generation to generation within its massive gates

On Tuesday, the 10th of March, 1863, it must be added to our chronicles that the whole people of England voted themselves a holiday—a grand national holiday. The occasion was truly English—truly worthy of a home festival to ‘the sober and industrious and united British family party’—bearing, as they do, a general good character for loving their wives, and children, and finding their chief enjoyment by their own firesides—yes, we are truly a most conjugal set of people. The very sight of a bridecake will draw a cluster around a window, and as to a wedding party coming out of church, white-favoured postilions, or white dresses on a balcony, while the happy pair is starting with the slipper after them, these things, for the thousandth time, we instinctively stop to see

But what has that to do with the present subject? A great deal. You can strike no chord but one already strung—love of king and love of country—feelings connubial as well as loyal, he as so many well-tuned

strings ever pulsing in the nations heart. Thus have we realized the truth that ‘one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.’ The electric spark did not more rapidly flash the news at one o’clock from Windsor through all the fibres of the land, than nature thrilled and throbbled in hearty response throughout the length and breadth of Britain. The great, the happy day was known and looked for wide as the British race are scattered in quest of their daily bread: whether amidst the snows of Canada or under the sultry tents of our Indian Empire, in the valleys of the Cape as in the gold fields of Australasia—ay, and amidst the sea-girt isles, and with many a sea-borne crew, cradled in the furrows of the deep, the Prince and his Princess were, doubtless, the burthen of the tale, and the day remembered with many a genial and social glass

It is this unity of feeling that makes the occasion great and grand; for there was a breadth and a grandeur in the throng—in that host of defenders, ‘good men and true,’ all the mightier because unarmed—who lined the roads and filled the windows, and formed black clusters on the house-tops to welcome virtue as well as beauty, with that never-to-be-forgotten and exulting acclamation, when strong men trembled as they cheered, yearning towards the Princess as a sister or a daughter, while they bespoke their allegiance to their Queen. Therefore much as we delight in what we have now to describe as the splendid pageantry of St. George’s Chapel, waving plumes and flowing robes, and sparkling tiaras of priceless diamonds; all these must pale as secondary fires before the greater phenomena of a world-wide race, owning liberty in allegiance, and starred on one day by one common feeling, and moved by one common impulse, from pole to pole

Comparisons have been drawn between the excitement of the present, and the calmer tone of former

demonstrations; but it is obvious that if our preparations were the measure of our love, it could not have been to one as yet unseen, but rather as evincing sympathy with our Sovereign no less in her weal than in her woe. Still, when one we believed no less our Sovereign's than our Prince's choice, did meet the nation's eye—added to a feeling of interest and romance as for a youthful stranger in a strange land, it needed but one glance to insure to feelings thus varied and commingled so enthusiastic an expression as, we freely acknowledge, was rarely raised before.

Even the staid, old-fashioned City men forgot for the nonce the world of scrip and omnium, and warmed into a semi-sentimental summer such as had never bubbled under those civic robes. Yes, young and old, all sorts and conditions, caught the general fire—no dry Palmerston affair of state, but a true love-match—so there was a very panic of applause.

'And never were heard such accents wild,
As welcomed to earth the Ocean child.'

Many a lady fair on Monday night and many a waiting-woman lay down to sleep—if sleep they could—with floating visions of feathers and finery, and all the might of millinery, forming a gorgeous picture as painted in Turner's waking dreams, with a moving panorama through the brain. At least, we can testify that as early as half-past eight on Tuesday morning, while boys were rushing about with daily newspapers and 'correct accounts,' and when others were crying, 'Framed and glazed, here's the Prince and Princess both for a penny,' the platform at Paddington seemed to tell all of a sudden of a levelling revolution in our social state. Lords and ladies in magnificent attire seemed to be esquired by corduroy and fustian, while waving plumes and travelling caps, silk and satin and railway rugs, seemed for the moment on most friendly terms; and as flowing robes and heraldic trappings rushed backwards and forwards to 'take their seats,' there was a general suspense of all these feelings which usually forbid trucks and

servicing men and 'unmannerly' creatures, 'to pass betwixt the wind and their nobility.' There was Garter King at Arms, with his much-stared-at suite of heralds, who, some simple swain suggested, 'seemed ordered for the theatricals from the Haymarket Theatre,' and, in sombre contrast, crowded on the choristers of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Even the ends of the earth appeared brought together in all the diversity of strange costume. for Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was there, with robes, sown broadcast with precious stones, and emblazoned with no crosses or familiar devices, but embroidered with all the winged creatures of the East.

Filled with such unwonted company, train after train cleared away. Lucky indeed it was that no dreadful catastrophe in the programme of fate had been arranged to come off that day for, as to the 10.40 A.M. *Special*—hear this, ghosts from the field of Runnymede (now let or to be let for building ground), had it not carried its precious freight in safety!—what with the lord mayor and mayoress and sheriffs, the lord chamberlain, peers and ministers—it had made a fearful gap in nature, and half the Red Book and the Peerage must have been writ anew.

Arrived at the Windsor station, however, we found that the large soul of one resident director, unshackled by the narrow bounds of Great Western dividends, and well supported both by the generosity and the geraniums of Mr Turner of the royal nursery, formed a very 'bower of roses,' for the visitors of his Sovereign, and thus 'the winter' of Paddington 'becomes glorious summer' down at Slough. The very seasons seemed changed by the bon-doir of blossoms and the exquisite display of floral wealth that here seemed worthy of the robes of the fair Peeresses who lightly tripped between.

The passage of noble personages, the countenances of many of whom were well known to the crowd, excited visible interest, and this was greatly increased shortly afterwards upon the approach of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, with colours

flying, headed by their bands, ¹ing lively airs, on their way to ¹appointed positions within the Castle precincts.

The noble visitors were immediately conveyed in the Queen's carriages to the Castle or to St. George's Chapel, as their invitations directed. Those were fortunate who had the use of these royal carriages, for the horse and cab power of Windsor was altogether so unequal to the press of noble company, that every bony Rosinante, with hips staring through his hide, and many a vehicle that might have been doing service as a hen-roost, created no little merriment among the spectators in the stands, who could not but contrast the poverty of the equipage with the splendour of the lords and ladies but too happy in some instances—Lord and Lady Palmerston being in as great difficulties as any—to ride in anything at all.

Still Windsor did its best that day. From an early hour that royal town was all astir. Excited streams of well-dressed company began to show their cards of admission on Park-hill before ten o'clock, and at half-past ten there was a press of people, requiring all the exertions of the Coldstream Guards, Horse Guards, and police, to keep an unbroken line. The difficulties of the situation were increased as vehicles which had set down their company at the Royal Chapel came rattling down the hill—the lines of spectators closing after each carriage passed. Lines of galleries, extending from the private grounds in front of Windsor Castle to the Iron Gates, were filled with spectators, joined, about eleven o'clock, by the Etonians. The line below the Iron Gates to the entrance to the Castle Yard was kept by the Royal Berkshire Volunteers

As half-past eleven o'clock approached, all eyes turned towards the state entrance through which the royal carriages were expected. And soon we were to be more than gratified. Meanwhile we cast our eyes on the massive architecture of that royal residence, so overwhelming in its memories of olden time, while every avenue disclosed a heav-

ing mass, in which, with gay dresses and glowing uniforms, we seemed to look down on a *parterre* of varied but harmonious colours. We could not but feel that not a few among these Eton boys—mere children, for the greater part—were destined some day to order and to marshal similar royal celebrations; while the scholars of the Queen's own school, the boys in their new suits of grey, and the girls in brightest 'Red-Ridinghood' cloaks, beaming with happiness, were ranged ready—most happy the idea—to be the first to greet, with their shrill, joyous little pipes, the Prince and the Princess, as they left the Castle for the Chapel.

We call attention to this touching incident, and trust all Europe may take a lesson, as we record the fact, that in the moments of their most exulting celebrations, not last, in the thoughts of the royal family of England, is the happiness or the homage of our village schools.

A little before, two or three figures caught the eye, which showed that our curiosity as spectators was shared even by the principal performers in the spectacle to follow. Prince Christian, the father of the bride, and the Duke of Cambridge had strolled out in their undress to catch a sight of what was gathering around the Castle walls. The sight, we trust, they could not but enjoy. For, on the towers and turrets of the fine old Castle, on the ramparts which surround the venerable pile, over gateways, from windows, and from tall roofs, from every point which afforded a view of the line of procession, the eyes of countless spectators peered expectantly awaiting for the first blast of the trumpet to herald the approach of the royal party.

At half-past eleven the silver trumpets rang out at the grand entrance to the Castle, and instantly a chorus of childish voices from the children came mingling with the distant peals of the wedding bells, the blare of trumpets, and the familiar sounds of the National Anthem. Immediately after, a captain's escort of Life Guards was seen to emerge from the grand entrance

to the Castle, and close behind them came carriage after carriage with the royal state liveries, conveying the guests of her Majesty who had been invited to the Castle. The first three carriages were filled with equerries and gentlemen, and ladies in attendance on the royal guests. In the fourth carriage the Maharajah Dhu-leep Singh was observed, glittering in jewels, and wearing the Ribbon and Order of the Star of India. The Princesses Dagmar and Thyra were recognized by many of the persons present, as was also the Princess Christian, the mother of the bride.

I This procession, the first, was the *procession of her Majesty's guests* and gentlemen or ladies in attendance. Some one exclaimed, 'Well done, Act the First' Scene the First, admirable!' It served to whet our curiosity still more, as the royal carriages—very much as in some other weddings, where the guests outweigh the carriage-power—having set down, returned for more of the magnates of the land.

II. The next was the *procession of the royal family and household*—eleven carriages. the last four contained all the royal family present on that occasion. By the cheering, the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary seemed great favourites, though scarcely less hearty was the reception of the Princesses Helen and Louise. Prince Leopold and Arthur, in Highland costume, had a good cheer, which they acknowledged with the graceful simplicity of two young gentlemen of high estate. The Princess of Prussia, in the last carriage, looked remarkably pleasant and happy as she bowed to the many who warmly greeted her.

III. For the *procession of the bridegroom* we are now impatient; a quarter of an hour passed slowly away, the bands struck up the National Anthem, the children cheered, and still the bells clanged on in their merry peal, and six carriages of equerries, lords, and officers of the household, passed but little heeded; all eyes were directed to the last, with two footmen in gold lace and gorgeous hats. The Prince looked a noble and a gallant bridegroom,

bowing right and left repeatedly to the applause which accompanied him on his way. On arriving at the west entrance of St. George's Chapel the guard of honour saluted, and the bridegroom was conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to his allotted place in the chapel. The procession of the bridegroom was made up of six carriages. His supporters being his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia.

IV. Not yet was expectation at an end, but yet more rife for the enchanting bride. Another quarter of an hour passed away, and all eyes were directed to the noble archway. With the same escort as before came the *procession of the bride*, the Princess Alexandra, with the Duke of Cambridge and her father, Prince Christian of Denmark, being in the last of the carriages. If the bride had just the slightest tinge of pensiveness, her features were still radiant. The white veil falling gracefully from her head, the wedding wreath that sat with such becoming grace upon her fine, full forehead, served to make up a picture of one of the most charming of brides, and as the Princess passed before the gaze of enraptured spectators, more than one was reminded of Burke's eloquent description of the beautiful Queen of France—'Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. I thought ten thousand swords would leap to their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.'

The glasses of the carriage were up as it passed through the gates, but the Duke of Cambridge, after leaning forward as if to ask her permission, let them down that she might be seen the better.

So much for the spectacle without. In order to conduct the wedding in the Chapel Royal, and for the Lord Chamberlain to marshal

The Royal Marriage.

the processions, the Board of Works built a large Gothic hall, opening out of the west door of the chapel, surrounded by apartments.

Facing the chapel, the two rooms upon the right were assigned to the bridegroom; those to the left to the bride. The appearance of the central room was that of a banqueting hall of a baronial mansion.

But first the visitors with tickets were received courteously and arranged by Lord Sydney or the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, and many of the most distinguished families in the empire were thus represented at the royal marriage. Great curiosity evidently prevailed about the Reception Hall behind the mysterious curtain, a drapery of silk and gold. More than once some fairy-like figure came floating down the nave to see the apartments that lie beyond before the bride and bridegroom arrive. Sometimes a more stately lady sauls away on the same excursion, esquired by the ever-courteous chamberlains. In this manner there is no lack of moving objects in the nave before the Beef-eaters—it is in vain to insist on any other name—moving from the chapel end of the nave, are posted in a line, one by each pillar, to mark the course of the processions, and indicate the beginning of the ceremonial.

All this time are seen filing in singly or in groups the invited guests of the Queen and the dignitaries whose rank claims posts of honour. But more especially must we note one who came with infirm but measured step, the well-known figure seen so often for many long years,—one who fought in the famous fields of half a century since, and fighting still against the inroads of time, laden with honours as with years—Vicount Combermere. This fine old soldier, of the days of Wellington, carried our memory back to him, so many years the centre figure in pictures like the present. But ere we can follow out such trains of thought, on a sudden are heard from the world without the dulled bars of 'God Save the Queen,' and as they are yet sounding nearer and nearer the purple curtain is

drawn back, and there enters the nave the procession of the royal guests, amongst whom the most striking and picturesque by far was his Highness the Maharajah Dhu-leep Singh, descendant of the Lion of Lahore. He moved resplendent with cloth of golden tissue with curious devices. The costume of the East formed a strange contrast with uniforms and ladies' dresses. Amongst the crowd of notables now we observed the Royal Academician, Mr W. P. Frith, in full court costume, who had a seat allotted to him on the south side of the altar immediately behind the foreign royal personages on the *haut pas*, from which position we presume it is designed that he should plan the sketch of the royal picture of the wedding, commanded by the Queen.

But not least interesting in this procession was the Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, who fought in our ranks at Inkermann, not far removed from whom came Colonel Seymour, who stood near at hand in that terrible press of men. They all passed in to the chapel—a blaze of Danish, and Prussian, and Belgian, and German green and blue, picked out with English scarlet. It was now just twelve o'clock, when once more the same purple curtain was thrown open, the trumpets blared forth a silvery peal to the roll of drums, and facing to the chapel, two and two, followed by pursuivants and heralds in tabards of office, covered with golden devices, marched slowly towards the chapel entrance up the nave, the second great procession—the Royal Family and the Queen's Household.

The effect of this procession, slow in movement, bright in colour, and greatly resplendent, was very beautiful. But there was something more—something which gold, and jewels, and rich attire can never give. The pulse of the spectators beat more quickly and softly, too, as they see the children of the House endeared to the nation by the virtues of the Queen and the memory of the departed Prince.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge, who was the first of the royal per-



Drawn by Kenny Meadows

THE SEA KING'S DAUGHTER: A BRIDAL GRIFLING.

This procession, appeared in the advantage. But very great to great advantage created by the humor interest of the royal family, the members of Beatrice, Louisa, and Princesses, and the Princes Leopold Helena, and the two latter, as they walked along hand in hand in their unique Highland costume. The

Louis of Hesse, most familiarly as the 'Princess Alice,' was expected and pointed out, not less interest was created by the entrance of the Crown Princess of Prussia, leading her little son by the hand. This pretty little fellow, dragging back and looking round as children do, quite broke the spell—no matter—and added a homely, family touch that brought imagination back to mortal things. Shall we whisper to the matrons of England a fact, which we happen to know—this sturdy young 'Pickle' made his royal and genial-hearted mother dreadfully afraid that 'he would not be good.'

As the trumpeters reach the choir, blowing lustily the exultant strains, they pass to the right and left, and Beethoven's Triumphant March heralds the arrival of the procession in the choir. A few moments elapse, when Lord Sydney, preceded by the drums, returns to the closed curtain at the end of the nave, and soon after twelve o'clock appeared the procession of the Bridegroom.

His Royal Highness, with the mantle of the Garter thrown over his uniform, bears himself, as all would wish him, with cheerful heart and princely carriage, returning with gentle looks and inclinations the heartfelt reverence that greeted him on either side. Thus onwards he moves—may the vision be realized!—the nearest semblance of the gorgeous dreams in Arabian tale which our more sober views of the changes and chances of this mortal life will allow us to portray.

Already, as the bridegroom's procession was in the chapel, the gray pillars and stone-work of which by this time is so far relieved by broken lines and varied colours, that we were more than ever thankful that

haberdashers ecclesiastical had not been allowed to profane those holy walls: the drums and trumpets that heralded the approach had for a moment ceased. 'Now for that dear Princess!' was whispered intensely but 'with bated breath,' and the march from 'Athalia' renews the joyous strain. The curtain has closed again, as if securely to give full effect to the last great act in this inspiring drama, when—for real life never wants some mundane incident—three or four gentlemen emerge from beneath the curtain, with just such stands and brass-fitted boxes as in early railway days were the usual premonitory symptoms that a ruthless line was projected to cut up some testy gentleman's estate. Let us hope that art, so much encouraged by our royal family, has done its best to extend a bird's-eye view beyond the lines of time and space.

However, this breaks the spell of too trying a suspense, till, at half-past twelve o'clock, the heraldic strains resound again, and the curtain, rising for the fourth time, admits the procession of the bride. As the programme of the various processions is published everywhere, we need not repeat it here. But three persons excited the liveliest interest—the Princess Christian, the mother of the youthful bride, and her two daughters, the Princesses Dagmar and Thyra, the younger being apparently about ten years of age. These princesses are both remarkably handsome, and the elder bears a strong resemblance to her sister, the Princess Alexandra. But it was on the royal mother that attention chiefly centred, and not without some feelings of surprise. The Princess Christian looks far more like the sister than the mother of the bride. Her beauty, style, and exquisite costume riveted every eye. In magnificence of costume the Princess Christian was second to none in the entire ceremonial. As the long train, sweeping down the nave, was borne behind the Princess Christian, it was impossible to help feeling that a right royal and truly lovely woman was there—independently of her being an object of such

strong interest as Mother of the Bride.

This was a most trying moment for the Prince. Yes, yes, his dream of joy is true—no envious fate—such fears will mingle with hopes of *too great* happiness—has scattered this fond vision of the heart. She comes! While the Prince turns, looking to his bride, impatient of other incidents, all eyes converge to her—she advances in the midst of the brilliant train, supported by Prince Christian of Denmark and the Duke of Cambridge, the former in military uniform, the latter in the dress of a Field Marshal, worn under his robes as a Knight of the Garter. The Princess looked as beautiful as she did on Saturday—as to her hair we never saw the like—it needs no aid of diamonds as to her manner, if there was evident a little nervous agitation, with eyes cast down, as if fearing to trust herself to look around amidst the sudden blaze of a scene so overpowering to every tender heart, that dear young creature's was not the only heart that beat, other eyes than hers would fill with tears, and other bouquets were sternly clutched, as if to deny the weakness of those far older hands that bore them.

Having joined many hands on such occasions, and witnessed the sudden flood of feeling that takes even strong men as by storm—although in private life without the charms of music and the conscious presence of so many sympathizing souls to induce a melting mood—we more than once that morning thought—'They are both so young, how will they bear it all!' However, nothing could be better—their nerve and self-possession speak well for the composure so desirable in royal life. The dress, of ample but not inordinate dimensions, was of white tulle over white silk, richly decked with orange blossoms; a wreath of the same pretty components encircled her head and mingled with her soft brown hair, which was not so entirely *coiffée à la Chinoise* as on Saturday, but had sufficient *abandon* given to it to permit one of those long pendant curls to fall upon her neck. For ornament she wore the

superb *parure* of pearls, diamonds presented to her and the Prince—Her train, when by the great length, was of which was of was borne by the eight noble ladies, and her bridesmaids—the Lady Blanche Scott, the Lady Eliza B. Victoria Lady Emily Villiers, the Lady Anne, the Lady Wellesley, the Lady Feo-Beauclerc, the Lady Victoria R. Diana the Lady Augusta Yorke, and Lady Eleanor Hare. A varied suite of officers, chamberlains, and laquais of honour closed the bride's *pro-*

On arriving at the choir, as the bride entered, Handel's march from 'Joseph' was performed in the orchestra. Her Royal Highness was conducted to her place on the *haut pas* by the lord chamberlain—that is to say, on the side under the royal pew. She made the same obeisance to the Queen, and the same devotional reverence to the altar as the bridegroom and others of the family had done. To him she dropped a curtsy of infinite and exquisite grace, to which he bowed response.

And now, while the Royal Bride and Bridegroom remained standing, about a foot apart, before the communion table in the usual form, and Handel's march from *Joseph*, which had been played at entering, had ceased, slowly and solemnly broke out the solemn words of the chorale—

'This day, with joyful heart and voice,
To Heav'n be raised a nation's prayer
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair

So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days,
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways.'

If we simply say that the exquisite music of this chant was composed by the late Prince Consort, and the voice of the Swedish nightingale mingled in the choir—for Madame Goldschmidt Lind was there!—we need say not a word as to the touching memories of that thrilling moment.

And here we will briefly mention that—as all England by this time knows—in a cabinet high above the

heads of the company, neither unseen nor prominent, sat the Queen. Desiring to be private, her Majesty, however others are pleased to write, will not be drawn from her retirement by any word of ours. We agree with Tacitus, it is a cruel state of things indeed 'when even our very sighs' (in this case he would have said 'glances of affection'—a mother's yearnings in the most interesting moments of her children's fortune) 'are all numbered.'

But, reverse as we will the sanctity of private feeling, there are moments so inviting to meditation that it were difficult to be wholly silent. There, 'from the loophole of her retreat,' commanding a view of all her family, and all the noblest of the land assembled to do them honour, it was doubtless with subdued and sober feelings that her Majesty looked fondly down on this heart-stirring crisis in the life and fortunes of her first-born son. Yet it seems to us but as yesterday that we greeted the same auspicious dawn of connubial life for the parent which now is opening on the child. Such things 'are no flatterers, but feelingly remind us what we are.' The very sight of our widowed Queen, sitting in her sable robes high above all that happy company, seemed to throw over 'all the pomp of heraldry and pride of power' something of a hard and chastened light—The human heart in every age has owned an instinctive distrust of over-much prosperity as too giddy a height for mortal man, and we were forcibly reminded, as of some warning prophetic in Grecian story, pointing through all the gorgeous visions of the hour with silent but admonitory finger, to a darker state ever looming in the distance, and virtually saying to the youthful bridegroom at the very crisis of his happiness.

'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth

'Live joyfully with thy wife whom thou lovest all the days of thy life'—'for that is thy portion in this life'—'but know this, that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment.'

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop

of Winchester, the Bishop of Chester, and the Dean of Windsor, with the canons and minor canons of Windsor, stood within the communion rails. The archbishop then, in a clear, sonorous, and distinct voice, read the quaint old formula—

'I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that as many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful.'

Of course his Grace did not wait very long for any one to forbid the rite, but proceeded

'Albert Edward, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?'

The service requiring 'the man' to answer 'I will,' the Prince responded, the newspapers say, in a very low but audible voice. Of course if audible to the minister, no one ever tries to do more, least of all do ladies say 'I will' quite in the same tone as a parish clerk's 'Amen.'

Turning to her Royal Highness, his Grace said.

'Alexandra Caroline Mary, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?'

Her Royal Highness responded in due form, 'I will,' audible enough to those around her.

His Grace proceeded:

'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?'

The Prince and Princess plighted their troth to each other in the

usual manner; her Royal Highness being given away by her father. His Royal Highness took his bride by the right hand, and repeated after the Archbishop.

‘I, Albert Edward, take thee, Alexandra Caroline Mary, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God’s holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth.’

They then loosed their hands, and the bride taking the bridegroom’s right hand in hers, softly and modestly repeated after the Archbishop’s more emphatic delivery

‘I, Alexandra Carolina Mary take thee, Albert Edward, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God’s holy ordinance, and thereto I give thee my troth.’

The Royal hands were again loosed, and then the bridegroom, putting the ring on the bride’s finger, repeated after the Archbishop

‘With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.’

The bride and bridegroom now knelt down, after which the Archbishop joined their hands with the usual solemn words, but when his Grace, after the customary form, had said ‘I proclaim that they be man and wife together in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,’ and when he had at once to proceed with that benediction—the most touching form of words, and the most overpowering to the minister in all the Liturgy—words that very few clergymen can pronounce over those dear to them, without emotion, which an elevated voice invariably betrays, it was evident that to preserve unbroken tones in his clear delivery tried the primate very hard. The 67th Psalm was chanted at the end of the blessing, and at the conclu-

sion of the service the chorus from the ‘Mount of Olives’ was sung.

The united procession of the bride and bridegroom was now formed, and the young PRINCESS OF WALES, leaning on the arm of her husband, and proudly conducted by him, was led through the choir, the trumpets sounding through the nave, where the curtains dropped for the last time on in this imperial pageant.

At length, too, the shrill bray of the silver trumpets spoke, the cannons sounded, and bells rung, and it was known far and wide that Albert Edward and Alexandra were one. The echoes thundered about the old castle and the far meadows beyond, and immediately flashed along the telegraph the happy news, which, at that moment, hundreds of clerks at different stations were waiting to pass on as a signal for firing cannons or for ringing bells in every part of England.

Some little time after the booming of the artillery had proclaimed the termination of the marriage rite, the bride and bridegroom came forth on their return to the state apartments of the Castle, where her Majesty had kindly returned, ready to give the first greeting to the now Princess of Wales, known to be no less dear as a daughter than as a bride.

Though graciously permitted to see and to hear thus much, all now are affairs of private life, into which it were a bad return indeed too curiously to pry.

After all that has been argued, the chapel of St George has nobly vindicated its own high claims, as also the natural decision of the Queen—natural, most natural. For, at St James’s, how could the present nuptial scene fail to dissolve into another that memory would fondly conjure up! And as to Westminster Abbey or St Paul’s, London is not England, and at all times—to say nothing of the City Progress as an equivalent—of royal sights and celebrations it has a very large share. Neither can we regret that the loyalty so generously expressed throughout England does not remain to be qualified by any application to Parliament for one of those

enormous grants, more easy far to reconcile over a Lord Mayor's feast, than if even the most enlarged philosophy were consulted over a hard crust and cold water in a Lancashire garret at the present hour.

Yes, the venerable chapel of St George, 'rich with the spoils of time,' speaks both to the eye and to the heart, with many a mediæval scroll, and many an association of olden time. Moreover, with all the palaces and casual resting-places of England, Windsor Castle is undoubtedly the royal *home*. Every traveller who spies the far-off flag feels instinctively, There they are, and there they ought to be. Windsor is the domestic sanctuary of our Royal Family, and, more than any other spot, the cradle and—the grave. And wholly unlike a coronation, a family wedding, for the prince as for the peasant, is pre-eminently a private and a home affair. People in high state, said Bacon, 'are thrice servants.' They are limited in the sphere of their affections, in the places of their residence, in their pursuits, and, above all, in their pleasures and their privacy—ay, even beyond the humblest of their subjects. In things as indifferent, and as sacred from all intrusion, therefore, as a wedding is jealously held to be in every English family—it were hard indeed to question a mother's choice, and more than ever do we rejoice that so near *home* was held this festive gathering of the noblest in the land. The chapel itself, with its storied banners and heraldic brasses, its rich tracery and painted windows, throwing 'a dim religious light,' its fluted shafts of grey antiquity, its time-discoloured marbles and effigies that body forth departed greatness—all combine to carry back the memory to days of knightly prowess and of feudal honours. Imagination also pictures beneath the rich emblazoned banners, pendant from that lofty roof, a long array of priests and bishops, in Roman Catholic times, with stoles and copes, mitres and croziers, who, if we could but see them, would contrast very strangely

with the primate and the bishops now called together. When we also consider that the same chapel is also the consistory of the famous Order of the Garter, of which the bridegroom is a Knight, as also are no small number of those distinguished warriors and statesmen who stood around him—there certainly was wanting no single element that could adapt this sacred place to the occasion which it was designed to serve.

But our happiest holidays must have an end. We must plunge once more into the busy cares of daily life. But what though our loyal pendants cease to flutter, and the merry steeple-music is heard no more—what though acres of scarlet and of crimson are busily stripped and disappear, and whole forests of rough-hewn timber carted off for meaner uses—all is not passed away. The loyalty and affection, of which these things were the mere emblem and expression, still live in the hearts of those who filled the air with their cheers, and lined miles of streets with joyous and exulting life. Such national celebrations are no useless pageants. Loyalty fails before mere abstractions, such as thrones, and sceptres and regal terms. Man must have living, loving persons.

It is not among the least of our blessings in this free and happy land that our allegiance reposes in a pure and virtuous family, who have already scattered to the winds all the old belief in Court corruption, showing forth good homely and domestic virtues, and all the charities that add a charm to private life. It is no slight thing that the Royal members of this family are familiar to us all, traced up from the cradle to riper years—that we feel a lively interest in every one, whether as sons, daughters, husbands, wives, or little children. The Princess Alexandra is now added to our Royal circle, and will find in the greetings of the last few days an earnest that the large sympathies of England can embrace them one and all.

THE ROSE OF DENMARK.

I.

HAIL to the Rose of Denmark!
 The horsemen clear the street;
 The crowds divide, on either side,
 Before the chargers' feet.
 The breezes of the North Sea
 Have wafted us a gem,
 To set within the circle
 Of England's diadem.

II.

Fair Pearl of Scandinavia!
 Child of the hardy North!
 Sprung from the mighty Sea-Kings,
 In bridal state shine forth!
 The sea-girt isles have claimed thee
 With outward pomp and pride,
 The nobles and the people,
 Have rallied round the Bride

The flower of England's beauty
 Has thronged the crowded way,
 And flags and hanging garlands
 Enriched for miles the way
 The hoarse voice of the million
 Has thundered forth 'She comes!'
 With a mighty shout of welcome,
 And the martial roll of drums.

IV.

And calm amid the clamour,
 Like one of high degree,
 She smiled upon the people
 Who thronged and crushed to see;
 While loud the sound of joy bells,
 And loud the cannon's roar,
 Gave to the Rose of Denmark
 A welcome to our shore.

V.

Long may it bloom and flourish,
 Engrafted on the tree,
 Of the noble stock of England,
 And England's chivalry;
 Shedding a double fragrance
 On loyal hearts and brave,
 That round the throne, will hold their
 own
 For glory on the grave.

VI.

Hail! to the new-made daughter
 Of our dear Island Queen
 The noblest crown, that sheds renown,
 On loyal realms I ween!
 A daughter of *His* choosing,
 The bride of *His* first son,
 Who passed away, ere yet the day
 Of his great race was done.

VII.

Hail to that 'silent Father!'
 Hail calm majestic shade!
 Of Him whose might was God and
 right,
 Whose laurels never fade
 Hail to the Princely Bridegroom
 Of royal sire the son,
 And let the cheer, proclaim how dear
 The love that he has won.

VIII.

God bless the Prince, and Princess!
 The simple words of home
 Are ever sweet, to those who meet,
 And sweet to those who roam.
 God bless the Bride, and Bridegroom,
 The young and gracious pair,
 The Rose, and Pearl of chivalry,
 The noble and the fair!

IX.

God bless our 'Sovereign Lady!'
 And send her strength to bear
 The tide of thought, which joy has
 wrought,
 Of happier days that were
 God bless our Queen in sorrow!
 And plant around her throne
 The sapling shoots, of the noble roots •
 Which she can call her own.

X.

God bless her loyal people!
 And prosper the calm sway,
 That wins the love, all price above,
 Which we have seen to-day
 God bless and prosper England!
 Land of the brave and free!
 And hold the right, and spread the
 might
 Of the Empress of the Sea!

March 10th, 1863.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.



THE 'thundering cheer of the street' which welcomed the arrival in the heart of England of the young Princess around whom so many bright anticipations have gathered, was a tribute paid in all honest heartiness to her pure youthful face and the bright, genial smile with which she broke upon the crowd on that dim noon when the mystery of the London population was briefly revealed. It was easy then for the thoughtful wayfarer to see 'where all the people came from.' Every lane and alley in this great, grim wilderness of bricks and mortar sent its separate crowd to swell the living mass. Empty houses, deserted by their inmates, had yet been marked by some decoration to commemorate the day, and even obscure nooks and corners, where the tax gatherer had ceased to call, and the water supply had been cut off long ago, seemed to put forth some artificial flower of promise, and to

boast of a wreath, a coloured lamp, or some such trifle, as a sign that even there the tide of loyalty had cast up some shreds of sentiment.

It was not to see the promised decorations that this great, earnest assembly filled the central streets. At the triumphal arches, wreaths, mottoes, and emblems, they had looked their fill on the previous day, had watched them through a great part of the night, and had come forth in the misty, uncertain twilight, to find them still unfinished and shrouded with planks and scaffolding. It was only at certain points that any ceremonials were expected, and the procession itself was to be one of the plainest ever devised for the honour of royalty; yet the people stood patiently, and full of loving interest, for a sight of the destined bride — themselves the grandest pageant of a great kingdom. There was expressed in this not only tender interest for that

'Rose of Denmark' (welcomed under that name in a hundred floral inscriptions) who was that day entwined amidst our own royal flowers, but hope for the Prince, deep and faithful loyalty to the Queen, who has made household virtue a queenly attribute, stirred the current of the popular emotion, and spoke in the earnest and almost familiar welcome which rung in one unbroken peal from those living walls. To the care of that trusted Queen they might well leave the purest and the best of all womanhood, and so they sped the royal bride upon her way to a home where she would find hearts tender and true as those she left behind.

With the solemn ceremonies on the following Tuesday the people had little personally to do. The national sentiment suffered nothing by this, but the national demonstration took the form of rejoicing, and the decorations being by this time completed, 'all the world and his wife' prepared to illuminate those streets in which there had been so much previous hammering, and gilding, and planking. In the front of every public building, serpentine coils of metal tubing, wound into elaborate patterns, round every public space, wonderful pictures were developed into transparent allegories, and at every street corner stars of every magnitude blazed at uncertain intervals. All day, even from early morning, the streets were thronged by timid people, who had resolved not to dare the dangers of the night—many of whom, by the way, stayed out all night, as being unable to reach home through the throng—by impatient people, who didn't see the use of waiting, and curious people, who went 'to have a look round and see how things were getting on.' Long before noon even the most sanguine had given up all hopes of obtaining a vehicle, everything that ran upon wheels was hurrying homewards, omnibuses crowded with irregular passengers ceased to ply, and a confused jumble of vehicles filled the thoroughfares where the foot passengers had already begun to linger expectantly for the setting in of dark.

There had been a lingering doubt in the public mind respecting the truth of the report that 'the authorities' had forbidden the passage of vehicles through the streets. It may be suggested that much inconvenience would have been avoided if those same 'authorities' had published, a day or two beforehand, a few regulations respecting the course to be taken by drivers, and those streets through which they would be allowed to proceed only in one direction. At all events the doubtful issue of events had the effect of stimulating the public sagacity, and in order to be on the safe side, everybody who could hire anything to run behind a horse straightway lured, to the great advantage of all the green-grocers and carmen in general, and the Omnibus Company in particular.

The owners of snug broughams or dashing chariots, anticipating a crush likely to endanger wheels and panels, quietly booked places in any large vehicle which happened to be starting from their neighbourhood, or joined in chartering an omnibus or two-horse van, or even a coal-wagon swept and garnished with Windsor chairs for the occasion. In the yards of suburban livery stables mysterious conveyances long disused, and left to rot and moulder in fusty sheds, underwent some renovating process, and were drawn, creaking dismally, into the roadway. Cabmen, entreated to forego the occasion for the convenience of some regular customer bound to a distant railway station, 'split the difference,' and performed a six-mile journey at the reasonable rate of 'one pun five'. Smart vans, gay with flags and flowers, waited for their early freight in retired back streets, where certain large stone bottles were handed in tenderly. Fast omnibuses, filled inside and out with fair passengers, and with comfortable-looking hampers stowed under the seats, drew up at suburban taverns, where the conductors, well protected about the legs, and the steady brilliant gas star shining on the fresh young faces, almost realized the delightful illusion of the mad gentleman in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' who declared,

in his rapture at the arrival of Miss La Creevy, that all was 'gas and gaiters.' In all the main roads leading from suburban to central London, the roar of wheels increases, and four abreast in the carriage-way a host of vehicles seems tossed-together in one tumultuous sea, while outside passengers look wistfully before them to find an outlet, or behind them, in the vain hope of turning back.

Great railway vans, from Pickford's and other carriers—now for the first time popular—threaten to crush the slight carts filled with women and children, and driven by sharp costermongers, who 'cut in' at every opportunity. Coal-waggon's clearing the way for rickety street cabs, brewers' grain carts, distillers' waggon's, coaches (with bands of music and amateur drums), flys, open carriages,—all these, and a score of others, are represented in the four or five great armies which are bearing down upon the City and the 'West End.'

'Only a lurch an hour,' though, as some of the drivers remark, with the consolatory addition that they 'must get there in time.' Already there have been a few applications to baskets and bottles, and the utmost good-humour prevails, hope being kept alive by an occasional move. Meanwhile the pavements are by no means overcrowded, and early foot passengers coming easily from the illuminations, speak of hopeless blocking of carriages in Bishopsgate, the utter impassability of the Borough, the entire failure of any attempt to reach Charing Cross by way of Pimlico, and the probability of every vehicle remaining in its present position until daybreak. These, with the facetious inquiry as to the supply of nightgowns, serve to break the monotony of waiting, and there is evidently a general determination to make the best of a bad bargain. It may not be out of place to state here that there was amongst all the people a wonderful amount of mutual good-humour and forbearance, and few attempts to take any mean advantage, or to disregard the rights and safety of others. The present writer, who has had the

good or ill fortune to mingle in many great crowds, and has, he modestly believes, learnt to read many of the great mysteries of the London streets, observed too (with a thankful heart) that amidst all those great concourses of people who waited so patiently, even in dark and dismal streets, there was seldom heard a profane oath or a filthy jest. The mention of this needs no apology; it must have occurred to many of those who were present, to find themselves wondering at the comparative absence of that element of foul language which makes a crowd so terrible. It seemed as though the recollection of that young fair girl, whose bridal they had come out to celebrate, influenced the people still, and that they shrunk from profaning the occasion. Beside this, every van, cart, waggon, held a family or two. All the world was not there without his wife—the pleasure of the people, like their loyalty, was strong in domestic influences. There was surely never seen in England such a blending of classes as on this night. The coal-waggon's, vans, and carts were shared by all grades of London society, and this peculiarity led to no little confusion here and there. Few of the passengers who in private life represented the higher class, indulged in a return of those witticisms with which they were favoured, but there must have been instances in which lively young men, exercising light badinage at the expense of somebody on the 'tail-board' of a waggon, suddenly drove into the light of a gas star, and made the awful discovery that they had been 'chaffing' the rector of the parish, while doubtless many disparagements were uttered by dependents upon those from whom it is to be hoped they were concealed by some temporary confusion.

The night progresses, but the wheels revolve even more slowly, and gloomy forebodings are entertained by the fearful and dyspeptic. With an intimate knowledge of queer streets and byways, we will leave this great, creaking, surging, roaring assembly, and skirt the great thoroughfares by threading those quaint narrow passages leading to

the heart of civic life. These places are in themselves a curious study, and boast their special illuminations and their special crowds. Some of the old city halls, many of the ancient taverns, and some of the best houses are lighted up with rare brilliancy, and in the midst of the dark shadows which always lie at night time in the well-like streets and squares, the gas stars make a dazzling haze, like a lamp seen in a mist. Here, opposite an old tavern beneath a railway arch, a magic lantern has collected a crowd of fourteen persons. Upon the brick-work of the arch which lies in deepest shade—the figures are reflected gaily enough—real moveable shows tumbling both on foot and on horseback, and other comic figures. There is a quiet philosophy in the manner with which these people disregard the roar and tumult beyond, and rejoice locally.

Up past Ironmongers' Hall, and stemming the tide which sets heavily towards London Bridge, and there before us lies Lombard Street, a fairy Tom Tiddler's ground, shinning with gold and silver on all its walls. No vehicles are allowed there, but the utterance of talismanic words enables us to pass, and we are suddenly landed on a silent island, amidst a sea of sound. At the end of this island lies the great plain which forms the area before the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and the Bank. There are only one or two vehicles in the great open space, and the gas flares upon a moving mass, the murmur of which is now and then broken by a shout or a scream as some rush is made from behind. Why is there no artful contrivance of barricades? In that vast multitude people are being pressed to death, and rumours are already current of fearful injury to life and limb. Away round by St Paul's, where the ugly seats spoil all the effect of the facade, and the electric light shimmers like a damp lucifer, up Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, where carriages are returning early from 'the west,' and the crowd upon the pavements move on towards Temple Bar, its gilded curtains opening like the transformation scene of some

Christmas fairy drama; along the Strand, that main artery where the stream of life flows always rapidly, and its pulses quicken too often to fever heat. Here the crush is great, but all is moving, and jocularly grows intemperate and giddy. Hurried by the stream into Trafalgar Square, where the great glare of light reveals a vast mob heaving and struggling on path and roadway, and a crush and mass of carriages past all belief, we come upon a sight more striking than any other seen that night—the electric light turned full upon the crowd, and there, beneath church, and palace, and pillar, lies a moving moonlit sea, every ripple of which is an upturned, earnest face. Along Regent Street, where the Prince's tailor has crystallized his house, beneath the portals of the club-houses, and into the broad thoroughfare of Piccadilly, and we come round again to Westminster Bridge, where there is a dead lock, and all sorts of vehicles have stood in solid ranks for hours almost motionless. Over London Bridge both foot passengers and wheels have come southward easily enough, the latter having wandered through back streets abutting on the Old Kent Road, come out by the 'Elephant and Castle,' to find all progress stopped for the night. Still returning wayfarers jeer, and, simulating jocularly, sing, 'We won't go home till morning,' only substituting the second for the first person plural.

A very few artful drivers go desperately on to the new suspension bridge at South Lambeth, and see the solemn river lighted by distant lamps, which glow like balls of fire in the darkened stream.

Coming out by Millbank and so passing Horseferry Road, they press on again to Trafalgar Square. Already a sympathetic shudder runs through the crowd of people in the rear-most rank of vehicles. A great darkness has fallen where just now there was a brilliant haze of light. 'They are turning off the gas!' 'The illuminations are being put out!' 'It's all over!' 'Oh, my eye!' 'Here's a go!' 'Put up the shutters!' Thus is the popular

disappointment expressed. It is too true: one after one, the lamps fade out, star after star sets in the blank streets, and, like a dream, that vast crowd of carts, waggons, carriages, melt away down on every side, and leave us standing in the road, mending a broken trace. A broken trace, indeed! We have told nothing, after all. Everybody saw it. Who can hope to describe the sayings and doings of that night? The people who 'saw everything,' the people who 'saw nothing,' the conveyances, which conveyed no-

body anywhere, but dragged their passengers ignominiously home at daybreak; the daylight itself struggling through the slaty night, and lighting the ragged selvage of the retiring crowd? The illumination of the broad and genial sun banished the last flicker of the symbolic lights, they died out, as all symbols vanish, giving place to the real and the true—as the ceremonial of marriage itself, solemnly and awfully as it appeals to us—shall one day be revealed in the mystery of a love eternal and unchangeable.

WINDSOR AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

THE marriage of our youthful prince with the fair maid of Denmark has thrown a new interest round that stately old castle upon the banks of the Thames, which ever since the days of the Heptarchy has been a favourite residence of our English monarchs, boasting as it does a venerable antiquity, compared to which that of the Tuileries and Louvre is of a mere *parvenu* kind.

Let us then briefly review its history, and pass before our readers, as in a panorama, the chief events that have passed within its walls, from the time that a Saxon king first erected his rude palace on the river-side hill, to the long-distant period when George IV expended enormous sums to make the palace worthy of the greatness of England.

Windsor—or more properly Wyndlesore, from the windings of the river Thames in the neighbourhood of this pretty Berkshire town—is a place consecrated by legend, history, and poetry. There was a palace at old Windsor even early in the Saxon times, for the chronicler, William of Malmesbury, relates that a certain woodman, named *Wulric*, being stricken by blindness and having visited eighty-seven churches in vain imploring the help and intercession of as many saints, finally recovered his sight upon Edward the Confessor touching his eyes, upon which miraculous recovery the

king appointed *Wulric* keeper of his palace at Windsor. How far this miracle was the result of gradual recovery, during the woodman's long itinerations to the eighty-seven lighted altars, how far to the monarch's touch and the curative powers of the imagination, we cannot take upon ourselves to say, we but copy old William of Malmesbury, and first in the pale army of legendary phantoms that still haunt the forest, introduce to our readers the hooded Saxon woodman.

More certain it is, however, that King Edward the Confessor, who was a good friend to the monks, who idolized him, and invented miracles for him, did actually grant Windsor, by the river's side, to the abbot and monks of Westminster, as he superstitiously phrases it in his grant, 'For the hope of eternal reward, the remission of his sins, the sins of his father and mother and all his ancestors, and the praise of Almighty God, as a perpetual endowment and inheritance.'

And merrily, no doubt, centuries ago, did the bells of Westminster clang for joy, when they heard of the kingly grant, and the Saxon fisherman dragging for salmon in the Thames hearing that sound stopped to cross his brow and breast.

But the Norman hunter, who loved to see the fish leap and hear the buck 'bell,' coveted in time that broad forest and those green river

meadows. William the Conqueror observing the place to be full of deer, and beautiful and commodious, compelled the monks to exchange Windsor for two villages in Essex, and three tenements in Colchester, and then enclosing a circuit of about half a hide of land, William began to erect a castle and to pale in deer forests.

It must have been a rude fort of stone that William built, a mere hunting lodge for temporary residence, for regal Winchester seems to have had greater attractions for his cruel son Rufus, who, however, not content with the devastations of the New Forest, came often to Windsor to hunt, revel, and hold high festival.

Henry I being firmer on the throne, had time to rebuild the castle, and rendered it more like the fortified palace of the period. Local antiquarians consider the present colossal round tower (the keep) to be probably part of the Plantagenet's handywork, which, at all events, occupied the same site as the present upper and lower wards. In 1109 (how far it seems in the dim past!) Henry, and bishops and barons, celebrated his Pentecost at Windsor, and in 1122 he there espoused his second wife, Adeliza daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Louvaine. But God's blessing was not on that marriage, and some years after the unhappy king assembled his barons again with banner, plume, and weapon, and made them do solemn homage to his daughter Maud, the widow of the German Emperor Henry V and among those who knelt were David, King of Scotland, and that Stephen who afterwards broke his vow and won an uneasy and bloodstained crown.

In the reign of Henry II when Richard de Lacy was keeper of the castle, Windsor Castle seems to have been considered as only inferior to the Tower of London in strength. In this reign there was a vineyard in the Home Park, and the wine made was drunk at the king's table, in rivalry of Gascon, Cyprian, and Malvoisin. Many English cities had vineyards in the middle ages,

but how our sun ever ripened grapes fit for good wine we leave to botanists to determine.

It was at Windsor, too, that that weak and unhappy father, Henry II, mourned the cruelty and baseness of his sons. It was on the walls of this castle that he caused the allegorical tapestry to be hung representing an old eagle being torn to pieces by its young ones. 'The youngest bird,' he would say, weeping, 'who is tearing out his parent's eyes, is my son John, my youngest and best-beloved son, who is yet the most eager for my destruction.'

In the woods of Windsor this prototype of Lear, old and discredited, must have often wandered lamenting his fate, the fair scene by contrast only rendering his misfortunes the more gloomy, and there Richard rode, dreaming of Jerusalem, and John pondered over crimes still to be perpetrated.

When Richard of the Lion Heart leaped gaily on shipboard and sailed for the desert shore of Palestine, he left Windsor Castle, as we find, to the joint care of the proud Hugh de Pudsey, Bishop of Durham and Earl of Northumberland, and the fierce William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely. Hot, wrathful words and angry defiance were soon exchanged between these rivals, and the result was, that the sterner and prompter Longchamp soon seized the royal castle and threw his brother of Durham into the dungeon. But his triumph rendered Longchamp so haughty and unsupportable to his own companions of the sword and crosier, that the barons soon drove him in turn from that far home and sent him back to his dreary marshes.

When the base and cowardly John heard how his wrong-headed but lion-hearted brother had been seized by Austria and immured in that lonely fortress among the German forests, out of the reach of all arms, save Heaven's and Death's, he at once leapt on Windsor, and occupied it with his spearmen. But the barons of Richard's party soon rushed in in their turn, and gave it into the charge of the Queen Dowager, Eleanor.

Eventually, however, it fell into John's hands, and that murderer of two royal children, that almost parricide, and would-be fratricide, came to Windsor to hide there his rage and the agonies of his never-silent conscience. It is here he is said to have walled up the wife and child of William de Braose for having refused to deliver themselves up as hostages for a rebellious knight who was husband of the one and father of the other. If this be true, Windsor may well be haunted. Herne the Hunter has certainly a prescriptive right to drill his army of phantoms every night in the Home Park.

At the time that King John signed Magna Charta at Runnymede he was dwelling at Windsor. It was here that, after signing that immortal Charter, he must have shown all those signs of rage and vexation of which the chroniclers tell us, by those oak trees, and in those river meadows, he must have walked when he whetted his teeth, but his staff, and finally broke it to pieces, with many 'furious gestures,' and much 'disordered behaviour.' When the faithless king broke his promises also, and would have torn the Charter in twain, Sir William de Nivernois, with some thousands of lances, encircled the castle, which sixty knights under Sir Inglehard defended stoutly. But when the bad king marched through Norfolk to meet them they hastily struck their tents, unstacked their lances, and marched to face him. But before their swords could meet in his black heart, Death the avenger, it will be remembered, stepped in and ended the quarrel.

In Henry III's reign the castle grew and widened like an old tree that has begun again to shoot. The rage for building was strong in this monarch. In 1223 he is said to have expended eight hundred marks on a grand hall with windows of painted glass, and in this chamber, on the day of the Nativity, 1240, a vast multitude of poor peasants were entertained by the hospitable monarch, whose effigy on a gilt throne stood at the upper end of the hall upon a raised dais, such as

we see an example of at Hampton Court.

This same king repaired the fortifications, dug a moat, built a kitchen and apartments for himself and the queen, and a chapel, which remained till Henry VII pulled it down to build a tomb-house.

Henry also erected the Curfew, Garter, and Salisbury towers. These loopholed towers have walls thirteen feet thick, and still remain more or less in their old condition, little altered in the first building, but somewhat ruinous in the two latter. They must have been massy enough in the thirteenth century to have defied both arrows and the ponderous stones hurled by the military engines. This same king, who must have specially delighted in Windsor, that stately palace by the river, is supposed to have also built the Norman Tower, where during the Civil Wars long after many noble cavaliers were immured.

In 1260 Henry was visited at Windsor by his daughter Margaret and her husband Alexander III, King of Scotland. How often since have the old walls of the castle echoed to such festivities!

In 1264, during the war between Henry and his rebellious barons, his son, Prince Edward, returning from war in Wales, swooped down on the armed bands of London, and bore off their military chest, full of hard-earned treasure, to Windsor Castle, but Queen Eleanor, his mother, on her way to join him, was pelted and threatened by the mob at London Bridge, and driven for refuge into the palace of the Bishop of London, by the river-side, at St Paul's.

In the wars that followed the prince was frequently driven out of Windsor, and it was held alternately by him, his father, and the proud and turbulent Simon de Montfort. And here eventually many of the rich citizens of London were imprisoned after Montfort had been slain at Evesham, and victory had abandoned their banner.

In spite of a dreadful storm and a subsequent fire the castle grew still more stately during Edward I's time, four of whose children were born there. And in the same reign the

town grew opulent and extensive, and was made a free borough.

Edward II, that weak and unhappy monarch, dwelt much at Windsor with his cruel queen, Isabella of France, and here his son Edward III. was born.

Edward of Windsor, as he was called, one of our bravest and wisest monarchs, loved the place of his birth; and it was here that he founded the order of the Garter. The ordinary scandalous legend is entirely untrue. It is probable, say the antiquarians, that Richard I. instituted the order during his fruitless expedition to Palestine, and that a leather band round one leg distinguished the sturdiest of his champions.

Having erected a round building, such as the Templars used to raise in memory of the Holy Sepulchre they had sworn to defend, and placing in it a round table, symbolical of the fabulous table of King Arthur, Edward, on St George's day, 1345, installed his twenty-five companions of the order. At the great joust held the week of the installation, knights from every part of Europe attended, and lords and earls of France, as well as David, King of Scotland, who were King Edward's prisoners, broke lances on the occasion. It is interesting to know that six kings of Denmark have been invested with the blue garter of the order, that, as Selden says, 'exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame all chivalrous orders in the world.'

In 1357, on the same festival of St. George, John, King of France, also a captive to the valour of England, was present, and when his generous conqueror reproached him for his melancholy, replied, with true pathos, in the beautiful words of the Psalm, 'How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'

Edward III. all but rebuilt the palace of Windsor, aided by that great architect and wise prelate and statesman Wilham of Wykeham, originally a poor secretary, and who, when raised to power, founded also Winchester School and erected New College at Oxford.

In 1359 the brave and good Queen

Philippa, consort of the third Edward, died at Windsor, where she had spent the greater part of her happy and eventful life.

That weak and unhappy pleasure-seeker Richard II., son of the Black Prince, kept frequent court at Windsor. It was here he declared war against France; and here, on their duel being stopped, the Duke of Hereford (afterwards Henry IV.) and the Duke of Norfolk were banished. Here the foolish king imprisoned twenty-five of the principal citizens of London for refusing him a loan to waste in wild revelry and wanton waste. And during this reign Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was Clerk of the Works at Windsor for twenty months.

But troubles come to kings as well as pleasures. It was at Windsor that Henry IV. spent much of his perturbed life; it was at Windsor that he heard of Aumerle's dangerous conspiracy, and it was from Windsor that the rebel Mortimer's children escaped to excite fresh troubles on the restless Welsh frontier.

In this reign the Round Tower received a third royal prisoner, Prince James, afterwards James I. of Scotland, who was doomed to pine here eighteen years. It was while gazing from his prison window down into the moat garden, that, as the royal poet himself tells us in 'The King's Quill,' he fell in love with the beautiful Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and grand-daughter to brave old John of Gaunt. These lines of his have a perennial freshness about them, because they were written from the heart, and because they appeal to the heart.—

'And therewith cast I down my eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower;
The fairest and the freshest younge flower,
That e'er I saw methought before that hour;
For which sudden abate anon did start
The blood of all my body to my heart.'

And these lines have a special charm about them at this moment, when, beneath the shadow of that very tower, Love has once more claimed two royal votaries, and united

them by that old sweet spell whose power no time or change can deaden.

Henry V., that bold, chivalrous spirit who broke his lance so stoutly on the shield of France, kept frequent court at Windsor; here the brave Talbot fought in the tournament's mimic war; and here the conqueror of Agincourt entertained the Emperor Sigismund, who came to receive the order of the Garter, and who brought, as an offering to the Chapter, the heart of St. George, —a goodly, had it not been, like so many others, a doubtful, relic.

In 1421 the unhappy Henry VI. was born at Windsor, and in 1484, after years of struggle, war, and suffering, he was interred within its walls.

In Edward IV's reign St George's Chapel was rebuilt. Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, conducted the work for the pleasure-loving king. Leave was given him to demolish three towers, but the building was not completed till Richard had fallen at Bosworth, and Henry VII had mounted the vacant throne. Sir Reginald Bray, his prime minister, completed the beautiful vaulted roof—the most beautiful Gothic roof, as architects say, in existence. It was he who planted those graceful pillars in the aisles, that rise and branch forth like trees, and he emblazoned the roof and carved the black oak stalls for the Knights-Companion. Every footfall in that choir awakens old memories. In that King's Stall long lines of monarchs have alternately sat—under that Princes' Canopy how many princes have been installed?—from that closet above the altar how many queens have gazed?—on how many wise and brave and great and unfortunate men the glass kings and patriarchs of that broad west window, luminous as a sunset cloud, have looked down?

St. George's Chapel, so recently consecrated by the marriage of our Prince, is indeed, as a chronicler well observes, 'a house of prayer, a temple of chivalry, and a burial-place of kings.'

Beneath the choir rest Edward IV. and his queen; near the choir door

lies Henry VI.; and not far from him Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour and Charles I.; while from the vault beneath the choir runs a passage to the tomb-house, where are interred George III and his queen, the Princesses Amelia and Charlotte, the dukes of Kent and York, as well as George IV and William IV. This tomb-house was erected by Henry VII, but afterwards abandoned for Westminster Abbey, and subsequently given to Wolsey by Henry VIII.

Henry VIII lived much at Windsor, and there alternately wooed and belched his wives in the manner so imperfectly explained away by Mr. Froude. In the courts of the inner palace Holbein wandered, Sir Thomas More meditated, and Wolsey fumed and chafed.

It was from here, too, Edward VI., that prodigy of learning and goodness, dismissed the Protector Somerset Mary, soon after her ill-omened marriage with Philip of Spain, held court at Windsor, to the terror of all true Protestants. Queen Elizabeth built the present library, and delighted to hunt in the park and walk in the gardens at Windsor. To superintend the acting of his plays—the scene of one at least of them being laid in the locality—must have brought Shakspeare often to Windsor.

James I hunted in the parks, and entertained Christian, King of Denmark, in the castle. He had married a Danish princess it must be remembered.

Charles I pulled down Queen Mary's fountain and Queen Elizabeth's banqueting-room, and here eventually he was imprisoned before his execution. After his death, Cromwell came often to live at Windsor, and wandered on the deserted terraces, musing over his victories and his great deliverances.

Charles II, after basely spending on pleasure the 70,000*l.* voted him for a monument for his father, carried out many alterations in the old castle. Wren built seventeen state-rooms for him, which Verrio painted and Gibbons carved. He filled up the ditch, enlarged the terraces, added a grand staircase, and laid out the Long Walk.

William III. preferred Hampton Court to Windsor. A Gothic castle was repulsive to his methodical Dutch mind. Queen Anne planted avenues and improved the park roads.

George I. and George II. preferred Hampton Court and Kensington to Windsor. And George III., in his quiet, domestic way, built the Queen's Lodge as a detached house to live in, and kept the grand old castle for state purposes. Still he was a benefactor to the castle, for he restored St George's Chapel, and permitted Wyatt to re-gothicize part of the upper ward.

In George IV.'s reign, however, the real renovation of Windsor Castle began, under Sir Jeffery Wyatville, under whose tasteful supervision upwards of a million and a half of money was expended on the castle. He harmonized and assimilated the whole of the incongruous buildings that so many centuries had combined to heap together. He raised the Round Tower, so as to obtain a panorama over twelve counties. He built the Brunswick Tower and one of the gateway towers, he designed the Waterloo Chamber, enlarged St.

George's Hall, and pierced the palace with vast corridors, he raised the older towers and threw out oriel windows. In a word, he made Windsor one of the noblest palaces in Europe.

'Gaze,' says a modern writer, 'at the triumph of the whole, and that which lords it over all the rest—the Round Tower. Gaze on it, and not here alone, but from the heights of the Great Park, the vistas of the Home Park, from the bowers of Eton, the meads of Clewer and Datchet, from the Brocas, the gardens of the naval knights, from a hundred points,—view it at sunrise, when the royal standard is hoisted, or at sunset, when it is lowered, near or at a distance, and it will be admitted to be the work of a great architect.'

It was from this palace, with its twelve acres of rooms and thousand feet of terraces, its fountains, and proud towers, and noble oriels, and stately gateways, that the hope of England led his bride to the altar, to exchange those solemn vows with which our church hallows the sacred ceremony of marriage.





ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 10, 1863.

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.



Drawn by Robert Jefferson

[See the Ballad.]

THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

THE PRINCES OF WALES.

THAT had been a simple-minded generation of Welshmen to whom Edward I. presented his baby boy, who had just seen the light in Caernarvon town, as a veritable Prince of Wales. The victorious king, occupied with affairs of state, was sojourning at Rhudlan Castle when a lucky messenger made his appearance, and told the monarch that his queen had again made him the father of a son. Other sons the rough-bearded warrior had had, but two had died, and the sickly Alphonso alone survived. The delighted informant was rewarded after the splendid and indiscriminate liberality of that rude age. His pouches were crammed with broad pieces of gold, he was dubbed knight on the spot, and, happier than most modern knights, he was presented with house and land wherewith to support the dignity so easily acquired. The Welshmen longed for a native prince. For the love of Eleanor de Montfort their last prince, Llewellyn, had done homage to the English king in London, and had received from the English king the hand of his bride in Worcester Cathedral. Not to my light pen, but to the grave historic page belongs the doleful, later narrative of the fierce fight for Wales, which scarcely ended when the remorseless Edward placed Llewellyn's head on the highest of the high turrets of the Tower of London. I do not myself accept the legend that the simple-minded mountaineers promised to submit to any native-born prince, and when shown the royal infant, at once transferred to him the promised allegiance. They, poor souls, would cling to any fragment of their banished independence, little dreaming how, in the glorious future, that dependence would become the firmer and happier independence of cemented interests and united affections. Some slight earnest of better times there might be in this English prince, born in that palace fortress which branded subjection on their country, but nevertheless called by

the Welsh title. It will be noticed that, in the first instance of all, it was not the eldest son of the monarch who was the Prince of Wales, but the second. Alphonso died the same year, and ever since the eldest son of England has worn, in loving amity, the hereditary badge of the sister, or, rather, the self-same land of Wales. The Welsh prince was duly christened by a Welsh prelate. The Bishop of Bangor received a costly fee such as never since has gladdened the clerical heart. Manors and regalties were settled on him in abundance for his services at the font, not to mention the produce of the ferries across the Menai.

It is a matter of nigh six hundred years ago. England was then as low in savagery as she is now high in civilization. All the possibilities of rhetoric could hardly heighten the striking contrasts. The difference is as great as between marble in the quarry and marble in the statue, as between the clouded morn, rising as if blood-stained in the fight with evil darkness, and the pure and splendid radiance of the meridian of one of these lovely days of spring. Nemesis, that sometimes slumbers for centuries, awoke sharp and sudden. She transferred to a late age the inestimable blessings of the conquest, but she smote down the conqueror's line, yea, to the third and fourth generation, with an exceeding grievous blow. The lot of the first Prince of Wales was as baleful as the lot of the present Prince of Wales is blessed. The penalty has long been paid, and the harvest of prosperity and peace is rightfully ours. The Eumenides are satisfied with something better than Athene's arbitration. The Last of the Bards, in Gray's noble lyric, when from Snowdon's steep he saw at last the feud satiated, faltered at the unborn glories that crowded on his soul. But neither far-sighted poet nor hopeful patriot could have dreamed of the modern days of our Prince of Wales, when, through England and the whole

British realm, and that wide empire over which the morning and the evening star ever shines, there was witnessed a passionate enthusiasm and affection for Albert Edward not exceeded in any phase of European history.

In the long and illustrious roll of the Princes of Wales there occur the high names of some who have never worn the English crown, but who lived long enough to earn for themselves an honoured name in English history, and to enhance the lustre of the title which they bore. First and chief was Edward the Black Prince. His mother was the heroic Philippa of Hanault, and the beautiful matron, with her fair boy, furnished to artists of the day a model for the Madonna and Child. When he was four years old he received that title of Duke of Cornwall which the Princes of Wales have ever since borne, being, moreover, the first duke created in England. The days of Edward III are justly regarded by our statesmen as a grand epoch for our constitutional law; and the boy prince, in the absence of his father, twice presided over those parliaments which, while voting wool or coin, vindicated the rights of the subject in the disposal of their money. The glory of the Black Prince is chiefly martial, and his renown herein commences at an early age. When quite a child his brave mother encouraged him to run tournaments, and to hit hard. He was only sixteen when the great day of Cressy made his military fame immortal. Every reader of Froissart—also every non-reader of Froissart—knows something of the details of the famous battle; how thirty thousand English withstood four times that number of the French; how thrice the Genoese troops threw themselves on the prince's line; how King Edward, when he saw his son hard pressed, with Spartan hardihood refused to come to the rescue that the glory might all belong to his brave child; how the Moravian marquis, and the French chivalry, and the Bohemian king, and Philip of France himself lowered their lances, abased their knighthood, humbled their banners

before the imperial English boy. For the first time, with random infrequency, the cannon, novel and untried engine in war, added to the roar of the contest, which was nevertheless decided by the battle-axe and the bow. From the blind and vanquished Bohemian king it is said that the Princes of Wales have derived their ostrich plume and the motto *Ich dien*, but the antiquaries, worthy people, cannot quite make up their minds upon the subject. It is interesting to know that, at the ensuing siege of Calais, when Eustace and his seven brave compatriots were prepared for martyrdom, the Black Prince, strongly contrasting with his subsequent conduct at Limoges, anticipated his mother in interceding for their lives. When the war subsequently broke out afresh, the prince commanded in the south of France, and his father in the north. He took Narbonne, and men congratulatingly told each other that 'it was a city little less than London.' He met with greater difficulty when he attacked Romorantin, but he swore by his father's soul that he would never raise the siege. A crowded and gallant host, one mellow September day nigh five hundred years ago, gathered in locust swarms around the little English army, and prepared to sweep it from the face of the earth. The French king had then an opportunity of concluding a treaty that might have restored peace to his bleeding realm. Prince Edward had sense as well as courage, and was unwilling to hazard his beloved soldiers against such overwhelming odds. In an evil moment King John demanded that the Prince of Wales should surrender himself and a hundred of his knights as captives. 'England shall never pay ransom of mine' was the heroic answer, and then the battle of Poitiers commenced. In every battle, Napoleon used to say, there are some ten minutes in which the issue of the contest is practically settled. Chandos detected the critical moment, and with practised generalship the prince availed himself of it; and though the battle was virtually won by high noon,

the English continued to ride down the foe until, in Homeric phrase, 'the sun was set and all the paths were dim.' The narrative of the prince's knightly courtesy to his royal captives is as memorable as the story of his valour. He bore his honours quietly, as befits an English gentleman. 'Gaudete Domino semper,' he wrote to the Bishop of Worcester, 'iterum dico gaudete.' His entry into London after the victory, in many respects, reminds of that famous entry which all the world has been talking about. It took the prince and his royal captive, King John, nine hours to perform the journey from the City to the Savoy. We must conclude that the hospitable City of London proffered them refreshments by the way. The day of Edward's marriage was another great day; the ceremonial was performed with the utmost magnificence, as in the present royal instance, at Windsor. 'The loves of the Black Prince and the Fair Countess have, in their day, been greatly celebrated. Much of legend and romance clustered around their courtship, and it is to be regretted that so large a portion of this is lost. The Lady Joan, daughter of the Earl of Kent, was a kinswoman of Edward's, and it was said that at a dinner at Dover at her own home, after his return from Poitiers, the prince fell in love with her. The health of the prince cannot have been very strong, for when, not long after his marriage, he and his wife departed for Aquitaine, men spoke gloomily of the little probability there was that he would ever live to succeed to his father's throne. That was a sad time for England when, after the Spanish Expedition, the renowned prince appeared to fall into a decline. A bearded comet dismayed the minds of the people even as the fiery star which blazed in the form of a spear over doomed Jerusalem. Good men thought he was perhaps taken away that Englishmen might learn to trust not in the arm of flesh, but in the arm of God. His last words were such as would befit all men, and would least of all misbecome princely lips. 'I give thee,

thanks, oh God, for all thy benefits; and with all the pains of my soul I humbly beseech thy mercy to give me remission of those sins which I have wickedly committed against thee, and of all mortal men, whom willingly or ignorantly I have offended, with all my heart I desire forgiveness.' He lies now in that stately shrine which is the glory of Canterbury Cathedral. Among all the monuments of England, none shows with so fair a magnificence; and if it so happen that any one of my readers has not, with loving, reverent feet, drawn nigh to its awful beauties, let him revive old Chaucer's story and become a pilgrim to Canterbury.

I am afraid that I am only discouraging so much history which the ready mind of my cultivated readers will at once anticipate. But in discouraging of that famous Prince of Wales, Edward, surnamed the Black Prince, I am afraid no prudent love of reticence will enable an English essayist to hold his peace concerning this glorious page of English history. The conqueror of Cressy at once recalls to mind the conqueror of Agincourt. We know that the king gave him an establishment near Eastcheap, and we also know, from Shakspeare, a great deal about the 'Boar's Head' Tavern in Eastcheap. 'Madcap Harry' is the first example of the wild prince, a character which, in subsequent history, figures largely enough. Henry of Monmouth's wild life, and the celebrated incident with Chief Justice Gascoigne, have been questioned, but I am afraid we must believe, with Lord Campbell, that, after we have allowed for exaggerations, the old chronicles still contain substantial truth. Henry reformed his faults nobly when he became king. I wonder if poor Florizel, the fourth George, would so have reformed his fame if he had had his chances? We pardon much to youth, very much to royal youth; but let it not be thought that early error is necessary to subsequent and splendid success. Some writers foolishly talk of wild oats as if there was some necessary connection between these wild oats and the real

golden grain. Such a theory is both very mistaken and very mischievous. Moreover, it is unfortunately found that these wild oats, when sown, have a knack of producing, throughout life, exceedingly bitter crops. Let us be thankful that, through a royal and beloved mother, a righteous father, a happy home, a pure court, no shameful public brand rests upon our current history. The future historian will count it up as not the least among the honours of our Prince of Wales that he was an obedient son, a careful student, and a faithful lover.

A fame thus pure has been possessed by two other Princes of Wales, who, as we have said, only lived to impart additional lustre to their high estate. These are Prince Arthur and Prince Henry. Full sad a 'morte d'Arthur' was the decease of the young prince whose future reign seemed to promise all the fair hopes that could gather around a 'blameless king'. He, like our modern prince, was pretty well known at Oxford, for, although not enrolled a student, he had twice visited Magdalen College. His chamber was there laid with rushes, and 'his table was furnished with jack and trench; red wine, claret, and sack'. When quite young he corresponded with Erasmus himself, who was amazed at the excellence of the child's Latin. He was only sixteen when he was married to the pretty, dancing Spanish girl Katherine, unhappily destined to be twice a Princess of Wales. There has been lately published a Calendar of State Papers of negotiations between England and Spain, from the Simancos archives, edited by M. Bergeuroth, and published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. This valuable work reveals many curious facts hitherto little suspected by the student of history. Her father, Ferdinand, cruel and crafty, appears to have made it a condition of her marriage that the Plantagenet Warwick should not be allowed to live. Katherine deeply felt that she could not expect happiness from a marriage for which a price had been paid in blood. Their union had not lasted five months

when the young prince, the hope and glory of England, was taken away by death. And now come the strange facts which M. Bergeuroth has developed. Henry VII proceeded to suggest that he should himself marry his young daughter-in-law. Even Isabella had sufficient grace to term this 'a very evil thing, the mere mention of which is offensive to the ears'. But although this thing must happen 'not for anything in the world,' she recommended to him the young Queen of Naples as 'particularly well calculated to console him in his deep affliction'. The king at once approved the idea, but was anxious to see the portrait of the queen. 'For,' wrote De Puebla, the Spanish ambassador, 'if she proved to be ugly, and not handsome, the King of England would not have her for all the treasures of the world. Nor would he dare to take her on account of the English thinking so much about personal appearance'. It had also been Henry's express wish that the ladies who accompanied Katherine should all of them be beautiful, or, at any rate, not ugly. Handsome looks appear to have become a traditional necessity in this country. It will be remembered how Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, in describing the necessary qualifications of a Princess of Wales, gave a list, in which he lays down, firstly, that she should be pretty, and lastly, that she should be a Protestant.

We return from this digression concerning the loves of that elderly lover Henry VII to a much worthier subject—Prince Henry. He, too, might remind us of that exquisite plant of Virgil's, the world-known 'Tu Marcellus eris'. Good Bishop Hall on several occasions preached before 'the sweet prince'. Let me quote his words respecting the national bereavement—'A loss that we had neither grace to fear, nor have capacity to conceive. Shall I praise him to you who are, therefore, now miserable, because ye did know him so well? I forbear it, though to my pain. If I did not spare you, I could not so swiftly

pass over the name and virtues of that glorious saint our dear master, or the aggravation of that loss whereof you are too sensible. Death—especially such a death—must have sorrow and tears. All nations, all succession of times, shall bear a part with us in this lamentation. And if we could but as heartily have prayed for him before as we have heartily wept for him since, perhaps we had not had this cause of mourning.

A very strong element of personal romance exists in all the love affairs of the princes of the house of Stuart. King James himself, setting an example to be followed in a distant age, went over to Denmark to win a bride. Anne of Denmark is probably the lady designated by Lord Herbert of Cherbury as 'the fairest of her time.' And she has helped to cement that national affinity which exists between the British and the Scandinavian races. Violent storms prevented the return of the royal couple to their home, but James nevertheless appears to have enjoyed a very happy and comfortable time. Upon his return, judging that the bad weather had been caused by witches, he selected a number of elderly ladies for the honours of incrimination. Still more remarkable were the love adventures of the ill-fated Charles. The famous journey to Madrid will always furnish a standard subject to historical romance. The consternation of Herbert may be imagined when he discovered that the Prince of Wales had actually been at Paris, and had left the city without his knowledge. I am afraid that Charles treated the Infanta very ill, with which the vision of Henrietta at the Paris ball may have had something to do. It is a tempting subject for disquisition, but I refrain. The errant loves of the second Charles, then only titular Prince of Wales, are still better known. I do not only mean the Barbara, the Lucy, or the Nell, but those by which the young man hoped, if he could make a useful alliance, to help himself towards his ancestral throne. It was even suggested by his friends, in the time of

the Commonwealth, that he should marry Miss Lambert, the daughter of the powerful and turbulent general. 'The lady is pretty, of an extraordinary sweetness of disposition, and very virtuously and ingeniously disposed.' Mr Hallam justly says that, after all, she was hardly more a *mésalliance* than Hortense Mancini, whom Charles had asked for in vain. His early loves with Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the 'Grande Mademoiselle,' have been related by the Montpensier herself, and probably have not suffered by the recital. The vast fortune of the heiress appears to have been the determining motive in the mind of Charles and of his mother Henrietta Maria. On the first occasion of wooing Charles could speak no French. The brilliant, practised flirt was struck by the freshness of the lad's appearance, perhaps also by his misfortunes. 'Could he only have spoken for himself Heaven only knows what might then have happened.' She made up her mind, of course—and probably she was right—that the prince was deeply in love with her, and, after the manner of her sex, regarded him 'as an object of pity.' After the disastrous battle of Worcester she and her unfortunate soldier seemed to have definitely parted. He consoled himself, sauntering away all the wonderful chances which the Restoration had given him. His brother, James II, heavy, bigoted, dull, and slow of heart, had, nevertheless, some romance mingled in his wooing. Romantic were the circumstances under which he gained Anne Hyde, the daughter of Clarendon the chancellor, and, as he has also been justly called, 'the Chancellor of Human Nature.' Great was the wrath of Clarendon when he heard of the secret marriage. Bishop Burnet pronounces his character worthy an ancient Roman. Her father, in a spirit that Brutus might have envied, considerably proposed 'that the king should immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower and cast into the dungeon; and then that an Act of Parliament should be immediately passed for cutting off her head, to which he would not only

give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man that should propose it' In this case it is not the lady, but the lady's father who protests too much. I impugn Clarendon's language I doubt his sincerity I suspect Clarendon, although I disbelieve the scandal about Catherine of Braganza, was not superior to the possible advantages of such an alliance To continue the amatory fortunes of the line, take the case of the Chevalier de St George the Princess Mary of Poland formed a romantic attachment to him At this time a second restoration to the throne of England was by no means absolutely despaired of, and on the chances of such a speculation her father was not averse to the match The narrative of her seizure, escape, and marriage is romantic enough, but at the last-named point the romance evaporates She proved to be something very like a termagant, but her husband's bad character is a great excuse for her The pretty, wilful woman became a great saint, and was highly esteemed by the Pope, who set up a cloud of inscriptions in her honour The loves of the Pretender Charles Edward would lend an additional illustration to this phase of romance in the unhappy Stuart line

When I was speaking of those Princes of Wales who, though they never came to the throne, nobly fulfilled their office in English history, I wish I could have added to that slight but glorious band the name of Frederick Louis of Hanover, who for more than twenty years was Prince of Wales, but who has quite failed to obtain any place in the national memory. So ill-bred was he that, when the princess his mother discussed the subject of his manners, his tutor bluntly replied that they were those of a scoundrelly groom. He came to England in his twenty-second year, strongly oppressed by his Hanoverian debts. That acute old lady the Duchess of Marlborough told the young man that she would give him a hundred thousand pounds if he would marry her beautiful grand-daughter Lady Diana Spencer. The prince was

willing enough, but that astute old gentleman Sir Robert Walpole effectually prevented the match. So at least runs this Georgian legend. There appears to have been some secret and horrible cause of the rooted aversion which was manifested by his parents towards Frederick Louis. The facts were such that they could not be committed to paper, and if they found their way there were at once expunged by affrighted editors Dr Doran speaks about one of his friends, 'hanger-on, most obnoxious to princes and their friends generally, a man who kept a diary, good-natured, weak-minded, gossiping Bubb Dodington' I cannot say that Lord Melcombe's diary has given me the impression that these adjectives are well merited the most unfortunate point about him is the Christian name, in which I certainly think his godfathers and godmothers treated him rather unkindly. There are few pages more striking than those in which he records certain visits to Leicester House, in which the prince is ill, and then better, and then well, and then dead George William Frederick now became Prince of Wales, the grandson of the old hero of Dettingen The readers of Mr. Thackeray's 'Four Georges' have become so familiar with the later Princes of Wales that I will not run the chance of repeating a twice-told tale. I would nevertheless point out a passage in 'Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs,' a book which deserves more attention than it has obtained, in which clear sense and accurate observation become almost prophetic in this instance.

In 1758 the sensible Earl Waldegrave drew up the character of the future George III., then in his twenty-first year. For some time he had reluctantly discharged the office of the prince's governor. 'His parts, though not excellent, will appear very tolerable . . . He is strictly honest, but wants that frank and open behaviour which makes honesty appear tolerable. . . His religion is free from all hypocrisy, but is not of the most charitable sort, he has rather too much attention to the sins of his neigh-

hour. . . . He does not want resolution, but it is mixed with too much obstinacy. . . . It will be difficult to deceive him, because he is uncommonly indolent and has strong prejudices. . . . He has a kind of unhappiness in his temper which, if it be not conquered before it has taken too deep a root, will be a source of frequent anxiety. Whenever he is displeased his anger does not break out with heat and violence, but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet, not to compose his mind by study or contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy enjoyment of his own ill-humour' Now this remarkable passage certainly seems to me to mirror forth much of the subsequent history. Let it, however, be always recollected concerning him what Mr Thackeray, one of the severest of his censors, has written 'Of no other George, of few other kings, could thus much be said — 'He did his best, he worked according to his lights, what virtue he knew he tried to practise, what knowledge he could master he strove to acquire. . . . The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III., not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because, according to his lights, he worshipped heaven.' When Mr. Thackeray, in his lectures, passed on to George IV, it was to be expected that he would become more sarcastic than ever. He professed, however, to allay any such expectation. 'I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on; to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.' This is a common rhetorical artifice. Notwithstanding the disclaimer, Mr. Thackeray proceeds to hunt the prey with considerable animation. This may be shown by our admiringly quoting some words from his vocabulary of abuse — 'Empty scapegrace,' 'lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable;' 'heartless, treacherous,' 'debauchée, dissolute, fickle, cowardly;' 'swaddled

in feather-beds, lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking,' 'steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment,' 'yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles.' I am of opinion, notwithstanding his ironic disclaimer, that Mr. Thackeray has not failed to mount and lay the dogs on. I wonder if our modern satirist has ever meditated on the striking dictum of that Chief Justice of history, Henry Hallam — 'It is an unworthy office, even for the purpose of throwing ridicule on exaggerated praise, to turn the microscope of history on private life'

Our current opinions respecting the Georgian kings are rather derived from prejudice, traditional belief, and general notions, than from a careful sifting of evidence and well-grounded conclusions. I do not wonder if some writers cling to the belief, in which I can scarcely participate, that a *per contra* remains to be stated on behalf of the Regent Prince of Wales. It is best that truth, however unpleasant, should be known. We often extenuatingly speak, in the case of the lowest, or the overwhelming force of circumstances. And the force of circumstances is no less powerful in the case of the highest. It will be found that the two great disasters of the Hanoverian princes were, first, the want of a happy home; secondly, a confined experience and illiberal education. Both these errors, by an abundant compensatory process, are entirely avoided by our princes of the Coburg race. The profound wisdom of the lamented Prince Consort received no higher exemplification than the wonderful training which he afforded to his children. Lord Bute pronounced it necessary that his royal pupil George William Frederick should travel, and accordingly took him to the Isle of Bute, otherwise the royal journeys for the most part lay between Windsor and St. James's. It is remarkable how completely in the present instance the errors of a bygone age are retracted. The education of the Prince of Wales has confessedly been one of unexampled variety and completeness. This result is mainly due to the

almost unrivalled wisdom of the Prince Consort. He appears to have profoundly studied the plan of his son's future life, with a full view both of its limitations and possibilities, desirous of insuring to him a happy, honoured, and useful existence, subordinated to the will and providence of God. Our beloved Queen, whose household is an example to every dwelling in the kingdom, gave him a happy home illustrated by her own bright example. England, honouring him for his own, loves him still more for his mother's sake. The country has no loftier ambition than that he should resemble the Queen, no warmer desire than that he and his consort may effectually aid and comfort her.

If I followed in the wake of that court flattery which was once prevalent, I should employ a fulsome and exaggerated vein which, it is a matter of congratulation, has long ceased to be pleasing alike to royal ears and the public taste. In speaking of the present Prince of Wales it is unnecessary to dilate, as the old birthday writers would have done, of the lightning of his eye, the eloquence of his language, the profoundness of his knowledge, the precocity of his genius. He has simply his own fair natural abilities sedulously improved to the highest point of cultivation. He has that intimate acquaintance with the Continent which is not unusually possessed by Englishmen, and beyond that his travels in the modern world of the West and the ancient world of the East are such as have fallen to the lot of very few grey-haired men. Without the least wishing to intrude into the sacred privacy of royal life, regarding the Prince as a public man, I may say a few words respecting him, gleaned from public sources. The youth of the Prince of Wales does not appear to have been marked by any showy performances or brilliant promise. His mind seems to be of that order which develops gradually, and flowers late. That the Prince, when a child, thought and acted as a child is itself an augury that, having become a man, he will put away childish things. Each step in his

career has succeeded its predecessor in fair and natural gradation. I have not heard of any extraordinary precocity, but at every stage there appears to have been that ripe improvement and full development which are far more satisfactory. I was once at a pretty place on the Rhine, staying in a dwelling which had, for some months, been the abode of the Prince. It was in the midst of the Rhine scenery of 'Childe Harold,' in the neighbourhood of the Seven Mountains. He was then, I believe, attending lectures at the University of Bonn, in pursuance of the original system that he should attend a circuit of the universities. Any one in the village was ready to talk about the Prince. The very boys who accompanied me up the Drachenfels were ready to shout for Old England, and told how the Prince had tossed to them largess. Graver people attributed to him youth and inexperience—truisms obvious enough. When he was afterwards at Rome, the English ladies were simply delighted with him. The thoughtful aspect, the modest, unassuming manner, the kind graciousness were quite his own, and propitiated the warmest regard. At Edinburgh his instructors spoke of him as possessing more than the common ability, and much more than the common assiduity. In very much the same vein is the language of the authorities both of Oxford and Cambridge. The Prince in all these places enjoyed the inestimable advantage of the most thoughtful supervision. It would not be right to allude to his career without a grateful commemoration of General Bruce.

I remember especially one mellow afternoon when the Prince arrived at Oxford for the purpose of matriculating at Christ Church. In the streets the claudits might be loud enough, but when he had passed the massive gates, and entered the spacious quadrangle, there was a very different scene. Scarcely a sound was heard, but as the simple carriage drove up every collegiate cap was uplifted. The dean, a man whose ponderous scholarship has not unfitted him for



THEIR LOYAL BUSINESS, THE PLINIE AND FINICNESS OF WAITS

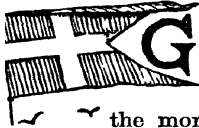
a court, advanced to meet the illustrious *alumnus*, and conducted him within the deanery, where the necessary formalities were transacted. At first the Prince attracted the general gaze, but town and gown soon became familiarized with the appearance of his Royal Highness moving carelessly with his friends down the High Street. It was evident that the Prince was at Oxford with a serious purpose. He read regularly, giving, it is believed, a larger attention to natural science than is usual among Oxford men. His attendance at college chapel in the cathedral was most exemplary, and, I believe, must rather have raised the average attendance among the men, for college tutors would sternly ask delinquents how, if the Prince of Wales attended so regularly, they could not at least follow so eminent an example. On Sunday afternoons the scene in the cathedral was especially animated. No restriction is imposed on the public concerning admission, which is the case with some other colleges, and there was always a thronged assemblage of the townspeople to catch a sight. The Prince, who had sat by the side of the dean in a stall, canonwise, during the service, came out in company with the dean, the archdeacon, Canon Stanley, Canon Pusey, and others. The residence of the Prince was at Frewen Hall, which is just beyond the splendid debating room of the Union Society, the entrance to both being up a narrow passage by the Star Hotel. To the debates at that mimic St. Stephen's, the Union, the Prince gave great attention, and was pretty constant in his attendance. The whole assembly would rise for a minute while he was entering or

leaving, but beyond this the freedom of the debate was not at all interfered with. Indeed, this freedom was sometimes carried to a great length. Young political enthusiasts are not very guarded in their language, and it frequently happened that the Prince was called upon to listen to a great deal of democratic and violent language, which he used to do with unimpaired cheerfulness and close observation. On some occasions he was challenged for his vote, but thus he always declined giving. A noble gift from his Royal Highness commemorates his connection with the society. Of that connection the university may well be proud. On the illustrious roll of the Princes of Wales his name stands among the highest, as the most travelled, the most accomplished, and the most popular.

'Let him who loves me follow me' was the exclamation of the Black Prince as he dashed across the waters of the Somme. We, too, all love our Prince of Wales, and follow him. Those great days in March show that the great national heart beats high in hope and affection for him. To the proud distinctions that are his now may others be added! May the historian of another generation be able to say that of all the Princes of Wales he was the Prince who held that honoured title for the longest term of years, that his career was noble and beneficent, that the Queen was comforted, and the land had peace! Long may he rule over us! Late may he be called away, and only to lay down the crown of perishable, earthly gold to receive the amaranthine diadem that shall gleam on his brow for ever!

A PILGRIMAGE IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON AND WESTMINSTER TO PADDINGTON,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.



Great was the pleasure I experienced on the morning of Saturday, the 7th of March, when I beheld from my chamber window the dark outline of the national flag of Denmark I had hoisted in honour of the day casting its flickering shadow upon the greensward of the Park, across which the public were hurrying,



both east and west, in the clear sunshine, whilst gay cavaliers in uniforms of all sorts, and carriages filled with ladies in dresses of all hues, looked alike pleased with the weather. Great, indeed, was the pleasure with which the world of London society bore down upon the main thoroughfares of London and Westminster to witness one of the most remarkable pageants of modern times—or, rather, one of the greatest demonstrations of welcome ever projected by corporate body, who, in the shade of decided opposition from government officials, behaved with a firmness and nobleness of purpose worthy of their ancient repute—a repute that will gain not alone by liberal and lavish expenditure, but by many tokens of good taste little expected from that quarter though not unmingled with maladministration—errors beyond belief—and that in a department of order often tested and found efficient within the City limits, yet, at the same time, jealous and unwilling to act with another arm of the same service, with which, on such occasions, it ought to co-operate and be guided, but more *en passant*

Bound for the Borough, *en Hansom*, armed with official passes, we entered the line of route, at twelve,

by St James's Street, intending to pass through the City on foot, but found, contrary to preconceived notions, the roads greatly crowded, not alone with travellers of necessity, with carriages, and confectioners' carts to the clubs, but with idle spectators intermixed with police and mounted military, rendering confusion worse confounded, (as the graphic grammar hath it), the presence of soldiers and police, when not in use, being, like chimneys in summer, ornaments little appreciated, things at a discount. The same all along the Strand, as far as our observation went, not a tinge of the mass having a definite idea of what to do, except to hinder those with a purpose or seeking a destination—a mass of wandering, troubled spirits searching for that they do not find, and may be here or there. The fault of this rests with the authorities for not making a line between the *trottoir* and road, by which both public and police would have been aided or checked. Strong barriers, not formed of swaying cordons of police, who hinder spectators, and have to exercise all the cardinal virtues, but by battens, unannate wood bars, that should have defined the ends of all streets of importance, lines of iron wire or ropes should have been drawn, from post to post, along the kerb,* and the public at rest separated from the restless, who would have passed along the road until driven to seek some haven, or gone away in quiet before it was too late, when the seething mass could be driven nowhere, as was the case in the City, where the attractions were

* The subject of barriers is a debatable question—and officers are, I believe, divided as to their utility and safety. In the City, on the occasion of the obseques of the Duke of Wellington, Fleet Street was lined with railing—and order was maintained.

greater and the streets narrower than in the West

After doing the narrows of the Strand, and passing its churches, the metropolitan police seemed to show greater vigilance, turning off all carriages into a side street by St. Clement Danes, around which and near Temple Bar was to be found the first piece of clear gravelled way leading to the neutral ground between the rival forces of police. This passed—though not without danger from frantic workmen putting the final touches to Temple Bar and striking the scaffold at the same instant, Fleet Street was reached—that grand avenue to the City (cleared of carriages at twelve) to be given to King Mob, with a few light troops, aided or hindered, as the case might be, by fewer City police, who, though polite, owned themselves incapable of obeying orders in the presence of so dense a mass of humanity, with no positive pastime save what they could excite in one another, or elicit from juvenile constables of uneven temper, who, though not proof against *vandamage* seemed anything but disposed to resent it, causing great delight to unwashed artisans, boys, and street-folk, who, for the time, had it their own way, which, though rough, was rarely unkind or without humour, causing infinite amusement to the elegant toilets—fair ladies and gallant gentlemen—who had taken up their places early, and, for the nonce, filled the shop windows and supplied the place of haberdashery or hardware, physic or pickles, determining to be pleased with everything—as the Prime Minister was pleased in Piccadilly, standing upon the stage erected between his own carriage-gates, opposite the Green Park, and surveying now a terrified dog chasing his own nose up and down the line, or bringing an opera-glass to bear upon a man in the topmost branches of a tree perusing a penny paper—the high and the low, the fast and the slow—there were touches of nature that, at least for one day, made us all akin.

Having, unaided by the police, thus far penetrated, though placed

under their protection, we sought aid to effect a passage into Bridge Street, help that they could not give, leaving us to roll into the street of Blackfriars amid a grinding crowd, which, whilst working upon the law of self-protection and preservation, were withal better behaved than usual. Let us hope that the people have changed for the better there is still room for it. We are behind the blouses and bonnets of other nations, who can push with a politeness unknown to us—ay, and even stand and wait also.

The idea of passing St. Paul's and Cheapside being too terrible to contemplate, we made a *détour* to the river, and by aid of a steambot and Thames wherry reached London Bridge Stairs on the Surrey side—the granite ladder, up which a human freight of beings ascends and descends to and from the silent highway, being deserted and covered with the slime left by the tide, making one think of the time to come when even this pageant shall, perchance, be forgotten, when Lord Macaulay's New Zealander shall sit on the ruins of Rennie's masterpiece, and survey the decay of St. Paul's, now teeming with tens of thousands of beautiful women and brave men doing battle for the little empire of the North, that is paving the way for the future, and teaching the whole material world to subjugate and create.

Ascending these steps to the top, and knocking at the gate there, it was opened by a City police officer, who not only guarded the temporary postern, but, upon the exhibition of our talisman, cleft a passage through the crowd until we were free and alone upon the magnificent structure, which, though ragged and droll to view from the river, produced a good scenic effect from the roadway, with its many masts and pennons, its elephants, ravens, devices, statues, portraits of Danish kings, and altars for incense, ending in an arch of triumph of goodly and effective proportions, combining well with the Monument and church of St. Magnus, the gaily-dressed vessels on the river to the

right, and the grand stand and hall of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, with its bevy of ladies, including the Princess Mary of Cambridge. Here was stationed a guard of some volunteer corps, in their red coats and bear-skins, for bearing and order equal to troops of the line, but with the advantage of superior cloth, cut, and connexion.

The bridge being clear (a sort of oasis in the desert of turmoil) gave one time for reflection and observation, a vantage-ground not to be lost, for in the distance could be observed a dense crowd forming an impenetrable barrier beyond the arch of triumph, on which workmen were busily engaged, and, I believe, quitted unfinished when the royal betrothed pair passed under. So it always was, and will be so was it in all great pageants in Paris or London, Rome or Vienna, though in the former capital they are more habituated to processions, have a finer climate, wider streets, a larger experience, aptitude, and organization. The fault with us, and particularly with the great and generous City of London, is to do too much (as probably at the West we do too little), to leave no margin to their drawing, no focus to their picture, no light dishes to their dinners, no piano to their forte, no mat to their gilding, which, from this cause, does not look half its value—a value that is only to be developed by the aid of art, as it burnishes the diamond, brightens the gold, and turns worthless pigments into treasures of design. Here, for instance, are too many streamers, statues, tripods, and other things, that rather encumber than enhance the locality, and lead the eye along it. Ah, citizens of London! though you have done wonders and spared no expense, effected many things with better taste than you were thought capable of, yet, with greater resources of wealth, you have not done what Antwerp (the city of the Princess's embarkation) did in 1635, when Ferdinand of Austria entered that city, when Rubens designed arches and cars, and screens and fountains, the allegorical pictures from which to

this day decorate the galleries of Europe; neither have you done what the same city did in 1861, when the Burgomaster D'Anvers, F. Loos, invited the artists of Europe to its hospitable halls. As a corporation you left every citizen to play his own tune rather than unite in a grand concert, the key to the whole being, drown your neighbour with loud noise, garish colours, or flashes of light—everybody to advertise himself.* Indeed this age may be called the advertising age in distinction to other ages.

Being safely landed, and not wishing to penetrate into the perilous mysteries of Southwark, where I am told much taste was exhibited,

'I waited for the train, and hung, with grooms and porters, on the bridge,'

the said train being the royal cortège, the grooms, the powdered laqueys of the civic authorities, and the porters, the bearers of

* With the illuminations the same observations hold good—want of unity, destroying a vast quantity of effect—an infinity of good illumination being wasted, and buildings themselves rarely lighted, but hidden behind blizng stars and transparencies that ought to have been secondary objects, hence the grand effect of the sweeping line of light in the Quadrant, the simplicity of some of the Clubs, and isolated Government buildings,—while St Paul's, the most hopeful object to decorate with light, was only a partial success. When taken by itself from the river, or at a distance, it was a failure, but as seen from the entrance-gateway to Doctors' Commons, with a borrowed light cast from the streets, the gloomy lanterns above, and the electric ray cutting out the ball and cross, the thing was something to be remembered, as a sensation, by a few. Why not have lighted it with Bengal fires, and showered rockets from the gallery round the dome, as they do from the Castle of St Angelo, at Rome, and did from the tower of Antwerp Cathedral, in 1635, and as they have continued to do on grand occasions to this day? Are the dome or spires in one case more likely to be fired than the steeple or towers in the other? Is our climate so beautiful and clear that we ought to despise methods independent of wind or rain? I think not. I have seen the Scheldt look one blaze of fire at a festival, but never the Thames—unless during a conflagration.

flags—all exceeding well appointed and creditably equipped, company seeming to rival company in the completeness of its equipage as they formed upon the bridge, or rather would have formed, had they been able to extricate themselves from the mass of humanity in which they were hopelessly fixed. Waiting here was a pleasant thing, as it is pleasant to view ships in danger at sea, and know that you are safe, yet there *was* danger beyond that had to be passed, danger above and danger below—for during the time a mass of timber and planking, being the wreck of a Thames steamer, tided to the west, a heavy cloud passed and gave us use for our waterproofs. This was the shower that welcomed the Danish rose to the metropolis, but could not dump the ardour of its inhabitants. Waiting now was not long, as the report of a cannon set all in commotion. Away went the first carriage full of Saddlers and Coachmakers, I think they call them, but, in reality, of gentlemen freemen having little to do, save in name, with that fraternity. But is not the hero of the day the first gentleman in the world and a fishmonger, and have I not had an invitation to dine with a great law-officer, and shall I not have turtle soup both thick and thin, turtle cutlets, turtles' tails, turtles' fins, and all but turtles' shells, which are as little edible as those of the oyster? Away goes the alderman, who, for want of something better to do, or *pour passer le temps*, made a joke about the Prince's being jealous, and indisposed to allow his betrothed, on arrival, to step into a 'Bricklayer's Arms'. Away go the laughers at the joke, and forward ride mounted City police, in gauntlets of buff leather, with long faces telling of confusion in the City. Away go Girdlers, Skinners, Salters, Cooks, and a host of others—the carriages move at a crawl—another gun is fired, and a porter of a flag observes, 'Hignite the hinsence — they're a-coming.' A few more moves and the said incense, which looked like a miniature black bolster, begins to flavour the air, if it does not make a hand-

some smoke, or burn the better for the rain, if it does not appeal to the eye, it is not ungrateful to the nose, and that is something. Here come the royal outriders. Men and *women*, in the rigging of the ships, cheer. The cavalcade passing under the arch of triumph into King William Street, creeping and cutting its way until brought to a standstill opposite carriages of sheriffs and common council that ought to have led the route, but now seemed hopelessly imbedded in a crowd of human beings—however, this permitted of a little cheerful conversation and congratulation on both sides—until another move of a few inches could be effected, and thus went the procession, clearing its way through a sea of people, few in the streets being able to view the cortège, those in the road, if not crushed or injured, having it close upon them before they could quietly survey its progress or mark its details. From the windows of the houses the effect must have been somewhat better, though sadly wanting, as the carriages, horses, and liveries appeared as if buried in a mass. Opposite the Mansion House, where the Lady Mayoress was to present a bouquet to the Princess, the crowd was terrific, being hundreds deep; the police seeming to have lost control over it, the few officers there, with difficulty, keeping a dozen square yards of red carpet clear for the ceremony—an interesting episode unseen by the head of the procession, and as little felt, the progress through the City being effected by a series of jerks, one part moving with greater or lesser difficulty; indeed, that it was not hopelessly mixed with the mass is due greatly to the consideration of the people, who, tried and pressed as they were, deserve unbounded praise. To no one are they less indebted than the City policemen, whose discipline we have often admired, but who, on this occasion, seemed sadly at fault.*

Wending our way up the Poul-

* Forewarned, but not forearmed, were the City police—for here, on the evening of the 10th, several persons lost their lives witnessing the illuminations.

try, hemmed in by an escort of Horse Guards, and guarded by an officer of the Blues, we reached St. Paul's in safety, though not without some misgivings from eccentric behaviour on the part of a bay mare ridden by a mounted policeman, whose ruddy face told of country duty, and whose prudence at every halt suggested the propriety of turning the animal's face to ours. Then could we survey with ease the marvellous *ensemble* of human trophies bestriding bas-reliefs and *taças*, shop-fronts and statues, bronze horses being ridden by human equestrians unknown to the illustrious dead they accompanied, whilst Britannias and Fames bore burdens, 'pick-a-back,' with like equanimity. The people, not content with the rooms and windows, appeared to crawl, like flies, over the very house-fronts, to shout and cheer, whilst the bells of every steeple hammered and rent the air, the populace (doubtless in error) first cheering the bride's sister, who occupied a royal carriage in advance, and afterwards the Princess Alexandra herself. Cleaving its way through the populace the procession reached St Paul's, looking doubly grand as the cool grey of the edifice contrasted with the handsome and effective red of the covered seating, enlivened by medallions, streamers, &c., and occupied by thousands of charming belles clothed in light colours, wearing wedding favours, the bright eyes and flushed cheeks being none the less beautiful from their rosy lips having been touched by champagne.

On, round the great cathedral, into Ludgate, festive with flags, telling well, though not brightly against the grey sky, loaded with rain that does not descend. On to Fleet Street, still in the narrow gutter of human beings, who wall the way, preventing the egress of more than one imprisoned 'cur of low degree,' who, seeking protection of the procession, halts and progresses as they halt or progress over the somewhat greasy way, for the streets are not gravelled, though, we believe, little hullocks of that

material line some portion of the route no time has been found to distribute it, if possible. Thus goes it, until Temple Bar be reached, firmly guarded by a double cordon of police, the City officers seeming averse to allow any person to pass where the City magnates are turned back or rest in their splendid equipages. Here the metropolitan constables for some cause also seem anxious to delay or sift the whole *cortège*, a delay and process abruptly terminated by the escort of Life Guards forcing a passage with their chargers this done, to use the expression of a policeman, 'the harristocracy, wot is so obstinate,' pass through to the West, where gravel is strewn and the wide way kept open. At Temple Bar, swathed in cloth of gold and muffled in velvet, the procession, as a pageant, ceased to exist, being shorn of the picturesque, the poor burgesses of Westminster, a sorry substitute, leading, along the Strand, the way at a somewhat quicker rate. Here one *can* breathe freely and see what is to be seen, the wild ardour of the East melting into what, by contrast, seems apathetic indifference in the West. The waving of handkerchiefs does not subside, though the loud huzzas and clashing of many bells are dying away. Passing the royal church of St Martin we leave behind the last of them for the amusement of the forty Royal Academicians, who have done so little for this pageant, who have not painted one picture, or devised a creditable illumination that will burn and prove what such things ought to be.* On, past the house of M D's, ensconced beneath their dingy portico, into Pall Mall, a sort of Venice, *sans eau*, looking doubly glorious behind the improvised stands of red and white, filled with the mothers and sisters of noble young England, who, for once, behold their houses invaded

* We do not forget Mr. Frith, and his commission to paint a picture of the Marriage Ceremony—but that had nothing to do with the bettering of this brave show, nor Mr Smirke, who, we believe, devised the effective illumination at the British Museum.

and literally turned 'out of windows.' On, past the home of the youthful pair, to the street of St. James, where clubbist contends with shopkeeper for the hill to Piccadilly, that sunny side of patrician London, in which bask the peer, the premier, and the millionaire—the Prime Minister, so redolent in joke, the observed of all observers, who, of course, receives marked and familiar salutations as the royal pair approach. At Apsley House the Duke of Cambridge, mounted on a brown charger, salutes the cortège, the burgesses of Westminster file off, leaving the half-dozen carriages and escort of Guards to enter Hyde Park, passing over the broad space of road set off in the programme for equestrians. Here, fatigued, we had intended to mount should circumstances permit, but finding neither horses nor public within ocular range, and the heavy sky forboding rain, we held on our course, first along a gravel path somewhat near the Achilles, until the royal carriages rolled silently over the grass between a perspective of volunteers *echeloned* four deep. Here the effect was truly grand and imposing, as the different shades of grey and green saluted their future king, the bands alternately playing the National Anthem and the Danish Hymn—a most interesting ceremony witnessed by but few of the public, unless those citizen soldiers participating in the affair can be called the public. Doubtless great consideration is due to a noble set of fellows who devote their spare time to the training of arms, but it did seem unfortunate so much vacant ground in the rear should have been unoccupied by spectators.* Quitting the greensward the royal party passed under the Marble Arch into the Edgware Road, now looking festive and gay, though not remarkable for choice decoration; indeed, the owners of private houses everywhere along the line seemed to evince very little taste or judg-

* This banishment of the public from their own Park was a violation of the programme of the Chief Commissioner of Police, and caused some words in the House of Commons.

ment either in the selection of colour or form, violating all rules of harmonious combination. The two triumphal arches in this locality, though creditable to the energy of the authorities, appeared to be somewhat heavy, flat, square imitations of granite masonry rather than light, temporary structures, combinations of beautiful form and colour intended to pass away as flowers fade. Why did not the West call in the aid of Owen Jones with his chromatics, Telbin with his scenic powers, and others equally well known, to assist? Why has not our state a sort of *garde meuble*, in which to store flags and poles, wherewith to enliven our Parks on high days and holidays like this? The enthusiasm in St. Marylebone was very great, and must be considered purely as an ovation to the Princess, for the few carriages here formed a cavalcade of very modest proportions as it passed down the wide and well-kept way, a marked contrast to the spectacle and crowding in the City. Every inch of ground in and around the Great Western Terminus was occupied by eager spectators until, rattling down the departure avenue, the royal carriages were lost to public view, the precious freight alighting briskly and without ceremony the Prince, as he descended upon the modest strip of red carpet spread before him, seeming, like a sleeper awakened, to step down into a world of reality—a reality the Directors had in no way taken trouble to dispel, the place wearing the ordinary air so familiar to polite voyagers by the broad gauge. This done, looking pleased and gratified, the Prince cast a glance from face to face, smiling as if to say, 'Are we here? Have we this day done a real thing, or dreamed a dream?' Slightly stretching his limbs, doubtless constrained, he passed into the Queen's Room with the Princess and suite, she reciprocating the smiles of all,—her active and intelligent manner, combined with simplicity and grace, showing her just the woman to win the hearts of the English people. With a shout from the Guards, as they galloped

away, the doors were closed, the royal party resting for a few minutes, during which the Princess cast an inquiring look amongst the mass of shawls, bouquets, and varieties that encumbered the table, as if to say, "I wonder if all I want are here" which is doubtful, a valet, unaided, having made a selection, from the carriage, hastily After this the Princess, who wore a purple velvet mantle, trimmed with sable, over a light moiré antique silk, slightly arranged her dress, shaking out its tumbled folds, before taking the arm of the Prince, and proceeding to the saloon carriage, followed by the members of the Royal Family of Denmark. The rear was brought up by equerries and others with small bags and parcels of cloaks, one gentleman struggling with a bundle of what appeared rolls of silk, but, in reality, were the addresses presented on the way. Having traversed the platform, the royal pair entered their carriage, the Prince of Wales remaining to hold a short conversation with the Duke of Cambridge from the window of the coupé—the Princess Alexandra bowing from the window of the central chamber, which, unfortunately, was so highly polished and darkened within that it reflected the faces of observers instead of displaying the interesting features of the beautiful bride elect. With feelings of regret the people continued to salute the invisible Princess as the train glided out of the station, the Foot Guards presenting arms, the band playing the National Anthem, and so departed from the metropolis the royal pair. May God bless and speed them!

With a thousand shouts and joyful demonstrations we entered the terminus in fair weather to leave it in foul the rain that was held up as if by magic for the occasion steadily descended as we drove home to dress for dinner, ruminating, as we went, upon the various phases of this great national demonstration—the spontaneous welcome of a free people acting upon their own impulse, a feeling that in any other European capital would have been subject to State influence. Great credit is due to the Corporation of London, not alone for their liberality, but for many phases of management, they having failed only in those departments considered invulnerable,—police, perhaps, being the greatest; the City arrangements contrasting very unfavourably with that of the Metropolis under Sir R. Mayne. In taste we think the 'City' has decidedly progressed, showing in art of a festive character much forethought and propriety, though Art and architecture can never flourish, or pageants be popular, until that bane of society, coal smoke, be abolished. But for its influence our atmosphere would be charming, and our City the fair London town of mediæval times, when lord mayors could escort illustrious strangers in gay garments by land or water. The waters of the silver Thames will, in a few years, again run clear; and let us pray that science may be illumined to dispel that cloud which, for two centuries, has hung over London Society.

L L ●



Victoria.

By Mrs. T. K. HERVEY.

HUSH!—and tread gently Ah! the rude, rough years
 That knit us unto noble souls, have laid
 A soft touch here! So droops in tenderer shade
 A lost friend found,—seen dimly through our tears.
 We seemed to live but in the world she blest.
 We saw her children grow about our knees;
 And, like the savage chief beyond the seas,
 Sobbed o'er the wound in our 'great mother's' breast.
 With her, beside a grave we kneel and weep,
 Crushed in the long, dead slumber of the heart,
 Then wake, in life's lone midnight, with a start,
 To feel what dreams can crowd into a sleep.
 Scarce has he left us, whom so well we know
 Why do we falter thus to breathe his name?
 Pure—ay, as heaven! to our homes he came,
 And, to the depths of all his nature,—true.
 Through this dim world, made sacred where he trod,
 We hear his voice, as she alone may hear,
 And those who by love's mystery may draw near,
 Clear as a bell that calls a soul to God.
 'Drop thou the thorns, true wife! and lift the flowers
 All are not scattered, nor their glory gone
 Thine is the darkness drear, and mine the dawn,
 Flowers spring through both, these children, love, are ours.
 'Gather them closely round, for my love's sake —
 Though sad their sweetness rises, drowned in dew,
 God has not left these life-trees where they grow
 A noble path a road of thorns to make.
 'Look not upon thy loved ones as forlorn.
 To thine own priceless worth be not too blind.
 Thee only left I to a night unkind,
 Where thou art, is for them no wintry morn.
 'Plant them between thee and thy sorrow turn
 Thy love undying to a fire of joy
 Whose heavenward flame shall in thy soul destroy
 All clinging, vain regrets—as weeds that burn.
 'Am I not still with thee? As once we stood,
 Think that again we stand Behold,—the shrine!
 All human love—I know it by divine—
 Mounts, as vines climb about a hill-side rood.
 'I hold it, here, as firmly as of old
 I held where now our plighted children stand —
 Here, waiting patient at my Father's hand,
 Back from my soul the darkening stone is rolled:
 'I know that thou shalt rise from out this woe,
 And dwell in that glad hope that crowns me here;
 And live on yon green earth sweet days of cheer,
 And smile to heaven,—for HE will have it so.
 'Then, O thou best,—thou truest! make no moan:
 Hope is not dead, but only lifted; set
 High, here, where all is peace, where Love has met,
 And laid it softly before God's blest throne.'

A LADY'S VIEW OF THE PROCESSION.

HER name had been on every man's tongue for days—the name of the Princess whose grace and beauty have won her the proudest position and the happiest fate in Europe. There was a sentiment about her and a passion felt for her throughout the land before her gracious courtesy and her fair, bright, beautiful young face had been seen by us all and deepened on all the impression caused both by report and *cartes de visite*. When the day came which was to witness her disembarkation and progress through London—the day which was to witness her first appearance in England as the future bride of England's heir—the pulse of the land throbb'd high, and the heart of the land beat quick with an emotion that has not been experienced for many a long day—never, indeed, since the Queen gave her hand to the Prince who is still loved and lamented as the 'mighty father of our kings to be,' should be loved and lamented by the land he served so faithfully and well.

The morning of the 7th of March broke with, apparently, a dull determination to develop into something unpleasant presently. Driving through Piccadilly our hearts ached for the paper roses and the scarlet cloth—for the waving flags and banner screens, and other not remarkably artistic decorations too numerous to mention. Cambridge House, with its front simply lined out with red and white—the Danish colours—offered a pleasing contrast to many of its neighbours which had attempted quaint devices and pleasing concerts, and failed in achieving anything. St. James's Street and Pall Mall, with their palace clubs lined with beautifully dressed women and quietly dressed men, proved that the aristocratic element of England will herd and crowd and get up a vast excitement when a fair excuse for doing so offers, and never a fairer one surely has offered than this progress through the compactly-wedged-

together mass of loyal humanity of the Princess Alexandra.

We could not give our minds as attentively as usual to the never-failing humours of the crowd. The inevitable dog, who always rushes wildly along the open space, concentrating in a moment upon his unhappy person and pendant tail the observation and satirical regard of what at a distance might be taken for one large dingy white face—even the inevitable dog on this occasion was powerless to distract our attention and wile away the time. Every incident was tortured by those in the balconies and windows into a sign that she was coming! How many times during those weary hours of waiting did Hope tell a flattering tale! How it led us on minute after minute, like the bird in the story who fluttered from tree to tree with the talsman's glittering glory in its mouth! A cry of 'She's coming!' was raised each time a tractable black horse bearing on its back a magnificent being—idol of many a nursemaid—waltzed on the insteps of the long-suffering first row, who thereupon went back like a muddy billow, only to surge out beyond the line with increased vigour the moment after.

We were westward of the Bar, where the procession was shorn of its civic splendour, but, nevertheless, we felt when the first escort of Life Guards passed, that no amount of City finery (gold lace and good feeding, pomp and portliness) could have added aught of dignity or grandeur to the scene. There was a white heat of excitement perceptible as carriage after carriage went by full of elderly gentlemen in cleaks and wedding favours, who affably took some of the enthusiasm to themselves, and responded accordingly. It broke into a low murmur as the barouche drawn by the greys, on which were mounted purple-velvated postilions far too fine for everyday life, trotted past. And then it became an almost too earnest suspense—so much depended

on that first impression—as the preliminary royal carriages went by.

The pretty young lady in white who bowed her head at rare intervals almost timidly as she passed along in advance of the sister in whose honour this mighty mass was bending forward breathlessly, was taken by many at the first glance, despite the admirable portraits Ghémar, Mayall, and others have circulated of her, for that sister herself. The illusion was but momentary though, for presently they were passing, and were recognized by all—he, 'the happy Prince with joyful eyes,' and she the frank-faced, noble-looking girl, who has come to be our Princess of Wales, and who took the heart of the land by her royal bearing, her womanly grace, and her fair, young, girlish beauty.

We shall always see her as she looked during her first great triumph in her new country. With the eyes of thousands bent upon her with affection truly, but at the same time with critical affection, her dignity and grace and sweet girlish face never failed her or faltered for a moment. She gave us what we love to have—a constant, an unceasing recognition of our mighty enthusiasm for her through the long hours of what could have been no slightly fatiguing progress to her she bowed incessantly, not like an automaton, not as if she thought it was expected of her, but as if it delighted her to receive from and to give to her new people warmhearted, genuine devotion and welcome, and a thoroughly appreciative recognition of the same. She was evidently proud of our pride in her, and pleased at our pleasure in seeing her, and prompt to show these feelings with a rare and winning grace.

We know every line of her face, and are capable—all of us—of describing and rhapsodizing about the graceful contour of her head and throat, and the additional delicacy the violet velvet cloak and violet-trimmed bonnet imparted to her naturally delicate complexion. We see a promise of good things to come in the large blue eyes that

met ours so frankly and honestly, in the pure, proud-looking brow, and in the steady, sweet mouth.

It was borne home to our hearts and minds at once with the unerring force of truth and an irresistible impression that she was well worthy of the lofty fate which has linked her to the bright-haired, handsome Prince who has already won to himself so wide a popularity. We put our trust in her at once—earned by the magic spell of her palpable nobility and youth and beauty. She is a 'happy Princess' truly, on whom it has devolved to render the title of Princess of Wales honourable and envied and esteemed throughout civilization once more. She is a happy Princess to come to a land where the great heart of the people showed itself ready to go out to her so freely. And, above all, is she happy in being so evidently well fitted to retain for ever the heart so trustfully given.

The days are passed when it was deemed essential to narrow the limits of the freedom of the heir to the throne, till it most effectually narrowed his understanding. Education and travel have done all they can for Albert Edward. He is an accomplished gentleman, and he also can ride well up to hounds. And by doing this he has touched no contemptible chord in the heart of England. We like to know that our Prince can do all things well, his never shirking his fences, and being a fearless, skilful, dashing rider, put a tone into a good many of those cheers that caused him to raise his hat and bend his golden curl-covered head so low on the 7th. The moments that each individual had to gaze on the royal pair were naturally few, but they were enough to deepen loyalty and love—enough to make her known to us—enough to renew the warm feelings of the land for him in a way that will never be weakened—and last, but not least, enough to prove to the Queen, away in the home now to be made sunny once more, that the love which has ever been hers is extended to her son and his bride.

LONDON ON THE SEVENTH OF MARCH:

A Ward for the Poor Man's Loyalty.

LONG before the sun had risen on the morning of the ever-memorable Seventh of March the population of London began to pour in a thousand living streams towards the great highway, along which the Fair Maid of Denmark was about to be conducted in triumph to her new English home.

The great sleep of the mighty city had been a light one. A bright vision of a fair face, radiant with beauty and goodness, had kept us all half awake and eager for the first glimpse of the dawn. Our impatience, however, outran the horses of the Sun, and hundreds of thousands were in the streets ere yet the curtain of Night had risen to reveal the scene of the Day's glory.

From the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, from palaces and mansions, from cellars and garrets, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, the happy and the miserable, the strong and the weak—all ranks and conditions of men, women, and children poured forth into the streets with the one loyal and devoted purpose of giving a hearty welcome to the chosen bride of the Queen's son. Never before had the heart of the nation been so deeply stirred, never before had it throbbed with such unbounded joy. Away in distant regions of the town, far removed from the scene of the procession, the very poorest of the poor had made preparations to do honour to the occasion by every means at their command. Obscure little shops and mean hovels, situated in dark courts and alleys, hung out flags and garlands as gay in their way as any of the elaborate decorations of the West End. The Princess would never see those flags and garlands; would never hear of them; could never even imagine that such poor and wretched streets existed in the rich and glittering city which Cheapside and Pall Mall would reveal to her. But what of that? Those innocent, true-hearted, poor

people were satisfied with the consciousness of having done her honour to the best of their ability for their good Queen's sake. It is true their flags were only cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, and their garlands only bits of coloured paper strung together by the children; but the sentiment of loyalty which swelled in the breasts of those poor people was as warm and as hearty as that which called forth the most gorgeous displays of the City and the West End. These humble demonstrations have not found a place in the printed records of the grand day, but they deserve to be chronicled here as a testimony to the heartfelt loyalty of a class for which her Majesty has always shown the tenderest sympathy, and which has been humanized and softened by the example of domestic love and duty which she and her lamented husband have set to the nation at large.

From dawn until noon the people of all degrees continued to flow in tributary streams into the great broad channel in the centre of the town—which then became choked and stagnant with human life. From this time until the arrival of the procession the whole line of route, extending from the Bricklayers' Arms Station to Paddington, was one continuous mass of humanity. The pavements and even the roadways were laid down with human heads the fronts of the houses were stuccoed over with human faces! What city in the world could have shown such a spectacle as this? Paris and Rome and Vienna could have welcomed a Princess to splendid buildings and to a gorgeous display, but London welcomed the bride of the Prince to the arms of a million of the most loyal and the most free people on the face of the earth. In that short ride through the streets of London the Princess saw nearly as many people as are contained in the whole of her uncle's dominions. And she saw all classes and degrees mingling together without jealousy or dread

of each other, the poor and the lowly showing as much anxiety to do her honour as the rich and the exalted. When Blucher rode through Cheapside he exclaimed, 'Ah! what a city to sack!' If the Princess Alexandra appreciated what she saw in a true spirit—and there can be little doubt that she did—she would exclaim, 'What a happy fate to be the chosen wife of a Prince destined to reign over so great a people!'

It has perhaps occurred to few to reflect that the art of photography has had a good deal to do with the universal enthusiasm which has been aroused on behalf of the Danish Princess. Photographic portraits of the Princess have been exhibited in the shop-windows for many months past, and have been purchased in thousands. These portraits have penetrated to the most distant parts of the kingdom, and have found their way into the hands of the humblest. Now we all know that photography does not usually flatter the human countenance, but is rather disposed to do the very opposite and detract from the grace and beauty which naturally belong to it. So, when we found that this grudging and envious art had made the Danish Princess pretty, we were assured that the original could not fall short of our expectations. Photography, then, had made us all familiar with a sweet, winning face, which, to look upon, was to love; and apart from loyalty and every other sentiment whatever, there is nothing in the whole wide world which exercises such universal sway upon humankind as female beauty. When we went forth, then, on Saturday to welcome this Princess we were prompted not alone by our loyalty, but also by our desire to do homage to youth and grace and loveliness.

It is said that in this world the pleasure of expectation is nearly always greater than that of realization. This was certainly not the case as regards the beauty of the Princess Alexandra. A million of people stood or sat in uncomfortable situations during the greater part of a cold March day to see her

pass, and when they had caught a glimpse of her their happiness culminated to a point which they could never have anticipated. The Princess was lovely beyond all description—beyond all the power of art to depict. From every lip there arose an exclamation of enraptured delight. 'How charming!' 'How lovely!' 'What a sweet smile!' Wherever she passed she caused a thrill of the most exquisite delight to pass through the heart of every one who gazed upon her. That impression will never be effaced, for, as the poet sings,

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'

And all the lovely tenderness which we saw beaming from that fair face must be allied to the courage of a true woman, of one who is well constituted to bear the burden of state through all its heavy trials. Through all the wild and tumultuous enthusiasm of the people the Princess bore herself bravely, showing herself freely to all, bearing up nobly against emotions which must have been hard to resist, and wearing to the last that smile which has proved more potent than the terrors of the mightiest conqueror who ever rode in triumph through the ranks of a subjugated people.

'I have come all the way from Carlisle to see her,' said a great burly countryman, 'and I would stand here in the rain till this time to-morrow if I could only set my eyes on that bonny face again.'

To attempt to describe the scene presented along the route would be to venture upon a task far beyond the power of the present writer—we really believe, beyond the power of the most graphic writer who ever lived. The impression that remains upon the mind is that of a wild dream, of a broad river of humanity running parallel with the Thames; of an endless succession of windows and balconies and housetops studied with eager and expectant faces; of all the colours of the rainbow flaunting before our dazzled eyes; of a great chorus of voices resounding like the restless ocean, now sinking into a murmur, now breaking into a mighty roar. London

has never seen such a sight before, and it may be a question if any of the gay capitals of the Continent could, with all their architectural advantages, produce anything half so effective and impressive. Certainly no city but the capital of free and loyal England could show the world the spectacle of a million of people taking possession of the chief thoroughfares of the seat of government, and occupying them for a whole day, uncontrolled, without causing disturbance, or even exciting alarm. The Prince and his bride were in the hands of the people—nay, in the hands of the mob—but no tremor of fear passed through their hearts, for they knew that they were in the midst of friends who would have cheerfully shed their blood rather than that a hair of their fair heads should have been injured.

The Prince behaved like a gallant gentleman, and gave the place of honour in the royal carriage to his bride and her relatives. The public had not seen the Prince for more than a year until this occasion, and his improved appearance was the subject of general remark. His likeness to his great-grandfather, King George III.—who, on the authority of Dr. Johnson, was the finest gentleman in England—is very striking. But the humble women-folks on the pavement took a motherly interest in discovering a stronger resemblance to the Queen. Others, again, said he was more like his father, and piously hoped he might be as good. The truly heartfelt and domestic nature of the interest which the people, and particularly the poorer classes, took in the Prince and Princess manifested itself in the telling of all kinds of pretty stories about the daily life of the Queen and her family.

'I hear,' said one, 'that the Queen is very fond of the Princess, and calls her The Fairy. She may well call her that.'

'I wonder,' said another, 'if the Queen will take her in her arms and kiss her when she gets to Windsor? I don't suppose great folks do that sort of thing.'

'Lord bless you!' said a third,

'they're just like us as far as that goes. Kiss her! I'll warrant she will; and I dare say the poor thing will burst out a-crying as soon as she gets out of sight of all this. Her heart's full enough you may be sure.'

A good deal was said about the nature of the match.

'A love-match!—there can be no doubt about that. I'm sure every young man that's seen her since she left the station is over head and ears in love with her at first sight; and as to the Prince, he's as handsome a young man as you'd meet with in a day's march.'

'Deed, ye may weel say that, sir,' said a matronly lady from ayont the Tweed 'he's as bonny a laddie as I've seen between this and Dumfries, and that's the length o' a' England.'

'I hear,' said one, 'that she calls him "Bertie" for short.'

'That's true,' said another, 'and he calls her "Sandra".'

'Just like true lovers all the world over,' struck in a third.

In such homely conversations on the pavement among the humblest of her Majesty's subjects, true and affectionate loyalty found as heartfelt expression as in any of the courtly addresses, engrossed on illuminated parchment and bound in gold, which were presented to the Princess by the greatest dignitaries of the land.

And so, amid the acclaim of the people, while many an eye shed tears of sympathetic joy, and many a lip breathed a prayer for their welfare and happiness, the Prince and Princess passed on to the ancient throne of England's kings, there to unite their lives and their fate for a future whose destinies are intimately bound up with their virtues and their example. But still, while we cheered these young people, and while our hearts throbbed with pleasure at the sight of their youth and comeliness, it was impossible not to feel and to acknowledge that the vast multitude which had come forth to greet them was, above all, a great cloud of witnesses to the pious care which had been bestowed upon the Prince by a tender and loving Mother and by a wise and noble Father.

THE HEIRESS OF ELKINGTON.

A Tale in Two Parts.

PART I.

' My father dwelt beside the Tyne
 A wealthy lord was he,
 And all his wealth was marked as mine,
 For he had only me.
 To woo me from his tender arms
 Unnumbered suitors came,
 Who praised me for imputed charms,
 And felt or feigned a flame.'

ON a dismal November morning, a silent family party were assembled at breakfast, in the library at Elkington Priory.

The cause of the gloom which prevailed will be easily explained

The handsome, brown-haired, haughty-looking girl, who is pouring out her father's coffee (and who just now cast a furtive glance at the contents of the post-bag, arranged before him for distribution), is at this present moment sole, undisputed heiress to the magnificent Elkington property. She is, moreover, very nearly of age, and on that day week will attain her majority; but there is no happy expectation to be read in the sparkle of those dark eyes, which, set in their starlike beauty, under the low classical brows, have a power of their own, of which their young owner is haughtily, and somewhat disdainfully conscious.

She is so accustomed to adulation, that it has lost its charm, and ceases to create much emotion in her feminine breast. But there is, alas! the strongest, the bitterest, and the most baneful of human passions now raging within it—the passion of jealousy, and of her twin sister, hate. It is the dull light of those smouldering fires, which burns in the beautiful eyes, and gives an expression to the whole countenance, of gloom and reserve, not natural in one so young.

The events of the next few days, which that silent family party so drearily await, are full of importance to Ella Elkington; her fate is trembling in the balance, for her step-mother is daily expecting to bring

a child into the world, who, if it prove a son, will rob the young reigning monarch of the inheritance which for twenty years has been looked upon as her own; of the crown and the sceptre, which she has worn so proudly, and which will then devolve on a pining infant, who will be hailed as the son and heir.

The elderly gentleman, who looks cowed and hopeless in the presence of the unpropitious feminine element of his family, does not appear either happy or triumphant, in the prospect of an heir to the house, of which he has been for fifty years the sole male representative; and his wife, in whom we might at least expect to detect some flash of latent joy, in the prospect of increased importance (and of what is so dear to the heart of an ambitious woman, of power), looks more sad and depressed even than her husband or her step-daughter.

She is the prey of an undefined terror, which the rosy light of hope can neither annihilate nor dispel; it haunts her by night, and sits by her side through the day. She is no longer young; her health has latterly visibly declined, and from a strong, healthy woman, she has lapsed into a nervous invalid. She looks forward to the prospect of her approaching maternity, with feelings of unmitigated fear, any allusion to it driving the blood to her heart with such dangerous precipitancy, that one who loves her so little as her step-daughter, is moved with pity for her on these occasions; and her maid, the only creature in the world who really cares for her, shakes her head in the housekeeper's room, and says,

on the morning of which I speak, 'My mistress will never get over it, Mrs. Bouncer. Mark my words! I tell you that she will never get over it.'

To these desponding remarks Mrs. Bouncer makes no reply. She is thinking of her master, the hale old man of a year ago, broken visibly under the turbulent reign of an ill-tempered woman, enduring physical suffering for the first time in her life.

They all pitied him, his old servants and dependents pitied him; his daughter pitied him most of all. No mortal but herself had seen the tear which gathered in his eye, and trickled down his wrinkled cheek, as he sealed and directed the letter, which was to order a costly offering for his daughter on her approaching birthday. She well knew the source of it. The diamond bracelet and the lost inheritance, the sparkling jewels and the clouded fate—his senile folly was repented, but not until it was too late, that bitter tear had a very bitter source his daughter felt, and the sight of it wrung her generous heart to the core. Flung her warm young arms round his drooping neck, she said—

'Father, I can bear anything but this. if the inheritance I may lose could buy back that one tear—it may be hers, it may be his,' she added, with a strange smile, 'his with all my heart and soul. Father, you *shall* not be unhappy, you have me still; not all the heirs in Christendom shall come between you and me.'

Poor Ella! they maligned you who said that you were cold and heartless. If you could hate keenly, you could love with all the fervour of an ardent soul.

A dangerous temperament that which knows no medium, whose emotions are passions, whether of joy or sorrow, of love or hate—a dangerous temperament indeed!

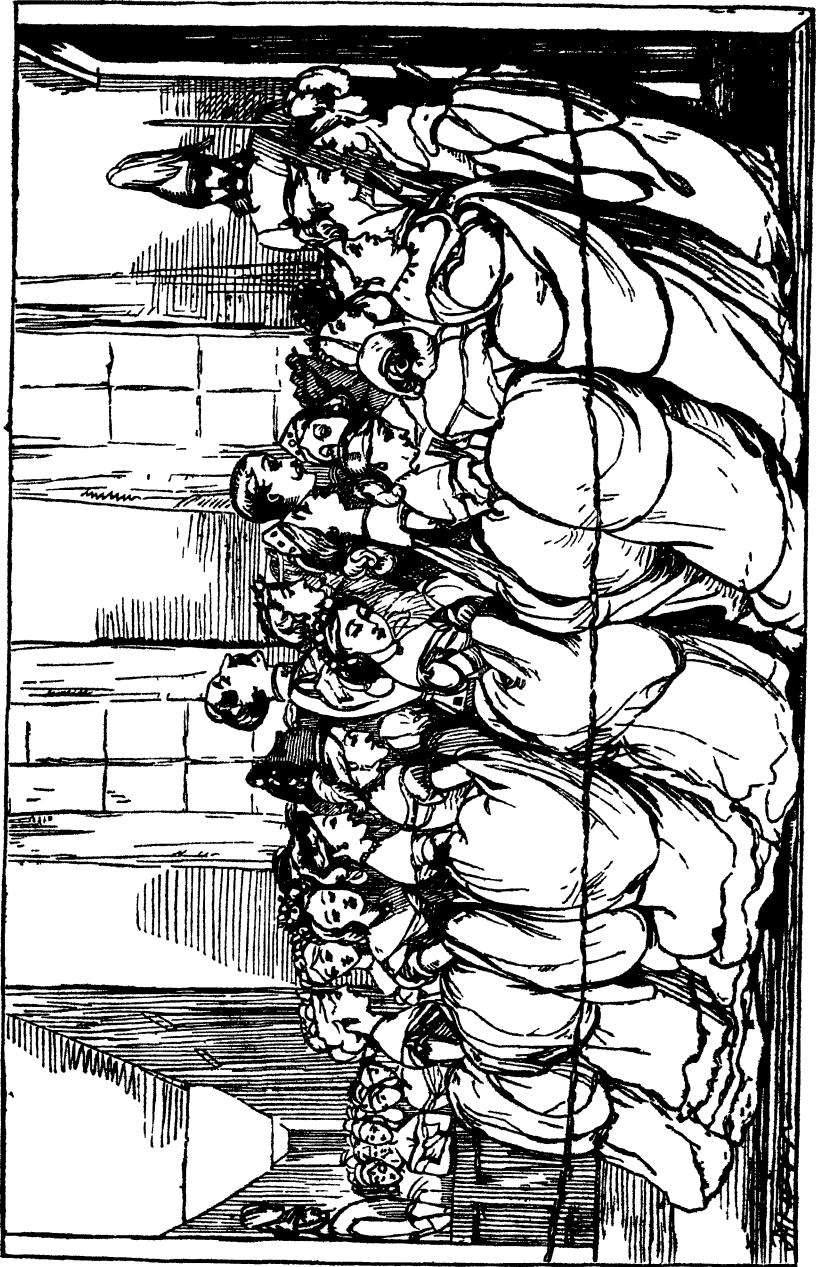
To explain fully the complication of family interests and feuds, which had sown strife among the inmates of Elkington Priory, it will be necessary to go back to the time of the 'Squire's' courtship of its present mistress; to the time when that pale, sickly-looking woman was a

dashing, clever widow, and first made havoc in a breast, which had been so long constant to the memory of one beloved object, that the most active feminine imagination (with one exception) had ceased to speculate upon the bestowal of its affections elsewhere.

Mrs de Vere, the widow who accomplished the deed, had taken a cottage ornaée in the neighbourhood of the Priory. there are people who go so far as to say that she took it with the intention of becoming the second Mrs. Elkington, but with such slander our innocuous pen has nothing to do. We have only to mention facts; and to remark that with a reputation for flirting, more than was altogether in keeping with the widow's weeds but lately cast aside, with being freer with promises than with cheques to the tradesmen who were dazzled by her fashionable entourage; and for being not altogether what dignified, home-loving matrons call 'the thing,' she managed that her thoroughbred pomes, should stamp the smooth gravel coach roads of the best houses in—shire, and that the aristocratic and somewhat exclusive owners of them, should eventually succumb to the intolerable pressure of boredom, which she brought to bear upon them, and allow her to consider herself, as she expressed it, 'one of themselves'

In the hunting field Mrs de Vere's upright, firm figure, which was too squarely built for grace, but which was in keeping with the showy, rather vulgar beauty of her face, was as well known as that of the master of the hounds. She did not ride much, but she attended all the meets, and was as much dreaded by the real hunting men, as she was sought by the butterfly sportsmen, who had no more idea of what the hounds were about, than the would-be Diana herself.

On one of these occasions she had been accompanied by a remarkably handsome young man, whom she introduced to her acquaintances as her brother, Captain Blayne. He was not in the least like his sister, for his features were refined as well as regular, and his mouth, in par-



GOING TO COLT - HOW I WENT



Drawn by J. D. Watson.

[See the Tale.

THE HEIRESS OF ELKINGTON.

ficular, was remarkable for mobility and beauty of expression. His manners were quiet; but Mrs. de Vere knew well enough that the nameless fascination which makes men popular with women was his, and that he was admitted and sought after in circles which, with all her dash and daring, she could never hope to enter.

She was not without a hope, however, that these singular attractions might, in the country (where people are less on their guard against ineligible acquaintances than in town), open a road for her to a certain exclusive lady set, who had hitherto steadily repelled her advances—Ella Elkington, the beauty and heiress, being one of the most obdurate of the number.

On the day in question, the young lady, she knew, would be out with her father, and she was fully determined, by hook or by crook, to effect her bold design.

It was a glorious hunting morning, and a larger field than usual were assembled at the favourite meet, 'Finchley Dingle' Mrs de Vere, mounted on a showy chestnut, which she called 'Change for a Sovereign,' because, as she explained to her attendant cavaliers, who were rather tired of the joke, 'nothing went faster,' gazed anxiously down the by-lane which led to the Priory, fearful that Miss Elkington would not be out after all. Her fears on that head proved groundless, another minute or two, and she was gazing with envy at the graceful girl, mounted and dressed to perfection, making her courteous acknowledgments to the crowd of adherents who pressed about her horse, a hot, young thoroughbred, which, against her father's anxious advice, his wayward mistress had insisted upon riding to hounds that day for the first time.

As the widow gazed (outside the charmed circle, whose limits she could not pass) at the well-set, finely-moulded head, at the neat, workmanlike costume, at the elegance and quiet of Miss Elkington's whole turn out, she felt, for once in her life, that she was extinguished and outdone.

She actually blushed in uneasy consciousness of her red feather, and her loud tie; of her stamping screw, and of her fast acquaintance. She realized, at last, that there was a gulf between her and the heiress, which was as impassable as it was impalpable; and the empty and rather unpertinent chaff of her young men adherents seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable, now that she had the opportunity of comparing that sort of adulation with the respectful homage which the well-bred courtesy of her rival exacted and received. Her hopes with regard to intimacy with the Elkingtons fell rapidly.

She could have worked her way with the good-natured, genial Squire, but that haughty, self-possessed girl, she quailed under her supercilious stare—for so she called the somewhat amazed glance of the heiress, who had hitherto heard much, but seen little of the dashing widow, with whom she now felt she could never have anything in common.

Captain Blayne was not at that moment at his sister's side. she saw, with admiring approbation, with what easy nonchalance he entered the charmed circle, and obtained an introduction to the Squire and his lovely daughter. The first step was thus taken towards the acquaintance which she so ardently desired, and she knew that the game was in able and willing hands, for her brother possessed, in an eminent degree, that nameless fascination, which, while it insures the smiles of women, is looked upon with simulated contempt, but with inward jealousy, by the less captivating of the ruder sex.

The words 'puppy, dandy, butterfly,' were liberally applied to the handsome captain by those who, piquing themselves upon being essentially sportsmen, looked upon the appearance of ladies, and ladies' men, in the hunting field, as a wicked innovation. Captain Blayne had not, as yet, shown what he was made of; or displayed the capabilities of the fine Irish mare, whose splendid condition was the admiration of those learned in horse-flesh, and whose wild, fiery eye spoke of the 'lurking

devil' within, which made Kate O'Shane a valuable possession to a first-rate horseman only.

'Keep clear of Miss Elkington's horse, if you please, gentlemen,' said the rather fidgety Squire. 'I wish, my dear child, you would be persuaded to ride something less cantankerous to meet hounds.'

And Abd-el-Kader, to keep up the character so ungraciously bestowed, commenced a series of capers and plunges, as he caught the first notes of the hounds breaking cover, which made the Squire turn pale, and the gallant captain (whose mare knew that her work was before her, and made no waste of superfluous energy in frolic at the cover side) draw, without any intrusive demonstration, a little nearer to her bridle rein.

As the hounds broke away with the melodious cry, which is the sweetest music in the ears of horses and men, which can wake the echoes of the winter woods, the huntsman jumped his old horse Whiff, who was rather stiff in his joints, and required a little humouring as to the height of his fences, over a gap immediately in front of the little group, now diminished to three in number, which excited Miss Elkington's horse to such a maddening extent, that he became restive, and finally unmanageable, and after shaking his head with a snort of defiance of the small but determined hands, which were equally bent upon having a will of their own, Abd-el-Kader followed the example of the hounds, and 'broke away, rushing down the hill side with the fury and rapidity of a torrent escaping from a temporary dam. Fortunately for the equanimity of the Master of the pack, Abd-el-Kader's excitable temperament ignored the delights of the chase so far that he did not feel it incumbent upon him to follow the lead of the hounds, who must in such a case have suffered from so mad an outbreak on his part, but struck out an original line, which he seemed bent on pursuing, heedless of consequences to himself or his rider.

Captain Blayne, who was a cool, calm young officer, not easily surprised out of his presence of mind,

immediately planned a counter-evolution, whose pros he had accepted, and whose cons he had absolutely ignored and rejected, before the Squire had fully taken in that his daughter's horse was running away, or that he was for the time being the most miserable and the most helpless of elderly gentlemen, whose whole hope in life was dependent upon one reckless stake.

Captain Blayne had determined to race Abd-el-Kader, in a parallel direction, until the superior strength and speed of Kate O'Shane, should enable him to turn suddenly and confront him, thereby arresting his course, before he reached the brook which ran through the open, over which he was then galloping with such determined speed.

Mrs de Vere, who, deserted by her cavaliers, had been about to return home with her groom, did not lose her presence of mind either on the occasion. She reined in her showy chestnut, and hastened to the Squire's side, who, speechless, and apparently paralyzed with fright, was about to put his cob to his speed to join the desperate chase.

'My dear sir,' she said eagerly, 'let me advise you. Be calm. Leave Miss Elkington's rescue to my brother. He will effect it, rest assured. Do not attempt to follow them. Do let me persuade you. See, my brother gains upon Miss Elkington, his horse is a noted steeple-chaser, your daughter's has no chance against such a stride as that. He has wheeled round. He is cutting her off. Now again they are neck and neck. He would not stop her too abruptly; he has hold of her reins. Compose yourself, my dear, dear sir, and let me congratulate you. Miss Elkington is safe.'

'Thank God! thank God!' said the old man, as he burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. 'God bless your brother, Madam, whoever he is. he is a noble fellow! God bless him! God bless him!' And then the cob was indeed put to his speed. And with the showy chestnut, and the red feather in his wake, the Squire hastened towards the spot where the blowing and foam-flecked steeds were standing quiet and at

rest, while a few words were exchanged between the two who had just ridden such a headlong race, as it seemed, for life or death. The heiress never looked handsomer, or more fascinating, than at that moment. Flushed (and her face was one which a flush became), excited, breathless, but not in the least shaken or alarmed, with the dignity that was natural to her she thanked her deliverer for his timely rescue. Cool, calm, and collected, with the deepest demonstration of respect he received her thanks, while the thought uppermost in his mind was that Ella Elkington was, without exception, the loveliest girl that he had ever seen. If a vision of her reputed wealth at the same time flashed across the retina of his mental vision, we will only remark upon that score, that if Captain Blayne was an Adams and a hero, in the eyes of every woman who ever listened to the modulated accents, which fell from a mouth moulded in nature's most perfect cast, to the author, the *valet-de-chambre*, of his mental attributes, he is but a mortal man after all.

And thus the wish the nearest the widow's heart was accomplished, an introduction to the family at Elkington Priory. It grew and increased beyond her most sanguine hopes; and rumour went so far as to state that the pretty heiress was not altogether indifferent to the attentions of her brother, Captain Blayne; who made the 'cottage' his home during his long leave, and on non-hunting days scarcely ever missed the opportunity of riding over to the Priory, or of driving Mrs. de Vere, whom Ella now pronounced to be a good-natured woman, but whose amusement (imprudent Ella!) she generally left to the Squire, while she talked and laughed, and (shall we acknowledge it?) *flirted* with the gallant officer of dragoons, who, as might be imagined, was not in any way loath. As his leave drew towards an end he was, in fact, bold enough, upon the strength of the encouragement given, to hazard a proposal, which was declined in such a manner as not to preclude all hope.

'I cannot think of marrying yet, Captain Blayne,' said the young heiress, haughtily; but there was a slight stress upon the last word, which seemed to hint that when the auspicious moment *did* arrive, it would be as well if it found her present companion at his post. 'I shall not think of marrying until I am of age; and that will not be for two years to come.'

During the spring and summer months Captain Blayne paid frequent short visits to the cottage, and the latter end of August saw him once more located there for his long leave. Mrs. de Vere had in the meanwhile worked her way so far, as to be more than *tolerated* by Ella, and to be quite essential to the Squire, who was fond of the lively gossip, with which she entertained him.

On one sunny August afternoon, Ella and her lover strolled together on the wide terrace walk which was enfiladed by all the windows of all the sitting-rooms in the house.

'It is very hot here,' at last remarked Ernest Blayne, but as that gallant officer had encountered the fierce Indian sun with impunity, and his hardy constitution been none the worse for it, we must be pardoned if we hold the assertion that he was inconvenienced by those mild August sunbeams, in polite disbelief.

'I like it,' was the lady's reply, who perhaps knew for certain what we have only hinted at, that her companion only wished for an opportunity of forsaking their rather public promenade for one of a more sequestered kind. 'I like it; it cannot be too hot for me,' she added, taking off her hat, and letting the sun play amongst the thick tresses of hair, which only wanted more decided hues to make it perfectly beautiful. 'It was somewhat of too dead a brown,' young ladies, her contemporaries—who of course were the best judges in such a delicate question—said; but however that may have been Captain Blayne would have been very glad to have had a lock of the silken appendage to take back with him that afternoon; as an outward sign of the favour in which

he believed (and not without reason) that he was held in the heart of the young heiress to the Priory, and to a clear forty thousand a year, which we believe made a very pretty background (and upon our word and honour, and in the unromantic character of *valet-de-chambre* to the young man's mental attributes, we assert it only a *background*) to the picture of conjugal felicity, which had lately dawned upon the imagination of that aspiring captain of dragoons.

As it was not probable, that so precious a gift would be made under the supervision of four footmen in scarlet plush, who were removing the luncheon from the dining-room, or of the Squire and the widow, who entertained each other in the library, the tactics of the young man were to effect, at all hazards, a retreat to the conventional shady grove, in which lovers have chosen to walk from the beginning, and in which they will most probably choose to walk until the end of time.

But if the tactics proved so far successful that they allured the lady from the terrace, where she 'liked the heat,' they did not appear to have progressed far towards gaining the fortress besieged, for at the end of their walk in that secluded and convenient spot, the last remark which fell from the lips of the same lady was that 'she detested shade.'

The widow's pretty ponies had reason to remember that notable sentence, for the temper of the young dragoon was considerably ruffled as he drove his sister home, and the high-spirited animals resented the unusual rough treatment which they received to such an extent that if they were not running away all the way home they were doing something which had very much that appearance.

'She detests shade, does she?' said the captain to himself 'And I detest humbug. Upon my soul, it's too bad!'

Now if Captain Blayne thought Ella's conduct towards himself too bad, there were perhaps private reasons for his doing so. There existed, no doubt, some secret sacred even from the *valet-de-chambre*, and

which he has not the power of opening for the benefit of public curiosity. All that he can assert upon the matter is, that it is a phrase seldom out of the young man's mouth; so we must suppose him, upon his own showing, to be the victim of some more than human consummation of iniquity—some invisible league of the powers of darkness preserving the incognito of the convenient neuter '*it*.'

Does *it* freeze on a hunting morning, the neuter is arraigned at the awful tribunal of his private judgment, and pronounced, '*too bad*;' does his indulgent father decline to devote the half of his yearly income to the settlement of Young Hopeful's jewelry bill, the aspect of the neuter becomes terrible indeed, the black clouds of destiny are thereby represented, and the thunderer Jove is called upon to register and endorse the fact, that *it* is indeed '*too bad*.' If a girl declined or evaded his suit, a trial which, it was true, he had not often experienced, the depths of the neuter's malignity no mortal could be supposed capable of sounding.

The temper of the dragoon suffered considerably from this pressure of untoward circumstance, and the pretty widow found her younger brother's society anything but agreeable, during the silent meal, to which, notwithstanding his morning's disappointment, it must be admitted that he did ample justice. Perhaps he was too well accustomed to the caprice of the young heiress, to put down the snub direct which she had given him that afternoon for more than it was worth.

If he had raised his eyes a little oftener, or with greater interest, from his well-furnished plate (Mrs. de Vere kept a first-rate cook, whose wages were punctually paid), he might have observed a triumphant sparkle in the widow's black eyes, and a slight nervous flutter, which betrayed unusual emotion of some sort, which had her brother even not been too preoccupied or too sulky to notice, he would have been far from attributing to the right cause.

She looked particularly handsome that evening, for she was richly

dressed, and was a woman whom dress became. The sheeny folds of her peach-coloured silk, and the sparkle of the diamonds on her plump white hands, gave her a brilliant, showy look; while Madame Rachel herself may have been suspected of having had something to do with the bloom of her complexion which was bright and glowing, like that of a Hebe of eighteen.

Notwithstanding all these attractions, however, there was something about her unpleasantly suggestive of a handsome reptile. A beautiful spotted snake, a gorgeous foreign lizard, a toad with the mythical jewel crowning its repulsive head; something to admire at a distance, a splendid creature, but eugh! no nearer if you please, the very sheen being suggestive of venom, and the sparkle of the forked tongue, fit emblem of the tongue of venomous human nature, at whose hideous aspect the stoutest heart has been known to tremble and turn pale.

If the comparisons we have made sound somewhat invidious when applied to so comely a dame, we own to a certain amount of prejudice against her, in the moment of success, when her artfully-laid schemes are on the point of triumphant realization. As adversity is the test of friendship, prosperity gauges the extent of human antipathy or dislike. I see my enemy in the hands of the Philistines, or struggling in the deadly embrace of a master in the art of gartotting, and I am ready to extend the right hand of fellowship, and to perish in his defence on the spot. I see him on the pinnacle for which we are all striving, and in the struggle to gain which, we get so many more buffets than thanks, the pinnacle of success, and my enmity rises to summer heat, while I respond heartily to my friend. Miss Verjuice's favourite reading of the sacred psalmist, in which she associates *all* worldly prosperity with the state of those who flourished in his time, as she ends by sentimentally assuring you 'like a green bay tree.' In fact, she reads this verse with such terrible em-

of the church, that the gentleman who made his fortune in the tallow trade, and to whom the churchwardens have assigned a better pew than her own, takes it as a personal insult, and feels inclined to quarrel with his prayer-book, for giving his arch foe the opportunity of endorsing a sentiment, so little in accordance with his personal opinions on the subject of worldly success.

To return to the lady whom we have ungraciously left, in the shimmer of her jewels and her silks, lingering over dessert in the society of her uncompanionable brother, we are bound to make the revelation which fell upon the resolute heart of that young officer like a blow, but for which the reader will have been prepared by the opening part of the present chapter. Had Captain Blayne been less occupied with his own 'urgent private affairs,' he might have guessed from Mrs. de Vere's restless demeanour that she had something of importance to communicate.

She walked from the table to the window, and from the window back to the table, and then placing her jewelled hand upon her brother's shoulder, she began in the false rallying accents, in which, could a cat speak, one could fancy it addressing its little panic-stricken victim, while in the pangs of impending torture and death.

'You did not propose to Miss Elkington to-day, did you, Ernest, dear?'

'What's that to you?' was the ungracious reply; '*it really is too bad* to come and pump a fellow in this sort of way. What can it be to you, Harriet, whether I did or not?'

'Not much to me, Ernest, but a good deal to you. whether the heiress of forty thousand a year, accepted or refused a pennyless young captain of dragoons, *is*, I should have thought, a fact of some little importance, in which the young man's only sister, might be supposed to take some passing interest. At all events, I do not think it a question of so little moment, and on my own account did not hesitate to secure so pleasant an addition to *my* yearly income.'

As she said this she placed her hand once more on her brother's shoulder, the peach-coloured silk glittered in the setting sun, and the widow's eyes shone with mischievous lustre, while after a little pause she added, 'I have consented to marry *Mr Elkington*.'

If, according to the conventional phrase, an earthquake had shaken Captain Blayne from his lounging position, he could not have appeared more hopelessly bewildered and terrified, than he did when his sister had pronounced the slowly articulated sentence just quoted—'I have consented to marry *Mr Elkington*'.

When the power of speech returned, the only comment he made was, 'The deuce you have!' But the fierceness of its utterance staggered even the widow, and brought a slight flush to her usually imperceptible countenance.

'I cannot give it up for your sake; if you are going to marry the heiress, a jointure of three thousand will hardly be missed, out of an income of forty thousand a year, so go in and win as I have done, Ernest,' she added with a laugh, at which her more refined brother shuddered as well as frowned. We must do him the justice to own that he loved Ella very dearly for herself, and that to hear her spoken of as an object of barter jarred his best feelings, and made him for the moment hate the woman, who stood before him glittering and triumphant, in her diamonds and her silks.

But if his feelings on the occasion were fierce and vindictive, we can imagine the depth of the bitterness, which starred Ella's soul, when her father with much hesitation, and with a final burst of tears, broke to his daughter and heiress, the fact of his intended marriage with the widow, Mrs de Vere.

She stood calm, and apparently passionless, for a minute, until she had fully taken in the terrible truth, and then, with white lips, and dry, burning eyes—for her father's tears could not move her then—she said—

'Father, it cannot be'

'It must be, my dear I could not go back from my word. I am

an old man now; and should you ever leave me, I shall be a lonely old man. Mrs de Vere is very good to me, do not make me miserable by opposition, I beg and pray. Everything is arranged for the marriage, and it must go on.'

According to the habit of weak natures, the poor old man spoke as though he were a passive instrument in the hand of fate, and as though he himself had not set the ball a rolling, and were not responsible for the course it took. But in common with weak natures too, he possessed the characteristic of obstinacy, and Ella knew that with all his deep affection for her, that to hope to move him from his steadfast purpose, was a hopeless and impossible task.

If there was bitterness in the tone in which she said, 'No, father, I will never make you miserable, and may you never live to repent the step you are about to take,' it was but the faint echo of the bitterness which raged in her own heart, as she thought of another mistress at Elkington, and such a mistress as Mrs de Vere. The love which she entertained for that lady's brother (and that it was love we may assure the reader in the strict confidence of a *tête-à-tête*) did not mollify her feelings in the least with regard to the widow herself. Indeed it made it doubly bitter to remember, with a pang, that had she not found his society so fascinating and beguiling, her father might never have fallen into the trap so artfully prepared, and into which she herself had stumbled with such ready haste.

And if her feelings were those of uncontrollable jealousy, when the idea of an interloper in her home, of a rival in the rule which had been so absolute and unquestioned, had first been presented to her, they rose into those of passionate hate, when, after a year passed in strife with a nature as strong and ambitious as her own, the fact was announced to her that it was possible that her stepmother might shortly present the house of Elkington with a son and heir.

This was a contingency of which, in her wildest jealousy, she had never dreamt. She who had reigned

and ruled heiress of Elkington for one-and-twenty years, to be swindled from her inheritance, ousted from her throne, by the child of a stepmother whom she hated—a child who would be called her brother. She flung herself passionately on the ground, in a deluge of tears. She had fled to her own private and particular garden, into which no one ventured to follow or molest her, since the moods of the heiress had become a subject of comment and observation in the house. There, in the shade, upon the velvet turf, with the splash of the fountain and the songs of the birds in her maddened ears, Ella gave free vent to the anguish of her soul, and utterance to convulsive sobs, which appeared to rend and tear the slight frame to the very centre.

The turf was so smooth and soft, that the sound of approaching footsteps was not heard, and before Ella could spring to her feet, or gather up the tresses of hair, which, escaped from the net which held them, were scattered in dire confusion almost to her feet, she was surprised by the presence of an intruder on her privacy, and that intruder was Captain Blayne!

He had arrived at an inauspicious moment, for Miss Elkington was not one who could bear a witness to her agony and humiliation. It was a generous motive, nevertheless, which had caused him to seek her there. He, too, had heard the news which had blanched her cheek, and filled her heart with bitterness, and with an impulse of love which he could not restrain he had hastened to her side, to renew and confirm his expressions of attachment, to prove that the news, so unwelcome to both, had wrought no change in him.

He found Ella in no mood to appreciate his generosity, or to listen to his love story. She angrily, almost fiercely, bade him leave her to herself, she reproached him, with bitterness, for intruding on her privacy, and concluded with the words, 'Henceforth, Captain Blayne, we must be as strangers to one another.'

'As you like, Miss Elkington,' he said, stung to the quick by her

words, and raising his hat, he would have left her as abruptly as he came, but one glance at those tear-stained cheeks, at the downcast, swollen eyelids, at the poor tangled hair, towards which the small hands furtively wandered, in the restlessness of mortified pride, made his heart bleed for the only woman he had ever loved, and, with a sudden impulse, he turned, and drawing her towards him, said, 'Ella! Ella! do not send me away, who has a better right to protect you than I?'

So you see that the young soldier's heart was in the right place, and if the profession of his love was mixed with a little harmless braggadocio, we must remember that it was the language of his profession, and in the defence of aggrieved weakness that he proclaimed war. Ella had been no woman, could she have listened unmoved at such a moment to words of sympathy from beloved lips. Her head drooped for a moment on his shoulder, she felt the throbbings of the heart that loved her so truly and well, but she meant it for a farewell caress with a perverted view of her position, she looked upon herself as humiliated, disgraced, and in low accents, which were full of the bitterness of her heart, she said, 'But for your sister, Ernest, I would never have sent you away, but, as it is, we *can* only be strangers to one another—good-bye!'

And, with a passionate sob, she broke from him, although her heart was breaking as she did it, and flew to her own room, where she remained for the rest of the day. When she joined the family party at dinner-time, she was calm, stony, composed, and heard, without the slightest outward sign of emotion, that Captain Blayne had appeared and disappeared as suddenly as he came, 'leaving no message,' his sister added, pointedly, 'for any one.'

She wished Ella to conclude that he had slighted and neglected her, and that the possible difference in her position was the cause of his coldness.

But Ella knew better than this, and the shaft fell harmless at her feet. She answered, coldly—

'Captain Blayne was no doubt of

the opinion, that a message through a third party would be superfluous, after the interview which he had with me alone. Perhaps your ready wit, in coupling it with his sudden departure, will supply the missing link. If not, I have the honour to inform you, that your brother was so good as to make me a proposal, which I was considerate enough to decline.

Was it possible that this calm, self-possessed girl, who looked like a glassy lake on a still day, was capable of the stormy outburst of passion in which we lately surprised her? Is it, indeed, true, that the still waters run deepest, and that underneath an unruffled surface, the turbulent soul hoards the concentrated strength, that could not be released without danger to itself and others?

Day after day of weary expectation, passed over that unhappy family party, while each member of it carried a load at his, or her heart which the expected event would either bitterly increase, or altogether remove. The Squire wished as ardently that his expected child might prove a girl, as his wife did that she might live, the happy mother of a son, who would put the reins of power into her hands for many years to come. His remorse, for the injury he had done his daughter, was bitter and constant, and it had aged and broken him, until he was hardly to be recognized for the same man.

'The weariest day must have an end at last,' and time brings in its hand the solution of every riddle which fate gives us to puzzle out. In the afternoon of that November morning, which we described in the commencement of the story, Ella, who had been visiting the poor, and carrying little dainties to the sick and aged, which were all the

sweeter as coming from loving and beloved hands, met a groom riding furiously in the direction of the county town.

She knew, instinctively, what his errand must be, and she turned pale and faint a few hours more, and her fate will be decided.

'Oh, miss,' said a woman to whom she had been talking about an ailing child—'oh, miss, we do all pray, to be sure, that it may not be a son and ar!'

'A son and heir!—a son and heir!' said the young lady, musingly, as she threw off her hat and shawl; and then, flinging herself on her knees, with the whole strength of her passionate soul, she also prayed that it might not be a son and heir.

She dined with her father that evening once more alone—the poor, bent, saddened old man! She was lively, even gay, to cheer him, she said to herself—to console him, who, if he had injured her, had also lost his own happiness in the venture, and who was still her dear father, whom she would have once more for a little time to herself.

They both sat up till late, the accounts of the invalid being duly rendered from time to time by Mrs. Elkington's maid. The last report, before they retired for the night, was, that her lady was comfortable, and hoped they would all go to bed. The old man's hand shook, and his voice faltered, as he bade his daughter 'good night,' but she was calm and unmoved. She went to bed and to sleep, while her fate trembled in the balance. A white face met her gaze as she opened her eyes in the morning light, and white lips murmured the words—

'Mrs Elkington is dead, ma'am.'

'And the child!' said a hollow voice, sick with apprehension, in reply—'And the child!'

(To be continued.)



PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.



THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

A COURT LYRIC.

By a Country Squire.

A KEEN east wind is blowing,—I can feel the nipping air
 Though I'm safe within my sanctum, deep ensconced within my chair;
 So Jones bring in no callers, for I will not be at home
 Not even to an emperor or his Holiness of Rome
 Heap coals in plenty on the fire, and wheel the table round,
 The only place in all the house where peace is to be found
 You hear, I'm not to be disturbed by either kith or kin,
 Be sure I have the letter-bag the moment it comes in
 There's Hector scratching at the door—quick, drive the brute away,
 Why, what a wound! you poor blind hound,—No, Jones, we'll let him
 stay
 There, stretch yourself at ease, old friend! Down, down, sir, make no riot!
 Jones, mind and shut the double doors—I will have peace and quiet.

I cannot understand it, but I feel a cup too low,
 As if some horrid nuisance I should have to undergo;
 A sort of brooding silence, as when Nature's self is dumb,
 A hush before the tempest as it gathers strength to come.
 It may be but a whisper—the omens are but small,
 I can feel, before I see it, the handwriting on the wall;
 My wife is bland as summer-air, without a fume or fret,
 My daughters all are duteous—my sons are not in debt,
 Still I own a grave suspicion, though I hate to note it down,
 Of a something like conspiracy to drag me up to town;
 To join the hurly-burly they've assurance to call 'sport,'
 And that I'm to grace the levee, and mamma's to go to court!
 And the girls to be presented with their furbelows and lace,
 Just to stare a modest woman for an instant in the face,
 And I'm to pay the piper, and look as calm and cool
 As if I had not gone express—express to play the fool!
 From my own estate ejected, to be hustled and be hurried,
 Because a Prince and Princess have resolved on being married,
 I'm sure I wish them every good, I'm certain none would doubt it,
 When they've been married twenty years they'll know much more about it.

Oh! for the times! the good old times—the days when I was young;
 When good blood spoke good English, nor debased the mother tongue,
 We'd peasants, yeomen, gentlemen, but neither 'muffs' nor 'swells,'
 But honest frieze, and sound broad cloth, not Folly's cap and bells
 The times are clearly out of joint, I see no signs of grace,
 Why, sons will smoke their 'mild cigars' right in their mother's face,
 And daughters must go here and there, and must do this and that,
 Plain men like me can never see the folly they'd be at.
 Boys dare to boast of loyalty without a grain within:
 Can they be loyal to the Crown who call the coinage 'tin?'
 Whene'er I named *my* father I used to call him so,
 But now the word's the 'Governor' or anything that's low;
 And when they want to cozen us, they boldly call us 'Bricks,'
 As though our hearts had been baptized, like Thetis' son, in Styx;
 That woman did her work by halves, so still the urchin feels,
 She dipp'd his head, perhaps his heart, but thought not of his heels.

The wind, I'm sure, is chopping round, I certainly feel better.
 I'll give the fire a rousing poke, and then complete my letter
 That surely's not the luncheon bell, and yet the clock's at two.
 Well, Time's quite right to run away, 'tis all he has to do
 I've got my three good hours of grace—I'll stretch them out to four.
 Now what's the hurry-scurry there, along that corridor?
 That rustle and that tatter, that sound of smothered laughter,
 A man can't even turn his head but all the troop flock after
 Now all the crew are whispering Here comes a knock quite low.
 'Papa, my dear, may we come in?' I long to thunder, 'No!'
 But I think I'll circumvent them yet—so in the blandest tone,
 'Why not just now I think, my loves, I wish to be alone'
 I'm sure I thought I'd laid the ghost, but now 'tis very plain
 They've but to speak and there it is as large as life again!

Men may question of clairvoyance, alack and well-a-day!
 Too well I know what women think—the very words they'll say;
 The castles they've been building—the harping on one string
 About a doleful winter and a very cheerful spring,
 And of all the foolish people who have just run up to town,
 And of all the idle gossip they've contrived to smuggle down;
 All their stuff about 'Position,' and 'Society's great claims'
 To me who am a country squire, and not a Squire of Dames!
 The boys too will thrust in their oars, speak out, and there's the rub,
 'They know the snuggest *Pied-à-terre* and close beside the Club'
 Then comes a touch of sentiment It chances you must know, sir,
 My first-born is Allegra, my youngest Penserosa
 They never yet belied their names, friends style them Muse and Grace,
 One only gently strokes my hand, one flouts me in the face;
 And instead of standing by me, as a good wife ought to do,
 'Tis—' I think we all should like to go, but leave it all to you!'
 Well, it's not much use my moping here—I feel it to my sorrow,
 If I don't meet the thing to-day I must do so to-morrow.

Time would fail me here to chronicle how long I stood at bay,
 But where there's no resistance, why a man can't have his way.
 'Twas the sapping and the mining that I had to undergo,
 And the plotting and the prating when I ventured to say, No.
 Still like an ancient Briton I bravely stood my ground,
 But cities oft must capitulate when close beleaguered round
 Friends may well enough despise me, all consistency disparage,
 When it's known we've all come up to town to celebrate this marriage.
 And when as loyal subjects we shall rally round the throne,
 I should like to see the girls and boys that fairly match my own.
 There's one thing more I will maintain, with heart, and soul, and hand
 'The wisest man that world e'er saw' was born to be trepanned!
 When we meet in the Metropolis, pray don't affect surprise,
 We can make (how many) happy, but how few can we make wise!

BALLAD HISTORY :

*The First Prince of Wales.**(With an Illustration.)*

CARNARVON'S proud castle that crowns a wild steep,
Twice proud and twice royal, sec, glassed in the deep :

Whilst the king on the battlements musing alone,
Thought makes twice a victor of foes overthrown.

As the marches the battles that Cambria gave,
The fancy of Edward sees glassed in the wave.

' He mocked me from Snowdon, his mountam and tower :
My vassal, Llewellyn, he mocked England's power.

' Then forward a thousand bold axe-men I sent,
And o'er rocks, thorough woods, a wild roadway they rent.

' My army marched freely o'er mountains, through vales,
Till my sword reached the heart of the people of Wales.

' A brave foe, Llewellyn ! he fell on the field,
On the soil loved so well that he never could yield.

' And the towers of Carnarvon I've built since that day,
Yet the people frown on me—they are traitors at bay.'

Then the king called a page ' Now tell me, my boy,
How the people of Cambria manifest joy ?'

' In each house is a harp,' the Welsh page quickly said,
' And with joy in the house, rare, the harp-strings are played.'

' 'Tis well !' said the king ' they have peace, they have joy.
Sing they now ?' ' All are mute,' cries the Cambrian boy.

' By the rood,' swore the king, ' but their songs I *will* hear :
Let Hoel the Harper before me appear.

' Ho ! minstrel, sing now what you list, so your song,
Like the air of your mountains, be healthful and strong.

' If legends hold truth, for the sake of truth sing
The future before me, in numbers, to bring.'

To the crowned King of England then, loudly and clear,
Brave man, honest harper ! sang Hoel the Seer.

In the night of the future, O king! would you pry,
 And know what is known to the bard's second sight,
 Down the vistas of time you shall follow mine eye,
 And see the shapes forming where all seemeth night;
 For Merlin, the sayer of sooth and of doom,
 Has shown us the oncoming days ere they come.

And I, through the night, when the morrow's wild morn
 Was the last our Llewellyn in Cambria lived,
 Sang: 'As wind-wrested trees from the mountains are torn,
 From the brow of Llewellyn his crown should be rived.'
 And this harp still was sounding when Bluit's last fight
 Died out like a storm in the darkness of night.

**'When the money of England shall change and be round,
 In London a Cambrian prince shall be crowned,
 And our mountains the birthplace and cradle must be
 Of the Prince who shall rule o'er the stormy HyMRI.'**

Cried the king, 'May all Welshmen now join in your song,
Royal Harper, as title to you shall belong.

'Born of peace that has followed the turmoil of war,
 The people may have what their prophet foresaw'

Then Edward he summoned the truest of queens
 Through wild winter's rugged and bitterest scenes.

She came, Eleanore, at her high lord's behest,
 Nor paused till Carnarvon's proud bower gave her rest.

And such joy came as ne'er filled that castle before,
 For a new prince is born to the Queen Eleanore

Then the conqueror summoned the marchers of Wales,
 Summoned chiefs from their mountains, the lords from their vales.

And the people came too, round the castle to see
 The king, and to hear what the king shall decree.

First came, on a terrace that o'erlooked the throng,
 Alone, the king's harper, and rose loudly his song

His words, as a storm takes the sounds in the air,
 The people took up as a national prayer.

**'When the money of England shall change and be round,
 In London a Cambrian prince shall be crowned,
 And our mountains the birthplace and cradle must be
 Of the Prince who shall rule o'er the stormy HyMRI.'**

Advanced then King Edward, his child raising high,
Whilst the Queen Eleanore in her beauty stood by.

'Behold,' cried the king, 'how your prophecy runs,
And crowns Prince of Wales this, the last of your sons.

'Born on Cambria's soil, this child I decree
The first Prince of Wales crowned in London shall be.

'A Welshman' your mountains his cradle have been
To Wales the queen gave him. Long life to the queen!'

From the men rose a shout, and the women they smiled.
'He is ours,' cried the marchers—'our prince and our child.

'O'er our hearts he shall rule, o'er our hills and our vales:
Long life, joy, and honour to our EDWARD of Wales'

H. K. J.



PRESENTATIONS AND COURT BALLS ABROAD.

A Reminiscence.

WE were settled in Munich for two years, a large, happy party of merry young people. Our apartment was fresh and pretty; the walls and ceilings artistically painted, its situation central; our servants, half English, half German, good; our time divided between sight-seeing, picture-gazing, church-going, and studying with, or for, the staff of masters of music, painting, German, &c, or more learned professors of Latin, Greek, and Oriental tongues, whose services we had commanded for prices that seemed to us Londoners ridiculous. Thus employed, or amused, we hardly needed society. Nevertheless, the beautiful, charming wife of our minister had introduced us to some of the leading German families, and in accordance with the Bavarian custom, for the last comer to call upon the residents, we had left our cards upon all those who constituted what is termed 'the Society' It was some little time before we could bring ourselves, untitled as we were, to make the first advances to people of rank, but after all we had been long enough in Germany to define a German baron's position accurately, and not to over-estimate a count, for unless belonging to some of the great families of the empire, or of the old *Freiherrs*, these titles are seldom more than equivalent to our esquire, and a baron or count's position varies in his own country, like that of the commoner here—according to his fortune, connections, or fashion. There was no medium ten years ago at Munich between 'the Society' composed of the court, the diplomatic bodies, and all these princes, counts, and barons—a charmed circle, into which no professional man, such as lawyers, physicians, &c, penetrated—and the professors and bourgeoisie. Now we had seen and known something of professorial life, and delighted in the cultivated minds, refined taste and feelings of many a *Herr Professor*; but their wives and daughters, with rare exceptions, though good, estimable

women, had no ideas beyond the household cares and work with which their hands were hardened and their time occupied; and we could not assimilate with them, and did not desire to see much more of them, so that into 'the Society' we went.

'You will be presented at court, of course,' said our friends. Alarming idea! to a mother with so many unmarried daughters, who, with her English ideas of court costume, saw visions of dresses from twenty to thirty pounds a-piece. The English matron, therefore, prudently hesitated. But two or three months' quiet intercourse with the Bavarian world during Advent, when one house or another was open to us for tea and conversation every day in the week, soon convinced us that if we wished to keep the footing we had gained, to be deemed *respectable*, and thoroughly to enjoy the coming gaieties of the carnival, we must be presented at court. Accordingly the necessary preliminaries were arranged, and it was very conveniently settled that our presentation to King Max and Queen Marie should take place at the state ball on the 15th of January, for which festivity the card of invitation duly arrived, including the whole of what the French always termed our '*très nombreuse famille*'.

The least vain of women, the most indifferent of her sex to admiration, will confess to some interest in a wreath and ball-dress—we frankly admitted to each other immense anxiety on the subject. In the crowded rooms of St James's or the Tuileries you may be lost amongst numbers, the eye of royalty may never chance to rest upon you at all, but at a German court, where the monarch, to a certain extent, is acquainted with all his guests, the case is very different; and it was well for us that Bavarian fashion, like the French, prescribed the greatest simplicity for the 'young lady,' and discountenanced any attempt on her part to emulate the costliness and

magnificence in dress of the married woman, else, in our desire to look well, and do honour to the occasion, we might have been led to perpetrate some folly. But no! dresses of the finest, freshest tarlatan muslin, with Paris wreaths of white roses mixed with a few green leaves, were deemed all that was desirable, whilst the rich white silk and head-dress of Honiton point and white feathers well became the still-hand-some matron of the party.

We were dressed, and had entered that unrivalled ball-room in the new part of the palace by half-past seven o'clock. Although it is more than ten years ago, the gay and brilliant scene is fresh as ever before me. The proportions of that fine room, its exquisite painting and decorations, and the beauty of its inland floor, would at any other time have engaged our attention, but now the groups of beautifully-dressed women, the gay uniforms of the officers, and the variety of diplomatic costumes, gave life and animation to the scene which ordinary balls can never afford.

The two galleries at either end of the room were crowded with spectators. At the right-hand side of the upper part of the room we descried Madame de S*****e, the Russian ambassadress, who, in the absence of our minister and his wife from Munich, was to present us. She was a kind little woman, no longer young, but with remains of very good looks, and it was said, that when she was first presented to old King Ludwig, he was struck with her appearance, and paid her the doubtful compliment of saying—
'If I had seen you ten years ago, I'd have had you painted.'

King Ludwig's room of beauties is well known to the British traveller, who in his highly-moral character is scandalized at being shown what he imagines to be portraits of ladies of doubtful character, whilst the real fact is, that, with the exception of the far-famed Lola, whose picture has long since been removed, they were most of them of ladies of condition, Ludwig's own daughters-in-law, the wives of two of our ministers, &c., amongst them. The fair,

innocent-looking face of a certain English countess, it is true, was there, but she had been living quietly as the wife of a German baron when that picture was taken. We paid these rooms, which opened into the ball-room, a visit in the course of the evening. Lola's portrait was still there then, but veiled by a green silk curtain. Her sayings and doings were yet fresh in people's memories, and one could not help being amused, and even sometimes sympathizing with her saucy ways. She waged war against the Jesuits, and set at nought the pride and etiquette of the grandees of Munich, who in return hated her most cordially, and never forgave her for having made their king and their country ridiculous at a time when all Europe was so seriously occupied in 1848. They even attributed the revolution, to which they were no friends, to her, and many a story is told of the effects produced by her fatal influence.

A certain upholsterer, named Krebs (*Anglice*, Crab), whose ways, like the crab in the fable, were perhaps open to remark, had been commissioned by King Ludwig to furnish three rooms in her villa in the Barrer Strasse — two sitting-rooms and a boudoir. They were exquisitely fitted up with blue satin, gilding, mirrors, &c., but when the bill was presented, 12,000 florins (1000*l.*), the king refused to pay a charge that seemed to him monstrous, and Lola, with the energy that characterized her, expressed her opinion by throwing something very considerable at Krebs's head.

'Madam,' said the offended upholsterer, 'that will cost you more than if you had paid the 12,000 florins.'

He immediately began circulating stories against her, and said that the king was spending large sums of public money upon a foreigner. The bill was paid, in the hopes of silencing him, but not before the seed was sown which produced so plentiful a crop of unpleasant results.

To return, however, to the ball-room. It was filling fast, and the officers of two regiments in the blue and white uniform of Bavaria had

already ranged themselves behind the handsome crimson satin and gilt fauteuils, which are placed round the room about two or three yards' distance from the wall. The Bavarian ladies had stationed themselves according to their rank on one side of the room, whilst the diplomatic bodies, and strangers and foreigners, were disposed in order upon the other. We had not long to wait, for royalty is ever punctual; but if we had had, ample amusement was afforded by merely looking around us. Here was the pope's nuncio, with purple silk stockings and close-fitting dress; his clear, pale face and gentlemanlike bearing strongly contrasted with the dark, swarthy visages of his two secretaries, who, clad in complete black, looked quite out of place in that gay scene, and inspired one with a feeling of repulsion, there, the Austrian minister, an Esterhazy, in the simple magnificence of an Hungarian magnate, his dark dress, relieved by jewels, looking distinguished amongst the reds and blues and gold-broidered coats of his neighbours, and in equal simplicity, his first attaché, in the well-known white uniform of Austria, to our right a group of high-born officers, the light grey and green of the Imperial rifles of Austria, the dark blue and red of Prussia mingling with the Hanoverian and Baden colours, and not far from them the tall figure of Count B——, a mediatised prince, with a diamond star and orders of the grand mastership of the Knights of Malta.

But soon the doors at the upper end of the room were thrown open, and, preceded by their chamberlains, and followed by their pages, the king and queen entered, accompanied by the Prince and Princess Luitpold, and Prince Adalbert, then unmarried, the youngest of King Ludwig's sons. King Max wore the uniform of the Chevaux Legers, dark green turned up with red, which suited his slight but somewhat stiff figure. Luitpold, short, plump, but with the most charming expression in the world, was in the dark blue of the artillery, Adalbert, tall, fair, and fat, in the light

blue of the royal guard. The royal party made the tour of the rooms. The peers and peeresses of the realm first claimed their attention, a few gracious words being spoken to each. They then turned to the ambassadors and their wives, and when his Majesty reached us we were presented by Mde. de S*****e in this order: 'Madame A——, Mesdemoiselles ses filles,' and we curtsied as low as we could. He first addressed the married lady in perfectly good English, asking how she liked Munich, and various other questions, then turning to us, said, 'Are you fond of dancing?' and on our responding, added, 'I hope you will have plenty this evening.' This little ceremony was scarcely concluded when, by the same door through which we had entered, came the 'Old Court,' as it was called, the Dowager Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the widow of Eugène Beauharnais, the Princess Edward of Saxe-Altenberg, and the King of Greece and his suite, then spending the winter in Munich. King Max immediately went forward and received his guests, and as he shook hands with his royal brother in the middle of that large room, the effect was really very striking. Otho wore the picturesque Albanian dress, as did several of his suite. His jacket was of light blue, richly embroidered in silver, the skirt of the finest, whitest cambric, his dagger and sword hilt studded with jewels. Plain in face, with a somewhat sad expression, which passed away when he spoke; slightly made, rather above the middle height, in that dress, at least, he was far from being the insignificant-looking personage so many travellers are pleased to represent him. One of his suite, scarcely less magnificent than the king, in crimson and gold, a fine, handsome-looking man, attracted attention. He disappeared before many weeks elapsed, it having been found that, though about the person of his sovereign, he was implicated in one of those numerous conspiracies or intrigues perpetually being woven about the unfortunate Otho.

King Max resumed his walk

round the room, and we were presented to the queen, who was too shy to address us in English. She was a most attractive-looking little person, and there was a charm in the expression of her deep-blue eye which made every one pronounce her handsome, although she was far from being regularly beautiful. Her sister-in-law, the Princess Lutpold, had greater pretensions to beauty, but the Austrian mouth marred her charms. She is a princess of the Grand Ducal House of Tuscany, and on this evening was dressed exactly like the queen, in white-watered silver silk, with wreaths of roses and trimming of the same intermixed with diamonds, which glittered among the flowers like dewdrops, a toilette at once simple and rich. The Duchess of Leuchtenberg followed them, blazing in diamonds and emeralds, with the remains of great personal beauty, and, although upwards of seventy, with a figure so young, a neck and shoulders still so fair and rounded, that, if you stood behind her, you expected to see a young and lovely face. Nothing could be more gracious than her reception of us. She conversed with us some time, and linked to the past, as she was, by all the associations her husband's name inspired, she had for us an historic interest far beyond that which mere royalty could inspire. Even the jewels she wore belonged to Josephine, and we afterwards saw and admired on her the celebrated and matchless parure of pearls which she inherited from her mother-in-law, now passed into the imperial family of Russia, her son having married and become naturalized there.

It was said that King Otho's visit to Munich that year had reference to the question of the Greek succession. He as little thought, when standing near his aunt, that her descendant would be proposed to fill his place during his lifetime as we that the infant Prince Alfred of England would be Greece's favoured choice. Eugène Beauharnais, brave, handsome, honourable, was deeply mourned by his wife, and his premature death (for he was little

more than forty) caused the same grief among the people of his adopted country as that of the late Prince Consort here, between whom and the statue of the prince, by Thorwaldsen, travellers trace a strange resemblance. In little more than a year from this evening the duchess was no more. Her illness was very short. Some said it was inflammation of the lungs; others that an abscess that had formed in the head after her husband's death, from suppressed tears when she was unable to weep, had suddenly ceased to discharge, and had thus caused her death. Whatever it was, she was much lamented by her family and by the poor, to whom she was very charitable. Her body was laid in state, and was a ghastly sight, for the habitual use of rouge had seamed and scarred the once fair cheek. Her obsequies were celebrated with great pomp, and she was laid beside her husband in a vault in St Michael's Church, and masses were said there for the repose of her soul, the court and diplomatic bodies attending in uniform, the ladies invited to be present covered with long mourning veils. An altar raised upon eight or nine steps, and hung with black velvet, was placed in the middle of the choir, her coronet upon it, and her scutcheons, styles, and titles displayed around it. The gay uniforms of the court, the glitter of the arms and helmets of the military contrasted strangely with the black hangings of the church. Yet the *coup d'œil* was imposing: the reflections it suggested no less so. And as the strains of solemn music rose and swelled through the sacred edifice, the marble figure of the deceased duke seemed to look down with a grave indifference upon the scene, whilst the beautiful figure of History beside it still looked up from her pen as if there was nothing new to record.

The presentations over, Mde. de S——e expressed herself much pleased that all had gone off so well. The ball opened with a polonaise of the royal personages and one or two of the ministers' wives.

The king danced the first quadrille with the Prussian minister's wife, the queen with the Austrian minister opposite to him, but all these points of etiquette once observed, these royal personages went about, talking to such of their guests as they chose to honour with as much ease as any private individual might do. The English party received much of the royal attention, the king conversing with the elder lady for some time, speaking of his visit to England, at the time of the queen's coronation, incognito. He was greatly struck with Warwick Castle, and the appearance of the Thames, by which they arrived in the metropolis. His English was excellent, his phrases well constructed, his comprehension equally quick. The facility of the whole family for languages is something remarkable. On a subsequent occasion we heard the king converse with equal readiness in five different tongues—English, French, German, Italian, and Modern Greek—changing from one to the other without the least hesitation or confusion. The expression of his face was clever, but anxious, and he had a habit of knitting his brows from time to time, rather awful when one remembered he was a king.

Two things struck us at this ball—the paucity of beauty and the number and value of the jewels worn. The Prussian saying of 'Titel ohne Mittel' (title without means) is not applicable to the Bavarian and Bohemian nobility, who are, many of them, very wealthy. But even those who are not possess fine jewels, heirlooms handed down with jealous care. Four or five rows of costly pearls, with a clasp of brilliants, might be seen round the fair throat of many a young girl otherwise most simply dressed.

At eleven o'clock the supper was served in three rooms, the walls of which were painted in fresco. The innermost was laid for the royal personages, ambassadors and their wives, and the highest grandees, the second, containing innumerable round tables, was appropriated to the general company, and the third

to the officers, who supped standing.

In England the queen's commission gives a man at once a place in society. In Bavaria comparatively few of the officers belonged to 'the society.' It was easy to know those who did from their conversing in French, the language of the court. We had been much amused in the course of the evening watching a quadrille which was composed almost entirely of officers. In the figure of L'Été they advanced and retired with such military precision, that they formed a strong blue line, which it seemed as if the ladies dancing opposite to them would be unable to break, and as they were all dressed exactly alike, in light-blue tunics, white trousers, and shoes, one might have taken them for part of a ballet.

The supper began with fish and soup, then cutlets and roasts, &c., and was served on plate and china alternately, and admirably waited upon. Between twelve and one everybody was gone.

About three weeks later we were presented to the ex-king, Ludwig, and Queen Theresa, being received by them in the evening, in a small drawing-room, as they passed out from their dinner.

We had looked forward to this interview with much interest, curious to see, face to face, a monarch who had done so much for his country—had raised art in Bavaria to a standard far beyond that of most other lands—and whose character we had imperfectly known, and, like our countrymen, entirely misunderstood until many months' residence amongst a people with whom he is justly popular had shown us how much cause they had for gratitude to a sovereign who, but perhaps for a short-lived folly, might have been reigning over them still. He might, it is true, have found it hard to make the concessions that 1848 demanded from all rulers; but then, but for the unfortunate circumstances of the moment, these concessions might have been asked in a different spirit, and yielded with that grace which cannot accompany compulsion. Lud-

wig's follies, however, are now forgotten. The Bavarians retain a grateful sense of improvements in their condition, as lasting and great as the monuments he will leave behind to all the world of his taste for art, and his munificence as a patron.

We were, however, disappointed in our reception. We had expected the king to be, as he usually was, we were told, jocosely and lively, and found him only odd and fidgety, in person 'a lean and shiplered pantaloon,' save that he was in uniform and stars. He spoke English, but with difficulty. The queen, dignified and polite, addressed us in French. We were glad when it was over. But a few days later we received an invitation to repair to the Wittelsbacher Palace and inspect an album presented to him by the artists of Germany.

One of the chief advantages of going to court in Germany we found to be the admission it gave us to all that was to be seen, and to the religious and court ceremonies to which the casual traveller can seldom, if ever, have access.

The state ball just described was, of course, upon a large scale, and included everybody who had any sort of claim to go to court, but the Kammer, or queen's private balls, given every other Wednesday whilst the carnival lasted, were limited in number. They were composed of the *élite* of the nobility and such strangers as their Majesties chose to invite. It being contrary to etiquette for the monarch to appear before the representatives of other sovereigns *en bourgeois*, the diplomatic body are excluded from these entertainments, except at the last ball of the season, when the difficulty is overcome by every one wearing a domino.

A variety of circumstances, which it is needless to enter upon, combined to procure for us an unusual share of attention from the court, and we received invitations for all these pleasant balls whilst we remained at Munich. They were given in the queen's apartment at the very top of the palace, as it seemed to us, for we kept mounting

and mounting until we reached the first of the suite of five rooms thrown open for the evening. Here we lingered a little, every dancing gentleman and lady receiving a card with the programme of dances upon it, and here the engagements for the evening are formed. The popular young ladies are speedily beset with, 'May I have the honour of the second waltz,' or the 'sixth polka' &c, and rapidly the card is filled up by those who are attractive or well dressed! or desirable matches! but many a girl may sit down all night at a Bavarian ball, whilst the married ladies are dancing, and often do when the dancing men are in the minority. At the Kammer balls care was taken to equalize the sexes, and they were therefore always enjoyed by the Munich *débutantes*. Unlike the French and Austrians, the Bavarian asks no one to dance to whom he has not been previously introduced, and is as punctilious on this point as the stiffest Englishman could desire.

Passing into the second room, we awaited the royal party, the ladies on one side of the room, the gentlemen on the other, and at seven o'clock the king and queen entered, the former speaking to the gentlemen, the latter to some few of the ladies, who acknowledged the honour by a very deep curtsy. We could not help being surprised at hearing some of the ladies' remarks upon her Majesty's dress. She seemed gratified, however, by the admiration of it, and on several subsequent occasions we heard her notice that of others, indeed, after a time, we discovered that it was almost as essential to say, 'What a charming toilette you have this evening!' to the great ladies, as, 'I hope you are quite well.' Our ideas of politeness were certainly very much upset. To go up and talk to a person of very superior rank is deemed a liberty in England if not justified by intimate acquaintance, but was expected there. For a young girl to make observations upon a married lady's dress can scarcely be done here, but there was considered polite. The ball opened, as usual, with a polonaise in the beautiful

oval room built by Ludwig: the walls are exquisitely painted, but present, perhaps, a flat and bare appearance. At either end were two semicircular raised seats, one set reserved for the Queen and Duchesses of Tuscany and Leuchtenberg, then present, the latter resplendent with jewels as usual. At ten o'clock supper was served in the adjoining room, and no supper-room ever presented so fairy-like an aspect as that to which we were then introduced. It was a lofty and spacious apartment, painted in white and a delicate blue, which candlelight turned to a soft green, a tint peculiarly refreshing to the eyes after the glare and brilliancy of the ball-room, but its chief attraction consisted in the twelve magnificent orange trees which it contained, and round each of which a table was arranged bearing the supper, and capable of accommodating ten or twelve guests. Here, whilst the weary dancers rested their feet and refreshed themselves in other ways, the dark-green foliage threw a grateful shade upon the table, and the scent of the orange blossoms,—the bowery effect of the whole room, invested the usually matter-of-fact business of supping with an air of poetry and refinement.

Previous to this, ices in the form of fruits, and sweetmeats, such as 'oranges and marrons glacés,' had been handed round, and between the dancing, which was resumed with more spirit than ever after supper, hot negus and cool drinks were followed at the last by little cups of *bouillon*.

One of these entertainments of course resembled another, and the *déjeuner dansant* was but a ball given in the day-time; although it was certainly a novelty to us to have to put on ball dresses before noon, for the hour of invitation was a quarter before eleven, but we were respited, happily, until twelve. Snow fell as we drove to the palace, only two of our party ventured to brave daylight in evening costume, but we found the rooms as well filled as usual, the toilettes being precisely the same as for a ball, bright colours perhaps predominat-

ing over white, and wreaths of fresh flowers or ivy being worn instead of artificial by those who had no jewels.

Chocolate was handed round almost immediately after our arrival, and at three o'clock the *déjeuner* was served under the orange trees, beginning with English oysters—an expensive rarity in Munich, which many of the Bavarians surveyed with disgust—and ending with ice and an excellent cup of coffee. After this, dancing began again, and when evening closed in, the curtains were let down and the chandeliers lighted, and the room presented the appearance of an ordinary ball. The queen and some of the great ladies then retired to exchange their faded wreaths for artificial ones, as one or two had done earlier, replacing the weighty tiaras or circlets of diamonds, which they could not dance in, by flowers.

At nine o'clock the cotillon was over, and we went home with a feeling of having lived at the palace.

It pleased the king to think this daylight ball was a novelty to his English guests, and he several times asked them if they did not 'think it a strange custom,' and so, indeed, they did, to see serious people dancing away a whole day. There was the minister,† Von der Pfordten, short, stout, and ordinary-looking, waltzing in spectacles, elderly generals and portly matrons intent on the same business.

Out of doors the ground was covered with snow, and from the elevated position of these rooms, above even the theatre, which is close to the palace, we could see over the tops of the houses, far beyond the town, to where the flat plains of Bavaria, with their sombre forests of fir, extended, till bounded in the far distance by a shadowy range of snow-capped mountains. The still life beyond, and the animation around, were fit themes for moralizing for those (but they were very few in number) who took no part in the dance.

At this time the royal family of Bavaria were young and loved dancing like true Germans, they enjoyed these balls, for there, untrammelled

by etiquette, they could choose their own partners, and to their guests generally they sank the prince in the host, mixing freely, and sitting down by any lady with whom they wished to converse. To foreigners they were always attentive, and the English sisters had more than once a king for a partner. On one occasion King Max engaged the elder and his brother the youngest sister 'Ah,' said Luitpold, as he took his place opposite the king, 'two brothers and two sisters,' *das wird sehr nett seyn* (that will be very neat) 'You understand German,' said the king, seeing his young partner smile, and thus began the conversation which she had been secretly dreading, and which was carried on about the theatres, and other topics of the day, with so much ease that she quite enjoyed the dance, which but for the honour she would have fain declined.

Otho also, in spite of Lord Palmerston's little affair of Don Pacifico which made his subjects so angry, paid the English attention, but he was then out of health and spirits, and gave them the impression of being an unhappy man.

To the last Kammer ball of the season the diplomatic bodies were invited, the gentlemen being ordered to wear dominos, the ladies fancy dresses, and officers a short Venetian cloak over their uniforms. We soon found, however, that the fancy dress was optional with the ladies, although it was considered a compliment to the queen to wear one if she did. We had imagined that the many-coloured dominos would give great hvelness to the ball, but the general effect was anything but good, many individuals looked either ridiculous, or as if they had come in their dressing-gowns. The king wore a dark-blue satin domino, with a blonde cape over it. Prince Adalbert looked hot in crimson satin. Few of the ladies were in complete fancy dress, many being satisfied with having their hair powdered and turned back over a cushion, or with looping up their dresses over coloured petticoats, to which they applied the universal term 'rococo.' There were

three ladies, the Princesses Ettingen and Aurersberg, and another, who distinguished themselves by their costume, semi-masculine, semi-military, which they designated as that of *Mousquetaires de la Reine*; but their coats of green cloth laced with gold, cocked hats and stocks, and waistcoats, were neither becoming nor suitable to a ball-room; and fast young ladies of the nineteenth century would certainly eschew the manly attire at balls at least—*vivandières*, and such questionable costume—if they had seen how ill these three ladies looked after dancing in these hot and trying dresses.

At this last ball some old German dances are generally revived, and others manufactured *impromptu* of the latter kind was the 'Ladies' Chain,' with a sudden stop in it, when every one took a *tour de valse* with the person he found himself opposite to, and of the former was the 'Tempête,' as disorderly and confused an affair as its name indicated, which no one seemed to know, and which every one seemed to enjoy in the same way that we occasionally do 'Sir Roger de Coverley' in England.

We took our leave of these rooms, the scene of so much hospitality and kindness, with real regret, and felt that sadness one always experiences when pleasant days are past, and one knows not whether any more will ever be spent in the same place.

'Il n'y a que les montagnes qui ne se rencontrent pas,' was the consolatory remark of a friend who like ourselves was leaving Bavaria's gay and interesting capital, perhaps for ever. 'We may meet again elsewhere.' And we were glad to think we might, for we meet the friends made in the sunny hours of life with greater eagerness again than those we have known in sorrow. Our faces were set homewards, and after lingering amidst the mountains and lakes of the Tyrol and Switzerland, we reached Paris a few days before the emperor marked the anniversary of the *coup d'état* by entering Paris in triumph at the head of his troops through the Arc de l'Etoile.

Our request to be presented to him was answered by tickets for the

first ball he had given as emperor. It was small, not more than eight hundred invitations being issued, and, as a French lady whom we stood near told us, very select (*bien compose*), very different from those of his presidentship. It was with mingled feelings we entered for the first time the historic walls of the Tuileries. At any other moment the noble face of Marie Antoinette, and the childish graces of the hapless Dauphin would have risen up before us; but then, with a Napoleon and an emperor again upon the scene, with names sounding in our ears recalling the Empire and all its glories, we could only think of the days when Josephine presided over her court of newly-made nobles; when Queen Hortense was there with her eldest child, whose premature death was the cause of such bitter sorrow even to Napoleon himself, and which Josephine looked upon as sealing her fate. We looked around the Salle des Maréchaux at the busts of great men, and the portraits of those marshals with every one of whom we had some individual association. Here was Soult, remembered as a child, conspicuous in the coronation procession of Queen Victoria, and Ney, whose tragical fate seemed so unjustly deserved, and Lannes, whose title of Duc de Montebello recalled to us Madame Lannes and Madame Junot congratulating themselves, not only on their newly acquired dignities, but upon their titles being the prettiest.

'And what title have you got?' asks Madame Junot.

'Oh, a charming one!' replies Madame Lannes; 'Duchesse de Montebello. Yours and mine are the prettiest on the list.'

After all, what's in a name? Who thinks of Soult as Duke of Dalmatia, or Ney as Prince of Moskwa? The name under which a man's laurels are won is that which confers real rank upon him.

We had been told that the invitation to the ball was to be considered tantamount to a presentation. Finding the Salle des Maréchaux full, we turned back to the long room before it, and took our

place where there was most space to await the emperor's round. As the company ranged themselves on either side, a clear passage was left, and the progress of the emperor with his brilliant suite had a pretty effect as he advanced between the bordering of well-dressed women, preceded by the Duc de Bassano.

The Duke was a fine-looking man, but the eyes of all were fixed upon the pale, careworn face of him who followed, and who, as he walked slowly forward, with eyes bent down, scarce seemed to see or to acknowledge the salutations made to him. Ten years of success and prosperity have greatly improved the emperor in appearance: he has gained flesh, the hues of health have replaced the sallow tints of his complexion; he even looks younger, his expression is more animated, his eyes no longer seek the ground. Those who saw him for the first time in 1852 and 1853, and only again after an interval of many years, must be struck with this change in him. Then, all he had toiled for, all that he unceasingly desired, and never lost sight of during years of trial and varied fortunes, was at last within his reach. He touched the prize, he held the wand of power in his hand, but who could tell then whether time would be given him to wield it until the aim for which he coveted it was accomplished? He *has* lived to see that heart's desire realized; and whilst vindicating the claim of France to a first place in the councils of the world, he has inseparably connected her influence and glory for the second time with the great name he bears. Were his career to end to-morrow, nothing could deprive him of this glorious consciousness. It is given to few in this world to say, 'I have done what I purposed,' because of the comparative few who form any definite plan for fighting the battle of life, more than half turn aside from it. Therefore those few that prevail must stand out in bold relief to challenge either the admiration or censure of the world, and cannot be looked upon for the first time without some such emotion as that

with which we now awaited Louis Napoleon. 'He was a lovely child,' writes Madame Junot, 'with such a profusion of light hair like his mother's, that he was called at court "the Princess Louis."' The promise of this infantine beauty has not been fulfilled; the fine lines of the Napoleon profile are not to be found in him, although the emperor's face has a character of its own. But this was no disappointment to us, who had always invested him with a separate interest as Josephine's grandson, and loved now to see Fortune revenging her fate by placing *her* descendant in the position she once so earnestly pleaded might be that of her loved Eugene.

Perhaps no ball that has taken place at the Tuileries since the emperor's accession has had the interest attached to it of this first one, although every one that followed may have been gayer or more brilliant. Most people present that night felt as if they were looking upon the opening scene of some great drama. But was it a tragedy or comedy that was about to be played out before the world? Occupied with such speculations, we felt little inclined to accept the *unintroduced* partners who offered themselves, and preferred the part of spectators, watching the emperor as he joined occasionally in a waltz or quadrille in the Salle des Marechaux.

If there *was* a Master of the Ceremonies, as at Munich, we neither saw him, nor did the crowd permit him to be of much use, and after the decorum of the waltz and polka in Germany, and the quiet, easy way in which place was made for any royal personage joining, it seemed almost *infra dig* for the head of the great French nation to take part in the confused jumble the dance presented that evening, when he was as much jostled as if in a small, crowded ball room in London.

We were much disappointed in the display of jewels. Setting aside the Duchess of Leuchtenberg's, we saw no diamonds equal to those of the Princess Thurm and Taxis and others at Munich. And although

at some of the later balls there was a greater show, nothing to challenge extraordinary attention, such as described under the old Empire, or such as could have produced Napoleon's rude speech (he was little enough to be rude to ladies he did not like) to Madame de Chevreuse, who came to court one day so blazing with diamonds and emeralds, that the emperor exclaimed, 'What a splendid display! Are they all real?' 'Mon Dieu! sure,' was the reply, 'I really don't know. But, at any rate, they are good enough to be worn *here*.' Napoleon this time deserved the impertinence, but Madame de Chevreuse earned the distinction of being banished from Paris not long after; for, although she had surmounted her prejudices of the Faubourg St. Germain so far as to become Dame du Palais to Madame Mère, she could not curb her unruly tongue. 'I will have no impertinence *here*,' said the emperor, in answer to any petition for her recall.

We had thought that, on the whole, there was very little beauty at Bavaria's court, taking into account that the *élite* of the aristocracy were assembled there; but we discovered still less at the French. The ladies were an exquisitely-dressed, gracious-mannered set of very plain people; the dark hair and eyes and sallow skin of the Parisian predominated so much that we were not surprised at the emperor's avowed preference for blondes, for it was quite a relief to look upon a fair skin with anything of freshness about it.

It was, however, at the next ball to which we were invited that we saw the fairest of blondes—one who combines the animation of the brunette, the courteous manners of Spain, and the grace of France, with the beauty of England. Those features, so dignified in repose, so varying when animated, will retain their charm when time has faded the colour of the deep blue eye, and paled the once blooming cheek. This evening Eugénie was still Madlle. de Montijo, to many unknown by name, yet by all the acknowledged belle of the room. There was, it is true, a young

English girl many years her junior, who would have disputed the palm of beauty with her, but she wanted the animation and the *style* of her rival; and after looking on her sweet young face once or twice one tired of its repose, and even preferred the less harmonious features of some dark-haired Parisian to this 'beauté de Keepsake,' as the French termed it.

The rooms were thinned by the adjournment of half the company to supper, which was laid out in the theatre, and was a brilliant sight, lighted by innumerable wax lights. We had passed through the Salle des Maréchaux, and were sitting down in the room beyond, watching the Princess Mathilde, who was walking up and down, listening with attention to the animated talk of the lovely Eugénie, when we heard our names pronounced by a familiar voice, and turned to greet with pleasure a German friend, an *attaché*, now first sent to Paris, to his own delight. From him we learnt the rumour flying about, which on the morrow was confirmed, that the emperor meant to offer his hand where his heart had for some time been, to the bright, beautiful being before us. The offer, it is said, was made that night. And when we recalled the marked attention of the Princess Mathilde, we could not but believe that she knew either of what had taken, or was about to take place.

This ball had been much fuller and more animated than the last we had been at, but as we stood waiting for our carriage at the foot of the grand staircase, it was with something of regret that we heard such names as that of La Roche Jacqueline called out. It is true that Henri Cinq's party is now like that of the Jacobites in George IV.'s reign, more of a tradition than a reality; but it seemed to us as if all constancy to principles was dying out in chivalrous France when the descendants of those whose adversities were their glory came to pay homage thus early at this embryo court. But people must have been tired with battling for constations, how else account for the quiet way

in which they accepted the *coup d'état*? Whilst its success was still doubtful, we inquired of one who had a position in the diplomatic service what he would do — the last descendant of one of the oldest legitimate families in France, whose grandfather had been guillotined, and whose aunts had worn mourning from the day of Charles X.'s abdication, we had often wondered at his taking office under the republic, and on saying so to him, he had answered—

'I can serve a republic, but not another sovereign whilst Henry V. lives.'

'Now,' asked we, 'if the Empire is proclaimed—what then?'

'I shall send in my resignation.'

An Englishman having said so, would have done it. The Frenchman thought twice about it, wisely, perhaps, and remained. What could he have done else? gone back to his country château, of which he had a horror, and have been shelved for life. To do him justice, he had been consistent in some things: for instance, he had throughout the republic maintained the title which had been centuries in his family; his card, therefore, underwent no change but it was quite amusing to see how fast all one's friends, from plain Gustave de B—'s, or Edouard de C—'s, became M. le Barons or Counts. Titles were restored, and the emperor, following the example of his uncle, had already surrounded himself with the various members of his family, and amongst the number had summoned Josephine's family, the Taschers de la Pagerie, from Munich, where they had been so long settled as almost to be considered Bavarian. Count Tascher was made the empress's grand maître, his son, Count Charles, one of her chamberlains. The former married a Princess de la Leyen, whose mother perished in the fire at Prince Schwartzberg's ball. Like the Princess Schwartzberg, she went back to the ball-room to seek her daughter, and fell a victim to her mother's love.

This family, always ready when at Munich to promote any scheme of pleasure — private theatricals, tab-

leaux, amateur operas, &c.—and familiar for years with all the machinery of court life, must, at a time when everything had to be formed or remodelled, have been useful adjuncts, and so far have recompensed Napoleon for doing, what so few successful people do—remembering his relations in the hour of success. The next ball at the Tuileries is well marked in our memories also. It was immensely crowded every one was anxious to see the new empress; but they were doomed to be disappointed, for she was too ill to appear, and something mysterious and disagreeable was going on, there were soldiers everywhere, and people came peering into your carriage every now and then, the gallery running round the Salle des Maréchaux had occupants that we had never seen before. It was altogether a dull and uncomfortable evening. The emperor made his appearance, but left the rooms again at ten, it was said to see the empress, it was believed to see the head of the police, and to crown the whole affair, most of the English went away supperless, for it was Saturday night, and the supper-room could not be opened until after the emperor's return, which was delayed so long that twelve o'clock came and passed, and Sunday morning dawned without any signs of his Majesty. Our presentation to the empress took place at the last ball of the season, the ceremonial was much the same as that described at Munich, save that on this occasion there were so many English present that they were presented as it were *en masse*, the empress making a general acknowledgment to the names given out, and only addressing any one whom she recognized as an acquaintance.

In the autumn of that year she made her progress through France with her imperial husband, and the following winter saw her the graceful head of a court modelled after the fashion of the first imperial era, with its court receptions in court dress, and hunting parties in hunting dress, and fancy balls, with quadrilles, in costume designed by the empress herself, just as the lovely Pauline or the lively Caroline

had designed others in the same manner, to be danced in the same place, so many years before her. Indeed it was Caroline who had introduced the fancy quadrille, which was danced at her own balls at the Elysée-Napoleon, as well as at the Tuileries, and the preparation for which afforded the ladies plenty of amusement, and the milliners and modistes plenty of occupation: the costumes were generally selected by one of the imperial sisters, and the first that was arranged was on the occasion of the marriage of Josephine's niece, Mdlle. Stéphanie Beauharnais, to the Grand Duke of Baden, then hereditary prince.

The performers in this memorable quadrille were distinguished by four different colours—white, green, red, and blue. The white ladies wore diamonds; the red, rubies; the green, emeralds, and the blue, sapphires and turquoise. The costume was Spanish—a robe of white crape, slashed with satin of the colour of the quadrille, the slashings trimmed with silver. The head-dress was a toque of black velvet, with two white feathers.

The gentlemen, in coats of white velvet, with scarfs of the colour worn by their partners tied in a bow at one side, were pronounced by that chronicler of court sayings and doings, Madame d'Abrantes, to present a very absurd appearance, particularly as they wore head-dresses similar to the ladies. The attempt to produce something original and striking often resulted, it must be confessed, in an effect that was either ugly or ridiculous. Sixteen couples, for instance, on one occasion spent an immense deal of time, money, and trouble, in arranging themselves as the pieces of a chess-board. The queens were handsome, but the poor pawns, with tight-fitting dresses of white cachemere, and broad bandeaux placed low on the forehead, looked much as if they had been swaddled, and the knights, with horses' heads and tails in wicker-work, must have been truly ridiculous. However, the spectators were amused, and Napoleon had ordered his court to be gay, and people went on dressing, and smiling, and dancing, with

hearts often torn with anxieties for the lives of those dear to them, absent with the armies, wounded, sick, or dying, for aught they knew, at the very moment, perhaps, when the strains of gay music, and sounds of laughing voices, and all the pomp and brilliancy of the feast surrounded them.

As the empire drew to its close, the fêtes at court were outwardly more magnificent than ever, but the spirit of enjoyment was gone. Hopes of glory and advancement were exchanged for gloomy forebodings, and doubts, and anxieties.

The ranks of that great band of captains were soon to be thinned, and widows and orphans to be so numerous, that the Emperor Alexander was startled at the numbers he met when he entered Paris.

It was when on the eve of a new war with Russia, when Maria Louisa had taken the place of the true wife Josephine, that balls, and routs, and fêtes were given in rapid succession, and a mask of gaiety enforced, that the fair Pauline chose to represent Italy, that country the destinies of which have been so closely connected with the house of Napoleon. Guided by the classic taste of the day, as understood in France, her dress must have been perfect in its way. We do not give it here as one worthy of imitation, even the ordinary costume of a lady of that day would be inadmissible now. We should be shocked at seeing conspicuous the outlines of that form which fashion now aims at

concealing. The Princess Borghese as Italy, was, however, then considered the most perfect idea of beauty.

'She wore on her head a light casque of burnished gold, surmounted by small ostrich feathers of spotless white. Her bosom was covered with an *égis* of golden scales, to which was attached a tunic of Indian muslin, embroidered in gold. The most exquisite part of her appearance were her arms and feet. The former were encircled with gold bracelets, in which were encased the most beautiful cameos of the house of Borghese; her little feet were shod with slender sandals of purple silk, the bands of which were gold, and at each point where the latter crossed the leg, a magnificent cameo was affixed. The sash which held the *égide* on her bosom was of solid gold, and the centre was ornamented with that most precious of the Borghese collection—the dying Medusa. To all this splendour and magnificence was added a short pike, highly embossed with gold and precious stones, which she carried in her hand.'

She alone of all that band of brothers and sisters retained till her death the position to which her brother's greatness raised her. The type of beauty in her family, as he was that of valour, it has been left to the sculptor's and painter's art alone to perpetuate features once so powerful in their separate ways to influence or delight.

TO ALEXANDRA.

A-y, give the trumpets tongue! Let cannon sound!
 L-et welcomes thunder forth from shore to sea,
 EX-ulting in the destiny that crowned
 A royal union with a pearl like Thee!
 N-o empty homage are the vows we pay—
 D-EEP-seated utterance of a people's voice—
 R-ecording solemnly we set to-day
 A nation's seal upon our Prince's choice.

C.



THE DAGMAR CROSS AND NECKLACE,

PRESENTED BY THE KING OF DENMARK, ON FEBRUARY 24, 1863, TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

[For this Drawing, we are indebted to the courtesy of the Maker of the Necklace, Mr. Julius Dadricksen, Court Jeweller, Copenhagen. For a history of the relic (of which the obverse and reverse are here shown), see the article, "Our Relations in Denmark '"]



ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

A WELCOME

SEA KINGS' daughter from over the sea
 Alexandra!
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee
 Alexandra!
 Welcome her thunders of fort and of fleet!
 Welcome her thundering cheer of the street!
 Welcome her all things youthful and sweet,
 Scatter the blossom under her feet!
 Break, happy land into earlier flowers!
 Make music O bird in the new huddled bowers!
 Welcome her welcome her, all that is ours
 Warble O bugle and trumpet and horn
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
 Flumes on the windy headland flare!
 Utter your jubilee steeples and spire!
 Clash, ye bells in the merry March air!
 Flash ye cities in rivers of fire!
 Welcome her, welcome the land's desire
 Alexandra!

Sea Kings' daughter as happy as fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne
 Come to us love us and make us your own
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
 Teuton or Celt or whatever we be
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra!

The Poet Laureate

A WELCOME

GIRAM thou Ring on her slender finger—
 I see eternal thy circle shows
 All her life let the emblem linger
 Guarding her safe as she onward goes

Smile all Oaks of the Forest Royal—
 Lowers have often sought your shade,
 Murmur breezes with voices loyal
 None so far as this Danish maid'

Early months of the dawning Summer
 Whose wooing wild birds fluttering sing
 Boat your clip to this young new comer—
 Her beauty belure to the budding Spring

And oh! ye Years that link dancing hours,
 Grant that through many a future day
 Her tears may be only like April showers
 And her rosy lips keep the smile of May!

Then shout ye peoples! Through all your cities
 A glittering joy the night shall break
 A of hands that give with a heart that pines,
 Shall feast the poor for their Prince's sake.

So should Old England's welcome be given!
 Solemn and sweet as Love's tie divine,
 And the mingled blessing of Earth and Heaven
 Should echo the bells of the Nuptial Shrine

Hon Mrs Norton

OUR RELATIONS IN DENMARK.

'Let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.'—*Hamlet*.

WHENEVER a new topic is brought on the carpet, we are all thrown into a state of feverish excitement to make ourselves acquainted with its various bearings and details; for whatever may have been the case before men were possessed with an insatiable desire of knowing everything that their neighbours are talking of, it is no longer true that ignorance is looked upon as bliss. Yet, although we sigh for universal knowledge, every fresh question that agitates society reveals the mortifying fact that, notwithstanding the long apprenticeship which most of us have served to learning, we are in truth wofully ignorant in regard to most things.

When a war in the Crimea was impending over our heads, we rushed to our Gazetteers and maps in a state of very hazy uncertainty as to where we should search for the locality of the threatened operations, and it would, perhaps, hardly be too much to say that many of the glorious heroes of that campaign would never have reached the fields, on which they won their laurels, had they been left to find them solely by the aid of their own geographical knowledge. The outbreak of the civil war in America brought into equal prominence the ignorance which prevails in this country in regard to transatlantic conditions and affairs. And now that the union of the heir of Britain with a Danish princess is gathering to itself, as in one vast centre, the hopes and sympathies of the nation, and all classes are anxiously seeking to know something of the country from whence their future queen has come to them, we are again made sensible of the ignorance that prevails amongst us. Surely then there is something rotten—not in the state of Denmark—but in the state of our schools, which send us adrift on society after years of book-cramming with so painfully limited an amount of

knowledge of the state and whereabouts of other nations of the world.

Denmark, however, independently of this new source of interest, possesses many points of attraction to Englishmen which they will scarcely meet with in any other country, and hence we have no hesitation in begging our readers to follow us while we endeavour, as briefly as may be, to give a rapid sketch of some of the numerous relations which have existed between ourselves and the Danes from the earliest periods of our existence as a nation.

We need scarcely remark that some of the more ancient of these relations were not of the most amicable kind; but although those dashing and daring pirates—the Danish Vikings—made sad havoc with the homes and lives of the old Britons, there can be no doubt that, by their amalgamation with the Celtic stock, they infused into succeeding generations much of their own vigorous spirit. Before their incursions the British Celts had been content to paddle along river-banks in light coracles, or hide-covered canoes, which they could carry on their backs when the difficulties of the navigation inclined them to return to terra-firma, while the Dano-British race that came after them took to the sea like true-born tars, and soon learnt to build and manage craft that could brave ocean-storms. The Germans have, however, long been at great pains to show us that we derive from a Teutonic stock all those peculiar properties—good and bad—which historians are agreed in calling the Anglo-Saxon element in our national composition, but how could stay-at-home, sea-fearing Germans have been the progenitors of a restless, exploring, colonising, maritime people like the English? The idea is preposterous; and although no doubt the Saxons had often good cause to pray '*a furore Normanorum*

libera nos, O Domine! their descendants may rejoice that the roving, pillaging Northmen of gallant bearing, brave heart, and poetic fancy, came among them.

As is the fashion with cousins all the world over, the Danes and English bickered and squabbled occasionally, but for the most part they lived together on the best of terms, and from time to time made treaties of commerce, amity, and marriage. The matrimonial relations between the two countries go back nearly a thousand years, for the first of the royal daughters of England who shared the Danish throne was Thyra, the wife of Gorm the Old, who lived and flourished towards the latter end of the ninth century. This princess, who figures as one of the favourite heroines of the ancient northern Sagas, was, according to their testimony, the daughter of Ethelred, King of East-Anglia, and a woman of such an ambitious turn of mind that she refused to wed Gorm until he could offer her the whole of Jutland and the adjoining islands as her dowry. The result was the subjugation of all the petty kings who had hitherto divided the land, and the union of their territories under the sole sway of Gorm and his Queen Thyra, whose name survived in more than one memorial. All good and wise deeds of ancient times are ascribed to this national favourite, who was surnamed *Dannebod*, or Pride of the Danes. The *Dannevirke* or wall of defence, which was constructed in ancient times to defend Jutland from the incursions of its southern neighbours, is believed to have been erected under her directions by the joint labours of men from all the provinces, who worked for three years, while her heathen husband was absent, fighting desperately against the Emperor Henry the Fowler, who had resolved if he could to make a Christian of Gorm. Thyra was as politic too in her wifely relations as she was active in her queenly duties, and we are told that when her eldest son Knud was killed while bathing off the English coast, whither he had gone on a Viking expedition, she arrayed herself and her attendants in mourn-

ing, and, decking her house with all the ordinary badges of grief, awaited in silence the return of Gorm, who had declared that he would slay any one who announced to him the death of his favourite son. The king, when he beheld his house hung with black and the queen with her face veiled, exclaimed, 'If the court of Denmark thus mourns, surely my son is dead!' 'Thou hast said it, Lord, not I,' was Thyra's reply. This device turned aside the king's threat of vengeance; but we are told that he died of grief for the loss of this his best-beloved son. Two sepulchral stones, covered with Runic characters and erected in Thyra's honour, the one during her life by Gorm, and the other by their son Harald Blaatand after her death, stood for seven hundred years over the barrow on the heath of Jelling, in which her remains were laid, and although they have been removed from their original site, they rank among the most precious memorials of their kind.

Passing from these more mythical times to the historic period of the middle ages, we meet with an undoubted English heroine on the throne of Denmark in the person of Philippa, the daughter of Henry IV, and the worthy sister of the victor of Agincourt. The memory of this queen is still cherished in the history and legendary romance of the Danes, who more than any other people, perhaps, cling to the recollection of all the vicissitudes of their national life. During an attack made on Copenhagen in 1428, by the Hamburgers and Lubeckers, Philippa defended the city with a valour which did honour to her name; but unfortunately, not content with the success of her gallant repulse of the enemy, she ventured out to sea with a fleet of seventy ships, and being signally defeated, with difficulty made her way back to Copenhagen. Here her worthless husband, King Eric, the Pomeranian, unmindful of the success which she had achieved during his absence, resented her defeat with such violence that the proud Lancastrian princess, indignant at his treatment, retired to a

convent, where she died shortly afterwards in 1430. Philippa left a permanent memorial of her reign in the coinage which she caused to be made at her own expense during Eric's absence in the Holy Land, and as before that time the money of the realm had been in a discreditably clipped state, and was, moreover, composed of coins belonging to all countries and ages, the boon was no trifling one, and was duly appreciated by the nation.

The next Anglo-Danic marriage on our list, which occurred nearly two hundred years after poor Philippa's unhappy and childless union with the brutal Eric, was far more momentous, forming as it does the English point of origin from which our Stuart and Hanoverian dynasties have emanated. During Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's embassy in 1582, and his subsequent visits to the court of Frederick II, to whom he brought the Garter as a pledge of amity from Queen Elizabeth, and with whom he stood in high favour, the king repeatedly made known his earnest wish that her Majesty would select some fair English maiden of her own blood to be the future wife of his little son, afterwards the heroic Christian IV, but as we, who have heard more than Frederick probably knew of the virgin queen's feelings in regard to the marriage of her relatives, can readily believe, no response was ever made to these friendly overtures, and it was not till some years after the king's death that an Anglo-Danic alliance was formed. Christian, however, did not procure an English consort on this occasion; but his little sister Anne, by her union, in 1589, with James VI. of Scotland, came in due time to be Queen of England, and as the grandmother of the Electress Sophia of Hanover is the direct ancestress of her present Majesty.

This alliance established the most friendly relations between the royal houses, and as long as the Stuarts were in power they showed their affection for their Danish cousins by sending them portraits of themselves, stars and garters, snuff-boxes, and many little souvenirs on birthdays and other memorial

occasions. In Suhm's contributions to Danish history are printed various journals and diaries of the period, amongst others that of Christian IV., who records the visits made to him by his royal brother-in-law, and his own to the court of Whitehall, where he notes down the amusements of three consecutive days, as 'running at a ring, seeing bear-bating,' and 'drinking pretty strongly with the King of England' On the 3rd of August, 1614, he makes an entry of his departure from Gravesend in his own ship, and the receipt, by the hands of Vice-Chamberlain 'Kerri,' of a fine diamond ring as a parting gift from 'my sister,' Queen Anne. But if the royal Dane jostled and feasted while he sojourned in England, he had no leisure for long tarrying, for he was young and active in those times, and had many matters on hand. There were expeditions to be looked after, with the view of seeking a north-west passage round America to India; another (more fortunate in its results) to go round the Cape of Good Hope, which actually did make a settlement in 1620 at Tranquebar, and thus established a Dano-East Indian Company, the first Danish postal system to be organized, and the high road opened from Hamburg, over Kolding and the islands, to Copenhagen, which was done by 1624, besides improving the fleet, encouraging trade, introducing foreign artisans, and attending to numerous other matters. So, altogether, the Danish uncle of our Stuarts was no idler, although, like them, he often got himself and others into very unseemly troubles through his matrimonial and other less creditable relations with various ladies. A curious document exists, entitled '*Amores Christiani IVti*,' to which is appended an attestation, signed by the members of the Privy Council of Denmark, and dated 10th April, 1648, which sets forth that the lady, Kirstene Munck, was the lawful wife of the king, and their children legitimate. It forms part of the Suhm state-paper collection to which we have already referred,

and details the marriage of Christian with this lady, one of the richest heiresses of her day in Denmark, his charges of infidelity against her, and subsequent divorce after she had borne him nine children, and for more than twenty years been recognized as a legitimate wife. Christian's rapid transfer of his affections to her waiting-maid, Wi-becke Kruse, makes us rather suspicious of the motives which actuated him, notwithstanding the pains he was at in expounding to his council, and even to the nation at large, the reasons of his conduct towards his unfortunate morgatic wife. His many noble qualities have however been allowed to condone his offences in these and other *affaires de cœur*, and he is justly venerated among the Danes as one of the bravest and wisest of their kings—a very Henri Quatre of the North. Thus the sea-song, by Ewald, 'Kong Christian stod ved høien Mast,' has been raised to the dignity of being the national ode *par excellence*, more on account of its commemorating the glory and valour of their favourite king and his gallant captains than from any intrinsic merits of its own. Christian was a patron of the fine arts, and several of the numerous royal palaces, with which Denmark has at all times been so liberally provided, owe their origin to this monarch. One of the noblest memorials of his taste and munificence was the glorious Gothic *riddersal*, or knights' hall, at the Castle of Fredericksborg in Seeland, which, together with its priceless collection of paintings, was destroyed by fire in 1859. This gallery was especially rich in portraits of our Stuarts, and its almost utter destruction was an irreparable loss, not merely to the loyal, history-loving Danes, who entertain a kind of family affection for every relic of the past connected with their country, but to all genuine lovers of art. Whether it is owing to the mode of heating private and public buildings by stoves and fires, or to mere fatality, certain it is that few countries have suffered more terrible losses by fire than Denmark. Copenhagen, with

its environs, has been most especially unhappy in this respect, and, one by one, almost all its once numerous palaces and churches have, in turn, fallen a prey to this terrible scourge. Next in importance to the destruction of Fredericksborg was that of the palace of Christiansborg in Copenhagen, the largest royal residence in Europe, which was occupied by nearly a thousand persons connected with the public service in addition to the ordinary attendants of the royal family. This building, which contained, besides its fine gallery of paintings, innumerable articles of artistic value, was reduced on the night of February 26, 1794, to a mere shell, nothing remaining but the outer walls. The four palaces now known as the Amalienborg, or 'Palaierne,' which had been built for the use of four noble families, and which were converted into a temporary residence for royalty, have since that period continued to be occupied by different members of the reigning family, including the grandfather of our Princess of Wales, while her father, Prince Christian, resides in close proximity to this royal palatial square.

The marriage of Prince George of Denmark, who certainly did not inherit many of the qualities of his grandfather, Christian IV., with good Queen Anne was in all respects so uneventful that it merits no notice beyond the mere record of the event, and we must hasten on to that last and tragic marriage which, in the person of our own hapless princess, Caroline Matilda, sister to George III., closed the series of royal alliances that had so long united the two countries. The fate of this princess is too well known to need comment. Married when almost a child to her cousin, Christian VII (the son of Frederick V. and his first Queen, Louisa of England), a man who was either imbecile or insane, she was thrown, in all her girlish vivacity and merriment, in the midst of a gay court, in which she was watched with suspicion and jealousy by the Queen Dowager Juliana, the step-

mother of her husband, and became easily entangled in a mesh of intrigues which speedily compassed her ruin. When her weak husband was made to believe that she had conspired with the minister, Struensee, to effect his deposition in favour of her regency for their infant son, her fate was sealed, and her enemies found no further difficulty in obtaining the royal order for her arrest, which was speedily followed by an act of divorce between herself and Christian. In the dead of the night she was seized and borne, only half clothed, to the carriage waiting to convey her to the castle of Kronborg at Elsinore, where she was kept in close confinement until George III sent an English frigate to remove her from Denmark. In accordance with an arrangement made between the Danish and English governments, she was taken to Celle in Hanover, where, at the end of three years spent in the exercise of good deeds, Caroline Matilda died, in 1775, at the early age of twenty-six, from the effects of an illness which she had caught in tending the sick. No wonder, after such a story, that the relations between England and Denmark were less cordial than they had been, or that the ill-will thus engendered between the nations should have resulted in the disastrous events of 1801, and in the bombardment of 1807. Still less wonder is it, perhaps, that Frederick VI, an infant at the time of his mother's fall, should through life have shunned, as far as his position allowed, coming in contact with all who had been instrumental in bringing about that event, and should carefully have avoided visiting the scene of her misery at Kronborg, or, indeed, any spot specially associated with the history of her life in Denmark. The writer of the present article well remembers the silence and mystery that lingered in the days of King Frederick around the picturesque country palace of Fredensborg, which was left untenanted by royalty during his reign, solely, it was believed, in consequence of its having once been a favourite residence of his mother's,

from whence she was accustomed, if local tradition can be credited, to ride forth equipped in a semi-masculine dress, and thus set the example of taking horse exercise, which, before her time, was not practised by Danish ladies. Among many other relics of her presence there was, at the period to which we refer, a picture at Fredensborg, covered with a green curtain, which could only be withdrawn by special permission, representing the fair and stately young queen standing, hat and plume in hand, by the side of her horse, which was held by a groom, intended, it was believed, for Count Struensee. We know not what has become of this painting, but, unfortunately, all the really valuable portraits of her have perished either in the fire of Christiansborg, or in the recent conflagration at Fredericksborg. Peace be to her memory now that her fair fame has been re-established among the people of Denmark, and other generations have come and gone since the days of her miseries. By the union of the Prince of Wales with the descendant of her enemy, Juliana, bygone enmities have been reconciled, and new loves have sprung up, like fresh flowers of spring, to cover the dust of past animosities.

Having thus briefly referred to some of the numerous matrimonial alliances of the English and Danish royal houses, we proceed to take a rapid survey of Denmark in its political aspect, begging our readers to follow us for a moment while we plunge into statistics, from which we extract the following numerical data. Denmark, which, as it is now constituted, is the smallest of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, has an area (independently of its foreign settlements) of about 21,000 square miles, with a population of 2,605,000, making a total, with its colonies, including Iceland and Greenland, of 73,700 square miles, with 2,780,000 inhabitants. Its history as a nation may be briefly summed up under the following heads:—In the year 990 Gorm the Old united, for the first time, all the petty principalities, into which the land had pre-

viously been divided, into one state. Traditionary history, as we have already stated, tells us that the valiant old heathen was stimulated to this achievement by the fair English princess, Thyra, who refused to wed him till he could offer her the whole of Denmark as his marriage gift. In 1397 the Danish Queen Margaret united, under her triple sceptre, the sister Scandinavian lands; and in 1460 Denmark first took to herself Slesvig and Holstein, which have contrived to make themselves more or less disagreeable to her ever since. In 1523 Sweden separated from the triplet bond, against which she had often rebelled most vehemently; but considering that the sovereignty was elective in the three kingdoms, the only wonder is that these restive mates kept together as long as they did. In 1660 the three estates of Denmark, the nobles, clergy, and burghers, voluntarily surrendered their several rights and privileges into the hands of the king, Frederick II. (a first cousin, by-the-way, of our Charles I), and by a stroke of the pen converted their kings, who had hitherto been kept in check by the popular right of election to the throne, and trammelled by innumerable coronation compacts, into the most absolute monarchs in Europe, with hereditary rights that none have since dared to dispute. In 1814 Denmark lost her much-loved consort, Norway, with whom she had lived on the best terms for nearly 420 years, their mutual concord being only disturbed by occasional outbreaks of temper, from which even the most harmonious unions are not always exempt. This separation, which may be characterized as a political divorce, was decreed by that final Court of Appeal, the Congress of Vienna, which also settled another matter in regard to the Danish state, and caused the Duchy of Lauenburg to be made over to Denmark in exchange for a portion of Pomerania. The latter piece of political management has, as might be expected, not redounded very materially to the comfort of Denmark, who, by the acquisition of

this thoroughly German duchy, has been still more inextricably entangled in the red-tapeism of that most stupendous of all circumlocution offices, the German Confederation, in which every attempt at an onward movement, on the part of any one of its many incongruous members, is sure to result in a dead lock of the entire institution. In its present crippled condition Denmark is included between $53^{\circ} 20'$ and $57^{\circ} 45'$ N. lat., and $8^{\circ} 5'$ and $12^{\circ} 45'$ E. long, and consequently lies in the very midst of the Baltic, whose waters encircle its islands of Seeland, Funen, Laaland, and Falster, and forms the eastern boundary to that long peninsula, the Chersonesus Cimbrica of the ancients, which in the south (where it abuts directly upon Germany) includes Holstein, in the north Jutland, and between the two Slesvig. The latter, in consequence, probably, of her embarrassing position between a Germanized and a Danish neighbour, coquets sometimes in rather an unprincipled manner with both. The maritime position of the Danish states has, no doubt, deeply influenced their history and character, and when we glance at the map, and see the innumerable little islands, islets, and peninsulas into which they are cut, we can scarcely wonder that the people should always have been a maritime race, sending forth their sea-roving Vikings to yet unknown regions in the western world five hundred years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, and pouring their daring hordes upon every coast of northern and western Europe. The same spirit still lives in the people, and makes them present a brave and daring attitude towards the many strong and mighty neighbours, who, from Russian and Prussian forts, are looking with covetous eye at the valiant little sea-girt state, which strives manfully to hold its own.

The Slesvig-Holstein war, which was fomented by German influence, notwithstanding its disastrous effects on the duchies themselves, has been attended by no other result in Denmark Proper than to unite the people

of the different islands mere closely together in one common sentiment of loyalty towards the reigning house. The king and the heir presumptive, his uncle Prince Ferdinand (who, however, is understood to have voluntarily retired from the succession), are both childless, and in the absence of any other direct heir of the Oldenburg dynasty, which has continued unbroken from the accession, in 1448, of its founder Christian I., the nation, resuming its ancient right of electing to the throne, has agreed to the law of succession voted by the Danish Chambers in 1853, which nominated Prince Christian, third brother of the reigning Duke of Holstein-Sonderbourg-Glucksbourg, as heir to the throne. This prince, who is the father of our Princess of Wales, married in 1842 Princess Louisa, daughter of William, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and Charlotte of Denmark, sister of the late King Christian VIII., and it is thus that the Princess Alexandra is connected, through her grandmother directly, and her father indirectly, with the Oldenburg dynasty. There is a divided feeling in Denmark upon this delicate question of succession; and some persons, alarmed at the position which the State will have to maintain against the growing power of Russia and Prussia, are of opinion that an amalgamation with Sweden would best secure Scandinavian independence, and that such an object is worthy the sacrifice of a certain amount of national *amour propre* on the part of the Danes. In default of such a scheme meeting with the cordial support of the great bulk of the people, there seems no reason to doubt the good-will with which Prince Christian's claims will be considered, for as the Augustenburg, or elder collateral branch of the royal line, has excluded itself from a chance of the succession by its decided German leanings in regard to the Slesvig-Holstein question, the pretensions of the younger, or Glucksburg branch have, naturally enough, carried the greater weight. The choice of Prince Christian, although a cadet of his house, is aliké expedient and judicious, seeing that his

elder brother, the reigning duke, is childless, and stands in a peculiar position to the present king, having married his Majesty's divorced queen, Princess Wilhelmina of Denmark, while Prince Christian is the father of a family, who are directly allied by blood with the reigning dynasty. He is, moreover, a man of considerable ability, who has won golden opinions from all men for the discretion with which he has guided himself in the midst of very complicated national and court relations, and earned for himself and his family the sympathy and respect of all who value domestic virtues and orderly habits.

The present king, Frederick VII., succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Christian VIII., in 1848, at a moment when the nation was calling loudly for a constitutional mode of government, and the duchies of Holstein and Slesvig wanted but a spark to kindle their smouldering discontent into open flame. The princes of Augustenburg and a few lawyers and Kiel professors were the great movers in the disturbances which, a few months after the king's accession, burst into fiery rebellion. The present is not the place to discuss the vexed question of the Slesvig-Holstein union. It cannot be denied, however, that the duchies have been thorns in the flesh to the house of Oldenburg since its founder, Christian I., on the lapse to the crown of the fief of Slesvig, in 1460, secured his election to Holstein by consenting to various very hard stipulations, among which was included the embarrassing clause that the two provinces should ever remain undivided ('*Ewig tosammengeundeelt*'). Now, considering that the one was as undoubtedly a fief of the Danish crown as the other was a fief of the German empire, it has not been found very easy to keep the peace between this independent couple. The Danes declare, however, with some show of reason, that the bulk of the people, even in Holstein, would have behaved themselves like dutiful subjects of the king, had not the German princes and schools perpetually

thrust this obsolete clause before their eyes, until they began to think themselves bound to stand up for a government apart from the Danish rule. The natives of Denmark Proper have, however, never looked very kindly at the Holstein University of Kiel, and their suspicion of the character of its influence finds vent in the sarcastic fable that the Devil, when on the look-out for a university in which to complete his education, fixed upon Kiel, from whose curriculum he emerged with a great increase of knowledge in his own specialties.

The king's conduct during the war, and his patriotic love of the history and antiquities of his country, standing in strong contrast to the tendencies of some of his more Germanized predecessors, have been allowed, in the eyes of his people, to atone for his sundry derelictions in regard to his matrimonial relations, which present peculiarly unfortunate aspects. The nation has silently tolerated, but in no way sanctioned, his successive divorce from two royally born wives, and his subsequent marriage with a person known as Countess Danner, who is believed to wield more authority in the State than often falls to the lot of a queen-consort. He in return loses no opportunity of gratifying the national tendencies of his subjects. And he lately found occasion to pay a compliment to the national pride of the Danish people, which is fully appreciated by them, while he at the same time gratified his own antiquarian tastes, by his selection of the famous Dagmar Cross as the model of one of his bridal gifts to the Princess Alexandra. No choice could have been happier, for, apart from the artistic value of the ornament (the oldest enamelled cross of the kind extant), the memory of Dagmar has always been held in the greatest veneration by the Danes. Little is recorded in history of the life of this queen beyond the fact that she was the daughter of Przemisl, known later as Ottocar, King of Bohemia, was married in 1205, at the age of eighteen years, to King Valdemar Seier of Denmark, and dying in

1212, was buried in the church of St. Benedict, at Ringsted, where in after years her husband and his second queen, Berengaria, were laid by her side. Her true name was Margaret, but the popular love of the Danish nation exchanged for it the tender appellation of *Dag-maar*, — 'Lovely maiden of the day,' or 'Light of the dawn.' The details of her life that history has failed to give have been amply supplied by the legendary ballad lore in which Denmark is so pre-eminently rich; and tradition makes Dagmar ask as her morning gift from her lord and king, the victorious Valdemar, not lands, riches, or jewels, but the abolition of an onerous tax, and the liberation of those who pined in prison, a prayer she is believed to have reiterated on her death-bed. When her tomb was opened in the time of Christian V., this cross, which she is believed to have brought with her from Bohemia, was found suspended round her neck, bearing a relic within its enclosure, and as it has always been preserved by the Danish people as a precious memorial of one of the purest and best beloved of their queens, no happier symbol could have been chosen as a parting gift for our royal bride.

The mention of this relic of Valdemar's reign—the golden age of Danish history—leads us directly to the Dannebrog, the national banner of Denmark, whose white cross on its blood-red ground was first unfurled in a great battle fought by Valdemar in 1219 against the pagan Wends in Esthonia. According to tradition the banner fell from heaven at a critical moment, and by its miraculous appearance turned the tide of victory in favour of the hard-pressed Danes. In gratitude for the service thus rendered, Valdemar instituted an order of the Dannebrog, which has continued from that period to enrol among its members those who have most distinguished themselves in the service of their country. The order of the Elephant, which is supposed to have originated in an ancient brotherhood of the same title, was instituted in 1493. It bears at the present day

Our Relations in Denmark.

the names of about a dozen sovereigns on its rolls.

The Danish monarchs who rejoice in the title of King of Denmark, and of the Wends and Goths, and Duke of Holstein, Stormar, Ditmarsh, Lauenburg, and Oldenburg, bear the following cognizances in right of past and present possessions: golden-crowned lions surrounded by nine flaming hearts for Denmark and Slesvig; a crowned codfish for Iceland; a speckled ram for the Faroe Isles; a white bear for Greenland; and a *nettle-leaf* for Holstein! significant enough, if we think of the irritation that province occasionally produces. A silver swan with a golden chain proclaims dominion over Stormar; an armed and mounted knight, sword in hand, represents Ditmarsh; and the golden horse's head Lauenburg. This shield, with its motley assemblage of animals, has very appropriate supporters in two savage men bearing clubs.

We need scarcely observe that, although all religions are and have long been most freely tolerated in Denmark, the established creed is the Lutheran, to which the Danes have zealously adhered since the days of their early reformer Hans Tausen, who in 1524 was permitted to preach the doctrines of his Wittenberg teacher before the court of Frederick I. In 1536 the Reformation was established by law; but it had some years earlier been virtually received by the mass of the people, among whom Bibles began to be freely circulated as early as 1524.

Tolerance was not in fashion in the sixteenth century: but Frederick II., the grandfather of our Stuarts, went, one would suppose, even beyond the practices of his day, for he showed his zeal by condemning to death an indiscreet Lutheran priest, who had omitted to read the prayer for the exorcism of devils in the baptismal service! In those

palmy days of Lutheranism, Calvinists were regarded as even worse than Jews.

No people have made greater progress in recent times in the common march of learning than the Danes. After the Reformation the ancient literature was neglected in favour of barren theological composition. The court, which was governed by German queens, despised the national tongue, and there seemed small chance of the Danish language maintaining its ground, when the genius and versatility of Holberg came to its rescue. His inimitable comedies created a Danish theatre, and converted the Danish people into one of the greatest play-going nations in Europe. The language was saved; and since his day men no longer wrote, as they had done before, almost exclusively in German or French. The last hundred years have seen the names of Danish writers foremost in every department of science and literature. The numerous romantic incidents of the national history, as might be expected from the character of the people, have found numerous illustrators, amongst the most successful of these, we may instance the poet Ewald in his lyric odes, Oehlenschläger in his grand tragedies, and Ingemann in his picturesque novels and dramas. Time presses, and we can say no more of these or other writers; and we have already so far exceeded our limits that we must abstain from even a passing notice of the pride of Scandinavian art—Thorwaldsen—whose works have made Copenhagen the Athens of the North.

Let us conclude, then, by wishing well to the Danes. And may God speed the fair young Dagmar who has come to us from the sea-girt homes of our ancient kindred! and 'make our presence and our practices pleasant and helpful to her!'

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE,
PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

NO antique bard, oh Darling of the Nation,
Shall teach our hand to sweep the chords to-day;
No olden poesy lend inspiration
To frame the heart-sprung lay!

For when we name you Type of England's Beauty,
Truth and Allegiance in the title meet—
Affection twines the loyal wreath that Duty
Lays gladly at your feet

We watched your growth from childhood's witching graces;
And ever dear to English hearts has been
Your fair young face amid the fair young faces
That clustered round our Queen

Your sweet smile, full of tender thoughts and fancies—
The royal gracefulness wherewith you moved—
Your hair's soft lustre, and your eye's bright glances—
All spoke you one beloved

But, more than grace of form and charm of feature,
Yours the rich treasures of the heart and mind,
And the best nobleness of woman's nature—
Pure gold, and thrice refined!

For well we know, when for our Queen bereavon
Seemed all of love enclosed within the tomb,
Your sweet affection, like a ray from Heaven,
Beamed forth amid the gloom!

Strong in your sacrifice and self-denial,
To soothe her woe you stilled back your own—
Bright, through that great bereavement's heavy trial,
Your worth and goodness shone

Others could weep with her in her deep sorrow,
You, with sweet sympathy, installed relief
'Twas yours from Heaven's own mercy-seat to borrow
A comfort for her grief

As good as lovely, and as wise as youthful,
Of beauty perfected by virtues tried,
Kind, gracious, fair, affectionate, and truthful—
We hail you England's pride

And when, a bride, you left our English palace,
There was a void that none like you could fill
Let him, who wed, well guard our darling Alice,
Whom we could spare so ill!

For sorrow gloomed our gladness, when were spoken
The words that gave you to another throne;
And fondly still we hold the ties unbroken
That make you all our own.

Princess by birthright—princess by election
Of faithful hearts that gladly chose your sway—
Yours is that priceless crown of fond affection
That shall not pass away.

So, when one, dear to you, and to the nation,
Takes a fair bride to share his royal place,
Our memory turns amid our acclamation
To your loved, absent face!

T. H.



H. H. THE PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE,
PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Drawn (by special permission) by Edward H. Corbould.

[See the Poem



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES
IN HER BRIDAL DRESS

Drawn by W. J. Thomas

LONDON SOCIETY

M A Y, 1863.

EASTER MONDAY ON BRIGHTON DOWNS.



‘CEASE, rude Boreas, blust’ring raler’ was the ejaculation of many a ‘hsted landsman’ in the Volunteers, as he opened his bedroom window at Brighton early on the morning of Easter Monday. I say *Boreas*, because, being the offspring of *Aurora*, he would naturally be associated with daybreak;

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but the fact is, *all* the winds appeared to have a hand (or rather a mouth) in that aerial warfare. They were *all* at work, and seemed determined to anticipate the mimic battle which was to take place on earth, by a real fight in the upper regions. There was *Eurus*, the bold and impetuous, rushing to the scene

20 .

of action, and old Auster, with his dusky wings and sable dress, retreating with his reserve of light showers and heavy rain before the gallant troops of Zephyrus, who had torn himself away from the embrace of Flora to fall into other arms. There was Corus, sallying from his citadel of snow, to encounter dread Aquilo, who met him with a keen-edged north-easterly weapon. There were Aficus and Solanus, and a host of other warriors, whom Æolus had let loose for an Easter holiday, charging and counter-charging, forming into long and sturdy ranks, escalading slated roofs and skirmishing behind chimney-pots, taking possession of this and that weather-vane and turning it to their own advantage, undermining window-sills, and making forced entries into cracks and chinks, anon swooping down on undefended hats and blowing up petticoats, without the slightest mercy on the fair occupants of those steel-plated garrisons—such was the warlike scene which I looked on from my casement (I had nearly said *casemate*) in the Ship Hotel, at 7 A.M. on the Volunteer Review Day.

I had come down from town the night before, taking advantage of the experience of former occasions, when it was said that spectators who deferred leaving until the morning of the review, and rose with the lark in London, found the speed of that songster hardly realized in their transit to Brighton, and had the satisfaction of being 'shunted' off right and left of the trains which conveyed our gallant defenders to their battle-ground.

It was my estimable relative John Winsome, Esquire, of Hollygate, in the county of Devon, gentleman, to whom I have before alluded, who had kindly secured accommodation for me at this establishment, where he had put up in consequence of remembering that he had been very well treated there about forty years ago, when the Cham Pier was opened, and a certain royal personage had given a ball in honour of the event. 'Your mother and I, my dears,' he remarked to my cousins, on the night of my arrival—for, I should think, about the twenty-first time

within my recollection—'your mother and I had just returned from our honeymoon in Paris in time to be present at that entertainment. She wore a beautiful white satin slip, trimmed with pink swan's-down, and a furbelow round the lower edge about six inches from the ground. It was just wide enough to show off her figure—a very elegant one in those days, although, poor thing, her waist was not quite so slim in later life. Ah! waists were in their proper place then. Well, her hair was dressed in the latest fashion, with a bird of paradise, and a nest which we had bought in the Palais Royal. I remember the circumstance perfectly, because the hairdresser, Signor Frizzilli, was so much engaged at the time that she was obliged to have it done the night before, and sat upright in an arm-chair till next morning, for fear of disarranging her coiffure. She found no difficulty, however, in getting to sleep even in that position, for we had been tossing about the two previous days in the British Channel, owing to adverse winds, and your poor mother had had to ride ten miles on a pillion before we reached Dieppe, so she was pretty well tired, you see, but quite sufficiently recovered for the dancing next day. The famous 'Golden Ball,' then a young man, was one of her partners, and Brummell had asked her for the minuet, but Lady B—, a very notorious person then, carried him off to the tea-room, which, to tell you the truth, I was not at all sorry for, as I—ahem—had heard some disagreeable stories about him. As for me, I wore a long, swallow-tailed blue coat and brass buttons, with a good high collar, which fitted admirably against the back of my head. I had a pair of Chevalier's best pumps, and a pair of exquisitely-cut pantaloons—'

Here Miss Rose Winsome, to whom also the details of this costume were now tolerably familiar, made a sudden rush from the tea-table to the window of our sitting-room, and proposed, as it was a dry evening, that we should go out for a stroll upon the cliffs before the

night was too far advanced. Now whether my uncle was somewhat piqued at this interruption of his story, or was really influenced by the state of his daughters' health, I cannot say, but he made the latter fact an excuse for refusing his consent to this arrangement, and reminding my cousins that they had only lately recovered from a severe cold, and that they would have to go through some fatigue on the following day, declared they had better retire to

rest and leave me to wander out alone. Agnes, the eldest of the sisters, at once fell into her father's views on this, as on every other subject. As for Kitty, although her discretion is considered, as a rule, beyond her years, she was too young to have a voice in the matter. So poor Rose, after a little pouting, and a little tapping of a tiny foot upon the floor, was obliged to acquiesce, and down I went by myself.



BEFORE THE REVIEW LOUNGING AT THE 'SHIP'

It was a picturesque sight, the threshold of the 'Ship' that night, with its inmates loitering before the door. It was a 'motley crew' which manned that ancient vessel. The gaslight flickered upon Volunteers in various uniforms, upon bearded strangers in military undress—upon twenty different types of coats and hats. Anxious applicants for beds hurried up and down the steps—and flies drove off with

disappointed 'fares,' who seemed likely to pass the night inside them. Front and back bedrooms were engaged—second floors—third floors—attics—all occupied. A foreigner arriving in Brighton for the first time might have supposed the town to have been peopled with soldiers, so prevalent was the military element that night among the population. Knots of thirsty souls hung round the public-houses, and (tell

it not to Colonel Cruikshank and the Temperance corps) were clamorous for beer. Groups of young whiskered warriors strode down towards the beach, and listened by the sad sea waves to a roar which was to be lost to-morrow in the noise of their artillery. The wind blew cold and fiercely, and I was altogether glad my cousin had not ventured out. There are occasions when the society of even the fairest of their sex must be dispensed with. It seems hard to say so, but I think even a newly-married couple, crossing over to Boulogne on a rough day, after breakfast, had better be in separate berths. 'There is a time for all things,' says an ancient adage. The youth who lighted a cigar upon the *Itedan* would have done more wisely to reserve his tobacco until after the fight. It was a plucky thing to do, perhaps, but—*cu bono?* I should have chosen another time for my weed. Thus I thought in a very philosophical mood as I knocked the ashes from my pipe, on my way back to the 'Ship' I found a note lying on the table from my uncle (who had already gone to bed) strongly recommending the whiskey, of which, knowing his excellent judgment in such matters, I mixed a stiff tumbler for myself, and then adjourned for the night. When I awoke the next morning, the weather was such as I have already described, and we were under some apprehension at first that it was blowing up for wet. Under these trying circumstances, Mr. Winsome consoled himself with an enormous breakfast, and patiently awaited the issue of events. As good luck would have it, no rain fell. The carriage was ordered at ten o'clock to convey my uncle and cousins to the Grand Stand, where I was to join them on foot, as I wished first to reconnoitre in the Level and see the men mustered. The Level at Brighton is much like a level anywhere else, flat—and, I may add, uninteresting on ordinary occasions. But to-day its neighbourhood became for a few hours the centre of all interest and animation in the town. Corps after corps marched into the enclosures; tents were

pitched; arms piled; bugles sounded; bands played; staff officers and adjutants cantered to and fro on rapid, but apparently objectless errands; little boys hurraed outside the railings, and the whole aspect of the place assumed that appearance which journalists are wont to describe as 'journalism in the highest degree.' Here were assembled the City of London, the Civil Service, the Artists, and the 'Temperance' corps—the latter commanded by that able officer, ingenious caricaturist, and zealous teetotaler, George Cruikshank. Lord Ranelagh, easily recognizable to all who have seen the famous portrait of that hero, gallops about with great energy, attended by Captain Templar and Sergeant Harris of the 1st Devon Light Horse. The scarlet coat and black hunting cap of the latter attract universal attention, and, indeed, the costume seems as if it had been summoned by the 'view holloa' rather than the sound of bugle.

On different parts of the ground Volunteers are drawn up, and, perhaps to keep them warm while waiting for the order to march, are going through various forms of drill. Hoarse shouts of 'Attention! Eyes front!' &c, greet the ear on every side; and companies are told to *fall in*, in such peremptory and indignant accents, as to lead the unmilitary observer to the conclusion that there might be falling out—at least with the officer in command. One warrior, on a restive charger, is evidently in a shocking temper with his beast, and tugs viciously at the mouth of the horse, which kicks and plunges to that extent as to endanger the safety of some dozen rear-rank men. Here and there the cracking of percussion caps is heard—by way of earnest for the firing by-and-by—and little groves of steel bristle up at intervals from those corps which are going through their bayonet exercise. Others, not so active, lounge about smoking on the grass, or lean against those sprouting staves which, planted round the Level, form one of the principal sylvan retreats of Brighton. The bands appear espe-

cially inclined to 'take it easy.' Trophies of drums are piled in the gravel path. Small fifers lay aside their instruments to blow another sort of pipe—

'Non buxus, non ara sonant'

It is not to buccine but tobaccoe airs that they devote their present breath. One stout trumpeter* (I beg his pardon if I don't describe him rightly) was reclining under the shadow of an enormous brazen engine—his peculiar care I inquire its name and power.

'Beg pardon, sir' said the martial musician, half rising from his seat.

I repeated my question.

'Bombardone B flat—fundamental,' was the reply, and plumped down again on the grass. A wise man in his generation! I was not offended at his answering so curtly. Why should he exert his lungs unnecessarily in my behoof? It must have required a deal of wind to fill that bombardone!

A little further on stood a group of South Middlesex pioneers, 'bearded like the pard,' all portly men, of the Falstaff, or rather Baccanalian type, with their aprons and pickaxes, which, in black leather cases, resemble young cross-bows gone into mourning. They carried havresacs of unusual dimensions, and I could not help remarking the significant proportion which each man bore to his bag. The fatter one was, the more bulky the other became, until both reached their maximum capacity in one gentleman of such extraordinary girth that if he walked to White Hawk Down that day he deserves a medal to commemorate the occasion.

All round the palms which enclose the Level crowd hundreds of the Brighton bourgeoisie and working men. Children, kept off the ground by the watchful eye of the police, find a doubtful satisfaction in thrusting as much of their bodies between the rails as they can introduce at a time without hurting themselves, and, sitting down on the curbstone, allow their little legs to disport freely on the grass inside. Presently up canter a bevy of pretty girls on

* See Illustration, p. 398.

horseback, and rein up in front of the arena. Is it a brother or a sweetheart whom that slim-waisted, furred sylph is hailing from the green? O youthful and whiskered warrior, can you hesitate an instant to step from the ranks at her bidding? What are the jokes of your companions, what the wrath of odious Captain Jones, who singled you out from the rest so disagreeably this morning, what the sense of respect to your corps, when placed in the balance of such a summons? Ah! there waves the handkerchief again. I knew how it would be. It is the old story of youth between love and duty. The same comedy was enacted on the Trojan plains. There is Helen over there smirking and smiling in her Biarritz hat. The Paphian goddess flies to her aid, and out steps Private Paris from the ranks. Have we not read how terribly the Phrygian boy was censured on his return? No doubt there is some Colonel Hector here who will be equally sarcastic on our Volunteer.

As the time draws on for marching to the scene of action, the men show great discretion in fortifying themselves while they may. Pocket-flasks are produced, emptied, and speedily refilled at the adjoining public. An early déjeuner takes place. 'Put me down, gov'nor, if you like' shouts an honest but somewhat plebeian young rifleman, with his mouth full of sandwich, as he sees the reporter of the 'Weekly Index' taking notes. 'Put me down. Penny a line, you know! All in the way of business!' The literary gentleman walks off indignantly, and, lest the youth should not gain that publicity which he desired in the aforesaid journal, I herewith record the incident.

Private Mullins, of the Tower Shamlets corps, is one of those unfortunate young gentlemen whose fate in life seems to make him just a little too late for everything which he undertakes. This peculiarity attended him at an early period of his career. He happens to be a few minutes younger than a twin brother, who, by virtue of his birthright, came into a very snug little property in the Funds, while he himself only

inherited a modest patrimony of three thousand pounds. This unfortunate accident, which Mr. Mullins, to do him justice, never ceases to deplore, has involved the necessity of his 'doing something' for himself, which he certainly does try to do, though not always at the precise moment when such efforts might be crowned with success. He has twice lost the chance of a Government appointment. On the first occasion, as he assures me, for the simple reason that he failed to inform the Civil Service Examiners as to the precise position of the Right of Binn; and, secondly, because he had passed the eligible age for the admission of candidates about twelve months before he went up for his next examination. He had an offer to go out to a mercantile house in Japan, which he would probably have accepted had he not by this time fallen desperately in love with a young lady who was certainly five years older than himself, but who had an equal number of hundreds per annum for her fortune. Mullins naturally argued that a wife with a small competency was to be preferred to a long sea voyage with a dubious prospect at its end, and elected to give up the clerkship in Japan. Nor was there any reason why his choice should not have proved a judicious one, except the unfortunate fact that the very day the ship sailed the lady also disappeared, having, in fact, eloped with the very man who had been appointed in his place.

Now I have some sympathy with Mullins, on account of his various disappointments, especially the last which I mentioned, having, perhaps, suffered a little in the same way myself. So when he came up to me on the Level with a fresh category of grievances, I really felt very sorry for him. He had, it appears, first missed the 5:30 tram, by which his corps came down from town, and then got into a Sydenham carriage under the impression that it was going to Brighton. Discovering his mistake at the second station on the line, he returned to town with all speed, and, catching the 8 o'clock tram just as it was about to start,

jumped into it with such alacrity as to knock his head severely against the door-post, and thus deprive his shako of most of its ornamental plumage. Nor was this all, for he had no sooner taken his seat than he discovered that he had left his side arms behind. Being a rear-rank man, he looked on these casualties as comparatively unimportant, but having now caught up his corps just as the order was given to fall in, and wishing to snatch a hasty breakfast on the Downs, his attention had only just been drawn to a large hole in the bottom of his havresac, through which about half a pound of sandwiches and two hard-boiled eggs had fallen on the road. His brandy-flask, probably owing to its enormous bulk, had certainly kept its place, but having screwed it down very hastily when he was hurrying to catch the tram (which went off without him), the stopper had become fixed in such a way that all our efforts to open it were unavailing.

He was very hot, and very tired, and very hungry, and there was Captain Culpepper shouting out to know why he was not in his place. What could he do? To desert his corps at this juncture was impossible. He shook me convulsively by the hand and limped off to the ranks. Altogether, at that moment, I felt grateful — yes, I know it is selfish to say so, but I did feel grateful that I was not a Volunteer.

The road from the Level to Brighton Downs is steep and dusty; and should the curious stranger desire to know the component parts of the soil on which he treads, he will find abundant evidence of chalk in the form of powder on his coat, while the presence of flint is no less asserted by the sharp gritty fragments which a breeze peculiar to the district deposits on the outer membrane of his eye. As compensation, however, for these trifling inconveniences, which necessarily attend the pursuit of science, he will be rewarded at the top of the hill by a splendid view of the Brighton coast, which stretches away for many miles on either side, relieved in the distance by a broad expanse of pale sea-green, rendered all the more valu-

able, in an artistic point of view, by those grand cumuli of abiding clouds which cluster round the horizon. The foreground, too, is broken up into a hundred little dales and hillocks; and though the lover of foliage may search the view in vain for oak, or elm, or chestnut—though it has been truly said that its sea is without ships, and its landscape without trees—there is no doubt that Brighton has a picturesqueness of its own, and a real picturesqueness too. All along our road are scattered groups of pedestrians—little companies of riders, on every sort of steed, from the thorough-bred mare, which bears my lady's gentle weight, to the 'unkempt' *moke* bestrode by Mr. Costermonger. The carriages have all gone up an hour ago, and when we reach the Grand Stand we find them ranged along in Derby fashion outside the course. My uncle and his youngest daughter still occupy their vehicle—the other girls had crossed to the opposite side, where I found them comfortably seated and awaiting my arrival, under the protection of Cornet Dimpler of the Light Bobs. (NB Dimpler is a Devonshire man I know, and very young, and all that sort of thing, but still I *do not see* why he should be always dancing attendance on my cousins, or what possible pleasure they can find in *his* society. I look upon his presence as an awful bore, and besides—these military men—confound it—you know it's all very well, but—) Here I am interrupted in my reflections by Miss Rose, who says—

'So here you are at last, sir, and pray what has kept you so long on the road? I thought you were never coming. I'm sure I don't know *what* we should have done but for Mr. Dimpler' (*a grain of satisfaction from the Cornet—yes, I'm sure that man is an ass*), 'who has been very kind and attentive.'

'Shaw you, Miss Winsome—been a pleashaw!' remarks the Lancer, twirling a *very slight* moustache. 'Mr. Easel, think I recognize your teachaws. we've met in Devonshaw, I believe. You're just in time—First Artillery Brigade now passing by.'

Returning the Cornet's salute, and

hastily apologizing to my cousins, I turned to look at the Middlesex eighteen-pounders, which were just then being dragged along by some of Pickford's sleek and sturdy horses to their destination. The Cinque Ports and Sussex guns followed, the rustic carters in their smock-frocks contrasting strangely with the brilliant uniforms around, and the huge implements of war. Colonel Ormsby, who commanded the brigades, is the first to salute Lord Paulet and his staff, who have taken up their position just in front of the Grand Stand.

Oh! for the pen of Homer, or of Russell—the author of the 'Iliad,' or the 'Times' correspondent—to describe the warlike train which followed. After the Artillery had passed, up rode Colonel Brewster at the head of his brigade (the 5th of the 1st Division). To him it was allotted to play the part of 'enemy' that day, and if any scruples have been raised against the adoption of that well-known sobriquet 'The Devil's Own,' it is at least a satisfaction to know that thus satanic but highly efficient corps was included in the ranks of England's foe. Next marched up the 3rd City of London, and close upon them a small detachment of the Six Foot Guards, who probably thought that they made up in length of limb what they certainly lacked in point of numbers. One strapping fellow, a giant among giants, seemed taller by a head than his companions. A burst of enthusiasm greeted his approach. It is something, after all, to be able to look down on the rest of mankind habitually, and without effort. Philosophers may talk as they will, and instance Napoleon, Pope, Lord Russell, and the Bishop of Oxford as examples of diminutive greatness. When nature lengthens the legs of mortal man she does not necessarily increase his brains in proportion; but still to be tall, to be able to lay your hand patronizingly on your rival's shoulder before the object of his (and your) affections, to have it all your own way in a crowd, in a quarrel, in a cotillion, must occasionally be very, very pleasant. You see I speak feelingly on the subject. I have

given up high-heeled boots now, and am no longer particular about walking on the higher side of the *trottoir*, but—if it is a weakness I confess it—I should like to be eligible for the Six Foot Guards. The First Brigade in name, but not in order, now comes up, Lord Radstock's regiment (the 9th Middlesex) in the van, and marching steadily. Next pass the military representatives of Hornsey, Highgate, Clerkenwell, and Tottenham, amidst the cheers of many a suburban friend among the lookers on. As a rule the bands fall out of marching order when they reach the staff, and, stationed at the foot of the Grand Stand, play various well-known airs until their respective regiments have passed by. Thus Mr Robert Ridley continues to announce the name which his godfathers and godmothers gave him until 'Sally' is bidden to 'come up,' and when the virtues of that lady have been sufficiently discussed, and she has gone her way, the public become aware of a new arrival in the person of that wily rustic 'The young man from the country,' who allows nothing to get over him, unless, indeed, it is the 'Perfect Cure,' the merits of which specific he is at length compelled to acknowledge in its turn.

There is a slight stir among the staff opposite, and Lord Cardigan, who is present 'en amateur,' looks down towards the advancing force to see who or what provokes that long and lusty cheer. It is the idol of certainly one half the Volunteers, who gallantly trots along upon his gray charger. It is Lord Ranelagh, who has known what it is to fight in earnest; and seems to love soldiering with a soldier's love. We give him one cheer more. He raises his sword for the salute as he passes Lord Paulet, and then goes on with the South Middlesex to his work. We do not shout less heartily, I promise you, when the trim and well-drilled Artist Corps comes into sight. I shall not, I hope, be accused of partiality for my confrères, if I submit that their appearance on Easter Monday was as creditable and efficient as any body of men in the field. To wield the brush and bear the rifle—

to match the subtlety of Nature's colour, and go through bayonet exercise with the same hand—to unite the pluck and firmness of good soldiery with all the refinement of a painter's mind—these are qualities of which this little corps may well be proud, and which make it an object of especial interest with the public.

Miss Kitty clapped her hands with true enthusiasm when the London Scottish, with fern, and oak, and holly in their jaunty bonnets, stepped up briskly before us, with Lord Elcho at their head. There is something eminently picturesque about their dress. I only hope that those enthusiastic members of the body who appeared bare-kneed on Brighton Downs have not since paid the penalty of auld lang syne in rheumatism.

The well-known overture in 'Der Freischutz' next ushers in the 'Queen's,' strong in numbers and firm in step. The Civil Service, Sussex (Arundel), in their drab uniform with blue facings, the Working Men's Corps, cadets in scarlet, and a host of regiments, to which bystanders give a dozen different names, pass by.

With one of these we observe a man of colour, whose oriental dress attracts attention from the wondering crowd. Who can he be? No one appears to know—nor have the newspapers yet enlightened us upon the subject.

The Temperance Corps might have passed unnoticed, despite the fame of their veteran colonel, but for the unlucky conspicuity of their surgeon and his horse. Oh, that astounding horse! Whether looked upon as a specimen of breeding, grooming, colour, shape, or spirit, I think it could not have defied criticism in a more flagrant manner. No wonder vulgar little boys ask the Æsculapius satirically whether he hadn't better get inside—if he knows the way to the knacker's yard, &c. There—that is enough now. Let the honest fellow trot off on Rosnante. He will be sorely chafed before the day is done.

Again and again we hear the sound of fresh martial strains—more regiments in sight—more marching by to join that queue of soldiery which now winds up the



THE GRAND STAND ADVANCE OF THE HANTS HORSEMEN

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course towards Rottingdean in long and sinuous procession.

Who are these stout and stalwart warriors, with shiny hats and long great-coats, who step along so modestly, while shouts of loud applause are ringing in their ears? It is a detachment of native police, who, preserving that intense gravity peculiar to their profession, walk on unmoved by cheers of irony. *They* know the value of that hollow praise. 'Bawl away, gentlemen' (no doubt they say to themselves), 'since it pleases you It may conduce to your amusement, and certainly does no harm to us' So honest John, the scene-shifter, when he puts on the plush of social life, and steps before the curtain to lay down green baize for Mr Kean, is wont to receive from 'the gods' in provincial theatres the same testimony of public admiration as that eminent tragedian, but bears it with becoming diffidence.

After the 'Peelers' had passed on, some nautical-looking gentlemen in blue shirts appeared upon the scene, and just before the last brigade of infantry came up, my cousin Rose called my attention to some one in a volunteer uniform, who was waving a pocket-handkerchief from the opposite side.

'I think it must be a friend who wants to speak to you, Jack,' said she, 'for he has been trying to catch your eye for some time past'

I was confirmed in this opinion myself, when, on looking over in that direction, I found the handkerchief was waved more eagerly. Aha!—that small, but manly form—that military, yet dishevelled garb—could it be—no—yes—yes, I recognize him now—'tis PRIVATE MULLINS!!

I rose instinctively from my seat. He saw the action, and, before the policemen, the bystanders, or any one had time to prevent him, the rash youth had dashed across the course, under the very nose of the staff!

There was a tremendous row. Colonel M'Murdo clapped spurs to his steed, and was on the spot in an instant.

'How dare you, sir, commit such a gross breach of discipline? Why

aren't you with your corps? I never saw such unsoldierlike conduct. You're not fit to be a soldier!' shouted the gallant but wrathful officer to the wretched Mullins, who now stood transfixed with terror, and was about to stammer out some excuse—when, lo! another miscreant darts forward, and diverts the Inspector-General's attention. Favour'd by this lucky circumstance, poor Mullins slinks through the crowd, and joins me unobserved. He was dreadfully agitated, and very dusty. He tried to speak, but his accents were inarticulate. At last I thought I heard the word 'beer' Seizing him by the arm, I dragged him round to the refreshment room, and procured a bottle of Bass's pale restorative—an imperial pint.

'Thank you,' said Mullins, when he had finished it, 'thank you—I'm better now I say, what a shindy that was! Upon my word I couldn't help it You see, I thought 'twas all right He needn't have gone on so with me—before all the crowd, too In fact, I'm sure he wouldn't, if he only knew half I've gone through this day.'

'Why, what's the matter now?' I asked.

'Matter!' said Mullins, very dolefully, 'why, everything's the matter. I never saw anything like it But there!—it's my old luck—I'm always putting my foot in it.'

'Well, but why did you leave your corps?' said I.

[Here Mr Mullins made an observation about his corps which I do not feel justified in repeating. It is sufficient to say that it would only have been considered as a metaphorical compliment by the Inns of Court.]

'Why, the fact is,' he replied, 'I came away in such an awful hurry this morning, that I put on an old pair of boots by mistake—the left sole is regularly split up at the side—and I had not walked a mile from the Level before I discovered that a great piece of flint had got wedged in it somehow, and was laming me. So I asked leave to fall out for a minute or two to set it right; and while I did so, another corps of the same colour as ours followed close

after it, and, somehow or other, by the time I had got the flint out I was so confused between the two, that I couldn't find my place again; so I thought the best way was to walk up here outside the course, and then cut across country somehow, and fall in. But when I came up opposite the Grand Stand, and saw you there, I thought I would just run across and get something to eat first, for you know I haven't had a bit of breakfast yet, and I'm so hungry. Would you mind lending me a sovereign? Only fancy—while I was standing over there in the crowd, some one must have opened my cartridge-box and taken out a purse, with two pounds three and six in it. I'm sure I thought 'twas the safest place in the world for my money. It's really *very* annoying.'

I confess my sympathy for poor Mullins at this moment was raised to such a pitch, that I had half a mind to bring him back to lunch with us. But then the miserable appearance he presented—the impossibility of hastily explaining to Cornet Dimpler the circumstances of his case—a dread that the relation of his misfortunes might provoke the risible faculties of Miss Kitty (whose sense of the ludicrous frequently carries her beyond the bounds of propriety)—and, above all, the painful consciousness that I should be harbouring a deserter from the Volunteer ranks—all combined in inducing me to abandon the idea, so, placing the contents of my purse at his disposal, and begging him to cheer up and join the Tower Shamlets at his earliest convenience, I left him attacking a pork-pie with singular ferocity, and hurried back to the Grand Stand.

The ladies were very anxious to learn the fate of the mysterious stranger, whose appearance had caused me to leave them so abruptly, and I was just proceeding to relate his doleful history, when a sudden exclamation from Kitty caused us all to turn 'eyes front.' There is a marked sensation in the crowd below, and a murmur passes round from mouth to mouth. For an instant all heads are turned seawards, and presently move round in a mass

to the opposite direction. It is the Hon Artillery Company, who are carrying their guns by at full gallop so quickly, that horses, men, gun-carriages, and tackle lose their individuality in one great crowd of rapid flight. After them the 9th Lancers dash by, at little short the speed of battle-charge, and bringing up the rear with equal energy, and mounted on their trusty hunters, ride the bold sportsmen of the 1st Hants Horse.

'— Agmine factio
Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum'

The soil reverberated with the loud beating of a hundred hoofs. We catch a glimpse of Garibaldi hats—of feathers fluttering in the morning breeze. Then a long vigorous cheer is raised, and handkerchiefs are waved, and delicate gloved hands meet in an ecstasy of feminine applause. The crowd closes in quickly after the last horsemen, and hasten on towards the scene of action. Thus ends the first chapter of the Volunteer Review.

Wishing to see as much as we could of the sham fight which was to follow, we lost no time in hastening to rejoin my uncle in his carriage, where, according to agreement, we were to lunch, 'al fresco,' before proceeding further on the Downs. This time I took Miss Rose under my especial charge, leaving the gallant cornet to offer his arm to Kitty, who was only too proud to have a military escort. In confidence to me afterwards she expressed herself highly pleased with the condescension of the youthful officer, who in course of conversation, and at her own request, had informed her of the length and quality of his sword, the cost of his dress jacket, the name of his favourite charger, and many other particulars concerning his profession, and, up to this time apparently bloodless career, which doubtless were of more interest to a young lady just entering her teens than they would be to the majority of my esteemed perusers.

We found Mr. Winsome's valet and invaluable factotum, Hodge, busily engaged in uncorking champagne and extricating plates, knives,

and pie-dishes from the depths of an enormous hamper. A trifling panic had just occurred in consequence of finding the contents of a mustard-pot suffused over what was supposed to be a rhubarb-tart, but when, on further examination of the crust, it was found only to conceal an ingenious amalgamation of beefsteak and stuffed pigeons, equanimity was immediately restored. As for the salad, it was pronounced unexceptionable, and Mr. Dimpler himself, supposed to be particularly knowing in the due proportions of lobsters, cream, and lettuce, was obliged to confess that none of his fellows could have made a better one. 'Pon my word now, it's really capital!' cries the Lancer, helping himself again with renewed vigour. 'Miss Winsome, may I assist you to a little tongue?' Haw, haw! what a laphthuth linguæ,' he lispes out as the dish slips away from his knees 'Hear that, Easel? I say, ha, ha! What a laphthus linguæ—' and thus the cornet fancies he has made a new and original joke. Well, I won't describe the banquet. We all know what young ladies' appetites are *supposed* to be at an eight-o'clock dinner, and what they really are at noon, especially with a fine breeze blowing up from the coast, and a good walk in prospect before them. I only know I did my duty with unaffected cheerfulness, and played the part of volunteer (at lunch) that day as well as any man upon the ground. Our picnic concluded, we started off across the Downs towards the battle-field, leaving Mr Hodge to finish the salad, and console himself with an odd pint or two of Moselle, in our absence. A walk across the rough and knotty ground in the vicinity of the Stand, a scamper down the long steep slope which shelves away from it, and a good strong pull up the opposite hill, bring us at last within sight of the Volunteers, who have by this time taken up their various positions as foes and defenders of the Sussex soil.

'Is that the enemy over there on that hill?' asked Miss Winsome. 'Do, Jack, tell me which are the engaging parties?'

'I don't know any more so than the lady who is on my arm at the present moment,' said I, calling attention to the pun by tremendous emphasis, and perhaps the slightest pressure of my interrogator's little wrist.

'How can you be so provoking, sir!' retorts Miss W., blushing very prettily. 'You know very well what I meant—and I declare there's Mr. Dimpler looking, and if you don't behave properly, I shall take his arm instead.'

Intimidated by this threat I at once complied with her request, and referring to my chart of the ground, proceeded to point out the hill where Colonel Brewster had taken up his position with one company of the Six-Foot Guards, the 3rd London, 2nd, 8th, and 9th Tower Hamlets, and the 2nd Essex Administrative Battalion. I showed her the little battery of Sussex and Cinque Port guns at Warren Farm, and by the help of a field glass identified Major-General Sutton at the head of the 2nd Infantry Division. The enemy also by this time had begun to show fight, in a long alignment at the summit of the hill. The four light 6-pounders of the Hon Artillery Company, and the Middlesex 18-pounders were already in position. The Woodendean hedgerows bristled with the rifles of the Inns of Court—let us hope the worst enemy that will ever hold that little farm. The work of the day was to begin. It *did* begin, and how shall I describe it?

If any gentleman connected with military matters should glance over these pages he will at once discover that their author is *not* a Volunteer. Why should I be ashamed to own it? There is scarcely any matter to be discussed, epic to be written, poem to be illustrated, which may not be treated in at least two different manners. Last year a writer in this very Magazine, and on this identical subject, gave its readers, in my humble opinion, an admirable description of the 'Bloodless Battle of Brighton.' That gentleman—of whose name I am still in ignorance—was probably a Volunteer himself. He describes the flung and de-

bouching—forming squares and supporting lines in echelon—alludes to levers and linstocks in a manner which shows that he is quite at home with all the paraphernalia of war. Now suppose I am not—suppose I make some tremendous blunder in my account—call a havresac a shako, for instance, or *vice versa*—don't you see what a miserable position I am in at once? There is Mr. Carpley, of the 'Weekly Spy-glass,' he would be down upon me at once, with—

'It would be well before this gentleman attempts to describe,' &c.

Or my Editor (hitherto I hope well disposed towards me) would very probably call me to account for my inefficiency. No, I will take a safer—a more ingenuous line—I know nothing whatever of pipe-clay. You, my dear special correspondent, may, like the Latin poet, sing 'Arma virumque.' For my part, I only take the *man* (or woman as the case may be) for my theme, and modestly omit the arms in my narration.

I think it was the 18-pounders of the enemy which roared the first signal of attack, and poured out the



THE BOMBARDONE (P 389).

first volumes of that smoke which soon filled Wick Valley with so dense a cloud. The Hampshire gentlemen ride through it gallantly, and leaving their horses at the quickset hedge, endeavour to engage the Devil's Own, who have been

thrown out from the opposite ranks as skirmishers. The little band, however, even when supported by the 9th Lancers, are unable to maintain their position, and soon remounting, ride back quicker than they came. The Horse Artillery

cover the retreat, and take up the cause of the flying huntsmen. But the Inns of Court now open a deadly fire upon our lines, and again and again the dauntless Lancers charge in vain upon their squares. To hold the little farm at Woodendean is evidently the object of both sides. The Queen's Westminster fight manfully to gain possession of it—the enemy to hold their own. How can I follow the tactics—detail the evolutions of both sides? It was, I think, the most earnest of mock contests I have ever seen. There is something like the fierce flush of war which lights up the features of these daring marksmen. The sabres of the cavalry are bloodless, but they clash audibly against the bayonets of those massive squares. The cannon roar at least in earnest. The air is perfumed with real smoke of battle. What is wanting to complete the picture? to turn this pleasant picture into grim reality? Nothing but Death, who perhaps is hovering about the field and thinking how many prisoners he might take with just a hundred pounds of lead.

Mr. Wylde has published a map of the positions: you have read all and more than I can tell you, in the daily papers. How the enemy's line, advancing to the hill top, opened that terrible file-fire upon

our ranks: how Captain Jay's battery responded with a feu d'enfer: how the cavalry dashed upon the squares, and squares repulsed the cavalry: how Lord William Paulet complimented the Inns of Court upon their pluck and discipline; and how Colonel Brewster was finally driven from his hold by the perseverance of the London Scottish, and compelled to retreat towards the Railway Station—Is it not all written in the columns of the 'Times,' and of the 'Daily Telegraph'?

'Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driven
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darkened
heaven.'

That is the description of a battle which was fought three thousand years ago. It was Homer who first sang of it in purest Greek. It was Pope who grandly rendered it in English verse. And to this day (as it will be everlastingly) the soldier-hero and the deeds of war have formed an endless theme for public admiration and the poet's art.

JACK EASEL.

THE BATTLE OF THE OARS.

BY A CANTAB.

NOW may this twentieth boat-race prove one well-earned vict'ry more. To add unto the well-earned ten the Cambridge side can score: For though for days we've watched, and read of, Oxford's puissance, And seven to four are on them laid—with life there's e'er a chance. Thee, too, Trin. Coll.—our own Trin. Coll.—chief boast of Alma Mater, May thy five sons this day delight by conquest on the water! May Cambridge cry before high noon, Hurrah! our triumphs are Eleven to nine 'gainst Oxford's in our friendly boating war.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, just past dawn of day,
We took the rail, for Putney bound, to view th' aquatic fray!
Rich City men, priests, lawyers, heavy swells, light pamphleteers—
Posse (of many a) *convatus* hardly meeting else for years—
And heroes old whose doughty skill with flashing light-blue oar,
If now possessed would change for us the recent fate of war.

Mark, sons of sedgy Cam, the men whom Isis counts her best,
 Nor will from 'Off!' to winning gun yield you an instant's rest.
 First, as if leader of the flock, SHEPHERD, as bowman, rows
 Nearest their galley's brazen beak, since he hails from Brasenose;
 A MORRISON, the Balliol 'five'; and WOODGATE, sculler neat,
 HOARE, who as strokesman twice hath pulled, nor once hath known defeat:
 (The pride of boating Exeter, who rows long, clean, and hard,
 Stout yeoman's service hath he done—'Exon' of Oxon's guard;
Bell's archives cannot chronicle a more successful name:)
 CARR and JACOBSON—tried men—with 'six' and 'two' yet new to fame.
 Yet, Trinitæ, by Pembroke, you may recent tables turn,
 And 'three's' best 'Manuel labour helped,—you've scarce six stone astern,—
 If all, as one, with strength and skill, pull the stroke set you to row
 'By classic' STANNING, 'famed for Greek,' as the Tripos List doth show.
 Let not, as for the last two years, our boat behind far lag,
 But be *the* oriflamme to-day, the light-blue silken flag.

Anon the cabs are coming. Hark to the mingled din,
 Of niggers, 'cures,' 'shies,' Punch, and cries of 'Oxford's safe to win'
 And gentlemen and gents prick fast across Barnes' dusty plain,
 Bestriding hired cavalry from the fair land of Cockaigne
 Now by the eyes and lips ye love, bold Cantabs, row your best;
 A thousand fair ones in your blue are gaily decked or drest.
 A thousand tongues will cheer you on, a thousand throats grow hoarse
 This day to help you hold your own throughout the four-mile course.

All's lost, the start but over! It is Oxford's race again!
 Cambridge can't keep up forty strokes although they strive amain;
 Astern in Corney Reach by lengths, faring worse amidst the gale,
 While dark-blues have the race in hand safe as the proverbial mail;
 Whose style and speed from all extort th' unfeigned deserved 'Bravo!'
 As that plucky, steady, well-matched 'Eight,' made their fine boat go.
 Right well rowed several Cantabs who rowed our ship to-day,
 They tore the lymph to fragments with their oars 'midst feath'ry spray:
 Yet by full forty seconds past the flag first Oxford flies,
 Bringing our once proud 'Five ahead' to the humbling fact—we're tæc!
 Oh! was there e'er 'more competent, pluckier, or steadier oar,'
 Than the chief hero of this day, the Oxford strokesman HOARE?

Ho, maidens who love Granta! Ho, Cambridge matrons! mourn,
 Weep for our ancient boating might, 'twill not, it seems, return
 Ho, Thames Club! pour libations, tap Falernian, crown the bowls;
 Toast the thrice-gallant Oxford crew, cheer the losing oarsmen's souls.
 Ho, leading captains of the Cam! rouse, quit yourselves like men,
 Strive for oft conquests as of old; keep Oxford's score at 'ten'
 Mistrust vagaries touching boats, build floaty, *travelling* craft,
 Stuff-backed, fine line, full forward floored, and not too tap'ring aft
 Seize every twelve-stone hero, bid for 'strokes' who may recall
 Th' undying fame at after oar of STANLEY, JONES, and HALL
 Rouse! Rouse! and toil with brain and hand that, e'en if helped by HOARE,
 Oxford, at least, mayn't win the match in eighteen sixty-four.

Putney, March 28th, 1863.

LONDON SOCIETY IN A 'FLAT.'



MY 'flat' is simply and emphatically a third floor, up three flights of stone steps, and situated in Brother's Buildings. Four years ago we were looking out for a house. Owing to circumstances, over which we had not the slightest control, it was necessary that we should have a *cheap* house, or none at all. We wandered north, south, east, and west. We climbed the staircases of semi-demi-genteel villas in the suburbs; we sniffed over drains; we rusted ourselves against kitchen ranges; we mudded our feet in back gardens but all to no purpose. The rent was all very well; but the taxes, and the poor-rate, and the water-rate, we could not get over at *any* rate; so we were regularly floored, in more senses than one. At last, an acquaintance, of Bohemian experiences, suggested chambers in Brother's Buildings.

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'Look you,' said he, 'you have all the conveniences of a house, without the responsibilities of being a householder.'

I eagerly caught at the idea. I am Scotch; and I remembered—distance lending enchantment to the view—those beautiful floors in the New Town of Edinburgh. My good gentleman (Betty always calls him my good gentleman) was thankful for any suggestion, and left all to me—as he generally does. So we came, we saw, we conquered; that is to say, we took possession of what our landlord (a tailor) called, 'a commodious *suit* of chambers.'

Oh! what a charming place it seemed! what an oasis in the desert of our vain wanderings! so large and roomy, and yet so snug and comfortable. How *could* we have lived so long in London in poky, smoky, musty, fusty, little houses,

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when there were beautiful, spacious chambers to be had for far less money?

Fancy, a complete house on one floor! A large sitting-room, with ever so many windows in it, a smaller one, with not quite so many; a good-sized bed-room for ourselves, opening into another, nearly as large, for the boys, a snug little hole for Betty, our maid-of-all-work; a cosy kitchen, with a scullery, and a coal-cupboard, and water laid on, and what not; *such* a convenient china-closet, too, with drawers, and shelves, and *hooks* for jugs and cups, and *eyes* to throw a light in from the passage—in short, everything that the heart of housekeeping woman could desire. My tradespeople came upstairs for orders as composedly as they would have gone down the area steps anywhere else. And I had *such* a nice, respectful sweep, sending me a circular once a quarter, thanking me, as well as the other 'nobility and gentry' of the neighbourhood, for my patronage, reminding me of his address, which is in a certain court, 'nearly opposite the lamp-post,' relieving my mind by assuring me that he has 'no connection with round the corner,' and darkly warning me in a postscript to 'beware of the opposition.'

In fact, everything combined to make me feel myself, although living on the third floor, nevertheless a dignified householder. We were high up, to be sure, but then it was airy; and, of course, as we were at the very top of the house, we couldn't be interfered with by anybody. Altogether, our domical arrangements really seemed perfect.

We were thoroughly enchanted with our flat. We raved about it in conversation; we wrote letters about it by the ream. To be sure, some of our friends (the genteel ones) sneered at our 'attic,' as they called it; could not come to see us, because the stairs took away their breath; could not send their servants with messages, because of the ignominy of the third floor. In fact, these acquaintances behaved in a most unreasonable manner, and looked down upon us, because we were so high up. This, however, we bore

philosophically; for we had still some friends, who came as cheerfully to our 'attic' as if it had been a cottage ornée, and we living in elegant retirement. For a whole year, that flat was a perfect domestic bower of bliss. Some people fancy that you can't be happy in chambers, because you can't make them home-like. 'The Uncommercial Traveller' tells us that 'chambers never were young or childish, never had dolls in them, nor christenings, nor rocking-horses, nor little coffins,' and utterly repudiates the idea of Robinson Crusoe ever having been seen in any 'set.' If you don't mind coming up three pairs of stairs, Mr. Traveller, I shall be most happy to show you, not only Robinson Crusoe (originally bound in green and gold, but now of nondescript boards, and with its leaves in the last stage of attrition), but a full-sized rocking-horse, three dolls (two of them headless), and—a baby. Yes, a baby! and not a heathen baby by any means; for he was duly christened in church, and had three names given him by two godfathers and a godmother, who will, no doubt, be relieved to hear (considering the obligations they took upon themselves at St Martin's-in-the-Fields), that their godson, being three years of age, has so mastered his Catechism as to be able, when interrogated in the regular form as to his name, to answer that it is Benjamin, and that it was given him by his godfathers and godmothers, who never come to see him, and have never yet given him a silver mug, as it is their bounden duty to do.

At the end of the year, the floor below us, hitherto unoccupied, was let to a barrister. The prospect of having as a near neighbour one whose profession was, in some respects, a guarantee for respectability, tended to intensify our joy. Perhaps we should get intimate, and visit each other. How delightful to go down stairs to the barrister's to supper! How delightful it would be to ask the barrister to pigeon-pie and punch, in return! And then, possibly, he might discern in our Jack an aptitude for the law, and take him into his office.

When we came to see the barrister, our preconceptions were sustained to the utmost. He was evidently a gentleman. He bowed to me most politely when he met me on the stairs, and Jack reported to us that he had patted him (Jack) on the head, and expressed a hope that he (Jack) was a good boy. We had come to be on such good terms with the barrister from these stair civilities, that I was on the point of sending Jack down, with my good gentleman's compliments, and would he favour us with his company to supper, when Betty brought me a

note, of which the following is a copy:—

'MADAM,

'I can have no right to demand why a gentleman should settle with his wife and children in chambers, which are generally considered suitable only for bachelors; but I have certainly considerable cause for complaint when that gentleman's children are allowed to make acrobatic performances over my head at six o'clock in the morning,' &c., &c.

Here was a pretty business! The large room, in which our three boys slept, was, no doubt, just over that



occupied by this luckless bachelor. Their jumping over his head I could fully credit. Jack about this time had learned the art of standing on his head, a performance which, as Ben and Harry usually applauded him loudly with their heels, must have had, to say the least of it, rather a startling effect. A certain war-dance of their own invention, which was always entered into with the greatest spirit by all three, Jack

accompanying on a comb, was also a favourite performance. This, I fear, was not very soothing either; so I dare say the poor man really was to be pitied.

However, I was not going to be out-generalled; for, although bumpings and jumpings over the head of a sleepy bachelor, at an early hour, must be to some extent aggravating, still, I fully and conscientiously believe, that pianoforte music, of a

wailing, discordant, and uncertain character, under the head of a drowsy matron of musical prepossessions, is quite as exasperating, if not more so; and if you only knew how that bachelor used to drone out 'Rousseau's Dream,' towards the small hours, how he made of 'Giorno d'orrore' a perfect nightmare of horror to poor luckless me; how he groaned away at 'Dulce domum,' and his 'Lodging was on the Cold Ground,' until I wished his home was anywhere, and his lodging on any ground, rather than the second floor,—I say, if you had known and experienced all this, you would pity me, and believe me fully justified in sending him the following reply.—

'SIR,

I regret to hear that my boys have annoyed you by jumping over your head at so early an hour, and I beg to say, that, as I wish to be neighbourly, I will endeavour to prevent their doing so in future. I cannot help thinking, however, that people living under the same roof ought to exercise a little mutual forbearance. I, on my part, have borne uncomplainingly certain musical performances *under* my head, performances, which have begun generally at midnight, and seldom lasted for less than three or four hours—in fact, what in Scotland we should call "a perfect spate o' music."

'Now, I put it to you as a gentleman, do you not think, as we on our part have to put up with the music at night, that you, on yours, might bear with the dancing in the morning?' &c., &c.

From that time, during six months, we corresponded regularly on the subject of our mutual grievances, I merely taking the defensive, by pleading the music when he attacked the dancing; but, although the correspondence was pretty brisk, and at times even sharp, his letters were always gentlemanlike, and mine, I trust, never those unworthy of a lady.

At the end of the six months, whether the ideas of matrimonial felicity, suggested by the bumpings and jumpings over his head, were too strong to be resisted; whether his laundress didn't properly attend to his buttons and socks (she was of the Mrs. Crupp order, and most likely didn't); or whether his soli-

tary music made him melancholy, I can't say,—all I know is, at the end of that time he married.

How delighted we were, when we saw his belongings being carried down the two pairs of stairs! how we exulted when we beheld the piano—that instrument of torture—borne away finally by two men into a van (If we had known what was coming, instead of exulting as the *cortège* moved away, we should have followed it weeping, and dressed in mourning garments.)

At the end of three weeks the landlord told us 'the commodious suit'—they were all commodious suits—was again let, and this time to a 'h'artist'

A 'h'artist! Well, there was comfort in that; the h'artist most likely would not prove musical; and as by this time two of our boys had gone away to school, there would, we trusted, be no ground for grievances

At first, our only cause of annoyance consisted in the fact that our neighbour consumed more than his due proportion of the water supplied to both floors (he having the custody of the cistern), a circumstance which I thought might be owing to his being an artist in water-colours. After a time, when our 'domestic supply' became less and less, not even this witticism could console us. Then we began to experience some trouble at the hand of his laundress, and his models. In justice to the laundress, let me record my firm conviction that *she* was perfectly guiltless of anything connected with the undue consumption of water. To look at her face was to forget that there ever had been such a fluid within the memory of man. There were two models, one dark, swarthy, and regardless of her parts of speech, whom we used to call the Billingsgate one; the other pale, meek, and faltering, who was known to us as the Milk-and-water specimen.

It appeared the artist frequently made appointments with these ladies which he forgot to keep. Perhaps the Queen was accustomed to send for him suddenly, to immortalize on canvas some member of the royal family, and himself in consequence,

and his laundress at those times had always business appointments round the corner, which she could not possibly postpone. At least that is my only way of accounting for the models having to ring our bell so constantly, to inquire whether Mr. Van Daub left any message. 'Which it's a shame to bring me all such a long ways for nothing,' says Billingsgate; 'but he shall pay the piper. Why, this very morning I might ha' been the Queen of Sheba, at two bob an hour, instead of tramp-in' three mile—besides a tuppenny 'bus—to be a Spandige beauty, with a gaytar in my 'and, at eighteen pence.' Milk-and-water meekly begs pardon, but—'Mr. Van Daub have gone out, and have not kep' his appointment,' and might she take the liberty of asking for a drop of water, for she 'have walked a long distings, and feels dry'?

Poor Milk-and-water! She had a complexion like a boiled fowl without the parsley and butter, pale-blue eyes, flaxen hair, a slight figure, and a general air of having been kept in a damp place, reminding one, as to her *tout ensemble*, of the heroines in the old-fashioned illustrations, who were always being carried off in limp garments, by ferocious villains of uncompromising aspect. Poor thing! to see her on a summer's afternoon sitting down dejectedly on a step, and every now and then looking up reproachfully at the flies, after they had been making darts at her nose, would have moved a heart of stone. Of course I was sorry for the poor women, but it was too bad that, because Mr Van Daub often forgot his appointments, and his laundress always remembered hers round the corner, we should have to answer all the questions, and, indeed, Betty didn't at all like it. Besides all this, the artist had a habit of tumbling up stairs at untimely hours. This occurred so frequently that one would have supposed the knobby parts of his countenance must have been seriously discomposed by the friction. I am not, however, in a condition to prove that, on those occasions, he ever did anything more than bark his shins; for, although we lived under the

same roof for twelve months, I never once beheld that artist's countenance. True, I have looked down upon the top of his hat. Once I even saw his heels; his boots had evidently been just fresh soled—perhaps that made him slip in going down stairs. I have seen his loaves coming in, clutched tightly in the grasp of his laundress. I have gazed upon his beer, frothing up the staircase in a pewter pot. I have contemplated his butter, in the winter hard and stern, and again, melting in the summer's sun. I have looked at his morning rashers until I have felt quite bilious and low in my spirits, and inclined to exclaim, 'All flesh is bacon!' To sum up, in the language of the poet—whose shade will, I hope, forgive me—many a loaf, many a pot of beer, many a rasher, many a pat of fourteenpenny Dorset, have I seen; but himself—NEVER!

But I heard him often enough. He did not write polite notes of remonstrance, like the barrister; but, when Jack and Ben were practising à la Leotard, would rush out at his door, and shout up the stairs, 'Keep those children quiet there!' in a voice and manner which certainly did not suggest that the diligent study of the 'arts' had had any effect in softening Mr. Van Daub's manners, or in preventing them from becoming brutal. At the end of the year there was great rejoicing in our flat, when Betty announced that Mr. Van Daub was moving. When a later bulletin announced that he had moved, Jack and Harry signalled the joyful occasion by giving three cheers on the stairs.

Since that time the chambers have been occupied by a company, established for the relief of somebody or other, whether Turks or Hottentots, I am not quite sure. Now I think of it, they can't be Hottentots, for I know that flannel petticoats have a good deal to do with it, and I fancy Hottentots don't wear them. The company, except on board days, when they have Sir Somebody Something, and the Right Honourable the Earl of Something Else, besides a bishop, and two half-pay officers, to sit in solemn conclave, consists of a

secretary, a sharp boy, and a laundress. When they first came, they were so quiet, that we began to think we were going to have a little peace, as in the first year of our flat experiences, and even if we *did* take in a flannel petticoat or two, when the secretary and laundress were 'unavoidably absent,' and the sharp boy had gone out, to be 'back in ten minutes,' we thought in the cause of charity we did not so much mind it. But, oh dear! dear! the secretary and the laundress are hardly ever there now-a-days; and the sharp boy's arithmetic has become so incorrect that his 'ten minutes' often exceed two hours and a half. Betty in the mean time takes in all the messages and parcels. Sometimes I have even to answer the door myself. It is really too much of a good thing. Why, this very morning, since I began to write, there have been no fewer than twelve bundles and a handbox! What the handbox can possibly contain, which is capable of

relieving anybody, whether Turk or Hottentot (I should think not even the King of the Cannibal Islands could find consolation in a handbox), I can't imagine. Betty suggests that it may be a straw'r 'at, and, as I am too dejected to think of anything else, I have adopted her notion.

To crown all, Betty has just given warning. She has been a good and faithful servant, but the flannel petticoats have been too many for her, and, as she says herself, she 'can't stop to be made a parcels delivery of no longer.' Oh! can any of my readers tell me of a cottage, about thirty pounds a year? I don't care whether the neighbourhood be genteel or not, even if there should be a mangle next door, a cat's-meat man over the way, a skittle-ground at the back, and the private residence of a garrotter round the corner—anything, to get away from this abominable flat.

C. M. M. E.



LONDON SOCIETY UNDERGROUND.

THERE is a class of prosy gentlemen whom the inexorable fates decree that we should meet sometimes at the corner of a street on a windy day, who come between us and the object of our affections at a botanical fête, and hold us metaphorically by the button on every inconvenient occasion, to tell us something which we have heard a hundred times before, or retail one of those remarkable adventures in which the chief characteristic is the constant recurrence of the first personal pronoun.

It was my lot a short time ago to sit next an old party of this description at dinner. He wore that species of cravat the invention of which is due to the ingenuity (or, as some say, to the cervical disorders) of George IV., and which usually extends from the middle of the human chest to the tip of the chin; the only advantage apparently to be derived from its wear being that it sustains the head at an angle impossible to realize for five minutes together except by this means. Turning round to my side, as far as this eminently respectable impediment would permit, and when the fish (an excellent turbot) was removed, he addressed me very solemnly in the following strain—

‘Ahem! We live in an age of progress. When we look around us and see the advancement—nay, the rapid strides which art and science have made—when we notice the gradual but steady development of those resources of nature which form at once the basis and incentive of human industry, we cannot fail to be struck with the superiority of English intellect in the nineteenth century over that which has appeared in any former age. It is to the present era we owe the application of that wondrous agent, steam. The manufacture and use of gas are also of recent date. It is only of late years that we have learnt to guide the electric fluid harmlessly from our public buildings and made it

subservient to our will in transmitting messages from one end of Europe to another. Photography lends its valuable assistance to pictorial art. The talents of an Armstrong are brought to bear upon the science of modern warfare. Thanks to the genial influence of chloroform, our surgeons can now with ease pursue their interesting calling, and amputations—allow me to give you a leg of this chicken?—no?—well, as I was saying, amputations are now fearlessly and skilfully performed. Then, again, look at the Metropolitan Railway. With what ease and rapidity can the demizens of this vast and thickly-populated city traverse its enormous area! Is it not a wonderful and awe-inspiring fact that man in the nineteenth century can be thus transported from—yes, from the Edgeware Road to Farringdon Street in twelve minutes for sixpence?’

‘Certainly,’ said I, ‘and I have heard that the first-class carriages are very comfortable, and the smell arising from the steam has been much exaggerated.’

‘You have *heard!*’ exclaimed my neighbour, with some astonishment. ‘Am I, then, to understand that my young friend has allowed so many weeks to elapse without examining this last achievement of engineering skill?’

‘Why, the fact is—’ I began.

‘The apathy,’ interrupted my friend in the obdurate cravat—‘the apathy of the rising generation regarding scientific subjects is very remarkable. When I was a young man,’ &c &c. And here followed a long and somewhat severe comparison between the youth of 1863 and that of fifty years ago, in which I need scarcely say we of the present day came the worst off; and while the odious vice of smoking and the growing taste for bitter ale in our universities were severely censured, not a word was said about the now obsolete custom of taking snuff, nor of the peculiar habits of those ‘three-

bottle men' who flourished so extensively in the Georgian era. Indeed I have often noticed that gentlemen who took quite kindly to the follies of their own day, are apt to be severest on the tastes of their descendants, and should any new narcotic be devised or alcoholic stimulant be introduced in the twentieth century, I make no doubt that such of us who survive to see that epoch will be equally forgetful of our own failings, and preach with great zeal against the vanities of 1900.

However, on the subject of the Metropolitan Railway, I confess, my stiff-necked censor, to use a familiar expression, had touched me on the raw. I *did* feel somewhat ashamed that, whether owing to modern apathy or accident, I had not yet travelled by it, and determined to make my journey the next day.

They are queer little buildings, those offices on the Metropolitan line, I mean, of course, that portion of them which crops up into the thoroughfare above. For the most part they resemble isolated police-stations, or half an establishment for baths and wash-houses come astray. There is something, too, of the telegraph-office air about them, and the casual passer-by would be divided in his opinion as to whether the little crowd of humanity which pours in and out of their portals had gone thither to obtain a 'summons,' send a message to Timbuctoo, or wash itself. On entering the door, however, these doubts are dispelled. There are the traditional pigeon-holes, labelled respectively '1st Class,' and '2nd and 3rd Class,' between which, on the occasion of my visit, a youthful railway official was dividing as much of his attention as could be spared from a round of bread and butter in his hand. A railway clerk must lead a strange, eventful, and yet monotonous sort of life. How many hundred different faces must peep in daily at those little windows! all momentarily and successively framed by the aperture into a vast collection of endless family portraits—I mean that great national family of which I suppose we are all brothers and sisters. I

wonder, does our ticket-vendor smile more benignantly at the first-class caseholder than the third? Is he a physiognomist? He would have more experience than Lavater if he had the time to study all his models. Rich and poor, old and young, wise and ignorant, fair and ugly, bad-tempered and good, each address him in turn with various accents; but he has one answer for them all, and that is written on a bit of coloured cardboard. There is no time for colloquy, for interchange of sentiment, for forming friendships; *sharp* is essentially the word. 'What d'ye say? one second return to Gower Street? Sixpence.' Click, click, goes that awful machine; the change is banged on the counter; Viator seizes his ticket, and passes on to make room for the next man. Unhappy youth! perhaps that old plutocrat in blue coat and brass buttons may have no heir. Had you but the chance, you might cajole him into leaving you his investments in the Three per Cents, or that comfortable little property in South Devon. That smiling angel in the tulle bonnet, who nearly gave you a sovereign by mistake as she ungloved her pretty hand—who knows but her agitation at the moment was caused by seeing you, for the first, and probably for the *last* time? Ay! there's the rub.

'Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.'

cries the railway company, like the witches in Macbeth, and thus a score or so of fair visions appear and vanish daily before the distracted eyes of the *employé*. It must be a singular fate, I say, to stand empannelled in that ugly room, looking out upon mankind from a pigeon-hole. Altogether, I think I should prefer being the hermit at Cremorne. When he has issued a certain number of acrostics, and collected a proportionate quantity of sixpences, he may shut up the Book of Fate, lay aside his beard and magic robes, and mingle freely in the mazy dance; but here, *vae misero!* one train succeeds another—every minute fresh passengers arrive—more tickets are wanted—the same demands are

made all day—'first class,' 'second class,' 'third class'—'sixpence,' 'fourpence' 'twopence'—single fare, return fare—ordinary and express trains—click, click, click everlastingly. The gentleman who worked the Delphic oracle in the height of the season must have had an easy lot compared with this.

I descend the broad stone staircase which leads some thirty feet below, and as I do so, leaving the genial morning air outside, become aware of a certain chill, which creeps upon me like the change one experiences in entering a cathedral on a summer's day. There is an unmistakable smell, too, of railway steam, which increases as I proceed; and having at length reached the platform of the subterranean station, I am free to confess it is *not* a very cheerful place. I do not say that stations are so anywhere, as a rule. Adorn them as you will, they are but dreary tarrying-places at the best. A roof of corrugated iron and glass, columns and tie-rods of the same material, walls decorated with that species of light literature which sets forth the merits of cutlery, sixteen-shilling trousers, and restorative elixir, is not calculated to cheer the heart of man above ground, and, *in bas*, a few strata down below the level of every-day life you must make up your mind for the worst. The family vault on a large scale, with a series of hip-baths introduced diagonally into it for light and ventilation from above ground, is perhaps the nearest description I can give as to the general aspect of the place. The hip-baths are lined with glazed tiles, and, to keep up the resemblance to their prototype, we find the leakage drained off at the lower end into a vessel something like a soapdish. A dense fog filled the place when I was there, and as the people waiting for the trains were seen wandering up and down the platform, one might have imagined them ghosts of the great unwashed, condemned to linger here in sight of those very lavatories which they neglected in their mortal life.

The fog clears off, and I find myself standing by a live Metropolitan Railway policeman, one of that order

of gentlemen who appear either to be very affable and obliging, or precisely the reverse. In the present instance I must say I had every reason to be satisfied. He responded to my questions with great readiness and civility, standing, at the commencement of every answer, alternately on the right and left leg, and bending the other (like a pair of Sydenham trousers), in the professional attitude adopted by 'the Force.' How long had the Metropolitan been hopened? Why, the Metropolitan had been hopened about a month. (Right leg.) Did he consider the trains filled well? Yes, he did, and very well—specially mornings and evenings, with City men, and sich like. Yis—power o' traffic fust week—people comed to see what 'twas like, same as they would to see what anythink was like, and always would do—'twas human natur. (Left leg.) Had there been an accident? Yis, there *ad* been a accident; but, law bliss you, nothink to speak of. 'Twas exaggerated awful. There was more crams told about that there accident than any one would suppose, now; and he wondered the papers was not ashamed of it. How did it happen? Well, it happened all along of a young hand as didn't know his work—in fact, he'd never been on a line before—leastways, not what you might call reg'lar dooty *anywheres*—let alone a tunnel: consequently, what could you expect but a accident? (Right leg.) Couldn't say how he come to be put on—s'posed 'twas somebody's fault, but, you see, in them matters you couldn't blame it on to any one in partic'lar—of course not. And that's where it was, you see. (Left leg.) Was there much complaint about the smell of the steam? Well, there were—a little. The fack was, some people must have somethink to cry out about. If they hadn't, they wasn't happy, some people wasn't. 'Twas the way o' the world. (Right leg.) But, law bless you, about this here smell—there was a deal o' fancy in these things. There was a gent down here last week as fancied he knew all about it (which it was a way some folks had got as must have a say in everythink, whereas they only showed

their ignorance), and he says, says he, 'What a ammurable idea it was this Metropol'tan, and what a con-
 venance it was to Londoners to have
 such a deal o' heavy traffic took off
 the streets.' 'Which, d'ye think it
 makes much difference?' says I.
 'Think?' says he; 'why, there aint
 no call to *think* about it. You
 wouldn't know Oxford Street again,'
 he says, 'such a alteration.' 'Really,
 now—sure of that?' I says. 'See it
 with my own eyes,' says he. 'Well,'
 I says, 'that's sing'lar,' I says, 'I'll
 make a note of that,' I says. 'And
 why is it sing'lar?' says he. 'Well,
 sir,' I says, 'it's sing'lar, because we
 aint begun to run no luggage trains
 upon the Metropol'tan line at all
 yet,' I says. And that'll show you
 how far fancy goes in these here
 matters. Stand back, if you please,
 sir—this is your train."

On it came—the long flat engine
 puffing at its head with subdued
 snorts, and glaring out of the dark
 abyss behind with two great fiery
 eyes. 'Edgeware-road! Edge - - -
 ware-road!' shout the guards, em-
 phasizing the last syllable after the
 manner of railway tradition. The
 carriage doors are flung open, and I
 have no sooner popped in and seated
 myself than they are shut again, and
 the train is in motion. One last
 gleam of daylight enters at the win-
 dow, and then we plunge into the
 tunnel. Not into darkness, though
 —there is a good steady light from
 the gas-burner above, which enables
 you to read, should you be so in-
 clined, as easily as you could by
 your moderator lamp at home; or
 you may lean back in the well-cush-
 ioned, comfortable seat of the most
 roomy railway carriage in England,
 and, forgetting that you have twenty
 feet of earth above you, contemplate
 your opposite neighbours. Mine was
 a timid, pretty girl of sixteen, taking
 her first subterranean ride in Lon-
 don, under her father's care. I saw
 the little delicate and ungloved hand
 creep gradually towards his when-
 ever the signal-whistle was louder
 than usual, or when the train swayed
 slightly to and fro at its highest
 speed. Papa was absorbed in the
 'Times,' and I don't think paid that
 attention to his pretty daughter

which—well, which somebody else
 might have bestowed in his place.
 Ah, fair unknown—sweet stranger,
 in the seal-skin jacket, mauve-rib-
 boned bonnet, and infinitesimal
 boots!—who shut the carriage-win-
 dow when you complained of a
 draught? and who opened it again
 the instant you hunted at a head-
 ache? Who picked up that delicate
 little mouchor of yours from the
 carpet? Who jumped out before the
 train stopped (in direct opposition to
 the advice of the Company), in order
 to assist you in alighting? You
 will read his initials at the conclu-
 sion of this article, and if, perchance,
 you should regret that, during your
 transit from Paddington to Newgate,
 you (very properly) did not reward
 his attentions with a single glance,
 remember that the slightest acknow-
 ledgment, conveyed (with papa's
 permission) to C L E, through the
 Editor of 'London Society,' will be
 still received with the deepest grate-
 tude.

* * * * *

In railway travelling, your first-
 class carriage does not, as a rule,
 afford much material in the study of
 character to the philosophic mind.
 That 'reticence' so strictly observed
 in the upper crust of English hu-
 manity is particularly noticeable
 here. The old coaching days, with
 'four insides' and a jovial party on
 the roof, are universally admitted to
 have been much more conducive to
 'interchange of sentiment and flow
 of soul' than this age of express
 trains and time-tables will ever be.
 It is just the difference between a
 cosy family dinner and a state ban-
 quet in the City. We have ortolans,
 and choice Madeira, and peas in
 February at the one, but lack the
 genial spirit which attends honest
 port and mutton at the other. Yes
 —'Persicos odi'—I prefer the hum-
 bler feast, and the ancient mode of
 travelling. The vehicles are more
 splendid now, the speed has in-
 creased tenfold—but the journey it-
 self—alack! it is a dismal affair upon
 the best of lines.

A gentleman in a white beard,
 who ate ipecacuanha lozenges the
 whole way, was shut up with us,
 and dubiously entertained the rest

of the company by describing to his neighbour, *sotto voce*, the peculiarities of a fellow-passenger whom he once met on the Flamborough-cum-Crammingham line, and who, it would appear, was in the habit of travelling first class wherever he went with a second-class ticket. The best of it was, that our venerable friend, instead of commenting severely on the moral obliquity of this transaction, seemed to look on the affair as a tremendous joke, and laughed so heartily at the bare recollection of the circumstance, that half a lozenge nearly lodged in his larynx, and set him coughing for the rest of the journey, a fact which attracted the attention of an old lady in a brown front and black mittens, who sat next me, and who was distinctly heard to murmur something about 'a judgment' while he continued in this state of bronchial irritation.

When we arrived at the Farringdon Street terminus, I felt rather ashamed at seeing every one hurrying off to his or her destination in the City, while I had really none in that nor, indeed, in any other direction. I had simply travelled over the ground to see what this new Metropolitan line was like, and, being equally undesirous of exploring the ancient pens of Smithfield and of encountering Mr. Tennyson's 'merry March air' on Blackfriars Bridge (where I had, unfortunately, been detained exactly one hour and three quarters in an open carriage on the illumination night, on which occasion it blew pretty strongly up from the river)—having, I say, no definite plan or prospect before me, I consulted my watch, and finding it past one o'clock, I turned my attention to—lunch.

I cannot say that hunger induced me to concentrate my energies in this direction, having made a very hearty breakfast a few hours before; but the fact is, I felt it incumbent on me to do *something*. Here had I alighted from a train, the passengers by which had already all disappeared on their several errands, with one solitary exception, viz. myself, and I only wanted to loiter about on the platform for a half-hour or so, and then go back again. I am naturally ra-

ther a nervous man; and when, while affecting the deepest interest in the construction of the vault above me, I became aware that I was being studiously watched by B 66 (a most intelligent, but perhaps somewhat officious, policeman), I felt extremely uncomfortable. The line had been opened too long to allow the supposition that I was here out of mere curiosity, and all the various other motives which might induce certain people to linger here crowded upon my memory. I had read in the papers how swindlers ('of gentlemanlike exterior') adopted such means to appropriate stray umbrellas and deserted parcels, and the horrible suspicion rose that I might be mistaken for a member of that body. As my eyes met the steady glance of B 66, I was conscious of becoming very hot and uncomfortable. To retire at this juncture would have been injudicious. There was only one other course open to me, and that was to—lunch.

It has always been a mystery to me to what class of passengers our railway refreshments are offered. By the first and second class they are instinctively associated with indigestion. The third is accustomed to look upon them as expensive luxuries. I am not now alluding to the Farringdon Street terminus establishment, where I only partook of a sandwich and a glass of ale, and which, when regularly organized, will, I hope, prove an exception to the rule. But it is an incontrovertible fact, that at railway stations generally, and at London terminus in particular, the 'commissariat department' is disgracefully managed. For a period of some weeks last year I was compelled (as the phrase goes), by circumstances over which I had no control, to lunch at a well-known terminus in this metropolis. No less than six separate rooms are devoted by the proprietor as bars and *salles à manger* to the accommodation of the public. The rooms are large and commodious, the servants numerous, and the appointments, to all appearance, good; yet the viands exposed for sale on the counter, the quality of the meat supplied for an early dinner, and the attendance of

the waiters are, one and all, execrable. If you are inclined to 'feed,' at the bar, you will find nothing but stale pastry, musty ham, and fly-blown buns. If you resort to the dining-room, you will be regaled with coarse-grained beef and flavourless mutton, underdone potatoes, and bad butter. The waiter will not approach you until five or ten minutes after you have called him, and when he does come, ten to one he will be munching the fragments of his own repast. The wretched man is always nibbling in sly corners, tossing off remnants of ale surreptitiously when he thinks no one is looking, and, in fact, having no particular or stated time for his 'meals,' partakes of one long and diffused refreshment throughout the day. As for the ladies behind the bar, they appear to have entered into a solemn compact not to wash their hands more than once a week, and to eschew the use of the nail-brush altogether. One damsel is in the habit of using a toilet-pin in a manner for which it was certainly never intended, another appeared to me one morning in the act of mending an old boot, a third, resenting some remarks which were made on the other side of the counter, once dashed half a glass of porter which she was drinking in the offender's face. Add to these peculiarities a general sulkiness of demeanour, and you may form some idea what it is to be waited on by these terrestrial Hebes. To give them their due, however, I will say that they all zealously defend the reputation of the establishment. 'The buns was always considered excellent,'—'We never had no complaints of the pastry before,'—'These ham sandwiches musty and dear! Well, you was the fust as said so,' and so on. There is one traditional article of food that they persist in tendering, and the bare recollection of which is enough to induce dyspepsia. It is a huge oblong box or half-baked dough, containing dice-shaped nuggets of cold pale meat and pork-fat. This is cut up into slices, revealing a crust of some half an inch in thickness, and is dignified by the name of veal-pie. I regret that I cannot add the name

of the maker; but I strongly advise him to submit it, in case of war, to the authorities at the Horse Guards. A few of these destructive agents left by our commissariat within reach of a hungry regiment, would be admirably adapted for disabling the enemy at an hour's notice.

Joking apart, the managers of our railway refreshment rooms have reason to be heartily ashamed of the manner in which they cater for the public. Everything they offer for sale is as bad as it is dear, and as dear as it is bad. A man may dine comfortably in the City for less than a miserable lunch costs at these places. Let the Metropolitan Company look to it, and as their carriages are more commodious, and their fares cheaper than on most lines, let them see what improvement they can effect in their restaurants.

* * * *

Having at length, by an open and straightforward deputation, removed any false impression which may have existed in the mind of B 66 regarding my motives at the Farringdon Street terminus, I determined to return by the next tram; and in order that I might lose no opportunity of seeing 'London Society' in every aspect, underground, I took a second-class ticket half the way back, determining to complete my journey by the third. I found my fellow-passengers more garrulous in these carriages than they had been in the first which I entered. Whether a half-cushioned vehicle encourages conversation more than one which is completely padded, or whether our English notions of 'genteel' reticence are confined to the upper circles, I cannot say, but in the second class, every one was talking. Half the 'fares' had come in breathless, and were congratulating each other all round on having 'just' caught the tram. After all that has been said in favour of punctuality, its being the 'soul of business' and so forth, I doubt whether those over-precise people who are always to be found everywhere half an hour before necessary, can know the pleasure derivable from just 'saving the post,' catching the Ostend boat only a minute before it

starts, or entering a theatre exactly when the curtain rises. There is a sort of triumph in the fact that you have wasted no leisure in attaining your object, that there has been no wearying delay in its accomplishment. There you are, just in the nick of time. The clock hand trembles on to six, the 'departure' bell is ringing on the shore, the last few bars of the overture are being played. Pop in your letter—jump on board—rush to your vacant seat. You are breathless, perhaps, and rather warm; but what matters. You are in time, hurrah! I know the feeling of satisfaction which—in short, I confess I am an unpunctual man myself.

The guard had no sooner shut our door than the train was off. At full speed there is a peculiar vibration noticeable on the underground rail. The carriages are too wide and heavy to sway much from side to side, but there is a sort of undulating motion which is due either to the unevenness of the ground or to springs on which they are hung. This did not fail to evoke certain comparisons with the Gravesend boat, &c., among my fellow-travellers, who were also very facetious on the subject of accidents, alluding very pleasantly to the little contretemps which happened shortly after the line was opened, and concerning the particulars of which all appeared to have been credibly informed by 'parties as were in the train at the time.' One gentleman observed that a friend of his—a very decent sort of chap—had received a blow upon one of his 'peepers,' which, in course, constituted him,' continued our wag, 'a regular eye-witness as you may say; but as the Comp'ny had done the handsome thing, and given him five pounds by way of compensation, he (very wisely) didn't make no fuss about it.'

A lady on the opposite seat, with a highly horticultural bonnet and a muff which looked like an electrified cat, here remarked that a cousin of her brother-in-law had a friend that knew the medical man who volunteered his advice on the occasion; but either this statement was received with discredit or its connec-

tion with the subject was too remote to elicit any general interest, so she did not say anything further.

A third 'party' then assured us that he had himself only missed catching that very train by half a minute, which fact he seemed to look upon rather in the light of a loss than an advantage, and proceeded to explain that he had acquired, by constant practice, a habit of being generally late for every train, in consequence of having travelled many years on the Slocum and Dragwell line, where no train ever came in until about an hour and a half after it was due, except on one occasion, when it ran down and killed two bullocks by way of asserting its independence.

When I entered the third-class carriage, I found it occupied by a man in a very loose overcoat and very tight trousers—so tight, indeed, as to give the casual observer an impression that they must be unripped at the seam before he could divest himself of that portion of his dress. This idea almost arose to conviction when one looked at his boots, which were the largest, the most creaseless, and more indicative of bunions than any which I ever noticed on the human foot. After these details, I need scarcely add that he was an omnibus driver, and, indeed, one by whose side it had often been my lot to sit when he was professionally employed in Oxford Street.

Whether it was in grateful recollection of my cigar case, or because there was no one else to talk to, I cannot say, but he touched his hat and wished me good morning. I immediately, and after the approved English fashion, commented on the state of the weather.

'Well, it is a fine day, sir,' he answered; 'but law bless you, what's the use o' fine days down 'ere? One day's as good as another for the matter of that. I never see such a game in my life.'

Presuming that this was a metaphorical way of expressing his contempt for the Metropolitan line, I ventured to ask him whether he found it interfered with his business.

'Interferes! in course it interferes,' said the charoteer, somewhat testily; 'interferes with everythink. 'Tisn't only the 'buses it injures: look at trade'

'What do you mean?' said I.

'What do I mean?' cried Mr. 'Busman; 'why, I mean that the shopkeepers on *our* line won't stand it much longer. How the doose are they to get their goods off *now*, I should like to know. See what a deal of chance custom they got through the 'buses. Spose a cove wants to get to Lunnon Bridge; well, he goes into Oxford Street to look out for a "Lunnon General." Spose a "Lunnon General" don't come up exackly at the moment, he's not in a hurry, the cove isn't, but he waits a bit and valks on. Well, in course, by valking on he comes to look in at the shops. Say he sees a ankercher in a shop winder—I don't say a cove *wants* a ankercher, but say he sees it—well, praps he likes it. Well, the 'bus ain't come up yet, and if he misses it there's plenty behind. Well, praps he says, "I should like that ankercher," he says, and in he goes and buys it. Well, you can't blame him, you see; it's human natur, and wot's more, it's trade. Now, I ask you, sir, as a gen'leman, can a cove act like that in this 'ere

blessed tunnel? In course not; consequently trade suffers.'

Here I made bold to suggest that the evil he complained of was one which would soon remedy itself, and that the population of London was quite sufficient to support both modes of transit.

'That's all vaa-ry well, sir,' retorted the malcontent, 'but trade is trade. Look here; if a cove——'

How long he would have gone on I don't know, but at this juncture the train luckily stopped, and I heard the welcome shout of 'Pedding-ton, Pedding-ton,' which announced our arrival at the West End terminus

'Do we get out here, please?' asked a little old woman with a plethoric umbrella from a corner of the carnage where she had been dozing.

'Well, my dear, that depends intirely on your own tastes and inclination,' said Mr. 'Busman, with infinite good-humour, as he opened the door; 'I dessay the Company'll take you back to Farringdon Street if you wishes it *werry* particlar, and waits there long enough. All I know is, I've took my first and last ride on this 'ere line. Good morning, sir,' and off he went.

Such was my experience of 'London Society' underground.

C. L. E.



THE SONG OF THE DISCONSOLATE ONE.

[To several old tunes, because composed in a heated ball-room, where he could not get any fresh Air.]

‘ SHE wore a wreath of roses
 The first time that we met ’—
 (Her handsome Roman nose is
 Most beautifully set).
 When I was introduced to her,
 She sweetly smiled, and bowed—
 Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the lovely Miss O’Dowd.

‘ She’s all my fancy painted her,
 She’s lovely, she’s divine!’—
 (The lobster-salad wasn’t bad,
 But I couldn’t stand the wine).
 What with the pace she went at,
 And what with the heat and crowd,
 Oh! my head, my head was reeling
 As I danced with Miss O’Dowd.

‘ Let other lips and other hearts
 Their tale of sorrow tell ’—
 (That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts
 A most unpleasant smell)—
 I’d gladly dance a thousand times
 With her, were I allowed.
 Oh! my heart, my heart is aching—
 Oh! that eldest Miss O’Dowd.

‘ Her mother bade her bind her hair
 With bands of roseate hue ’—
 (I wonder she hadn’t better taste
 Than to mix ’em up with blue).
 When on the light fantastic toe
 We danced to the music loud,
 Oh! my heart was palpitating
 Next to that of Miss O’Dowd.

The Song of the Disconsolate One.

Maxwellton braes are bonny,
And Christmas bills fa' due'—

Of her beauty and accomplishments

Oh, my heart is shivered to little bits
By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

T. W. S.





OUR VETERAN ARTIST
WILLIAM MULREADY, R A

[See the Sketch

OUR VETERAN ARTISTS:

William Mulready, R.A.

IN last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy Mr Mulready had a picture, 'The Toy Seller,' noteworthy among other things because it differed so much in scale and character from the pictures usually painted by him. Just fifty-six years had passed away since his first paintings appeared in the Academy Exhibition. They also were very different in manner and subject from those commonly associated with his name: one was a 'Well in the Vestry of York Minster,' the other a 'Cottage.'

Fifty-six years of continuous labour of mind as well as hand, and still enough of heart and energy to sit down before a larger canvas, and to people it with figures of a larger size than he had hitherto attempted! With how much additional interest and respect—not unmingled, perhaps, with a gleam of wonder—would that 'Toy Seller' have been regarded by the Academy visitors generally, had they known the circumstances under which it was painted! Somewhat curiously, there was exhibiting in London at the same time another picture by a great living painter whose career has been even longer than Mr Mulready's, and the picture itself was painted when the artist was older than, happily, our academician yet is. M. Ingres's 'Source,' one of the most characteristic works of the French school in the International Exhibition, was painted in 1860, when the painter was just upon eighty. His first painting appeared at the competition in 1800. One might almost fancy the good old times are coming back again. Titian lived to be ninety-nine, and painted to the last; may Ingres and Mulready—and many another good painter—live and paint as long! We, indeed, have little to complain of in that respect. Our British artists are on the whole a long-lived race—at least the academicians are; though their possession of the dig-

nity may have something to do with their longevity, since it is generally noticed, I believe, at any rate by expectants, that dignitaries, like annuitants, have a remarkable tenacity of life, the accession to dignity or annuity acting as a renewal of their lease. Be that as it may, it is worth a passing note that every R. A. elected since 1843 is still living, as well as sixteen or seventeen elected previously*.

Mr Mulready is the 'father' of the Academy. He was elected in 1816; the next in seniority, Mr. Abraham Cooper, not till 1820. To what a bygone race of artists that year of Mulready's election carries us back! How odd it seems to read that a living academician was made R. A. the year after Bird and Raeburn, the year before Jackson, two years before Chantrey, three before Hilton, eight before Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, twelve before Etty, and thirteen before Constable—all to how many of the present generation merely names of the past!

To trace the career of artists like Ingres and Mulready, who have both during considerably over half a century practised their art consistently and successfully amidst all the fluctuations of taste, opinion, and fashion, could not but be of interest and value to the student. To do so at all satisfactorily, however, there are as yet insufficient materials. It is a task that must be left to the future biographer and critic. But enough is known to allow of a like explanation being given of the continuous success of each. It consists in their persistent study. Having, not without labour, acquired position, they evidently felt that it could only be maintained by constant effort; that they must not merely

* This was correct when written, but has unhappily been just rendered inaccurate by the death at Algiers of one of the youngest of the Academicians, Augustus L. Egg, the painter of so many admirable scenes of domestic history.

do their best to produce what is excellent, but to lay in a store for future as well as present service; that as youth wears away and imagination becomes less fervent, the fire must be kept alive by frequent feeding. that, in a word, there is for the true artist no such thing as rest, but that as long as he is a painter he must continue a student. And this, I fancy, both physiologist and psychologist would say is a serviceable doctrine, alike for mental and bodily health, if it be accepted in a hopeful, and followed in a cheerful spirit.

And now a few words on Mulready's early life. There is extant a little long-forgotten juvenile book. it was published in 1805, and what juvenile book is not forgotten long before it has been published sixty years save two, except by old men and women, who having read it when they were merry little boys and girls, find, now they are gray and grave, those early readings come back to the memory with a rare freshness, and the flavour of the pleasant early times! This book is called 'The Looking Glass,' and has a double title the one says it is 'A Mirror in which every Good Little Boy and Girl may see what He or She is, and those who are not yet quite Good may find what They ought to be.' The other title says that it is 'A True History of the Early Years of an Artist.' It was written, according to the title-page, by Theophilus Marcliffe, but that is of course a pseudonym. The actual writer was, it is understood, William Godwin — the author of 'Caleb Williams' and 'Political Philosophy' — who is known to have been much occupied about that time in writing books for the young — and it is entered to him in the catalogue of the British Museum. Certainly the turn of the reflections and some of the remarks are very much in Godwin's manner, and the book was issued from his shop, No 41 Skinner Street, Snow Hill so we will set it down to his account. Well, this little book professes to give the true history of a youthful artist who rose to an honourable standing 'under every disadvantage of a humble situation, and a total absence of in-

struction and assistance' The author says 'The artist related to me his history; and when he had done, I said, "I will be at the pains to write it down and publish it for the advantage of those who may come after you"' The artist's name is not mentioned, but the circumstances point to Mr Mulready; and that well-known collector of artistic gossip, J. T. Smith, quoting an anecdote from it in his account of the sculptor Banks ('Nollekens and his Times,' ii p 200), affirms, without hesitation, that the young artist is Mr Mulready. Smith speaks as though from his own knowledge, and from his habits and his official opportunities — and when he was keeper, the print-room of the British Museum was a centre of art gossip — he was not likely to be misinformed on such a matter.

According to Mr Marchiffe, then, 'the boy was born in Ireland, a little to the north of the Shannon, in one of the principal towns of the county of Clare' The biographical dictionaries tell us it was Ennis the year 1786. His parents, poor but worthy people, who worked hard and paid their way, and gave their son the best education they could procure for him, brought him over to England when he was five years old. But the boy had begun to draw long before, and continued to draw still, with chalk or pencil or anything he could find, and without much regard to the nature of the objects he undertook to delineate. In 'The Looking Glass' are given little engravings, faithfully copied from drawings he made at three years old of a hare, and at five, six, and upwards, of dolphin, mermaid, Noah's dove, his father's leg — not forgetting the calf, which he only hit off after three or four efforts, having the first time made what is called a 'cockney calf,' with a swelling in front as well as at the back — also profile, half, and three-quarter faces, the last having, Marchiffe thinks, some resemblance to John Kemble, and so on till there comes a full-length figure, drawn when he was only nine years old, of 'a boy in a posture of assault, with a hat for a shield, and his cane for a sword,' an exact copy

of which is given as the frontispiece. On the whole they are neither better nor worse than other little boys of the same age draw without any hope of their being engraved, and with little chance of the young artists becoming royal academicians.

Though he had as yet no direct instruction in drawing, he found some to notice and admire his little efforts, and some to advise him how to proceed. One of his friends told him he must learn anatomy, and he taught himself at least the forms and uses of the bones and superficial muscles from Walker's 'Manual' At length, when he had reached the responsible age of thirteen, it was decided at a meeting of his counsellors that he ought to become a student of the Royal Academy. A necessary preliminary was the recommendation of an academician, and none was known to any of the party. A list was procured, and the first name that turned up was that of the sculptor Banks, and to Banks it was decided application should be made.

The boy went alone with his little store of drawings to the house of the great sculptor. He had been duly instructed in the mystery of the double knock, and warned that he must knock genteelly. He lifted the knocker which seemed to him loaded with the decrees of Fate. His hand trembled, the knocker slipped from it, and a single heavy thump fell upon his ear like a knell. He roused himself, however, and in a second effort made the house resound with a report that quickly brought the sculptor's wife or servant to the door. Banks himself followed, listened patiently to the boy's request, looked at his drawings, and gently pointing out that they were not such as would yet obtain the coveted admission, advised him as to the course he should pursue, and told him to come again in a month. Then finding that the boy had profited by his advice, he procured him admission on easy terms to a drawing school. He had been there only six weeks when the school was broken up. But Banks was not to be so baffled in a good purpose. He took the boy into his studio, and set

him to draw, under his own eye, from casts from the antique. The boy continued to draw in Banks's studio for a year, when, at the age of fourteen, he passed through the necessary probation, and was admitted a student of the Royal Academy. There he made steady progress. Soon, too, he was able to earn money by his pencil. 'So that,' says Marchiffe, 'from about the day that he completed his fifteenth year, he required no more support from his parents,' though his father was able and anxious to assist him. The story, as told in our authority, is honourable to every one concerned in it, and assuredly not least so to the youthful hero, but in justice to all it is only fair to say that it does not bear out the assertion that the triumph was achieved with 'a total absence of instruction and assistance.' The young artist had as good instruction as the country supplied, and his early self-education prepared him to appreciate and profit by the more systematic training of the Academy.

As has been seen, the first pictures exhibited by him were landscapes: and landscapes, such as views 'At Lambeth,' 'At Kensington Gravel Pits,' and other like localities—then places wearing an air of pretty prim suburban rusticity, now dreary regions of grimy bricks and mortar—with 'Road Side Inns,' 'Carpenters' Shops,' and what are called subjects of still life, continued for some years to employ his pencil, their chief value now being as evidence that the young painter, while slowly forming his style, was closely studying the old Dutch painters and working diligently out of doors: that out-of-doors' work being in his case, as in all others, the best complement and correction of the study of the old masters. But these are years when the young painter, like the young barrister, who has only his own genius to trust to, is often compelled to engage in very lowly tasks. One of Mr Mulready's was in a line in which the critic or the biographer would hardly expect to track him. I have unearthed for the reader one old juvenile book; I will now exhume a litter. Have your

ever heard of a series—once the delight of many a little heart — of which 'The Butterfly's Ball' was the first, and perhaps the most popular? They were small, thin, square volumes—hardly volumes, pamphlets of a few leaves only—made up, besides the slight literary matter, of rather rude copper-plate etchings and aquatints, some merely in outline. In all there were about a dozen of these little tomes, all with somewhat similar titles, 'The Lion's Parliament,' 'Peacock at Home,' 'Cat's Concert,' 'Fish's Grand Gala,' 'Lobster's Voyage to the Brazils,' and so forth, and they were published between 1807 and 1810. They must have had a great run, and I see by 'The Leadbeater Correspondence' (II., 211) that they were attributed to no less a pen than that of Roscoe. The author of 'Leo the Tenth' was probably innocent of their authorship, but the illustrations (like the writing, anonymous) are, I believe, much more truly laid to the charge of the painter of 'The Wedding Gown'. The fortunate possessor of any of these little treasures to whom this information is new will no doubt turn to them with some curiosity. He will discover in them little of the Mulready touch: they are, of their kind, good honest handicraft, not much invention in them, hardly, I think, a trace of humour.

It was not till 1813, when his 'Punch' and 'The Fight Interrupted' appeared at the Academy, that the public suspected that in Mulready there was a possible rival to Wilkie. He rapidly achieved success in this manner, and he was careful not to endanger it by haste or negligence. 'Idle Boys,' 'The Fight Interrupted,' 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' 'Lending a Bite,' and 'The Careless Messenger,' the chief works produced by him during the next eight years, showed a steady increase of technical power, more command of expression, and greater self-reliance.

He had secured his position in the very foremost rank of painters of familiar, and particularly of youthful, life and character. He now made a resolute venture into a new field,

that of sentiment. Of this class of works 'The Convalescent,' painted in 1822, and 'The Widow,' painted two or three years later, are familiar examples. They enjoyed a certain share of popularity, and the painter has returned to the manner again and again; but he is now probably as well convinced as every one else has long been that his strength does not lie in this line. Nor does it in allegory. In his 'Seven Ages' he has given at once the most elaborate, the most learned, in many respects the cleverest, but in all the most unreal and the least satisfactory or suggestive of the numberless pictorial misreadings of Jaques's humorous sadness. And the equally elaborate and far more clever design made for the penny postage envelopes was hardly less inappropriate and unsatisfactory—though certainly quite as satisfactory as our official emblematical art, whether exhibited in marble, paper, or bronze, usually is, and in much better taste.

The culminating point of Mulready's art was reached in his three pictures from the 'Vicar of Wakefield'—'The Whistonian Controversy' and 'Burchell and Sophia in the Hayfield,' painted for Mr Baring, and 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' one of the gems of Mr Sheepshanks' munificent gift to the nation. In manner there was considerable difference between them, but though Mulready had now been for forty years an exhibitor, each was as fresh and unanticipated in conception and treatment as though the work of an unknown man. Best of the three was the 'Wedding Gown,' a work perfect as the realization of an author's thought; full of life and spirit, in colour of gem-like depth and lustre. And, by the way, what a charming face is that of Deborah—Mrs Primrose that is to be! Even the old draper is touched by it, and commends his silks with an assurance that the loveliness of the wearer will enhance their excellence.

Where could Mulready have found so exquisite a model? Or did he only imagine so sweet a face? Never before had he painted one at all comparable with it. Recollect, good reader, that this is no youthful

painter's vision, but came fresh from the pencil of a man of sixty. Mulready, indeed, had tried many times before to produce such a face, but had not succeeded. Some painters never do. Wilkie tried hard and often, but never drew a beautiful woman; Mulready's nearest approach, oddly enough, was in Deborah's daughter, made three or four years before, when he painted 'Burchell and Sophia Haymaking'. Before that, perhaps, his best face was that of the little lass listening to the old, old story in 'First Love,' painted in 1839, and now hanging only a short distance from 'The Wedding Gown' in the South Kensington Museum.

But how was it that Mulready at sixty came for the first time to paint a face like this, a picture like this? The answer has already been given by continuing always a learner, and thus always in a sense young. He let out the secret of his success when his works were collected and exhibited at the Society of Arts in 1849. There it was shown by the admirable chalk drawings—and the same may now be seen in the drawings at South Kensington, and the pen sketches contributed to the Lancashire Fund—that instead of falling back when his student-days were ended on his Academy and other studies, he continued year after year to make more and more elaborate drawings from the life, and studies of natural objects and pictorial accessories, whilst, following his pictures in their chronological sequence, you saw that he was at the same time always labouring to improve his manner of painting and to increase his knowledge of materials. Thus the pictures of each

succeeding year differed as pictures from those of the preceding. Not always, perhaps, were they an advance on those which had gone before; some were unmistakably inferior as conceptions; some failures as experiments; but beyond question there was purpose in each, and on the whole steady progress. Increased artistic knowledge; more distinctness, discrimination, decision; a more refined and yet a more vigorous style, until, as was said, the culminating point was reached in 'The Wedding Gown'. Since then the painter has made new experiments, failed in some, in others won new triumphs. But works like 'The Bathers,' 'Crossing the Brook,' 'The Sonnet,' are too well known for mere reference, whilst neither the space at command, nor the character of this sketch, permits of more. A word only on last year's picture. He had before painted only pictures of cabinet size. In the 'Toy Seller' the heads approached the size of life. And in this unusual scale there was one head, that of the negro, which for drawing, modelling, and pencilling, as well as expression, was quite a study for a young painter.

I have done. Little has been said, except generally, of Mr Mulready's pictures, of their technical peculiarities of the genus which gives them meaning and vitality. I have tried rather to indicate how he became the painter he is. And in now looking over his whole career, may we not say of the man what his first friendly biographer said of the boy?—'The main source of his success is a very simple one: he loved the employments and the studies to which his efforts were devoted.'

J. T.

A WORD FOR THE DOGS.

SO Spitz went to the show in spite of the quizzing of its owner and all the family, and in spite of my advice to the contrary, I having been called in as Dog-friend, to consult on the matter. Spitz's mistress was determined to glory in the catalogue — 'Price, 1000l' affixed to his name (people always talk about the money-value of their pets now-a-days), and the possibility of an award, tempted her equally. He was sent in company with Finette and puppies, and I never saw him or his mistress again, till the opening day. Unobserved by her, I saw a half-regretful look as she passed the dog, who strained in vain at the chain to get the wonted recognition. If he had been a sensitive dog, he would have been as disappointed as Quasimodo in Victor Hugo's 'Nôtre Dame,' when Claude Frolo disowned his acquaintance, and no doubt his white coat and bright eyes would have brought many Esmeraldas to comfort the forsaken. His mistress wished to avoid being known as such, and also for once had taken heed of my many lectures on the mistaken kindness of formally taking leave of Dogs, which they can as little understand as the hope of meeting again can be conveyed to them. People who go again and again to see a dog they have recently parted with in new quarters, always remind me of the Irishman, who replied to his master's angry question, what he was doing to a valuable dog, intrusted to his care, to make him cry out every day as if cruelly treated — 'Cruelly trait him, yer honour?—not I! I never could hurt a poor, dumb cratur in moy loife, but yer honour bade me cut his tail, and so I cut only a little bit off every day, to make it more easy for him.'

Fortunately for Spitz, his early career abroad (for he came from Rome, and nobody ever knew which city had the honour of being his birth-place), on the tops of diligences and among couriers and guards, had made him eminently cosmopolitan, and he felt little aggrieved

As to Finette (a native of Southern France), she was too much kept away from the house, when at home, and too much absorbed in her puppies, who slept, sucked, and played as usual, to notice anything else.

Indeed, among the many evidences of discomfort, if not distress, among the constituents of a dog-show, the placidity of the mothers is particularly refreshing, especially with such cosy berths, all to themselves, as they had at Islington.

I could see in the faces of the friends of Spitz's mistress a slight twinkle of fun at her expense. The Spitz family had got too late to the show for competition, and were put at the side of other 'too lates' in the extra stock. How uselessly was a disagreeable week inflicted upon the poor little animal! True, among the 800 other dogs, there were many more miserable than he, and among the thousands of ill-treated dogs scattered about the world, many would consider his situation the height of dog-bliss. Still, how much more happy was Spitz at home, unchained, free to roam and go and play and roll on dewy grass! beyond all, he was among his own—because, Spitz-like, the house and the family belonged to *him*, not he to them.

I left the trio to themselves and turned to look about, certainly gratified by seeing many noble and interesting specimens among the large and small canines; but also astonished at the quantity of queer animals, which had much better enjoyed their home comforts and continued useful in appearing perfections to their owners—while at a show, their presence could have well been spared. An amusing feature of the latter is the perfect respect and astonishment with which the large prices affixed are looked at by the uninitiated, especially foreigners (who thereby discover another proof of the general madness of the English on some point or other); while the natives believe that breeding dogs must be the most profitable pursuit possible.



'SPITZ AT THE SHOW

Drawn by F. W. Keyl

[See 'A Word for the Dog.'

By all means, let us have dog-shows, especially if confined to dogs used in field sports and to breeds, such as bloodhounds and mastiffs, which are kept by a few people only, and those scattered. An emulation is created, which helps to form a standard for judgment, and prevents the loss of these and similar beautiful types of the species which would otherwise occur. If there should arise a *real* Society, like the Agricultural, for the Improvement and keeping up of fine Breeds of Dogs, much benefit may follow while, if the law is passed that only *Complete Dogs* can compete—the cruel practice of cropping ears and tail will be much, if not entirely, discontinued, in fact, will go out of fashion. An especial law should provide for the exclusion of Spitzes, Times, Puppies, and all that ilk of pretty, useless fashionables which are put to penance, as well as the many huge mongrels that pass as Newfoundlands, Retrievers, German Boarhounds, and what not chiefly let us have an exhibition of dogs, but not a dog mart.

As far as possible, all was done at Islington to make the dogs comfortable, but the great attachment to individuals which so helps to fit the dog to be the friend of man, and his strong feelings, unfit him for these exhibitions, and therefore only those ought to be sent where real use at once is the result and the excuse for giving pain.

What is more miserable than a dog in a crowd—or a dog at a dealer's stable or yard? The former flurried, bewildered, the latter sulky, imploring by look to be removed, or yelping and barking like dog-maniacs. These two conditions are inflicted by dog-shows on many; but chiefly the pet-classes and non-descripts aforesaid.

Besides Spitz's mistress I saw various owners who wore the expression 'I shall not send my dog again.' As to the dogs themselves, there is no knowing how far their poor understandings may be injured by the ordeal. It certainly sours the tempers of many, of which I have proof, while it may take the edge off the keenness of a good

watch-dog. Dogs are unlike the cow, sheep, or horse, which are gregarious, and in general do not individualize so strongly, but derive comfort and courage from each other. Yet with these the attendant goes to the show—while the generous, sensitive dog is left in a truly *howling* wilderness.

I am aware, that many of the Toy-dogs were removed at night at Islington. But I have been to other shows.

Time, 11 P.M.—Scene a white-washed large place, with glaring gas-lights, in the centre a large table with numerous porter-pots and cans. *Dramatis personæ*. A crowd of tired, frightened, bewildered dogs, many of whom had travelled great distances, and another crowd of men with whips.

This material may be worked to any extent, according to the knowledge possessed by the reader of the requirements and feelings of dogs.

At Islington I met many of the same men—with rosettes and red caps, and smaller whips—yet they were the same men and still had whips, which most people cannot resist using, while in their hands.

However, at present, one good has been done by these shows, by stirring the question of Ear-and-Tail-cropping, and causing people to think about it, who hitherto took for granted that certain breeds, such as Terriers and Pugs cannot be such, properly, without mutilation.

I believe at Lasbon no proper cat is, or used to be, ever seen with ears and tail. The whole practice is, however, an illustration of the old fable of the Fox who had lost his tail in a trap—only that people are not so wise as the foxes were.

To prevent cats from poaching, there were in olden times, and abroad even now, laws in existence to enforce the cropping of their ears. The cat finds, when after leverets and partridges in the meadows, that the water gets into the open orifice, so he shakes his head and goes home: how far this may arise from hearing having become less acute, and consequently the hunt ineffectual, is an open question. Depriving a cat of her tail takes away her rudder in

jumping. Thus people console themselves with their cut-up tabbies by thinking they look more knowing. A fashion follows.

High heels, long pointed toes, hoop petticoats, periwigs, had all similar origins—to wit, hiding deficiency or falsely increasing merit of shape and appearance.

Tails and ears are great evidences of breed in dogs to the connoisseur, and when cut off cannot be criticised. The practice began with underbred terrier-like dogs—carrying their tails with a swirl (as Burns says of his Colley, who had a right to do so—Colley meaning Cur)—or having half stuck-up ears, one up, one down. At one time horses had crop-ears, and Roman-nosed ones were the fashion. Now a Roman nose in a horse, with which a lop ear often goes, is very underbred. The black coach-horse of olden times had both frequently. Result—praising the one as a beauty, as it could not be cut off, and cropping the other. Many cobs to this day are closely docked, to make their quarters look still more powerful. Cowhocked and cathammed horses are, like the similarly shaped deer, often very good jumpers. With those, doubtless, the practice of docking began, and old portraits of hunters show how completely it was thought requisite to make a horse look like a hunter.

To this day, notching the muscles and sinews underneath the tail of a horse to make them useless, and get the tail to stick out like that of a well-bred horse, is called ‘Anglicizing,’ on the Continent.

Room will not permit carrying proof through every instance. Nor will it allow to give the reasons, why there are plausible causes for cutting lambs’ tails off and rounding foxhound’s ears—although with the former I would recommend not cutting it *too short*, as is often done; while I have a suspicion about the latter, being frequently performed where there is no need of it, merely for the look of the thing.

It has been urged that cropping a dog’s ear is only bringing it back to the shape of a fox’s ear—a doglike and burrowing animal. To this I

have to reply, that the cropping takes away the gristly back part of the ear, leaving only the rim nearest the eye, and part of the lappet. In digging, barking, biting, &c, a dog’s or his congener’s ears are always doubled back; the action is half voluntary only, like winking with our eyes. The former entirely closes the orifice. In the fox, &c., the erect ear has an inside fringing, while the overlapping one is bare there. The construction of a mouse’s, rabbit’s, or hare’s ear will convince everybody how necessary that protection to the ear is, which in the poor dog is taken away. The mole, however, an entirely underground animal, has no outer ears whatever. But as ours is eminently a mercantile age, and the value of a dog has a large share in its merit, people ought, from that point of view alone, to discourage the practice, by refusing to buy a mutilated dog, as they cannot judge of him with the same certainty as to breeding, as of one which has the full complement of both

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Spitz did not go to any other show; but I did go some months afterwards to the Chelsea one. I went early in the week, but could unfortunately only go late in the evening.

The arrangements seemed to me quite as good, if not better, than at Islington, and I met some old friends from there among the dogs, and recognized again some of the faces among the whip community.

But it was the old Bedlam again as regards the barking, howling, whining, and determined sulking. I came more than ever to the conviction that a week at a show is a severe infliction on the poor dogs exhibited; and that, therefore, the owners of them should pause before they send them there, and consider well whether they are warranted in subjecting their favourites to such penance. I wondered, for instance, how many of the so-called Newfoundland and Retrievers ought to have remained at home if the real purpose of a show—improvement of the breed—is kept in view!

There were some splendid and

most interesting specimens in several classes, and I felt glad I had the opportunity of seeing them, which would not have occurred had it not been for the show. Since the one at Islington, a good deal has been said in publications on matters canine, with which want of time allowed me to be only partially acquainted. I write merely for the many good-natured members and readers of 'London Society,' who would shrink from wittingly causing suffering to anything living, and who would yet ask, with a complacent smile, 'Do not you think, Mr. Whimsical, "Gyp" might go to the show? I think he would get a prize.' And then the poor brute is sent, unless I can dissuade them from doing so. They never for a moment dream that it is anything more for Gyp than a pleasant change—like a sea-side trip to a child.

'Gyp,' all the while, is a sedate, fat, weak-bodied, affectionate, spoiled sort of a Newfoundland mongrel and

house pet, with a strong antipathy to strangers, especially inelegant ones. He is just large enough to look dangerous, just plucky enough to resist anybody he is not used to. In consequence, he bites a keeper at the show, who used him perhaps roughly, and then he is never approached by him, but to receive a tremendous whipping on account, when tied to his short chain. Finally, he is sent home soured, confused, and generally upset.

Now for all this there was no occasion. He might have been allowed the even tenour of his life at home, showing his few tricks, eating and sleeping pleasantly, varied by a walk, or a good bark at the baker and the cats on the garden-wall.

That keeper would never have been bitten, poor 'Gyp' never been castigated day after day for a week, and people would never have asked at the show, 'I wonder what they call that?' if my friends had been a little less vain of their dog.

THE LONDONER'S SPRING.

SPRING has three phases, namely, the country, the town, and Thomson's 'Seasons'

Of the first of these phases it is not our present province to speak, inasmuch as our allegiance is due to London and not to country society. Of the latter we do not think it worth while to speak, inasmuch as the seasons must either have been more changeable than was their wont, or the poet, 'more fat than hard beseeams,' must have sadly misread them 'O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!' We never yet saw the sower, stalk white with measured step, and liberal, throw the grain into the faithful bosom of the ground *after* the sun had rolled from Aries and been received by the bright Bull. Neither should we be disposed to trust ourselves to the rosy couch as long as epiderms is penetrable and roses wear thorns.

Our present theme is Spring as it presents itself to the Londoner, to

him who, immured in the smoky recesses of this overgrown metropolis, sees church spires and factory chimneys instead of trees, inhales thick fog and murky smoke instead of the sweet perfume of flowers; for whom the 'back-yard' stands in lieu of a garden, an aquarium takes the place of a lake, a fern-case that of a forest, and the only landscape is a fine and extensive view of incompatible chimney-pots.

Yet, for the Londoner himself, cut off from nature as he seems to be, Spring has her benisons, even though she may maliciously entice him out of doors by warm sunbeams and soft breezes, and, having seduced him to a convenient distance, drive him back again under a sudden storm of driving sleet and chilling blasts. Coy and capricious as a spoiled child, she never knows her mind for two consecutive hours, but flutters from heat to cold, from moisture to drought, from calm to

hurricane with a fickle mutability that we should sternly execrate at any other period of the year, but which we now cheerfully pardon, because it is Spring

London has its redeeming points in spite of its proverbial ugliness; and the love of beauty and nature that lies so deeply hidden in an Englishman's heart is sure to find some vent, even though cribbed, cabined, and confined in stone, mortar, and brick, too often in little but lath, mud, and plaster.

In the dulllest and most squalid streets and courts, in the very 'guilt-gardens' of our metropolis, the latent Eden puts forth some few blossoms, affording tokens that even in the most degraded of mankind the primal freshness of true humanity has not been wholly and irremediably crushed, and giving hopes that the same Hand which, for some hidden purpose, has permitted layer upon layer of evil to accumulate for a time, and bury the soul under their deadly weight, may yet be pleased to remove them at the appointed season, and to permit the spirit to rise, and expand, and develop itself, and bloom at last in the soul-Spring of the skies

There is many a Picciola in the moral prisons of London, and eternal are the lessons which it teaches. You may see the brutalized countenance of the confirmed street-ruffian assume a milder expression as the sweet perfume of wallflower or mignonette makes its way to the gun-bemuddled and tobacco-bemused senses, and the rough, coarse, unsexed woman resumes for a time her lost womanhood as she bends over some poor flower in her window that, like her own moral being, is stunted and blackened by the foul atmosphere which surrounds it, but which yet shows promise of a brightness not utterly quenched, and a purity not hopelessly polluted

Throughout our London streets, sweet Spring yet plants her airy footsteps, and, investing even the most prosaic affairs of life with poetry, leaves the traces of her dainty footsteps on the greengrocer's stall heaped with blossom and ver-

ture, and the echoes of her soft voice in the unmusical bellow of the leather-lunged costermonger, 'All a-growing, all a-blowing,' as he urges his masses of many-coloured petals through the streets, leaving a glad sense of beauty as he passes, and trailing a torrent of mingled perfumes on his track

We may not be able to leave our bricks and mortar, and sally out to meet the Spring in the country, where she holds her court. But she benignantly pities our condition, and comes to meet us in town. There are but few of the more important streets in London where a tree of some kind cannot be seen, and where the nature-loving character of the oft-despised cockney does not assert itself ever and anon by the miniature gardens displayed in the windows, or even upon the very tops of the houses.

Let me remark, *en passant*, that some of the most successful and accomplished gardeners in England, some of the profoundest naturalists, some of the keenest sportsmen, some of the most subtle brethren of the angle, are to be found among our unmitigated cockneys—men who, in the City, seem to have no soul above their ledgers, no aspirations higher than a per-centage, but who, when they escape from their daily desks, throw off the sedate air of business, and show themselves in their true and loveable characters.

'Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!' We cannot wander out in the fields and see that bright songster leap exultingly into the free air, and spring up and up, until his form is lost to sight, and only the far-off tide of song announces his presence. We cannot watch him descend with fluttering wings, his whole frame pulsating with the fervour of his melody, and his bright eye glittering as he nears his mate and young brood crouched in their lowly home.

But we can at all events hear the cheering song, though the songster is, like ourselves, a prisoner, and instead of soaring free into the blue heavens, is forced to content himself with a patch of turf in place of a

meadow, and a square of green baize instead of the sky. A sad fate for the poor bird, but bringing with it many blessed influences. I always have loved the lark and the primrose, but never so much as since they brought to a far-off land the thoughts of dear old England, and gladdened the souls of many a gentle exile, and softened the heart and drew forth the tears of many a bearded man who had come across the sea to do stern battle with necessity in the new land, but still cherished a loving affection for the old land of his childhood.

It is true that, by the exigencies of our position, we are not permitted to wander in the country and watch the merry birds on their nests, but it is no less true that we may do the very same thing without stirring from our window. Your London sparrow is a bird worth cultivating, and is quite as interesting a creature as any of the feathered race.

He will build his house in the ivy, which, in some London houses, clings in dark masses to the walls, and displays mingled ingenuity and audacity in his proceedings. He will weave the nest so cleverly into the gnarled and hustled ivy stems that it is scarcely perceptible to one who is ignorant of its position; while at the same time he will coolly and deliberately fix upon a spot within reach of your arm, and there pitch his annual tent. If you are very kind to him, he will receive many little attentions, and will even condescend to permit you to feed himself and family from your hand without taking the least offence.

Should no convenient shelter be at hand, it is easy enough to make one for him. A few bits of deal board and some rudely-constructed boxes are all he asks, unless you choose to indulge in the luxury of a few penny 'birds'-nests,' and will save him the trouble of collecting materials.

Even if no convenient spot be close at hand, it is always possible to find one at a little distance, and a double opera-glass affords a simple and successful means of watching his proceedings. Look for his nest under the projecting eaves, in the

angles of water-spouts, in the little nooks between roofs and chimneys, where a few straggling particles of hay will generally indicate the presence of a nest. He is a hardy bird enough, but likes his ease, and sometimes contrives to stuff such a wonderful mass of materials into the nook which he selects for a home that it becomes a matter of wonder how he finds room for himself and family. He is an old friend of mine, and I hope to say something about him on another occasion.

We are not without our visitors from the insect world to tell us that Spring is here. Now and then the herald of the Spring makes his appearance, his tabard of cloth of gold flashing in the sunshine, simple, plain, and adorned with but a pair of crimson circlets that serve to show off the pale golden hue of his dress to the best advantage. Entomologists call him the Sulphur Butterfly, but he is, nevertheless, the harbinger of Spring, the earliest and the hardiest of his race. Closely following on his track come the more brilliantly-decorated tortoise-shell butterflies, with their gules and sable or azure blazonry.

The beautiful earwigs, too, with their wide gauzy wings, and their little square wing-cases, and the handy pair of forceps at their tail for the packing and folding thereof, are now to be seen. Do not quarrel, O non-entomological reader! with the word 'beautiful' as applied to an earwig. I grant that it can run very fast on six legs,—a locomotive fact which seems to fill some persons with unutterable terrors; that it can eat the young petals of the pink and a variety of flowers, and therefore ought to be erased from existence by all florists, that it can pinch rather sharply with its tail-callipers, and that it is fond of crawling into empty lobster-claws and inverted flower-pots.

But, despite of all these drawbacks, I reassert that the earwig is a truly beautiful insect; its ample ear-shaped wings covered with exquisite tracery, and glittering with opalescent tints of soft carmine, topaz, ultramarine, violet, and purple, as the light falls upon their quaver-

ing surfaces. Even the tiny square shields under which the hood-wings are packed are delicately and elegantly sculptured; and there are few prettier sights than to see an earwig alight, furl its wings, gathering them into folds like those of a sail just looped to the yard, and then turn its tail over its back, dauntily take the wings in its forceps, fold them as regularly as a linendraper refolding a handkerchief, and then tuck them away under their respective shields.

Perhaps a stray bee may come humming along, having perchance lost its way homewards as it sped from Hampstead Heath to its home in the City, and been beguiled by the tempting blossoms of an urban garden. For bees have lived, and thriven, and made honey within the very heart of the City, and though they had to fly to Hampstead Heath for every morsel of food, and were obliged to repeat the journey several times daily, they managed their housekeeping in a regular and most praiseworthy manner. Some reader may ask how the bees were distinguished upon the furzo-blossoms of Hampstead. One bee is much like another, and though a shepherd knows each of his flock by the face, no one, except Baron Munchausen, has succeeded in extending the same recognition to bees. They were, however, easily distinguished from all other bees, because their owner first dusted them with 'ruddle,' a kind of coarse rouge with which the backs of sheep and not the human skin are painted, and then posted off to Hampstead Heath, where he found his red bees quietly buzzing about among the fragrant blossoms.

As to wasps, we seldom find those yellow-bellied marauders in London during the spring. If they should be seen, let them be immolated in the name of all the grocers, for they are the future mothers of the next generation, the queens of a nation as yet unborn.

Spring is perhaps more apparent in the vegetable than in the animal kingdom, and whether within or without the house, proclaims her presence by the silent annuncia-

tions of the leaf and the flower. Shut out from nature as we are on every side, we have yet a resource in the parks, those wonderful 'lungs of London,' which we hardly seem to appreciate according to their deserts, just as a perfectly healthy man fails to estimate at its true value the sound condition of the lungs that supply his frame with fresh vigour at every inhalation.

Nor are even the pseudo gardens of the squares without their importance. From millions of leafy mouths the trees pour forth the life-giving oxygen for the use of man and beast, through the same absorbent mouths they drink in the effete atmospheres which are so hurtful to animated beings, but to them are the very necessities of existence. The green grass still flourishes in their iron-enclosed pleasure-grounds, though trodden bare in many a patch by the tread of merry infant feet. And, though all may not pass through those jealously-guarded gates, all may view their beauties from without, and the fresh green of the trees, the varied hues of the flowers and herbage, and the gusty fragrance of the flowers are blessings common to all who choose to seek them.

But the Parks are in a sort of a way the country brought into London, so vast in extent that even the murky vapours of surrounding dwellings cannot hinder the trees from flourishing nor the flowers from blooming in those wide prairies, as they were happily called by a continental visitor, wherein flocks of sheep wander, as in the wild wastes of the rolling Downs.

Reader, that possesseth the gift of wealth, and the still greater privilege of feminine friendship, order your horses betimes in the morning, and away to the Parks while the frost still glitters brightly on the grass blades, and every branch is covered with the unmitable, though perishable jewellery of nature. Never mind the groom's remark that the frozen ground will 'urt the 'orses' 'oofs. Grooms do not like early hours better than many of their superiors; and we all know how the health of a horse depends on the



A MAY MORNING IN THE FAPK

Drawn by Geo. H. T. s

1861 1 95

temper of its groom or coachman. Moreover, the 'orses ought to think their 'oofs well bestowed in giving health and spirits to their fair riders.

There are some few who are wise enough to prize their morning ride, and regret a wet day for nothing so much as that it deprives them of their wonted exercise. Try it just for a day or two, and see what a luxury it really is. There is no one in the way, you can walk, trot, or race, as suiteth you best. Your blood warms and your spirits rise with the rapid rush through the air, and you have acquired a blithe vitality which does not desert you for the rest of the day, and makes you heartily pity those who have only stepped lazily from a warm chamber to a warmer breakfast-room.

See how joyous are our friends at their morning ride—how the bright eyes sparkle with a blither gleam—how the rich colour mantles in the cheeks, and the parted lips glow with that winsome archness which seems the peculiar property of an English girlhood!

Even Paterfamilias, gruff and surly as he looks, is as happy as any of the young people, only he has his own way of showing it—the good old British scowling face, and the good old British heart beneath. And they all know it. Those girls can turn him round their tiny fingers at their own sweet will. He may growl and grumble, as it is the privilege of every free-born Briton, but he cannot deceive them for an instant. The old fable of Hercules and Omphale is enacted each day of our lives, and chains of roses ever prove more binding than gyves of steel.

You cannot be too early abroad, even though you prevent the sun, and watch his earliest beams gild the tree-tops with their pure radiance. You seem to have passed into a new world, and hardly recognize the well-known London of the previous day. The rushing rattle of carriages, the crushing sound of innumerable feet, the distant roar of a crowded city, are all hushed, and you hear little but the songs of the birds offering their greetings to the

sun. The atmosphere is bright and clear, and the distant buildings stand out sharp and defined like a street scene in Venice.

Then, as the sun slowly ascends his heavenward path, the cool transparent shadows die away, and are replaced by deep dark shades in bold contrast with the brilliant lights flung by the ever-increasing beams. Under their potent influence the hoary encrustment of the branches fades away, and is replaced by millions of flashing gems that look like diamonds strung on every bough, and ever woven into wondrous tissues as the dewdrops cluster on the gossamer threads, or mark the outlines of the more complex garden-spider's web.

Enjoy the scene while you can, for it is all too short, and it is, moreover, such a spectacle as never meets the eye in any other place or any other time. We all know how gorgeous was the array of the Nepaulese ambassadors—how diamonds and rubies and emeralds encrusted their dress, their limbs, and even their faces. We have seen the glittering array of the world's jewellery in the Exhibition, now passed into history, but neither on those Oriental legates, nor in all the combined *étallages* of all the jewellers of Europe and Asia, can be shown so glorious a spectacle as is exhibited daily, and free of cost, to those who will take the trouble to go and look at it. Sow a meadow broadcast with diamonds, edge each grass blade with brilliants, festoon the branches with diamond pendants, and even then you shall fall short of the gorgeous display which each morning is spread before the eye. The dewdrop surpasses the diamond in flashing lustre. I suppose that I might be thought guilty of a pun if I said that it was superior in water—and I have often walked backwards and forwards like a sentinel before a single dewdrop simply to enjoy the marvellous hues of living colours that gleamed from its crystalline depths.

Whether wealthy or poor, whether the proud possessor of prancing steeds, or forced to trust to the natural means of locomotion, visit

the Parks at early morning, for there is no such time again in the day for observation, for freshness, and for enjoyment

Belonging partly to the metropolitan and partly to the rural character, the Parks are valuable as exhibiting instances of wildness and cultivation; and the trees of the forest and the wild flowers of the field contrast beautifully with the rarer but not more beautiful trees, shrubs, and plants brought from a foreign soil. There is, for example, the pretty mezeleon, with its blossoms of bright scarlet, pale pink, or delicate white, the *Pyrus japonica*, with its brilliant little bunches of flowers, contrasting with the sober laurel and the dark-leaved holly. The pretty ribes hangs out its clusters of carmine flowerets amid the soft green leafage, and even the queen of flowers finds a representative in the punky petals of the China rose

The trees are budding fast into their varied foliage, and nearly all have put on their first suit of living greenery, which lasts for so short a time, and so soon deepens into the more solid but less pleasing tints of full development. But the oak is a laggard, and for many a day yet will refuse to put forth its leaves, much to the disgust of the vigilant schoolboy, who is always on the watch, towards King Charles's day, to arm himself with some 'oak,' though it be but half a leaf, and in the strength of that talisman to have the double satisfaction of punching the head or pulling the

hair of an oakless boy, without being subject to retaliation, or pushing a bunch of nettles into his hand, and avoiding the same penalty himself.

Well do I remember the shifts to which we were put at a school where oak trees were scarce, and the northern climate rendered them late in leafing. How we used to rush out at the moment that the feminine Cerberus opened the door! How we clambered up the few oak trees of the neighbourhood, and fought for the scanty crop of leaves! And how, after an unsuccessful foray, I once contrived to evade the impending penalties by cutting a few leaves of elm into the semblance of the real article, and wearing them proudly in my hat

The blue periwinkle trails its fertile runners over the banks, dotted here and there with its pretty azure flowers, the purple violets bloom fragrantly in the shade; while the bold daffodil lifts her head, and flaunts her yellow ribbons in the face of mankind, and here and there the modest dielytra swings her graceful arch of fairy bells, gleaming with crystalline translucency, against their foil of rich green leafage

So, let us not repine even though Spring finds us in London, and not in the country. It is the wisest plan to make the best of everything, and preserve a perpetual Spring in the heart. And we may congratulate ourselves that there is life, and nature, and beauty, even in a Londoner's Spring.



THE HEIRESS OF ELKINGTON.

PART II. (AND LAST.)

'Love is as strong as death, and jealousy is as cruel as the grave.'

SELDOM, we imagine, has the birth of a son and heir, been attended with such melancholy circumstances, as those which ushered the heir of the house of Elkington into this busy, heir-loving world.

The poor baby's mother was dead; his father would have given half his fortune to have been son and heirless, and his sister (or as much of a sister as that one word *step*, leaves of the diluted relative) regarded him as the unwelcome usurper, who had robbed her of her sceptre and her crown.

During the hours in which Mrs Elkington had hovered between life and death, the infant had been almost forgotten, laid by the nurse in his tiny cradle, while she answered the summons of the wailing voice, which was so soon to be silent in the grave.

There, with pink and puckered face, bearing a grotesque resemblance to that of an old man, lay the heir of Elkington, and there, with impotent menace, he doubled his little red fist, and seemed to invite the unknown world, to which he had been so lately introduced, to a personal encounter, and trial of strength, with his baby powers of defence and resistance.

No guns—no bells—no roasted oxen—no fatted calf. The only bell which told the news of his birth, was the bell which announced to the sleeping villagers, that Mr Elkington was a widower for the second time, and that the turbulent reign, which had brought so little joy either to himself or to his dependants, had merged into the annals of the past.

But—there was a change, and a great change—the lovely and beloved Ella Elkington, the proud young heiress, who loved the Priory as she loved her own fresh, vigorous life, was heiress of the Priory no

more. The owner of the pink and puckered face, the possessor of the impotent red fist—that small and puny, that unloved and unlovely babe, represented the house which had boasted no male representative for so many years. If that small atom of humanity, had failed to retain in its grasp the flickering lamp of life—if it had ceased to evince that impotent antagonism against the world at large—if it had nestled to the side of its dead mother, and, smitten by the cold, had died, we could almost find it in our hearts to say that it had been well. Gloom, and doubt, and suspense, if nothing worse, might have cleared away from the brooding sky of fate, and for the heiress, for her father, and for the child, according to human foresight at least, it might once more have been well.

But Providence had ordered otherwise, and the tiny baby lived.

The doctor, and the wet nurse, and the late Mrs Elkington's maid, formed the young potentate's suite. His father seldom saw him; his sister (in whom, as might be supposed, the *step* had the predominance over the relative) did not profess, or feel, any very warm interest in his behalf. She heard from time to time, that the important epochs of tooth-cutting, weaning, walking, and talking were in course of progression; but in the daily routine of her life, it was accident, and not design, that ever threw her and her brother into momentary contact.

When he was about two years old, however, the baby potentate himself, opened negotiations for a peace-footing between the belligerent parties.

'Let me go to sissy,' was his constant cry, when Ella, in all the glow of beauty and rich colouring, fascinated the child's vision, and by that means touched his heart.

It was the *ci-devant* maid, who had taught him to call Ella 'sister,' or 'sussy,' according to the baby reading of the word. She had done it spitefully, to bring the unwelcome relationship into undue prominence, but she had missed her aim, and had failed to gauge the weakness of a noble nature.

Those lisping childish accents, those loving baby caresses, were very sweet to the warmhearted girl! Scarcely acknowledging it to herself, she took to the child from the moment the word passed his lips, and from that time, it was not uncommon to see the 'baby,' as he was always called in the house, toddling in the wake of the tall and stately figure of the sister, whose inheritance he had usurped.

There was at that period a genial influence at work on the sister's life. Experience had taught her the fact, dear to a woman's heart, that in one quarter at least, she had been loved, not for her reputed wealth, but *for herself*. Ernest Blayne had returned from abroad, constant to her charms, not to her gold, and had placed his fate once more in her hands.

He found her capricious as of old—sometimes liking, sometimes detesting, always apparently fickle and coy, but in the mine of that generous heart, he had penetrated at length to the true ore. He knew the treasure that it was, and he knew that it was his own. Ella, in a serious moment, had told him that she loved him, and he knew that it was with all her heart and soul. As they wandered in the glory of their new-found happiness side by side, either in shady groves or sunny chases, their talk sometimes fell upon 'old times,'—upon the dear old times, before fate had cast its shadow over the path of either—of the time when Ella had told Ernest, in the flush of her maiden pride, that she '*could not think of marrying until she came of age.*'

That period had arrived two years ago, and she was Miss Elkington still; but during the interval her lover had been absent earning his laurels on the battle-fields of the East, and she had grown thinner and paler, and had evinced a strange

restlessness foreign to her nature, and an undue anxiety in the perusal of the 'Times.'

Strangers thought that it was the fact of the lost inheritance, which affected her so deeply, but we have every reason to believe that a deeper and a purer grief gnawed at her overburdened heart, and that the canker which preyed upon her 'damask cheek,' was not that of the disappointed greed of wealth.

'When is this to come to an end?' was the question somewhat abruptly proposed to Ella, on the occasion of a delicious September stroll through the grounds of the Priory.

'What do you mean?' said Ella, archly—'our walk? Now, if you like,' she added; and, suiting the action to the words, she chose a mossy seat in the shade of the trees of her own peculiar parterre, where the fountain splashed and the birds sang, as they splashed and sang once long ago, when Ella, in her terrible grief, had bade her lover so fiercely to be gone.

'This engagement of ours, I mean. When am I to speak to your father, Ella? In plain terms, when are you going to marry me?—for I think,' he added, caressingly, 'I think I have earned you now.'

'When am I going to marry you?—that is rather reversing the order of things, Erny. I am not an heiress now, so am not to be expected to do my share of the courting business, to put your sensitive pride at its ease, and now really I think you may talk of marrying me.'

'Well, that is what I am talking of, is it not?—only you will always take a fello' up so, Nelly, and you are so awfully clever, that when you do that, you always make him look like a fool.'

'Don't give me all the credit of that, either—let poor Nature have her just due,' said Ella, gazing, at the same time, with pride at the handsome face beaming with affection for her, and which she had seen so often in her dreams, when the cold cloud of war, hung in death-like silence over the land, and whose threatening aspect was the harder to bear, for those, who dared not evince the desperate anxiety, which made

their hearts a living sepulchre indeed.

'Let me speak to him to-day I have come into my fortune now, Nell, and can actually offer to settle some ten thousand pounds, upon the born heiress to half a million. I say, Nelly, can you ever forgive my poor sister?—or the little chap?' he added, shyly. It was the first time in all their talk, that they had approached the subject of the lost inheritance.

'The baby,' said Ella, rather drily, 'of course I forgive him. He is very fond of me everybody knows that.'

'And nobody wonders at it, I imagine. But, seriously, you don't wish him to have the measles, or the whooping cough, or any of the ills that little kids are heir to, do you?' And then, perceiving that she looked pale and shocked, he added, 'I'm only joking, of course. Don't look so horrified, Nell.'

Perhaps his words had struck some evil chord that had long been silent in Ella's heart, for she had then no suspicion of any serious meaning in them on his part.

Before the 'baby' had called her 'sissy'—before he had stretched his little mottled arms to be taken into hers—before, before that tacit understanding of the establishment of a peace-footing between her and her brother, had grown from a shadow into a thing, perhaps the thought *had* occasionally flitted across Ella's mind that such ills as Ernest had mentioned did exist. That the 'son and heir' was an ailing, delicate child, was a fact openly discussed in the village, where his advent had been anything but welcome, and where his dead mother had been hated, as much as his sister was cherished and beloved.

'She's a sweet young lady, she be,' said a labourer's wife one day as Ella passed the cottage, with the baby by her side in the pony-carriage, 'to think on her taking to that child, who has been and robbed her loike! There's not many on us who could do *that*.'

On that auspicious day Ella had been driving to the station, to meet Ernest Blayne, after two years' separation. The whole world was a

radiant world to her, for she had received ample proof of her soldier's constant affection; and the child, who had proved him disinterested, was a usurper and a *step*-brother no longer in her eyes.

In fact Ella had been very happy—so happy, that she wished for no change. and Captain Blayne's natural wish to defer their marriage no longer, was to be indulged, for his sake rather than for hers.

As they strolled towards the house she said, 'As you are so tiresome, Erny, I will give you an answer to-day. I am going in for an hour now, but I will be at the fountain in an hour from this time. In the meanwhile you can go to the stables, and see if the groom has properly bandaged the horse's leg that was sprained yesterday. My poor father cannot see into things as he used to do.'

As she entered the house at the drawing-room window, she met the child and his nurse, the former catching sight of the retreating figure of his uncle, cried to go to him, and Ella called to 'Uncle Erny' to look after the child while she wrote her letters, and settled accounts for her father.

So, clasping his big uncle's first finger with his small hand, the child toddled off to see 'sissy's gold fish,' which he was accustomed to feed with crumbs of bread. As the pair moved off, the thought flashed across Ella's mind, as thoughts the least welcome will sometimes do—'Why did Ernest ask if I had forgiven the child? Is it possible that he regrets the inheritance?' And then, although she hated herself for the thought, she remembered all that Mrs. Elkington had told her of her brother's being fond of money, and that he had always expressed himself, as bent upon marrying an heiress.

It is a curious fact, that when our feelings have been wound up to the highest pitch of which they are capable, they are the most liable to the action of the depression of an unfavourable mental atmosphere. We reject the idea of medium; and the hero of yesterday, if he cannot be a hero to-day, must be a villain or a blackguard of the deepest dye.

'I have been disappointed in So-and-so,' is a sentence more often in the lips of people who possess an ardent, enthusiastic temperament, than in those of the steady-going, practical men or women, who only judge by what they see, and build up no visionary temples of perfection, on a basis of whose strength they have not had full and positive proof.

Now the Ernest Blayne whom Ella loved, and, as a natural consequence in one of her temperament, whom she worshipped, was not the real, living, tangible Ernest Blayne, that he appeared to the rest of the world to be. That gallant young officer had, it is true, many prepossessing qualities, but he was not by any means of an heroic nature; and to exalt him into a hero, was to do him a bitter injustice—to judge him by the height of a standard, to which he could never attain.

When Mrs Elkington said that he was fond of money, and that he had expressed his determination of marrying an heiress, she said a little more and a little less than the truth. That he was fond of the comforts and luxuries which wealth procures was true, but it was *not true* that he was fond of acquiring or saving money, or that he had said more upon the subject of marrying an heiress, than every penniless young man says jokingly to a friend or brother officer when more than usually 'hard up,' or extravagantly inclined. But, at the same time, we do not attempt to deny, that he rejoiced exceedingly in the prospect of Ella's reputed wealth, and that the fate which robbed her of it, had been to him a very bitter blow indeed.

If this revelation, which as faithful chroniclers we are bound to make, should detract from the interest which our reader feels in the man, let him throw the constancy and honest faith to the object beloved, in spite of unpropitious circumstances, into the opposite scale. He never wavered in his love for an instant. That it was not in his nature, to give up her wealth without a pang, was in itself the test of the warmth and the depth of his devotion, for his honour would not have been in-

olved, had he deserted her, after the fierce rejection to which his ill-timed intrusion, had once subjected him.

But in Ella's eyes, he had been an unmitigated hero, and the unwilling doubt having once been entertained against this view of the question, made her wretched and unhappy. 'Does he, then, so much regret the child's birth, that he asks me if I have forgiven him? God help me!' she said to herself, while her lips quivered with emotion, 'I could forgive him anything, everything, but his making me doubt Ernest.'

Ella's character was an intricate, and therefore a deceptive one. Under a sparkling, frothy surface, there ran the deep still waters of strong and passionate emotion, which, themselves unseen, started her being to the centre. They formed the dangerous element in her nature, because they were suspected by none but those who had known her from childhood, before the veil of reticence had been flung over them, and concealed them from all human eyes.

Her feelings were of so antagonistic a character, that she was never very long at peace with herself. She was self-tormenting, from the strength of her love, and the hour which she had told Ernest, was to be devoted to letter-writing and account-keeping, was spent in her room upon her knees—not in prayer, but because the posture is natural to those a prey to contending feelings, as though without utterance, they would cast themselves on His mercy who, in such wild moments of storm and blackness, can alone say, 'Peace, be still.'

At the end of the time appointed for the meeting, which would place her hand and her liberty in the keeping of another for ever, Ella rose from her knees, bathed her face, smoothed her nut-brown hair, and wandered out in the direction of the fountain, where the compact, hitherto tacitly acknowledged, was to be signed and sealed.

Much to her astonishment, although five minutes past the time, she was there first.

She seated herself on the marble

rim of the basin, and, bending over the water, splashed it over her hands, and was bending down to cool her burning head in the same manner, when her eye was caught by something white floating on the opposite side to where she sat.

She looked again, and saw with horror the pink surface of a mottled arm, floating on the water, and then a child's face, and long golden hair revealed itself to her vision, with the terrible tardiness with which the sight takes in an unexpected and overwhelming horror.

The little drenched dress, the floating hair, the mottled arm, were beyond her unaided reach. She shrieked wildly for help, while her staring eyeballs and ghastly face, proclaimed the terror at her heart. Her presence of mind did not altogether forsake her. She flew to a shed where she kept her gardening tools, and there, groping feebly amongst flowerpots and garden matting, she found the old gardener, who had served her father for thirty years, and who was the only person privileged to enter and tend Miss Elkington's private garden. She took him by the arm, which trembled with age or palsy like an aspen leaf, and gasped out—

'The child, Johnson!—the child!—he is drowning in the fountain! Give me a rake—oh, for God's mercy's sake, be quick!—quick!'

She seized the rake, and returned once more to the fountain, only to rescue the little dead body, and to clasp it, cold and lifeless, in her warm, tender arms. The poor sickly child—the motherless babe—the unloved son—the step-brother—the son and heir—his little lamp of life was gone out for evermore, and Ella Elkington stood horrorstruck and despair-smitten, with the little pale corpse in her arms.

And with a fearful distinctness, with some unrecognized meaning, came the words to her lips 'And where is Ernest?' They had surged and eddied in her heart, until they rose like a blight, and blanched her white lips in their utterance; but the frail old gardener heard them, and, touching her arm with his trembling hand, he said—

'Don't ask, miss—don't ask. For God's sake, let the captain go!'

And then Ella fainted away. When she came to herself the captain *was* gone—when she came to herself it was to find her home decimated her father struck with a long-threatened stroke of paralysis—her brother dead—her lover worse than dead—to be in that stricken heart as though he had never been.

She was heiress of Elkington once more, and she was also the most wretched and despairing woman that could bear her grief and live. She dared ask no question, for she imagined that the whole neighbourhood was ringing with the news of her lover's guilt. She bore the agonizing suspense in silence for a while, and then, with the bravery of despair, she turned to the doctor, who was trying to impose silence upon those who surrounded the bed where she lay, and said—

'What has been discovered about the child? How did it happen?'

'The gardener has explained,' was the reply. 'He takes all the blame upon himself, and says that he was left in charge of the child by Captain Blayne, and that, missing him, he imagined he had run back to the house, and thought no more of him until he saw you.'

To an attentive listener, and there *was* one most bitterly and most vitally interested, it would have appeared as though that grave, earnest man, whose lips were white, and whose tones solemn, were supplying a cue to some criminal on a question of life or death. His hand was on his patient's pulse, as he gave the information requested—his eyes were bent sternly on the poor white face.

'Oh, don't worry her now about the child, poor dear,' said officious Mrs. Bouncer, who was swelling with the importance of being the woman to be looked to, on such a momentous occasion. 'Tell her about her poor papa, and divert her mind a bit.'

If a glance could have slain, Mrs. Bouncer's end had been achieved by the doctor's withering frown.

'I must insist upon your leaving the room,' he said; and then, with—

out further ado, he escorted Mrs. Bouncer with much politeness to the door, while he murmured under his breath, to the well-meaning but silly woman, 'How can you be such a fool?'

Before the proper answer to so personal and startling a question had suggested itself to Mrs. Bouncer's mind Ella had started to her feet, trembling from head to foot, livid, crazed-looking.

'Papa!' she said—'who said that about papa? Let me go to him. Is he murdered too?'

If Dr James had in any way compromised matters with his own conscience—if he was privy to or conniving at any guilt, he was amply punished at that moment. With three gaping maids round the bed, and one incensed one within ear-shot, Miss Elkington had asked 'if papa was murdered too?'

He took his place once more at her side. In one short moment, he had cast a backward glance at his long experience with regard to the strongest passion in the human breast, and he decided upon sacrificing the greater to the less—to assure her of her lover's safety, and then to brave the rest.

'Mr Elkington is ill,' he said, quietly, 'and Captain Blayne has gone to town by the express train, for further advice. Directly he heard Johnson's confession he set off, and I shall write to him not to return at present: it will be best for all.'

Was the little gurgling sound in Ella's throat a moan of grief, or a sigh of some burden removed? The doctor knew best: he had studied human nature from the book of living human hearts, at bay with the bloodhounds of death—he knew which it was. He seemed again to have been supplying some missing link, in the chain of some terrible evidence.

'Let me go to my father,' said Ella, after a little pause; 'my place is with him now.'

The doctor did not oppose her wish. Perhaps he too was glad to break up an interview, which was so painful to all. He gave Miss Elkington his arm, and took her at once to her father's room.

That room for many months she never left, but for the brief intervals required for rest or repose.

The remains of the poor baby had been laid in the stately Elkington vault, the necessary inquest had been held, and the verdict of accidental death returned, based upon the evidence of the gardener, who with heartbreaking sobs bewailed his carelessness, and declared that 'he never had e'er a thought, but that the little un had run home.'

With a reprimand he was dismissed, but the servants declared that he never held up his head again. He had been a very shrewd old man, whose principal characteristics had been a love for his master and mistress, passing the love of women, and unmitigated selfishness with regard to everything else in the world. 'The family' first, himself next, his God, and the rest of creation, nowhere. But that faithful, redeeming love, had met with its due reward. Johnson was trusted, esteemed, and treated with warm regard by those whom he served. He had reaped the harvest of which he had sown the seed. If it had been with a shortsighted prudence, still here he had had his reward.

People said he was brokenhearted at the loss of the son and heir, whose importance he had always maintained; although the young mistress was in reality the most cherished idol that his old heart knew. 'Still an heir was an heir,' he would say; and, doubtless with a view to aggravating his wife, who was older than himself, and whom he had married for her 'bit of money,' anything was better than property passing into the hands of women folk.

And if Johnson was brokenhearted, what terms are left us to describe what Ella endured during the long watches in her father's dying room? The awful meaning implied in the words, 'Don't ask, miss—don't ask. Let the captain go'—still lay on her heart, and held it to the earth like a vice.

'Oh Ernest! Ernest!' she had muttered once in the depth of her anguish, while her father slept the heavy sleep, the shadow of the sleep of death, 'Oh Ernest! Ernest!' and

before the words had passed the fortress, generally impregnable, of her stony lips, she felt that she was betrayed; she was conscious of the presence of a stranger, and lifting her eyes in alarm, she met those of the white-haired, saintly old man—the rector of the parish of Elkington, who had held her in his arms at the font, and who had seen her budding into girlhood, and blossoming into womanhood, with the interest of a father, and a priest. Latterly, she had repulsed all his attempts to win her confidence, in a way which had made his benevolent heart bleed, and now that she had unconsciously betrayed the sorrow that lurked at her heart, she stood before him, whiter than statuary marble, paralyzed, trembling, glaring at him with her wild, fierce eyes.

‘Forgive me, Miss Elkington,’ he said, with the tender dignity which was natural to him, ‘if I have unwillingly overheard your words. Forgive me, and let me bring you comfort. I have a message from my Master, to the brokenhearted and the sorrowful. Ella, I have held you in these arms when you were a helpless babe—you looked up in my face and smiled, when you were older, and you thought yourself injured or ill-used, it was to the old man that you turned for comfort and redress. Have I lost the power which is all in all to one in my profession—the power to comfort, to console? Trust me once more, dear child, and I will not betray the trust.’

The homely words went home to the bruised, weary heart, ‘Trust me once more, dear child.’ Poor Ella! whom had she to trust? to whom could she turn but to him, whom God had sent to guide her steps and keep her feet in the weary, weary road she had to tread until she died? With a broken sob that leapt from her heart to meet his friendly words, she flung herself on the old man’s breast, and when she had wept there, as she had not wept before, since she heard the fatal sentence which told her of her lover’s guilt, she said, ‘I will trust you, sir, to the uttermost. I will trust you with the burden of my life, for I can bear it no longer alone and live.’ Then kissing her

sleeping father on the forehead, she said solemnly to the old man, whose eyes were full of tears, ‘Come with me, and I will tell you all,’ and she took his hand and led him to a room where there was no chance of interruption, and kneeling at his feet, with her long brown hair all loose over her shame-stricken face, she told him the story of the crime.

And then with a change of mood natural to her, she sprang suddenly to her feet, and tossing her long hair from her face, she stood before him with an air of defiance, and said, ‘And now I know what your comfort will be, you will bid me betray him, you will talk of justice, of conscience, of guilt to be punished, and mercy to be forsworn. You will say, inform against this man, this murderer,’ but she added with concentrated energy, and with a fixed, determined look of resolution, ‘I will not. Man has no right to avenge guilt, it is more than avenged here;’ and placing her hand upon her heart, she awaited her sentence—the personification of mute despair.

The old man rose from his seat, and said, slowly and distinctly, ‘Child, I judge no man, the secrets of confession are safe with me. The conscience of that most miserable man will be a punishment greater than he can bear, but,’ he added, solemnly, ‘you cannot enjoy the fruits of crime. When you come into your inheritance, you will dedicate your wealth to God, or the blood of that little child will surely cry to him from the very ground.’

‘That is my intention, sir,’ she said, ‘my life and my wealth, myself and my inheritance, to wash out the remembrance of the bitter crime.’

‘Not yours,’ was the stern reply; ‘you forget whose life, and whose inheritance were the price of a sinner’s blood. Not yours, my child—not yours.’

And the wretched girl, broken with suffering, racked upon the wheel of never-ceasing remorse, of poisoned love, and of weary concealment, fell once more weeping at his feet, crying, ‘Speak kindly to me, speak kindly to me, or I shall die.’

It was a prayer not likely to be

made in that quarter in vain. The aged priest raised her from the ground, and spoke calm, blessed words of consolation, which fell upon her heart like dew, 'and when we have done all this,' he ended by saying, 'you must seek this wretched man, and endeavour to save him'

So ended that eventful day, and Ella was comparatively at peace. He had not commanded her in God's name to betray him. The justice of Heaven did not demand his life at her hands 'Thank God!' she murmured, 'thank God!'

All noticed the change in Miss Elkington's demeanour, from the grave doctor who always watched her, to the hospital nurse, who took Ella's post during the few hours which she snatched from her long watch, to devote to sleep or refreshment.

'She is as gentle as a lamb now,' said the latter to Dr. James, who had casually cautioned her against thwarting Miss Elkington in one of her irritable moods, 'I don't know what's come to her, she is never in a tantrum now'

'I know that she has changed,' said the physician, 'but I don't know how long it may last'

It lasted longer than he had believed possible, and it seemed likely that it would last for life. Ella was gentle, patient, calm, often in tears, but tears that were no longer concealed, often on her knees, often at the rectory, often in the village, where her visits were looked upon as those of a ministering angel, and often at the church, playing in the twilight soft organ music, while she pondered on the great truths of redemption and forgiveness of sins.

One evening when she had lingered longer than usual in the holy building, she was surprised to find Johnson, the old gardener, at the church porch as she came out. Naturally spare and thin, he seemed shrunk almost to a shadow, his hand trembled so that the stout ash stick which supported him, beat a tattoo upon the stone floor of the porch, and he said to her pitifully, and as she thought, catching at her dress as she passed, 'Oh, I be bad, miss, I be bad, I be going very

fast: come and see me to-morrow, miss, for I shall never go up t' house no more'

'Why, what is the matter, Johnson?' said Ella, kindly, while a shudder passed through her frame, when she remembered that the old man had saved Ernest by the crime of perjuring himself, 'shall I send you anything from the house?'

'Yes, if you please, miss, but nothing will put the life into me again. I'm used up, the watch has stopped, I feels, and not all the doctors in England will set it a ticking again'

'Have you seen the doctor?' said Ella, anxiously, for Dr James's manner had been so peculiar of late, that she entertained some undefined dread of him, and would willingly have prevented a collision between him and old Johnson.

'No, but I was a going to ask you, miss, to let him step in to-night, after he's seen the master, for I knows I be going fast'

If eyes can speak, Ella's said to the old man, 'Do you mean to betray him?' but he gave no answering sign, perhaps in that dim twilight, those eloquent eyes had no meaning for him, and Ella dared not put the thought in words.

At ten o'clock the same night, just as Ella was repairing to her father's room, to keep her self-imposed nightly watch, her maid met her with the information that Dr James had been to see the old man, Johnson, and that he wished, if possible, to see Miss Elkington at once.

'Certainly,' was the reply, 'ask him up. I will see him here before I go to papa'

But to her astonishment, Dr. James, in reply, sent a scrap of paper, on which was written, 'It is a matter of importance, pray come to the library.'

Ella's cheek blanched; she knew where he had been, she remembered, with a throb of pain, the secret which the old man possessed. She had already written an earnest note to the rector to be with him at once, and now, perhaps, it was too late, perhaps in delirium the secret had escaped his lips. She felt like a criminal as she answered the doctor's summons.

'You wish to see me, Dr. James,' she said, with as much calmness as she could command

'Yes, madam,' he replied, 'Johnson, the gardener, is dying, and he wishes to see you, and—' he added, with hesitation, 'he has also asked for Captain Blayne, can you give me his address?'

'He is with his regiment at —,' said Ella, with a superhuman effort, 'he must be telegraphed for, I will go at once.'

'There is no immediate danger,' said the doctor, rather coldly, 'let me advise you to wrap up.'

But Ella had fled before the words were out of his mouth. With a shawl wrapped hastily about her, another minute found her at the door of the rectory, asking eagerly for the rector.

'He is gone to the lodge, miss, to see old Johnson,' said the astonished housekeeper, 'he was sent for an hour ago.' To the lodge, then with burning brow and aching heart Ella followed him, and, as she stood a moment on the threshold of the door she gave up one life still dear to her, notwithstanding its guilt, as lost to her for evermore.

'Oh, my God, Thou hast forsaken me!' she murmured, and passed in.

The sight that presented itself was indeed a pitious one. The old man was wandering, and plucking feebly at the bed-clothes, but as Ella entered, he started and glared at her wildly.

'And where's the captain?' he said, 'I sent for the captain, too, where is he? I must have both of 'em here.'

'What do you want to say to me?' said Ella, in hollow accents, 'what do you want to say about the captain? speak.'

'Patience, my dear, patience,' said the rector, pleadingly, 'he is in no state to speak to you now. Have patience, and trust in God.'

'I do trust, I have trusted,' said Ella, stonily, 'but He has forsaken me now.'

'Not so, my child, He never forsakes. Go home now; you are of no use here to-night, to-morrow, Dr. James says that he will be himself again, there is no immediate danger, I have taken upon myself to tele-

graph for Captain Blayne. Go home now—go home and pray.'

And Ella went home and spent that weary night, as she had been told to do, in prayer. In the morning she felt strangely calm, she had so much to bear that day, and yet some secret voice within, against the suggestions of reason, spoke to her of peace.

She remained at her father's side until the good rector came for her, and then leaning heavily on his arm, in her strong youth actually supported by that feeble stay, she set out for the lodge, where she felt that her doom was to be sealed. Her companion, who knew when to speak and when to be silent, said no word to her until actually addressed.

'Do you think he will come?' she said.

'He is come,' was the answer; and he added, in a low voice, 'he appears strangely agitated.'

No other words passed between them, and in a few minutes the two who had loved each other so well stood face to face, in solemn expectancy, at the bedside of death.

There, with awful distinctness, and with unflinching voice, the minister of God called upon the dying man 'to declare the truth in the presence of that assembled group, whose presence he had so eagerly demanded, as he hoped for mercy at the hand of God.'

'Take it down in writing, sir,' gasped the old man, whose breath was terribly laboured, and whose voice was thick, and only audible in that awful silence.

And then a strong and strangely sounding voice broke the stillness of the room of death, and it said, 'For God's sake take her away, have you brought her here to kill her? let me pass,' and Ernest Blayne flung off a detaining hand that was laid upon his arm, took Miss Elkington's hand in his, and made as though he would have led her away.

'No, Ernest,' she said, firmly, and raising her eyes to his, 'I do not shrink from this last trial; I have borne more than this.' And then she put her hand within his, and said, 'I will stand by you still.'

He looked amazed, bewildered at the innocence and dignity of her demeanour, and turning to the clergyman, said, 'We are ready, sir, it is time that this cruel enigma should be solved, let that dying villain do his worst.'

'Silence!' said the rector, sternly; and then turning to the dying man, he said, 'Speak now, and as you love your departing soul, speak nothing but the solemn truth.'

'I will, sir, I will I sent for them that I might speak the truth, to tell them, that, as I am a dying sinner, *I did it* I killed the little 'un I left him in the water. Oh, God, have mercy on my sinful soul! I did it. And I told her it was the captain, and I told the captain it was her. I knowed human natur', I knowed *them two* would keep it dark. The captain took the little chap back in his arms, and put him in at the window, soon as winkin', when the captain went t' stable, he was back again, back to the fountain to feed the fish he toppled over and fell in, and I let 'un be I let the little 'un be, and he was *drowned dead*. Then it came over me that I was a murderer I went into Miss Ella's garden-house, and the tempter came to me, and said, Keep it dark and then Miss Ella came crazed and mad like, and the tempter said, Say 'twas the captain (here Ella felt her companion start, and his strong frame quiver with emotion, and she swooned off, and the captain came, and the tempter said, Say 'twas her And the doctor saw me and the captain a-talking, and he suspected sommut, and he sent the captain off to fetch a London chap t' old master, who was took bad and the captain left me a letter for Miss Ella, and I took and read it, and it said, Shall I come back ever again? and I burnt it, and said to myself, "No, never no more, the heiress of Elkington should look higher than the likes of you" For it was for her to be heress again that I let the little 'un be, that I took and lost my own wretched soul I alls loved her best, but it was never like the old times again, never no more And this is my declaration and the solemn truth, sir, as I hope for mercy on my wretched

soul. I did not put the little chap in, but I let 'un be, I let 'un be'

'Clear the room,' said the doctor, as the old man's head fell back upon the pillow, 'clear the room, this is no place for you, madam, you must go' But Ella did not hear; she had sunk slowly on her knees, and with clasped hands and glazed eyes, had listened to the awful revelation like a woman in a waking trance

'You must come with me, my love,' said Ernest, stooping and kissing her reverently on the forehead, 'you must come with me'

And rising from her knees, and putting her arm within his, she instinctively obeyed him those two had, indeed, passed through a fiery furnace of trial, to be restored to one another at last

The old man, with wily craft, had taken in his situation at a glance. The temptation had been too strong to resist, when he saw the little life which alone stood between his cherished mistress and 'the property,' drop of itself, as it were, into eternity. He let him be, as he expressed it, and then the consciousness of deadly guilt sharpened his naturally shrewd wit, and suggested a plan by which he could effectually keep it dark He told 'her it was the captain,' and he 'told the captain it was her,' and the natural consequences of fight upon his part, and silence upon hers, confirmed his accusation in the minds of each

Dr James had suspected some connivance between Captain Blayne and the gardener, having mistaken the letter which he had confided to him for Miss Elkington, for money, but without further grounds to go upon, and in the state of affliction in which the family was plunged, he resolved only to watch and wait, and the evidence given by Johnson at the inquest was considered conclusive by the somewhat incompetent jury, summoned hastily to attend at the Priory.

The hours of fiery trial, which the crime of one wretched man had brought to two faithful hearts, had purified and elevated both Ella's proud and rebellious heart had humiliated itself in the supposed guilt of one in whom her very exist-

ence was merged and blended; and to Ernest, the revulsion of feeling of knowing his intended bride, not only innocent of crime, but pure and spotless as a saint, formed the basis of love stronger than death, and made him an eager participator in the wish expressed by Ella, to de-

vote a large portion of her boundless wealth to charity and good works, so that in the whole country side there is no name held in more reverence, or spoken of with more affection, than that of the once proud, reserved, and little understood Heiress of Elkington.

A PHASE OF WOMAN'S WORK

THERE is one work which women do for all but exceptional men, which is apt to be undervalued in after life. Of the mother's work, and the wife's work, either from natural affection or conventional acquiescence, we speak seriously and gratefully, but the link which joined the two, and without which the mother's work would have been in a certain degree sterile, and the wife's could hardly have been wrought, we pass over with a notice which is half contemptuous, though seldom unkind.

Now, without exacting too serious a cast of countenance, rather inviting a smile, and not forbidding even a dash of banter, we would bid you just think what you owe to your first love. A good many very pleasurable hours, you will say, and perhaps as many which at the time seemed very wretched; the inspiration of a few rhymes which you would now think very silly, if you had not long since forgotten all about them, the expenditure of a vast amount of precious time upon a personal appearance which you have now got to think somewhat less important, and—well, very little else. Yes, dear sir, if you be human, very much else. Of course we are assuming that you did not marry your first love; if you did that, you are an exceptional, and, not improbably, a disappointed man, with whom we have nothing more to do. To another we say—To her you owe a very essential part of your education and development. Who was it that tided you over the horrible period of hobbydehoyhood, and

landed you *homme fait*? Who expanded and trained all your school-boy notions of gentlemanly bearing and honourable feeling? Who developed those delicate perceptions of fitness, those little niceties of appreciation, which, as a gentleman, you would not for the world be without? Assuredly your mother laid the foundation of them, and let us hope that your wife reaps the fruits of them, but your first love was the sun that expanded and gave them an impulse.

Those rhymes you used to write were very absurd, unless for the purpose which they fulfilled, they had no pretensions to be poetry, except as between you and her, but had you ever before, have you ever since, done so much with equal singleness of motive—have you ever felt devotion as real and as disinterested before or since? Perhaps you have—but has it been quite as fresh and unspotted? It may have been more vigorous and mature, it may have been quite as worthy, but has it been on the whole quite as beautiful?

This, however, has all passed away—not so its mark upon the character. You must be the better for having once tasted what was truly good,—the more refined, for having once been pervaded by an influence so refining,—more delicate in your perceptions of what causes pain and pleasure to others, for having once had your own susceptibilities so healthily exercised, all unseared, as they then were, by contact with the world. Verily those hours were not wasted. Look back now, and try whether

you cannot recollect having been conscious, with a sort of wonder, of the change that was being wrought in you. Can you not remember your own surprise and delight at the new and wondrously-expanded conception you suddenly gained of so much that was fresh, and beautiful, and noble?

Looking philosophically at all this, we shall almost be inclined to theorize upon 'calf-love,' as being a provision of nature for perfecting the development of one, and perhaps (but that we leave to feminine experience) both of the sexes.

We know that marriages which spring out of these first loves are rarely happy, we know, too, that in those cases where the man seems to have lived through his youth without a love, the married life is often as sorry a venture. Would it then be far wrong to say, that in the former case, the mischief has arisen from the perversion of what should have been a preparatory training, and in the latter from that training never having been gone through? The fact is, that the youth needs to undergo a variety of moulding and polishing processes, sundry sharp angles have to be rounded off—here a concert and there an absurdity has to be pared away—this or that latent point of character has to be brought out or strengthened. And all this must be done while the creature's ways and tendencies are in a plastic state, before crabbed knots have formed themselves in his character, while he is still diffident, and still sensitive about feminine criticism. If he have been left to himself at this critical period, in vain thereafter may the poor wife toil to straighten out, and smooth, and polish, all that is gnarled, and rough, and uneven in his ways. Even worse off is the luckless girl who hastily marries an untutored lad in his first love. A woman will bear to be ruled, even with a rigid sceptre, but from a sway that is at once wayward and feeble, petulant and overweening, imperious and childish, she infallibly revolts. She will begin by playing with it, go on to ridicule it, then to despise it, and

finally she will either break away from it, or by a *coup d'état* subvert it, and install her own dominion in its place. And of the two *séouvements* we know not which will render her the more wretched.

Thus, although possibly we shall be incurring the contempt and ire of some very worthy young men and women by saying so, we are not indisposed to look upon first love as a sort of preparatory school for the matrimonial college. But we would not stop there, nor limit to this its scope and influence. Rather we almost reverence it, as that which gives tone and warmth to the outset of life, lighting up the heart with charity, and so fitting it to go forth into the cold, hard world before it. It is well that the lad's nature should first feel the influence of the principle of love, distrust and craft, coldness and ill, will press about it soon enough. Let it first have a glimpse of at least the dream of what is noble, and beautiful, and pure, before it has to face the reality of baseness, and degradation, and deformity. Surely it will then the less easily become infidel as to the existence of good.

It would be a curious task to trace the first loves of great men. Who will write a book about them? Let him bring to the work a pure heart and a gentle nature,—one apt to discern little half-concealed lovelinesses of soul. A woman could not do it. She would, indeed, be quick to appreciate nuances of feeling and emotion, but she would not grasp the subject—first love is not to a woman what it is to a man. How of the first loves of the giants—of the men of iron will and unflinching nerve—of the cold critical men of intellect—of those whose only after love was science, or statecraft, or poetry, or war—or of the gentle, shy, yet noble natures whose inner life was the only one which they truly lived? Then the poor erring ones, the bad plotting ones, the dark-dealing ones, did they once come pure to worship purity, or did they soil and taint even those bright paths with their ill?

But we promised that you should

not have to put on too grave a face if you would listen, let us laugh then, only let it not be cynically. You shall not ridicule the youth, for he is in earnest, and nothing that is honest and earnest is truly ridiculous. It must be confessed that he is *gauche*; but then, a while ago, he had not even awoke to the self-consciousness which is as yet his stumbling-block, but which will before long give place to modest self-respect. To you he may appear insufferably stupid, because he is wholly absorbed in himself and her, but then he was before incapable of being absorbed in anything, he had hardly known a feeling so deep that half an hour among his comrades would not have sufficed to efface it. Nor are the time and energy all wasted. He is insensibly gaining tact and manner which no amount of study or exertion could procure him and, if she be what true English maidens are wont to be, he will not dare to come before her a *foué*, he will dream, but he will work too, and perhaps, as they say it is with the somnambulists, he will work harder in his dreams than when the awakening comes, the love throws a halo round the toil, and turns drudgery into a triumph.

In other ways she will be his good angel. With her he will not fear the bugbear of ridicule for an honest sense of religion. She will help him not to be ashamed to be reverent, and that requires no little courage in a youth. There are very few lads who, with the eyes of their companions upon them, will dare simply and humbly to kneel down and take a real part in an act of religious worship. Yet by her side it is done frankly and naturally enough, and somehow the higher blends with the human love—an ineffable link seems to join this on earth to that in heaven—the poetry of the one worship strangely mingled with that of the other, and testifies that both are pure, and—dare we say it?—in essence one.

It is not every girl that is fitted to be and to do all this. There are hundreds of well-looking young women who have never been first loves. Well, let them console them-

selves, they will perhaps the sooner be wives, for the qualifications of the wife and the lady-love are by no means identical. There are girls who have served to train the aspirations, and to form the characters, of half a dozen young men in succession, who will yet probably die old maids. But, if it be so, they will not have been useless members of the social system. Some girls seem never to have a lover but of this class, they will begin at thirteen and go on to thirty-five, always with some youth under their training. We think no worse of them for it, there is very little guile about them. They are distinct from the race of mere flirts or coquettes; they are a much more estimable, though less brilliant set of lasses. Your trained belles will have nothing to say to overgrown boys, nor do the lads much affect them, they seldom choose a girl of deeply-marked character, almost never one of the strong-minded type. They rather cling to one of a gentle and somewhat lymphatic temperament, sufficiently romantic, but romantic, so to speak, in a vague and unpractical way, not absolutely bold, boldness jars with the refinement of first love, not too coy, that does not suit its timidity. Her own spring dreams must not have been laid aside, she must have a touch of enthusiasm in her nature, and a still unshaken belief in the power and poetry of true love. She may have seen the last of her teens, and yet not have lost all this, it is strange how long certain minds retain this tone of feeling. It comes to them in their spring-tide, and they preserve its dried semblance when its season is long past, they seem in a manner to conventionalize it, and so it lives on in them, not because it has much depth. Perhaps, on the contrary, it is because their impressions are so vague and shadowy, that they are so slowly dispelled, and so long in changing their cast there is nothing tangible for sober experience and hard facts to sweep away or to transform. Again we repeat that we think no ill of this type of women; if they were not in the man guileless, they

could not fulfil the part they do : we even go beyond this — yes, seriously, we honour them if their sphere has not all the dignity of the matron's, it is one of very disinterested usefulness, if they are not in will, and consciously, self-sacrificed to the work, they are so in deed. Very little reward does it bring them beyond the happiness which is inseparable from the experience of some very guileless emotions, and the barren, though real satisfaction of having been the object of some very pure, and, for the time, very deep affection the lads, for whom they have done so much, will rarely appreciate, or even recognize it. They will look back upon this as a last and pleasant episode of boyhood perhaps, at times, they will be conscious of a

little uneasy feeling of wishing— they hardly know why—that Mary, or Jane, or Kate, were married, but that is all. Nor do we surmise that the girl philosophizes about it much more deeply if, after all, she marries, she will only sometimes think over the old days pleasantly, and smile sagely to remember what silly children they two were; and if chronic spinsterhood come upon her, we cannot expect more than that she should not grow querulous and ill-natured when she looks back from winter-tide upon those days of spring, whose summer and autumn were not.

Yet our impression remains the same—that hers has not been the most unworthy phase of woman's work.

J. H.

ABOUT FLOWERS AND THEIR FASHIONS—

Old and New.

' Radiant sister of the day,
Awake! arise, and come away—
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun
Where the lawns and pastimes be
And the sand-hills of the sea,
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new.'

WHY do spring breezes bring with them such fragrant freights of flowers? Why do we all begin with the first days of spring to cherish them? I wonder if it is that we all in our hearts are half children. The delight has scarce yet died out, wherewith we hailed the larch-buds, the joyous shout still lives that told of the cuckoo's song. Where is it that one reads of the spring that comes always new? No matter how gray the old earth, the blush of the flowers blooms over it; the dried-up branches blossom into

garlands and wreaths of May; the clematis hangs on the hedge, and the 'musk' of the roses is blown; the copses light up with primroses, and in cowslips we tell the spots, the bluebells seem as the sky upbreking through the turf, and once again the old world is arrayed in her new spring robes.

Easter well comes in spring—type of one spring made lasting, when all the springs are over.

What days of joy spring recalls! it is a new pleasure that comes each year new to all. Even into the town

a breath of the spring will blow, seeming to town sojourners as a gale from a land far off, that comes all flower-laden across the sea so far—that early morning fragrance of

'Meadows in the street.'

There is something very pleasant in the sight of unseen flowers. How often in country drives do we long to stop the carriage and explore for ourselves the hedges from whence come those wafts of scent! Children who 'know of fields' in which the banks are violets, really become quite restless with the craving to peep through hedges to me it was the one drawback in many a pleasant drive, we could not even stop to gather each cluster we saw. Such are among the griefs which seem to be pleasant troubles.

My first work to-day, however, must be of a business nature.

Fires are nearly over our rooms wear their summer dress we turn to the grate for old habit sake, and cold steel and gilt scraps meet our eyes. We think of old fragrant 'beau-pots,' and of branches of sweet gay lilac—we long for the fringe of laburnums—for the bright pearly buds of the may.

And old fashions are coming in again, improved and refreshed by long rest. I shall ask no forgiveness for writing *such* 'upholstery'—the upholstery of the spring woods, when they dress the land in tapestry.

We suppose a wide marble slab in its proper place as a chimneypiece. The vases and pretty ornaments are arranged thereupon as usual, or the broad velvet-hung slab is faced with its needlework scroll, centred, perhaps, with the arms or with the embroidered crest or coronet of the owner. In place of a useless fender we have a light, graceful basket—wicker-work gilt answers best—and these can be obtained very well at Luff's, in Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square. The basket should be rather *fenderish*, and yet be a basket too. A zinc or tin tray is useful, made to fit the said basket. The ends of the basket may rise slightly—the centre should be quite low; though it may rise a little in a light, flower-decked ornament. The space filled by the

stove is fitted with a square of looking-glass, to which the marble chimneypiece forms a far better setting than gilding. An old black carved oak chimneypiece would be still of all things *most* perfect, with an appropriate fender of carved black wood to match it.

This 'fender-basket' has now to be filled with flowers and moss. The group is itself reflected in the mirror that forms the back, giving us all the charm of a cool and watery image.

The mass is to be deftly arranged, to form a soft swelling bank, rising very gradually (which is for the convenience of covering larger flower-pots).^{*} Either a mere heap of moss or a mass of sand or cocoa fibre should be used to surround the pots, and to support the surface of moss. The exquisite English hynnum will here keep green many weeks, with its little tree-like branches, or the common toothed moss or lycopod will grow happily all about it. I never had this more thriving than growing with dead moss beneath it.¹

An arum is of all flowers one of the best for this place. Standing in the centre, it is most truly beautiful. A little palm-tree might thrive there. The *Chamerops humilis*, or a large *Lycaste*, would keep up a watery delusion with its wide-arching, sedge-like leaves. The tin linings, or 'saucers,' provide for the needful well watering.

The exquisite acacias, with their gay and often sweet blossoms, are remarkably well placed here, *A. Drummondii*, and *A. armata*, with their pretty graceful yellow flowers; and the beautiful *A. longifolia*, with its balls of perfumy pink.

Roses do well here, for the few days they keep in blossom; and geraniums also look brilliant, and last very fairly for them. They should always be, if possible, put to stand out of doors in the night during the hot summer months.

Large ferns, too, are exquisite. I have had them sometimes trained up in a kind of pyramid, on all sides of which the most beautiful fronds were waving. Two such ferns, an arum, an acacia, and some roses, *

^{*} See the Illustration on p. 449.

would make the most dazzling flower-group to fill up our empty hearth. And so they fill it gaily till we ourselves desert it—wandering far away in search of more distant pleasures.

Wandering flower-hunting is only too delightful, be it in English lanes or in the far eastern forests, or, again, in Mexico, and amongst the West Indian brightneses

In Algeria, again, things turn up charming to English eyes, carpetings of scillas—which yet may scarce equal our bluebells—gigantic scillas, too, that measure some seven feet. The old wells, too, are beautiful, masses of maiden hair, great clumps and plumes of fern, feathering all the sides in the softest, richest, emerald-like green. The growth of many long years has heaped up decayed dry leaf stalks, from which the young fronds spring again, and for packing roots and seeds prepared for a long voyage, it is said that this sort of fern stalk is wonderfully good and useful. It is so dry and light, and like the finest horsehair

Great plumes of this fern in baskets are amongst the most really beautiful of all plant decorations, and many and many a traveller has such ferns with stories attached, maybe of the Algerine wells, maybe of the Roman fountains, perhaps of Italian lakes, perhaps of the Devonshire cliffs

These ferns are not hard to grow. Perhaps of all places best, they thrive in a moist vinery, well shaded beneath the leaves—baskets of them hanging in any place airy and vapoury. For them there is nothing prettier than rough, frame-like, brown hanging baskets. They creep out between the bars, and the dark woody brown colour suits them well. Dusting with *dust of water* in the shady time of the day, plunging their baskets weekly in a pail of water, keeping them out of sunlight and out of dry, heated rooms—these are the few simple rules for growing these beauties charmingly.

The baskets I mean are made of imitation woods, looking like light brown frames. they form the most charming flower-raft. I bought mine at Hooper's, a shop in Covent-Gar-

den; and one can rarely find a prettier or more inexpensive group than is contained in this little square basket, when snowdrops and Van Thol tulips give place to ferns and lobelias

To arrange these baskets perfectly, a layer of charcoal in small pieces should be first used, the hole at the bottom being carefully stopped with a cork. On an inch of charcoal a layer of moss may be laid, sphagnum perhaps answering best. This moss should be brown and dead. A layer of soil comes next. But I think that most amateur workers will find that an equal mixture of cocoa refuse and silver-sand will form the best and most handy compost. The refuse is supplied in bags, from the cocoa-fibre manufactory at Kingston-on-Thames. Two or three shillings' worth will be a supply for a twelve-month. When this refuse is used, no soil at all is required; and for plants in rooms it is peculiarly suited, as it never is apt to have insects in it. A plant of maiden-hair fern, or *Adiantum cuneatum*, or *A. formosum*, will thrive thus most beautifully. The little blue lobelia will creep out through the open sides, or thunbergias or maurandyas will make a bright mass of blossom.

The exquisite wild wood-sorrel does well also in such baskets, and one of the prettiest creeping plants is the little pinky-mauve convolvulus arvensis, which grows in every hedge-row, with its little star-centred blossoms

It would be very easy to gather such traces of all our wanderings. The cause of most people's failure is either that seeds are not dried—and then, enclosed in close cases, they germinate or decay even in their own moisture, which, of course, finds no outlet—or else in conveying plants it is far too much the fashion to pack them up once for all, and never to refresh them afterwards on the journey. A great trunk full of rare ferns came to such grief just lately and yet a flat tin box, which, when not in use, might be made merely to fit, lid and box in each other, or a few soft bags of oiled silk, hung up till all unpleasantness of 'chemists' shops' had left them, would contain

and enclose the plants, and bring them home quite triumphantly. I have had roots brought thus for days in good preservation, and, when not in use, the bags will hold in any-where. Then for seeds on a long voyage, the best plan is said to be storing them in bags hung up in cabins. There is constant dry air for them thus, and they grow to perfection. Only great seeds, like acorns, will not bear too much drying, and I well remember hearing of the efforts made at first to bring over the seeds of the great Araucarian pine, which only at last arrived safe packed in a box of sand.

The very spongy plants are really those that will best bear packing, they carry about with them such an immense supply of moisture. Ferns I should like to try made up in a small ball of wet clay, the outside would harden, and, I think, preserve the hair roots.

Another hint to be given, for the time when trans-planting is going on—as somehow or other it does always go on in summer—is, if a plant is dried up, we must not begin by soaking its poor unfortunate roots. The moisture, almost imperceptible to us, in the soil, is itself most likely at first enough for the thirsty roots. The soil being rather warm is the greatest help to such a plant, and the atmosphere round the leaves should be moist and vapoury. Sponging would do much good, and I have heard of people giving the plant smelling salts—taking out the stopper for the plants to inhale the vapour. Some plants do really too seem to be improved by it, but it is hard to say whether the cure is due to salts or to mere moist air. Warmth is a great thing, because it seems to stimulate and rouse the roots to action, when they appear, as it were, asleep, and perhaps for this reason it is that a mild, soft hoibed often seems to work such wonders in bringing a plant to life.

Many most pleasant diaries might thus be kept with our plants—perhaps I should rather say sketch-books, for they do so reproduce scenes. Who does not know how instantly a waft of a scent brings its train? We stand once more on some lawn, and

the low creeping thyme is fragrant in the warmth of the evening sun—old faces rise up, and voices, and almost words. We see the little flower, with its low, creeping stalk, nestling down so closely to cling to the steep hill side, and with that most subtle perfume that belongs to the mountain flowers, keen and aromatic, and yet as clear and delicate as the sound of a well-toned voice. What worlds of association there are in familiar scents and sounds!

Who does not seem to hear the sound of the creaking latch?—the wind that moans in the corridor?—the step of the stairs that creak?—the tick of the clock, that seems stopping, as if it were loth to strike?

One does not so often know birds' songs, unless it be the wood pigeon's, with its low monotonous note, or the caw of the building rook, or the hoot of the waketul owl. But who on the shore has not listened to the scream of the hoarse sea-gull? and dreamed, in the noise and the rush, as the tides run up the beach and foam down again on the shingles. The call of the sea before a storm, the clear noise of distant waters—they all seem so familiar that the very name of a weir brings back often its far-off sound, as the tinkle of bells brings back the old and now passed night-waggons, which still were lingering on but a few years back in England, sounding so strangely pleasant in the dun, cold, winter starlight. Strange, and quaint, and dream-like was the music of those slow teams, with their jangling distant bells. To us it still seems almost as real as when we half dreamt it then. And so as we muse, ever and anon, uprise Tennyson's wistful lines, with their break-r-like cadence—

* Break, break break

On the cold gray rocks, oh Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

I be thoughts that arise in me!

Everybody must have so many dun past-shadowings, things that have gathered poetry out of their very vagueness.

Something that once has happened, and that one always looks for again. Ah! will some long rolling cycle ever bring all the old delights back again?

Something that some day may happen to the boy, and almost as an old gray man he seems to look for it still.

There is that natural story of the ever-expected ship. The gun that should hail her advent, each gun fired brought to mind. Surely we do contrive, a great many of us, to have such guns!

' Dear sights and sounds there are to me
The finger-posts of memory,
That stir my heart's blood far below
Its short-lived waves of joy and woe
Earth's stablest things are shadows,
And, in the life to come,
Haply some chance-saved trifle
May tell of this old home
Its now sometimes we seem to find,
In a dark crevice of the mind,
Some relic which long pondered o'er,
Hints faintly at a life before '

The American writers are full of the footfalls of daily life—those little traits that linger where time still paces slowly.

One fancies that one has known the very scenes described, and so we seem to hear 'the creaking of the wood-sleds, bringing their loads of oak and walnut from the country, as the slow swinging oxen trailed them over the complaining snow, in the cold brown morning light. Lying in bed and listening to their dreary music, had (so it is said) a pleasure in it akin to that which Lucretius describes in witnessing a ship toiling through the waves while we sit at ease on the shore.'

The creak of the garden well, the turning the disused handle, the splash of the cold water, the swing of the well-filled bucket—what moss-grown gardens they call back! what boards, with much insecurity! what grey, tall sun-dials, standing, reproving the world with dignity—'Quand je ne vois pas clair je me tais'—and how little it sees it done elsewhere! Surely such a sun-dial should be Dr. Colenso's monument.

Associations, for the most part, must grow up in quiet lives and they must, perhaps, begin mostly in very early days. One wonders if those half-dreams, those glimpses of past existence, really may sometimes come out of childish fairy castles. Surely there is nothing that makes such poetry as use—gathering round it so much of all the thoughts that

are poetry. As Australian authors rise up, we shall come to more southern imagery. The Southern Cross will come in to fill the place of the Bear, the trees, with their folding leaves, will gather round them stories. The flowers that start up wonderfully after one night of rain; the flame-coloured orchid masses; the wonderful strange new life; with age, these will gather round them the poetry of thought. They will link themselves all to us by the words that they will inspire.

And as we get too highly civilized, new lands will be rising out there, keeping up ever for us the old familiar ways, for nowhere do old-world ways, customs, words, and phrases linger, as in America and in the English colonies. From the dry, sandy plains of Australia, where the grass grows only in tufts, and where, when we picture smooth turf downs, is but an untidy rough plain; where heaths grow wild on the hills, and brooms and genistas flourish, pleasant to those English who are proud of Plantagenet days, from the shadeless woods, where leaves grow all afloat, and refuse that shelter the traveller wants so much, and where, even thus, their weight brings them crashing down in the rains, we may pass to the far east islands, and see their webs of flowers. The splendid and dazzling orchids, the really glorious climbers, the groves and the woods of spice trees, with dark leaves and scarlet fruit, the Himalayan range, too, with its welcome alpine growth, its beautiful oaks and walnuts mingled with pines and chestnuts and all our own shady trees. Its little *Potentilla*—another 'tender Bedouin'—its dense clouds of flowers that purple the hill sides, the glowing, radiant blossoms that hang heavily on the plains.

It is a wonderful feeling, the solitude of those regions. A friend of mine was travelling at one time amongst these hills, with only native servants, making explorations. The exceeding solitude and the vastness of them appeared to be crushing. If things had been but smaller, it would have been less overwhelming; but to see those mighty flowers swinging, lamp-like,

high up in trees—high up, and most unattainable, as they towered in awful forests—to tread upon the soil that hundreds of years piled up, and to see the unfrightened birds, to whom men were not yet known as enemies—it all must have had an influence of the most weirdly sort. The tiny and fragile lamps flowing nightly down the Ganges, the little lily rafts there seem to have, at least, abundant poetry

round them—emblems as they are of life—but missing the guiding Will—such little fragile vessels which mortals cast thus to sea.

This in the eastern hemisphere; but now we will look at the western. Along the broad gulf of Mexico stretches a zone of lowlands. Mingled with dry tracts are green palm-shadowed plains, and woods of tropic beauty glow with their thousand flowers* Branches of stately



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forest-trees are festooned with clustering vines of the purple grape, convolvuli, and flowers of the most brilliant dyes. The undergrowth is of aloe, matted with wild roses, which makes impervious thickets twining with honeysuckles.

In this garden of buds and blossoms a thousand birds are fluttering, parrots and gay butterflies with

wings that resemble flowers, so gorgeous are their hues. Song-birds, scarlet cardinals, and mocking-birds' liquid notes seem to fill the forest with ringing and joyous songs.

We most of us have formed some notion of how Siberian winters

* Hartweg's 'Tropical World.'

break up, and of how, when the snow melts off, the spring flowers start into blossom, waiting all blanched and white till their icy covering falls off, then most quickly decked in all their own summery hues.

On the wide southern Llanos a different scene takes place. The stars that have shone so brightly at last begin to grow dim, and the brilliant blue of the sky assumes a more heavy tint. The beautiful Southern Cross becomes quite, at last, cloud-hidden, and the rains and the lightnings burst over the parched-up plains. Hard and dry as they are, the waters form sheets upon them, and scarcely has the rain ceased when the sleeping earth awakens.

'The dull, tawny surface of the parched savannah changes, as if by magic, into a carpet of liveliest green, enamelled with thousands of flowers of every colour and tint' In the light of the early day the acacias expand their fair leaflets, and the fronds of the Mauritis sprout forth into fresh green leaf. But 'on the border of swamps' the hard-baked clay upheaves itself, and from the tomb where he lay imbedded a gigantic snake uprising, or possibly a huge crocodile. Gigantic ants appear, mosquitoes, and all the sand-flies; rattlesnakes creep into life, and form a dark side to the picture that 'The Tropical World' unfolds to us.

The Llanos, however, are never seen more beautiful than at the end of the rainy season, before the sun has absorbed the moisture of the soil. Then every plant is robbed with the freshest green an agreeable breeze, cooled by the evaporating waters, undulates over the sea of grasses, and at night a host of stars shines muddly upon the fragrant savannah, or the silvery moonbeam trembles on its surface. There, on the margin of the primitive forest, girt with colossal cactuses and with the thick-leaved agaves, groups of the graceful Mauritia rise majestically over the plain. there, in the blue distance, hangs the chain of snow-capped mountains.

Perhaps, indeed, the watery world is even more wonderful than the forest-land. The bays and lakes that lie calmly, with flowers all glowing over them, when a rise of the waters submerges whole plains at once

When we hear, poetically, of the oasis in the desert, we scarcely, perhaps, call to mind the concomitants of its beauty.

From the plains of the Atlas water-shed there are files of Arab horsemen sent rapidly into the mountains as soon as the hills are seen to assume their veil of mist-forming a chain with their rifles, they announce the approach of the waters. The inhabitants of the oasis fly to take up their tools. The rush of the waters is heard, and the village is changed to a lake, from which the green tops of the palm-trees emerge like emerald islands.

Wonderful is the luxuriance left by these watery visits. Sunk mostly into slight valleys, these oases hold their moisture. The orange and the apple-trees flourish, and vines grow from palm to palm. barley and corn and clover grow in luxuriant harvests, and the villagers on the borders refuse to let their houses encroach a single inch on land that is thus precious.

To those who have been interested in the recent flint discoveries, mixed up as they seem to be with traces of unknown people—people who on Swiss lakes, and perhaps in our English lowlands, lived a strange sort of floating life upon rafts that their houses stood on, and on which their gardens grew—to these it will be most interesting to read of the Guaranas, who, in the Orinoco, lived recently in some such way as this. Their platforms were laid across from one to another palm-tree; floors of moist clay were spread on them, and here their fires glowed, sparkling out by night amidst the dark palm-tree green, flashing upon the waters which flowed so often below.

In Mexico, as in Europe, these constructions were all artificial. Stakes sometimes, or piles, supported the watery home; more often trunks of trees seemed lashed into

great rafts, bound over and over with wicker-work, and covered with soil, and planted. Moored here and there on the lakes a village of rafts might be floating. No improbable thing to those who have seen the Canadian wood-rafts, or to those who know the misery of dryness and tropic drought. In such a floating garden the trees and plants could find water, and very soon, indeed, would such a place become shady as the trees sprung up into height, and the young plants started to life.

Most beautiful are the gardens that sometimes hang over the streams, strong, interlacing roots forming the firmest frontage, quantities of rich soil washed down and left by the rains, perfect groves of flowers formed by the inlacing roots. The mangroves and the fig-trees have often increased lands thus, and where they now stand oddly, growing up out of salt sea waves, perhaps one day a few years hence some fertile garden will blossom. They are at once the defenders and the pioneers of new lands.

Dr Hartweg, in his last book, writes much of the river scenery. The Amazon swelling gradually along its colossal length the stream said even now and then to rise to fifty feet. The largest forest-trees tremble when the weight of the waters press on them, and trunks that are floated down by them bear witness to their force.

Meanwhile the waters stimulate vegetation. Numberless blossoms break from the luxuriant foliage, and while the turbid waters are playing round the trunks of the trees thus surrounded, the gayest flowers are still enamelling their green crowns, converting the inundated forest into an enchanted garden, reflecting themselves in the waters, rocking with its own motion.

'The magical beauty of tropical vegetation reveals itself in all its glory to the traveller who steers his boat through the solitude of these aquatic mazes. Here the forest forms a canopy over his head, there it opens, allowing the sunshine to disclose the secrets of the wilder-

ness; while on either side the eye penetrates through beautiful vistas into the depths of the woods.

Sometimes, on a higher spot of ground, a clump of trees forms an island worthy of Eden. A chaos of bush-ropes and creepers flings its garlands of gray flowers over the forest, and fills the air with the sweetest odour. Numerous birds, partly rivaling in beauty of colour the passifloras and bignonias of these hanging gardens, animate the banks of the lagune, while gaudy macaws are perched upon the loftiest trees, and perhaps upon the waters, resembling a dark log, an alligator is floating, and waiting his prey of fish.

In the woods and plains a botanist may work happily. Alas for him in the forest, whose glories are inaccessible! The flowers of the lianas hang in far-distant radiance, the flexible, yielding creepers are hopeless to climb or break down. Their interlacing folds form no ascending ladder, nor can they be torn asunder; they are tough, and strong, and cling firmly. Botanists look with envy on the birds that soar happily high, looking down upon these great forests, whose beauty must be so matchless. The gorgeous flowers, the leaf-tints of every hue, the feathery fronds of the palm-trees, the links of the beautiful creepers, the flowers that start from the roots, the silvery play of the leaves as soft breezes blow upon them, the intense magnolia fragrance, the air that is all spice-laden, the foot that treads at each step on fruits shedding costliest perfume. Every fresh shower seems to bring new life, and to deck the woods with new beauty; and in the unceasing change is an unending charm. All palm-grown countries *must* almost be beautiful; the green and feathery fronds lend such a plummy lightness, and with their tall, graceful growth they give the whole scene its character.

From the palm-trees it is that the Madeira woods borrow that plume-like beauty from which the island was named, those soft and delicate traceries shadowed upon the blue skies with such dreamy,

floating fairness melting into the soft air.

Perhaps yet of all scenes the loveliest are when these tall trees hang over clear smooth bays, when flowers glance back again their brightnesses from calm lakes, recalling that bay of beauty of which Shelley sung once:—

'When all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there'

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACES.

IT will be generally allowed that, for thorough satisfactoriness in all its bearings, the eight-oared boat race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge ranks second to no other sporting event. But although, for convenience, the term sporting event is here employed, any one unacquainted with the crews must not suppose that they are, in the usual acceptation of the phrase, 'sporting men' Far from it 'Sportsmen' they are to the backbone, but a wide difference, we know, exists between the two classes of individuals. They contend for no prize in plate or money, but solely to win fresh honour for their Alma Mater. Least of all men do they bet upon the result. What the 'Derby' is to the horse-racing world, this match is to the boat-racing world and as, in speaking of the former, it is now as conventional to style it 'the blue ribbon of the turf,' as it is to perch that hapless New Zealander on London Bridge whenever future ages are hinted at, so it may be said that the latter is a trial to decide for the current year whether the light or the dark shall be 'the blue ribbon of the river'

While, then, the twentieth race is still fresh in remembrance, it may be interesting to briefly narrate the history of the match from its establishment to the present time; and to touch upon the method in which the crews are formed and trained at head-quarters. Like every other highly-finished production, a really first-rate racing crew is the result of great labour—of far

more than its smooth and graceful movements, which make rowing appear so easy, possibly lead the uninitiated to believe so we will be sufficiently sanguine to suppose that many who admire effects may care to know something about causes.

And first for a definition of the University Boat Race

'Bell's Life in London,' the fountain-head of printed information on such matters (and by help of which, chiefly, the statistics of this paper have been prepared), declares the University match to be 'the most solemn and important event that is known in the rowing world. Properly so called, it is that race which takes place over the London course. It is distinguished from all others, such as those rowed at the Henley and Thames Regattas (although between picked crews also entitled to wear the coveted badge), more particularly by the length of the course and the individual attention which is paid to the formation of the crews, the whole energies of the Universities being directed to that alone; whereas, at other casual meetings, such as those just mentioned, many of the rowers are also engaged in other matches,' and, moreover, after all, they may not have the race to themselves. Such incidental encounters are indeed great, but yet not the greatest. They are Isthmian, not Olympian. And, by the way, our Olympian contests on the Thames show one decided improvement upon those held of old on the plain of Elis—the ladies are not forbidden to be spectators. We not only allow them

to send chariots, but are proud if they will grace those chariots, or come anyhow, so that they favour us with their presence—*rem, quocunqve modo, rem*—radiant with

pleasant looks, delightful in the most uncompromising partisanship, and 'brave in ribbons.'

In accordance with the definition, the following table shows—

THE UNIVERSITY MATCHES (PROPR), SINCE THEIR COMMENCEMENT.

Year	Place	Winner	Time	Won by
1829	Henley (2 m 2 fur)	Oxford	14 m 30 s	Many lengths.
1836	Westminster to Putney (5 m 5 f)	Cambridge	36 m .	1 minute
1839	Ditto	Cambridge	31 m .	1 min 45 secs.
1840	Ditto	Cambridge	29 m. 30 s	3/4rds of a length
1841	Ditto	Cambridge	32 m 30 s	1 min. 4 secs.
1842	Ditto	Oxford	32 m 45 s	13 sec.
1845	Putney to Mortlake (4 m. 2 f)	Cambridge	23 m 30 s	30 secs
1846*	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	21 m 5 s	2 lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22 m ..	Many lengths.
1849†	Ditto	Oxford	Foul	
1852	Ditto	Oxford	21 m 36 s.	27 secs.
1854	Ditto	Oxford	25 m 29 s.	11 strokes
1856	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	25 m 50 s.	Half a length.
1857	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22 m. 50 s	35 secs.
1858	Ditto	Cambridge	21 m 23 s	22 secs.
1859	Ditto	Oxford	24 m. 30 s.	Cambridge sank.
1860	Ditto	Cambridge	26 m . .	1 length
1861	Ditto	Oxford	23 m 27 s	48 secs.
1862	Ditto	Oxford	24 m 40 s	30 secs.
1863	Mortlake to Putney	Oxford	23 m. 5 s	42 secs.

* This was the first race in outrigger eights

† In December, instead of Easter, 1850.

Next, briefly to note any characteristics of the above races

Rowing had been a favourite amusement at Oxford for some time before it was adopted at Cambridge The first 'eight' was launched on the Cam in 1826, for St John's College it came from Eton Soon afterwards the eight-oared races were established, and the merits of the rowing at each University were first tested on 10th June, 1829, at Henley-on-Thames, over a course extending from a cottage above Hambledon Lock to the Town Bridge Unfortunately, the names of the winners have not been preserved, but Mr Holdsworth, the Cambridge bow, has supplied the following list of his crew —

1	Holdsworth, Trinity ..	st.	1b
2	Bayford, Trn. Hall . .	10	7
3	Warren, Trinity . . .	10	8
4	Mervale, St John s . .	10	10
5	Rouppel, Trn. Hall . . .	11	4
6	Thompson, Jesus . . .	11	10
7	Selwyn, St John's . . .	11	13
	Snow, St. John's (stroke)	11	4
	Heath, Trinity (cox)		

One of the conditions of this race was, as usual,—no fouling allowed. The boats touched at the first start, and consequently had to return A second time they slightly touched; Oxford kept rowing on, while Cambridge appeared for the moment to deliberate whether they should return, and then resumed pulling. But they were over-matched and beaten by several lengths. A vast concourse of spectators was assembled, and absurd rumours were rife that the race was for 500 or 1000 guineas

The reason why so long an interval as seven years elapsed between the first and second races is now involved in much obscurity. It was stated at the time that in 1834 the Cantabs wished for a match, but the Oxomans refused to enter into competition, not deeming them sufficient adepts in the art to render the contest an important one At this early period both sides were evidently inferior to the finished performers of later times; for in speaking of the second race (1836)

over the then usual London course, a critic declared 'there was not much to be said in praise of the rowing of either party, their short quick style being unfitted for the Thames. Two men in the Oxford boat were particularly bad rowers. The Cantabs invariably begin to row where the London men leave off, and appear to have no notion of bending forward. They were much improved, however, by previous practice on the Thames under the tuition of one of the best watermen; an advantage not enjoyed by their opponents, who had, moreover, a bad boat.'

Oxford men were in earnest in 1839. They engaged a London professional to train them, and cut a channel through the ice, so as to lose no practice when the river happened to be frozen. The Cantabs, however, had confidence in the knowledge of rowing possessed by one of their own body, and intrusted the formation and guidance of their crew to Mr Egan, of Caius College, the gentleman who has since so frequently performed a similar service. And a conspicuously fine crew it turned out to be, consisting of—

CAMBRIDGE

- 1 Shadwell, St John's
 - 2 Smyth, Trinity
 - 3 Abercrombie, Caius
 - 4 Paris, Corpus
 - 5 Penrose, Trinity
 - 6 Yatman, Caius
 - 7 Brett, Caius
- Edmund Stanley, Jesus (st.)
T. S. Egan, Caius (cox.)

The stroke was considered terrific, from its rapidity and length of reach forward at all events it was given by one who, years after, was styled in the standard work on rowing—'the *beau idéal* of an oarsman.' It will be seen that this was by far the hollowest of all matches.

Next year (1840) each University followed the same tactics, and the closest but one of the races was the result. Oxford led till beyond the Red House, but steering too close to Battersea Fields, out of the tide, were overhauled by Cambridge, the two boats going almost oar and

oar through Battersea Bridge. These crews, so nearly equal, were—

OXFORD.

1. Mountain, Meiton.
 2. Pocock,
 3. Maberly, Christ Church
 4. Rogers, Balliol.
 5. Walls,
 6. Royds,
 7. Meynell, } Brasenose.
- Cocks, (stroke)
Garnett, (cox)
Average, 11st each.

CAMBRIDGE.

1. Shadwell, St. John's.
 2. Massey, } Trinity.
 3. Taylor, }
 4. Ridley, Jesus
 5. Uppleby, } Magdalene.
 6. Penrose, }
 7. Jones, }
- Vials, Trinity (stroke)
T. S. Egan, Caius (cox)
Average, 11½st each.

In describing a race now-a-days, certain newspaper reporters are apt to indulge in some such comprehensive statement as, 'The bosom of Father Thames was literally studded with craft of every description,' yet unmaginative eyes can only detect a few wretched 'scratch fouis,' perhaps a Westminster eight, and some skiffs hanging about the shore. But let sight-seers of these later times note the brave show of cutters on the river at the races of 1840 and 1841—days, too, in which the steamer nuisance had already become a source of complaint. The following eights were then afloat—of London clubs, the Leander, Cambridge Subscription Rooms, (2) Guards'—Rotten seems now their only Row—St. George's, King's College, and Dolphyn, from Oxford, Queen's and St John's Colleges, from Cambridge, First and Second Trinity and Caius, besides Lord Castlereagh's eight, the Marquis of Abercorn's six, the sixes also of Arthur's Club and Woolwich Artillery, and the fours of the Commodore of the Thames Yacht Club, Mr Layton, Mr. Thynne, &c. The contending crews had not yet finally adopted their present distinguishing colours, for in 1840 the Oxford boat was painted light blue inside

with oar-blades of the same colour, outside it was rosin with black topsides and a gold moulding the crew wore blue striped guernseys and black straw hats with purple ribbons. The Cantabs' ship was painted lilac inside, and like the Oxford one outside: they wore their present uniform. In 1841 the Oxonians had never rowed all together until they came up to London!

Now it was that, after Oxford's four successive defeats, Mr Shadwell, assisted by Mr Menzies, introduced the true principles of rowing at that University, and laid the foundations of her subsequent aquatic fame. They kept continually in practice throughout the year some crew or other, so that a proportion of university oarsmen were always rowing together, a plan which smoothed away many difficulties.

[In 1843 there was no race, but in the summer, at Henley, occurred the famous 'Seven Oars' affair; to which, as it is frequently misrepresented, an allusion may not be inopportune.

The stroke of perhaps the finest crew ever turned out from

OXFORD—

	st.	lb
1. Lowndes, Christ Church	11	2
2 R. Menzies, University	11	3
3 Royds, Brasenose	12	0
4. Biewster, St John's	13	0
5 Bouine, Ornel	13	12
6 Coxe, Trinity	11	12
7. F Hughes, Ornel	11	11
F Menzies, Universit (str)	10	13
A. Shadwell, Balliol (cox)	10	8—

fell all between the third and final heats for the Grand Challenge Cup. The holders, the Cambridge Subscription Rooms, London—not, strictly speaking, the CUBC—were urged to allow a substitute. Their reasons for not acceding to such a step were, that in the previous year a discussion had taken place about drafting men from one boat to another, and that the public, who had betted heavily, were entitled to impartial treatment. These prevailed, and Oxford rowed to the starting-post minus their bow oar. The 'Rooms' then appealed to Lord Camoys, president of the Regatta Committee, asking whether they

were bound to row against seven oars only? They received the answer, 'If you do not row, Oxford will certainly be entitled to the Cup' Ill-pleased with the invidious position in which they found themselves, they rowed amidst the intensest excitement of competitors and spectators, and were beaten by nearly a boat's length.]

The race of 1846, the first in which the recently-introduced outrigger boats were used, was the fastest, and was decided only in the last quarter of a mile. The crews were—

OXFORD

	st.	lb
1 Polehampton, Pembroke	10	9
2 Burton, Christ Church	11	0
3 Heygate, Merton	11	8
4 Penfold, } St. John's	11	8
5 Conant, }	12	4
6 Royds, Brasenose	11	9
7. Stapylton, Meiton	10	12
Milman, Christ Ch (stroke)	11	0
Soames, St John's (cox.)	9	13

CAMBRIDGE

1 Murdoch, St John's	10	2
2 Holyoed,	11	1
3. Clissold, } Trinity	11	10
4 Clives, }	12	12
5 Wilder, Magdalene	13	2
6 Harkness, St John's	11	7
7 Wolstenholme, } Trinity	11	1
Hill, (stroke) }	11	1
Lloyd, St John's (cox)	9	8

In the spring of 1849, the Cambridge crew consisted wholly of Trinity men, Trinity boats then holding the first three places on the Cam. In the winter race, Oxford were decidedly the better crew. Even with the ground lost at starting and at the foul, they rowed Cambridge to with a quarter of a length.

In 1852, Oxford sent forth the famous 'Chitty's crew,' 'coached' by Mr Egan, of Cambridge.—

OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
1 Prescott, } Brasenose	10	4
2. Greenall, }	10	12
3 Nind, Christ Church	10	11
4. Buller, Balliol	12	0
5. Denne, University	12	10
6. Houghton, Brasenose	11	4
7. Meade King, Pembroke	11	7
J. W. Chitty, Balliol (str.)	11	5
Cotton, Christ Church (cox.)		

Although Cambridge was the first to recognize the principle that a University should trust to its own members for tuition in the art of rowing, yet, to the regret of her well-wishers, for the last four or five matches she had put herself under the care of Robert Coombes, then Champion of the Thames. Frequently, as this principle has been insisted on by the soundest judges, and the fact proved that the most accomplished watermen cannot equal gentlemen in 'coaching' a crew, it is curious to note how often both have been disregarded by the Universities. Even so recently as 1857, Oxford engaged as Mentor, Matthew Taylor, the well-known Tyne boat-builder and oarsman.

On the eve of this race, 'Charon,' an able correspondent of 'Bell's Life,' published a letter that excited much remark, and of which the following is the pith. The faults in parentheses, and the men guilty of them, were not specified until the race was over. 'Barring a foul, Oxford must win, for they have the science, though perhaps Cambridge may have the strength. They have but one fault (the inner arm not thrown out quite straight), possessed by two men in a very slight degree. In the Cambridge boat, two men possess this fault, and to a greater extent than the Oxomans; one of these two has three other faults (he jerks, has round shoulders, and does not row his stroke clean home); a third has two faults different from all the others (he is too slow, and bends his body too much towards his oar), and a fourth has one fault different to all the rest (he indubitably clips his stroke).' But however much such acute criticism and deductions from it may serve the general interests of good rowing, they were too discouraging to any particular crew to make it desirable they should be repeated at a similar juncture.

The race of 1856 is considered the greatest of all. It was a succession of the most magnificent spurts by both crews from end to end.

OXFORD.

	st.	lb
1. P. Gurden, University ..	10	6
2. W. F. Stocken, } Exeter {	10	0
3. R. J. Salmon, } Exeter {	10	8
4. A. B. Rocke, Christ Church	12	8
5. R. Townsend, Pembroke ..	12	3
6. A. P. Lonsdale, Balliol ..	11	5
7. G. Bennett, New Coll. ..	10	11
J. T. Thorley, Wadham, (str)	9	13
F. W. Elera, Trinity, (cox)	9	2

CAMBRIDGE.

1. J. P. Salter, Trinity Hall..	9	11
2. F. C. Alderson, } Trinity {	10	13
3. R. L. Lloyd, } Trinity {	11	11
4. E. Fairrie, Trin. Hall ..	12	3
5. H. Williams, }	12	5
6. J. M'Cormick, } St. John's {	12	8
7. H. Snow, }	11	5
H. R. M. Jones, (str.)} Trin. {	10	3
W. Wingfield, (cox.)} Trin. {	9	0

A competent Oxford judge stated that 'he thought this match the most satisfactory thing on record, nothing inglorious to anybody concerned, and to all concerned in the principles infinitely glorious. He considered it the first time that all had been done on a right foundation by both parties, the reason plainly being that they had wholesome influences floating round them, emanating from their true friends.'

From that date the match has been annual, and long may it continue so!

The comment of veteran observers on the winning Cambridge crew of 1858—that it exhibited a return to the good old Cambridge style—was sufficiently significant with regard to that of 1857, when Oxford pulled in an excellent boat by Matthew Taylor, whose craft for two or three years after created a *furor* at the Universities which seems to have died away. They were shorter than those in use, and had a very stiff backbone, with their greatest width near three's thwart: the theory being that a boat, though only a partly-immersed object, would offer the least resistance to water the more nearly its shape approached that of a fish, a wholly-immersed object.

Rarely has Cambridge sent out a better crew than her 1859 one; yet, although backed at the foolish odds (for a boat race) of three to one, an easy overthrow, and a nearly



Drawn by J. A. Johnson

THE "BLUE RIBBON" OF THE RIVER.

Futney, the Oxford Crew paddling up to their Boat-house after winning

See University Boat Races "

tragic end were in store for it. A westerly gale blew against the tide, and the waves ran high. So much water broke into the Cantabs' boat while turning previously to the start that their hats were afloat: as usual, they had the worse station,

however, to carry the slightly heavier winning crew of the preceding year over calmer water—when pressed, shipped sea after sea, until off the 'White Hart,' Barnes, she left them to swim for their lives.

Hardly second in merit and gallantry to the match of 1856, was that of 1860—indeed, being 'the bravest of the brave' on every occasion when the struggle has been a close one, must be the chief set-off to the Cantabs against the very hollow beatings they have invariably received from the Oxonians, the last three of which are too recent to need the briefest allusion.

Originated at Cambridge, and matured at Oxford, the principles upon which match crews are formed have now for some time been moulded into a fixed system—alike in essential points at both Universities—of which the following is an outline.

The sharp competition, and the wonderful pains necessary to be taken to obtain any end, so distinctive of the times, have extended even to boat racing. Three or four years ago, the commencement of the Lent term was the first signal for getting together a 'Varsity crew; but now, trial eights are made up, practise, and row a match in the October term, so that directly men reassemble after Christmas, the crew can be nearly, if not quite decided on. Of course, the first requirement is to get a good strokesman, the life and soul of the crew. He should unite many qualities in himself, his chief duty being to constantly row an even stroke, always preserving throughout it the proportions of work precisely as his men have been accustomed to follow; he should be able to quicken whenever called upon, and be cool enough to play the general. Practice tends most to the mastery of his complex task, as shown by the facts that the stroke oars of at least

half of the forty University crews have been Etonians or Westminster—used to pulling from boyhood; that the progress of men aft in the boat till they got to the fore of those crews may be repeatedly noticed; and that many good oarsmen have never distinguished themselves at No. 8 until they have taken their degree. Steady old hands, if possible, back him up at Nos. 7 and 6. The heaviest men are best placed at Nos. 5 and 4, and the lightest in the bows. The weight and strength of the stroke side should respectively equalize that of the bow side, in order that the rudder may not be unnecessarily used to assist any deficiency of power; and the weight of the forward four ought to balance that of the four aft, to prevent the boat being by the bow or stern. *Multum in parvo*—plenty of brains in a small body—is the perfection of a coxswain. But in the great struggle on the Thames, this functionary has a far more difficult task before him than the familiar one of keeping his ship straight on the narrow river at home. He has to steer a difficult course, sure to be beset on the day with situations demanding the promptest decision; he must vigilantly maintain the rowing and well-being of his crew, and look after the numerous details connected with the boat, if they do not fall under the captain's charge. And, therefore, since so much depends upon him, a firm hand, a clear head, and a good heart more than compensate for an extra stone or two in the stern-sheets.

The individual members having been selected, the crew yet remains to be made. No men, however good in themselves, can get into a boat and at once display the mechanical precision and speed of a finished eight. The rowing of each man must gradually be assimilated to his companion's, and of all to that of the stroke. This is solely achieved by long steady journeys of ten or a dozen miles—with an incidental trip to Ely or Wallingford—rowed every day in a roan boat at a well-defined swinging stroke of twenty-eight or thirty in

the minute. In this exercise, which has been styled 'the magic crucible, wherein all crude angularities of uneven elements of work are fused into one smooth metal of even texture throughout,' neither showiness nor any very hard work are attempted. Day after day they paddle on thus, always avoiding carelessness, and striving simultaneously to master the three conditions which insure the lifting forward of the boat over the water—the catch of the water at the instant of the most forward reach, the swing of the backs and the sharp clip down of shoulders and elbows, and the clean precise finish of the stroke.

Meanwhile, the men have gone into training, not under laws that ordain a sickening round of half-raw chops and steaks as inflexibly as if part of a Medo-Persic code, but rather keeping good hours, taking the necessary sharp two-mile burst every morning, and temperately using only the most nourishing and wholesome food and drink. The Mentor and coxswain do their best during this often ticklish time to maintain a tone of cheerfulness, and to get their men to pull together socially as well as on the river, free from all sensations of staleness and over-training.

At last, about a full three weeks before the eventful day, the long steady paddling will have made the crew fall together. They whose health or physical power are unable to endure the unwonted strain have shown it ere this, and their places have been filled up by good men who keep in training ready for emergencies. Then, to the delight of lookers-on, hard work, at a racing stroke of thirty-seven to forty in the minute, daily takes place in the new boat, over an equivalent to the actual course; and having once fallen together, the crews will, under equal circumstances, daily continue to manifest greater precision and speed.

Arrived in town, for a week they make Putney the most popular of suburbs; and generally seem to occupy in the public fancy the usual order in which the Univer-

sities are named—a leaning (if it really exists) amply justified by the fine crews and hollow victories of Oxford in modern times. Certainly, the Oxford men do manage their affairs very well, and then, too, whatever luck attends a match proverbially falls to their lot. Mindful that, especially over so long a course, a good big man must be better than a good little man, since 1856, when the match became annual, they have five times sent the heavier crew,—disregarding coxswain's weight.* We never hear of their coming to grief with their boat whoever builds it, they see that it carries them well, they stick to it, and generally use it for a couple of years. Add to this that, as a rule, they are rather higher on the feather, and the result is, they seem prepared to meet heavy weather and the lumpy water of the Thames better than the Cantabs, who have not unfrequently displayed indecision till a late moment about their craft, and a tendency to under boat themselves, as if the course lay over a stream as unruffled as their own sedgy Cam.

And then old University men—several never seen or heard of at other times—may regularly be found at the water-side village, eager to scan the merits of the new-comers, and to be pleasantly reminded of past college days. Yet, if only four or five years have intervened, no blue-uniformed figure sauntering up the street, or leaning out of club-room window, will present to them a familiar face, so rapidly do generations of students succeed one another. Thus, half dully, they wend their way to the river, and look at the trim and beautiful boats. These they scrutinize in a cunning way, standing at the stern, screwing up an eye and looking towards the bows; then, deftly avoiding the omnipresent outriggers, walking to the bows, screwing up the other eye, and looking towards the stern; spanning the beam, tapping the

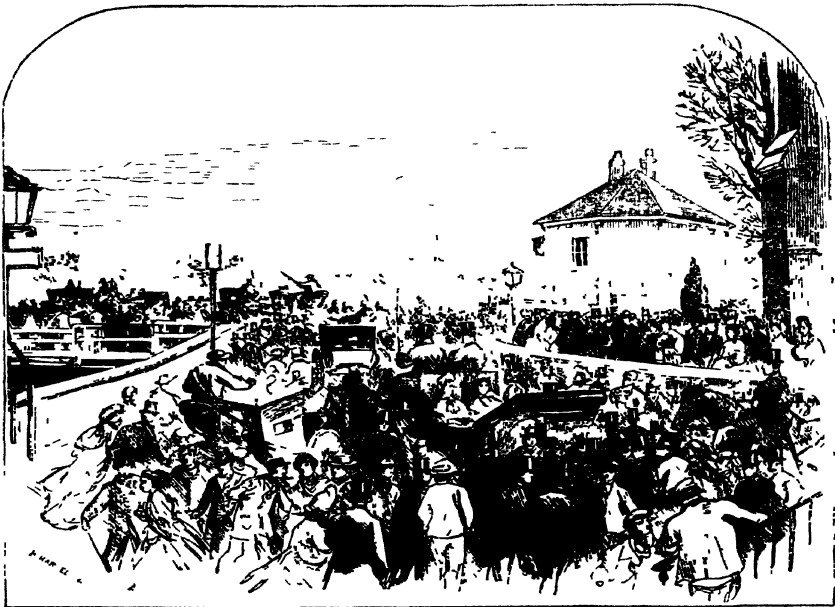
* Of the 17 matches in which the weights have been recorded, 11 have been won by the heavier crew, 6 by the lighter. Cambridge has sent the heavier crew 10 times, Oxford 7 times.

skin here and there never so lightly with their finger-tips, stooping down and looking at the bottom; giving now and then a half-satisfied grunt, a slight smile of approval, or, as it were, allowing their attention to be irritably arrested by some new-fangled scheme, and, in fine, behave in a perfectly knowing and orthodox manner so that Pater-familias, most likely a pleasant old clergyman, who is ever to be met thereabouts bent on the same errand, and has been unsuccessfully trying

to 'pump' the watermen, would fain converse with such palpable authorities, and thus breaks ground in a Mr Spectator sort of way —

'A magnificent specimen of workmanship, indeed! Pray, sir, have you seen the crew? A fine set of young fellows, I hear. I hope they may win, sir, it will doubtless be a good race, but I hope they may win,' &c.

Compared with the old solid-sided cutters, the 'ships,' in Bacon's quaint phrase, now are 'not so great



AFTER THE RACE THE TOLL-GATE AT PUTNEY BRIDGE

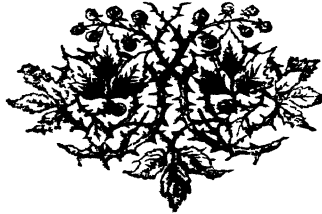
of bulk, indeed, but of a more nimbler motion,' so how well the oarsmen of the past must have done their work! The mean time of the five races between Westminster and Putney, in old-fashioned boats, gives a rate of 10.56 miles per hour, while that of twelve races over the present shorter course, in outriggers, only yields a rate of 10.85 miles.

That Oxford is nourishing a fine race of rowing men is, of course,

evident, but why her University crews should now regularly be able to vanquish those of Cambridge by the best part of a minute does not appear upon the surface of things. It is true that the defeat of one University by the other for three years in succession has occurred thrice before, but the sound principles upon which to teach rowing and form match crews were formerly not so well understood or so carefully adhered to as at present,

when there consequently exists a tendency to produce equality among crews. Cambridge numbers more rowing men, and all must admit that her college boats have recently done greater things at Henley than her sister's have. On the last occasions when their representatives met—in 1859, First Trinity, the second boat on the Cam, easily beat Balliol, the head of the Isis; and in 1861, the same club (not Trinity College, as frequently misstated, but one of her three clubs, which, by its deeds, does not belie its modest motto—*fama super æthera notus*) as easily twice beat Trinity, Oxford, each boat being head of its river. But not being worshippers

of success only, we are far from echoing the illiberal cries too frequently raised by those who belong to the losing side. We cheerfully believe the Cambridge authorities have gone the right way to work to make the most of their opportunities, and do their duty to Alma Mater, and that between now and next Easter they will leave no means untried to produce an eight for the first of the new series of these noble races which shall reverse the modern order—the dark blues rowing ahead with the confidence and easy grace that always mark a winning crew, and the light blues laboriously toiling far astern in unfavourable contrast.



APRIL SHOWERS.



NELLY and I sat teasing
 Under the tulip-tree,
 I in a 'tiff' with Nelly,
 Nell in a 'tiff' with me.

II.

'Fie, what a pout, Miss Nelly'—
 'Fie, what a frown, young sir!'
 Why *does* she quarrel with me, though?—
 Why *do* I quarrel with her?

III.

Spring was her 'toilette' making,
 Robed in a verdure rare,
 With the first pale half-blown primrose
 At 'hide-and-seek' in her hair.

April Showers.

IV.

The violet peeped from her home-nest
 With coy little dark-blue eye,
 And the cherry-blooms courted the shower
 That lurked in the April sky.

V.

The bee hummed, lazily skimming
 O'er the purple crocus' bed,
 The brown lark sprang from the furrow
 To the free space overhead.

VI.

Under the thatch the sparrows
 Strutted, and plumed their breasts,
 Twittering out to their helpmates
 Hints on the building of nests.

VII

'Nelly'—She beat with a 'pit-pat'
 One little foot on the ground.
 I won't take the slightest notice—
 Perhaps it may mean 'coming round'

VIII.

'Nelly'—She twisted a ribbon,
 I with my fingers drummed—
 Louder 'my lord' lark carolled,
 Louder the brown bee hummed

IX.

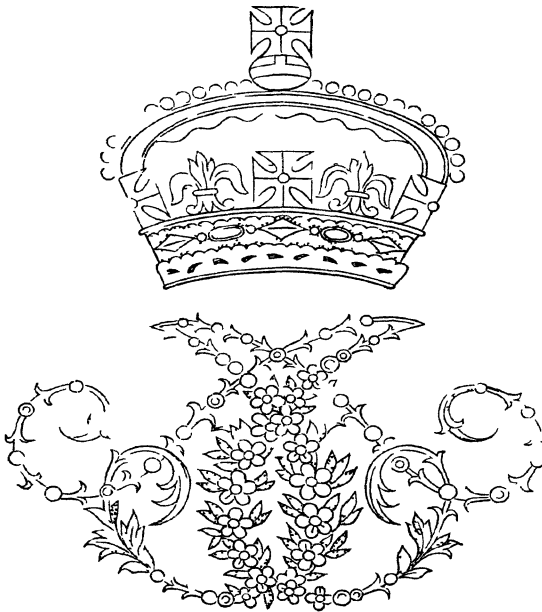
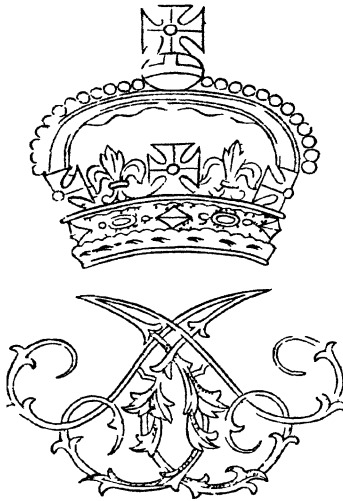
Down came the hail with a patter,
 Fast on the smooth green lawn,
 Out shone the sun with a welcome,
 Soon as the shower had gone.

X.

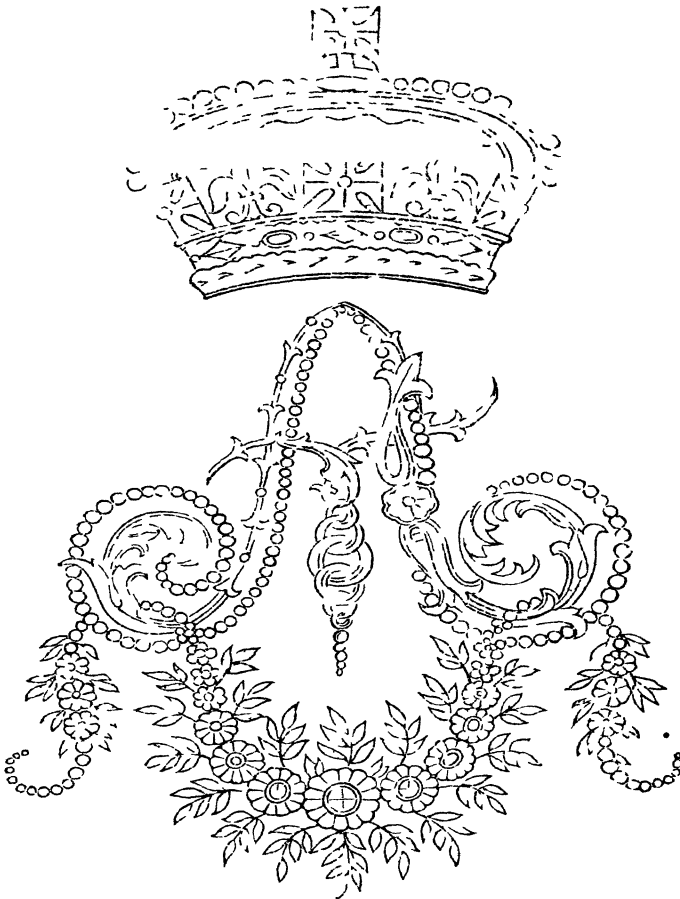
'Oh, what a smile, my Nelly'—
 'Yes, from the *heart*, too, sir'
 Why did she *look at me* so?
 What did I *say to her*?

XI.

Well!—with a glance and a whisper
 Something *she* knew was true—
 Something—Ah, never mind, though
 What can it be to *you*?

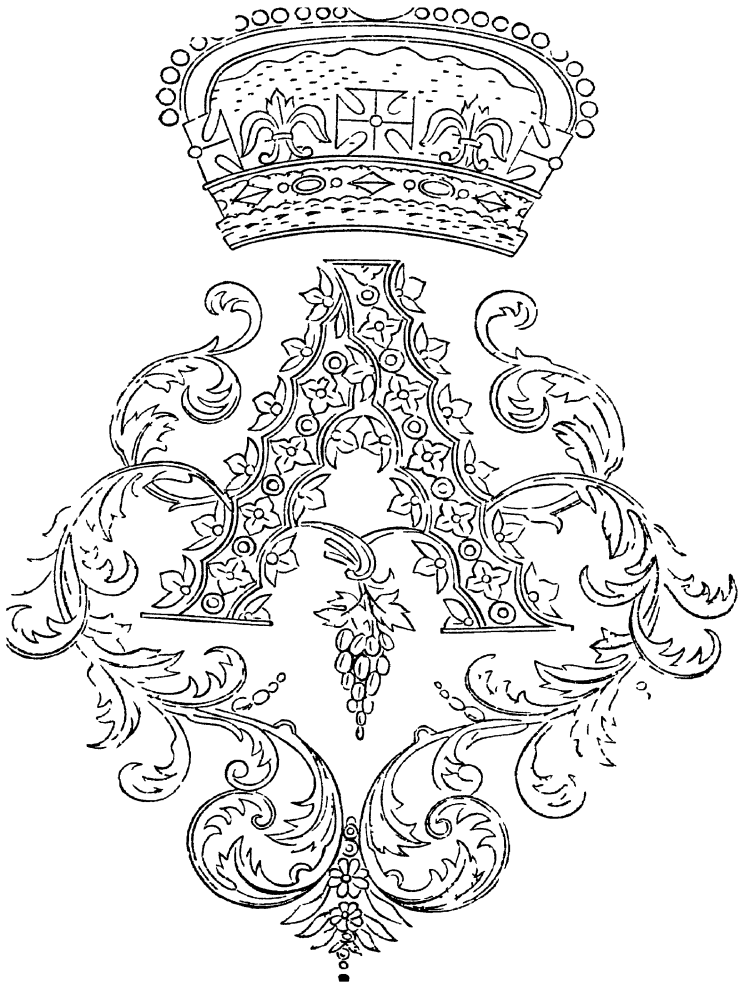


THE TROUSSEAU OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
SPECIMENS OF DANISH EMBROIDERY (HAND-SEWING)

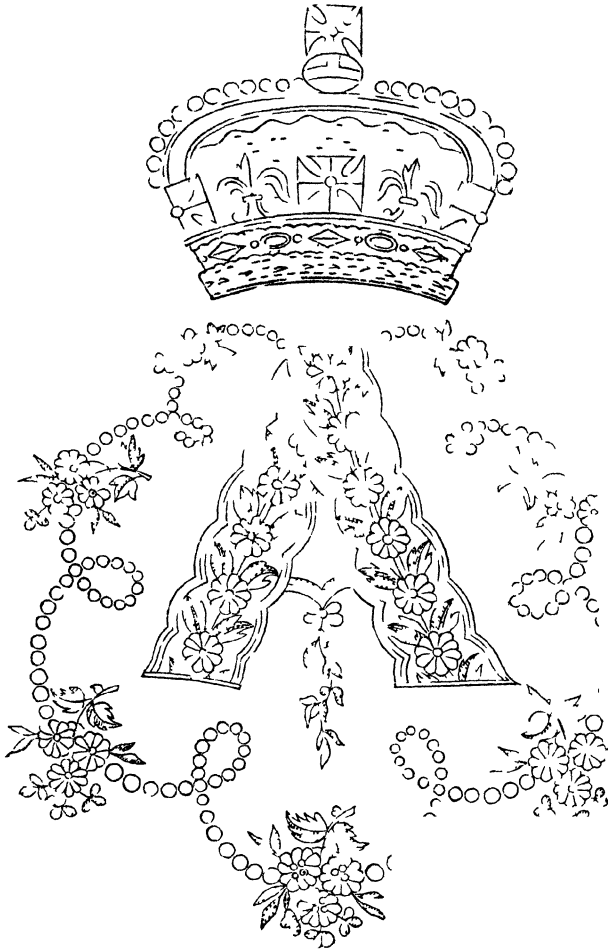


THE TROUSSEAU OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

**FROM DRAWINGS FURNISHED BY THE MANUFACTURER,
MR. L. C. LEVYSOHN, COPENHAGEN.**



EMBROIDERY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
SPECIMENS OF DANISH EMBROIDERY (HAND-SEWING).



THE TROUSSEAU OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WA

FROM DRAWINGS FURNISHED BY THE MANUFACTURER,
MR. J. G. LONDON, GEORGE ST.

WHY OUR BOAT DID NOT MAKE ITS BUMP:

A Reminiscence of Cambridge.

POETS have sung and authors written of the delights of the May Term. Doubtless this period of the year to the fun-loving undergraduate is most charming, telling, as it does, of boating, cricket, sherry-cobbler, ices, and all those pleasures which twenty so intensely enjoys, and thirty turns away from with loathing. This is the season of fierce contests at cricket between St Mungo's Club and St Margaret's, St Judas' and St Dunstan's, ending in great and prolonged festivities, during which the healths of the whole University, and our noble selves in particular, are drunk in endless tankards of cider-cup, and copious libations are poured out to Bacchus, in the shape of copas and iced punch. The May Term has, too, its calm delights, as well as its more noisy and active pursuits. It is now that the quiet stroll through the backs of the colleges, or the listless lounge on the greensward of King's well-kept grass plot, washed as it is by the turbid waters of the Cam, is so delightful. What enjoyment of a similar description is ever partaken of in after-life so pleasant, as the evening siesta in that peaceful spot (weed in mouth, our minds free from all thought for the morrow), by the side of that bosom friend, that chosen of one's heart, that fidus Achates, who has been selected as the repository of our most secret thoughts? It is in the May Term that fond and anxious 'governors' and sisters visit the young aspirant to academical honours, to see that their darlings, (each of whom is expected by his particular family to be the senior wrangler at the very least)—these prodigies of learning—are not either working themselves to death, or, by not working, consuming their means. The lazy undergraduates, too, whose souls no academical fire has seized, but who, unambitious of literary fame, seek in the quietude of a mere pass those joys which alone the 'pol' can give, may also, at this festive time re-

ceive visits from their respective comptrollers of the privy purse, of whom (as they ought) they stand in such awe. I think as I pen these words, of sundry tandem whips, hunting-crops, top-boots, sporting, and other pictures of rather a sensual character—besides pipes, long and short, boxing-gloves, and other articles, speaking more of the muscular development of the body than of the improvement and strength of the mind—which have been stowed away in the recesses of my rooms when any of my particular chums expected visits from stern-minded papas, amusement-hating mammas, and tract-distributing rich aunts and uncles. Had I felt at all dishonestly disposed, I might have reaped a rich harvest in such wares, by slyly remarking to Baggs or Staggs, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, when breakfasting with them and their world-hating, grave-minded relatives, that they had left such and such articles in my apartments. A sickly attempt at a smile, and, 'Oh, my dear fellow, you must be mistaken—they are not mine,' or, 'Oh, I bought them as a present for you, my dear Scribbler, knowing how fond you were of such things,' would have been, I imagine, a quite sufficient conveyance to me of the said goods and chattels in the eyes of the law.

It was during the May Term—this term so famous for pleasures of every description—that all was intense excitement in St. Dunstan's College, of which scholastic establishment I was then a most unworthy member. The cause of all this agitation of mind in our usually somewhat tranquil college was, that the St. Dunstan's boat (which had never, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of those classic shades, held any but a very low position on the river), impelled by the united efforts of those eight stalwart men, those sixteen muscular arms, and guided over the muddy waters of the Cam by that one little bit of humanity, young Rudderlines,

had actually achieved the proud position of the second place in that long line of boats, which during the May Term, on each alternate evening, race over the watery course. But this was not all. We all felt certain, with such a crew and such a coxswain, that 'The Red Hot Tongs of St. Dunstan'—for so we had christened our boat—would not remain second, even for one evening, when the opponent in front of it was only 'The Goose and Gridiron' of St. Mungo's, although that boat had held for several terms the head place in the aquatic sports on the Cam. Bets were pretty freely laid between mutual friends in the two colleges as to whether the dark flame-coloured flag, ornamented with a faithful representation of that point in our patron saint's history wherein he is reported to have taken such very ungentlemanly liberties with the proboscis of an enemy, should wave gracefully in the evening breeze at the stern of our boat, announcing to the world that St. Mungo's had succumbed, or, as it had done now for so many terms, 'The Goose and Gridiron' on a green field, should still float over the coxswain of St Mungo's head. Some rather bitter chaff had been exchanged between these two rival crews the night previous (when St. Dunstan had so ungalantly bumped St. Margaret, and obtained the second place on the river), as they exchanged their boating habiliments for their garments of every-day life in Searle's boat-house. The severity of this chaff was keenly felt by the St. Mungo's crew, from the fact that reports had been diligently circulated to their great discredit as boating men, viz., that whereas they could only row over the course from First Post up to the railway bridge in seven minutes twenty seconds and a half, the St. Dunstan's could do the distance in seven minutes nineteen seconds and three quarters—thereby demonstrating to the greatest certainty, as Ten-to-one, our betting undergraduate, observed, 'that St. Dunstan must bump St. Mungo the very next night of the races.'

St. Dunstan's College, then, was in

the greatest possible state of boating excitement. The healths of the crew were drunk with three times three, and one cheer more (I blush to record it), before that of the Queen and the Royal Family, at all the wine and supper parties held at that period. Even our pompous dean, who was supposed rather to set his face against boating, as an amusement at which loose characters were wont to congregate, offered to take an oar if the crew would row down to Ely (I do not know how many miles) once a term, and there drink tea. The dean was sixteen stone, if he was an ounce, and had no more muscle than a child. Even this worthy, carried away by the general enthusiasm, actually proposed to accompany our jolly tutor, who looked upon boating as one of the greatest and most time-honoured institutions of the University, along the bank to see St. Dunstan make its bump, and become head of the river. But, alas! the truth of the threadbare proverb about the cup and the lip was discovered in the case of St. Dunstan *versus* St Mungo. I was sitting in my room on the evening previous to the one on which this eventful contest was to come off, smoking the most meditative, and, to me, the most enjoyable pipe of the day, the one before retiring to bed, when a hurried step rattling up the steep staircase leading to my rooms, two or three steps at a time, bespoke the advent of some one whose lungs were at any rate in good order, and whose limbs were tolerably active. My practised ear discovered the footfall of some friend; but before I had time to speculate upon who it might be, Slasher, the captain of our boat, burst into the room. He was in a great state of excitement, and, before I had time to say a word, he seized upon a goodly tankard of St. Dunstan's audit ale which was standing on the table (I always take a night-cap of that invigorating fluid, to make me sleep soundly, and keep away unpleasant dreams), and, burying his face in its foaming contents, never took the vessel away from his lips until he had drained it to the bottom.

'I thought you were in training,' I said, rather sulkily, for no more of the delectable beverage could I obtain that night—'I thought you were in training, and not allowed to indulge so freely in the use of malt and other intoxicating liquors. But I suppose you are limited to so many draughts per diem, and when you do get a tankard to your lips, you make up for previous self-denial, and a prescribed number of draughts, by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.'

'My dear fellow,' said Slasher, 'I am really extremely sorry to have drunk all your beer; but you must excuse me, for had it not been for that refreshing drink, I should never have had strength to tell you the dreadful news. I think, when I am out of training, I shall drink St. Dunstan's audit night and day, to make up for lost time during the last six weeks' abstinence.'

'Well, tell me the next time you are coming to pay me a nocturnal visit,' I said, 'and I will order a



double allowance; for I do not admire the total abstinence principle any more than you. But I suppose you did not come here to drink my beer, and then tell me how you intended to make a beast of yourself upon the self-same beverage when you had done training. So what is your news? Let us hear it. But take a pipe—you will find the baccy very good.' And I grinned again, be-

cause Slasher, a tremendous smoker generally, was precluded by rules of his own framing from indulging in that narcotic weed during the time of the races; smoking being considered to render the indulger in it somewhat puffy and short of breath during any violent exertion.

Slasher looked intensely disgusted at my facetiae; but brought himself to anchor in a chair opposite to the

one on which I was seated, and at once disclosed the dreadful intelligence with which he was burdened.

'What do you think that little donkey, Rudderlines, has been and gone and done? Just at this time, too—the young stupid!—I should like to give him a good thrashing. In coming up from the boats this evening (for we rowed over the course, let me tell you, in splendid style to-night, doing the distance in one second and a half less than St. Mungo's), the young imp must needs get jumping over Jesus' Ditch, or some such stupid performance, which such a young hop-o'-my-thumb must have known he could not succeed in doing. The consequence is, that he fell down, and has broken his leg—not badly, the doctors say, but still quite enough to keep him in bed for the next fortnight, and to his room for six weeks.'

'My word!' I said, taking my pipe from my lips, and staring in blank astonishment and bewilderment at Slasher, being quite overcome by the magnitude of the misfortune. 'What on earth will you do now? Is there any man in the college who could steer the St Dunstan boat in the race to-morrow night? I do not believe there is a man in the college who knows *how* to steer but Rudderlines, and, even if there was, I doubt if any one would do it so well, as they tell me he is the best coxswain in the University.'

'Well, so he is,' replied Slasher, 'without it is Steerage, of St Mungo's—I really do not know which of the two is the best. And that makes the matter more provoking; because, with such a coxswain as Steerage in the boat before us, our making our bump must in a great measure depend on our boat being well managed.'

We both sat silent for some little time, for I felt myself totally unable to offer any advice on so momentous a subject. At last Slasher broke the silence by saying—

'They tell me, Scribbler, that you can steer a bit. You have steered a boat down the river once or twice, have you not? At any rate, you do not weigh much, I should think—some nine stone eight or so, I should say.'

'My weight to a pound,' I replied; 'but that is no reason'—I went on to say. But Slasher cut me short by exclaiming—

'Well, there is nothing for it but you must steer us in the race to-morrow night, for want of a better coxswain. I have thought over every man in the college, and you are the only little man who knows his right hand from his left in a boat, and which rope he is to pull, according to the side to which he wishes the boat to go.'

I was quite aghast at this proposition. The very impudence of calling me (five feet seven inches and a quarter in my stockings) a little man, and telling me I must steer because there was no better man! Certainly the impertinence of some men, under peculiarly trying circumstances, almost assumes the appearance of virtue. Here was Slasher, at his wits' end for a coxswain, proposing, with all the cool assurance in the world, that I should undertake that office, of the duties of which I positively knew nothing, and which was no snecure at any time, as though he was conferring the greatest favour possible.

'I will see you at—well, Jericho first!' I exclaimed, most indignantly, looking at Slasher as though I could have annihilated him. 'I know nothing of steering, and I am not going to lay myself open, I can tell you, to be abused by the crew and the whole college, if by any mistake I should prevent you making your bump. Why, you would be the first to kick up a row if such a thing was to happen.'

'But you see, my dear Scribbler,' said Slasher, trying to look very insinuating, 'it is the easiest thing in the world. You have only to keep your eyes on the willow bush at Grassy Corner, and make straight for it, and to sing out to bow and three to take her round; then at the "Plough" keep well over to that side, till you are half way round, and then you will shoot the corner like anything; and, you know, if we are just into St. Mungo's boat, you must take off your hat and wave it, so that we may dash into her.'

All this nautical jargon sounded

like Sanscrit to me. A confused noise of 'Grassy Willows,' 'Plough,' taking off my hat, rang in my ears; so I smoked on in silence, thinking that by saying nothing I should have the best chance of escaping from Slasher's 'persecution.' But I reckoned without my host, for there the fellow sat, talking away of the honour of the college, the duty every member owed to that time-honoured institution, the Boat Club, and how we ought all to sacrifice ourselves for its success, having no *esprit de corps*, and a lot more stuff, which did not in the least persuade me that I ought to make myself ridiculous by undertaking what I knew nothing about. At last, quite worn out with Slasher's importunity, in order to get rid of him, as I was very sleepy, I gave a most reluctant consent. But, woe is me! no sooner had I done this rash deed than I had to listen to a most elaborate disquisition on the peculiar failings of every member (save the captain) of St. Dunstan's boat's crew. Long did Slasher hold forth upon 'how seven did not get forward enough, and six went too far back,' 'how five shirked, and four dipped too deep, and made the boat roll,' 'how three did not keep time, and two feathered too high and jerked. And bow'—I fell asleep before bow's faults were all detailed, so heinous were his offences. All these high crimes and misdemeanors I was to reprove, admonish, and exhort against, in my capacity of coxswain. Worned completely with all this, I at last jumped up, and telling Slasher, if he did not at once let me go to bed I should be fit for nothing, much less for so important an office as he had selected me to fill, I at length got rid of him, to my intense satisfaction.

I went to bed, but had horrible nightmares, in which were mixed up innumerable Grassy Corners, round which it was impossible to steer, and St Mungo's boats, which would not permit me to bump them. I had only just fallen, as it appeared to me, after tossing restlessly about the greatest part of the night, into a comfortable doze, when some rude hand swept the bed-clothes off the bed, and awoke me in a violent and

most unpleasant manner. To lay hold of my boots and fling them at the intruder's head was my first impulse; but fortunately, with that caution for which I am remarkable, I looked to see who it was who had perpetrated this outrage, by ravishing the sheets and blankets from off my august person, before I took any steps to avenge it. There was the stalwart form and grinning face of my tormentor, Slasher, at the foot of my bed.

'Confound you!' I said, in no very quiet tone. 'What do you mean by keeping a fellow out of his bed half the night, and then disturbing him before daybreak in the morning?'

'Well,' exclaimed Slasher, 'I rather like that—before daybreak! why it is seven o'clock. What a lazy beggar you must be! why I have had a swim in the bath, and been twice round Parker's Piece already.'

'I wish with all my heart you had stayed there, or at the bottom of the bath, before you came disturbing me like this!'

'Come, you get up this moment, Master Scribbler,' said the pertinacious Slasher, catching hold of my leg, as though, *sans ceremonie*, to pull me out of bed. 'You get up, I want you to come down the river with me in a funny, so that I may show you how to steer over the course, and tell you all about First Post, Grassy, and Plough Corners.'

I groaned aloud. What sin had I committed, that my good genius should so desert me as to permit of my consenting to become, even for one day, the slave of such a fellow, as Slasher? However, I jumped out of bed, and telling Slasher to be off, so that I might dress myself, prepared to make my toilet. As I did so, various thoughts passed through my mind with regard to the mess I had got myself into by acceding to Slasher's most unreasonable demand, that I should steer 'The Red Hot Tongs' of St. Dunstan's in that night's races. But the thoughts of the bright eyes of Miss Bloggs (Bloggs', of St. Simon's Hall, sister, with whom I fancied myself to be violently in love) being on the bank

to view my performances with the rudder somewhat reassured me. At length I joined, at breakfast, the captain 'of our gallant ship,' as I might henceforth sing, having been so unceremoniously pressed into the service. But, oh! the quantity of half-raw beef that cannibal-like individual devoured was perfectly appalling—those horrible-looking morsels disappearing down his capacious throat like pats of butter down a mastiff's, made me feel quite sick. The only thing Slasher was moderate in was the drinkables. One half pint of old ale (so acid, that when I tasted it, it made my eyes recoil into my head, and I do believe has caused me to squint ever since)—this was all the Spartan-like code of laws, drawn up for the benefit of those in training for a boat-race, permitted their victims. Thank goodness! I mentally exclaimed, my slender proportions, light weight, and feeble strength, prevent the possibility of my being pressed into the service as a rowing member of the boat's crew, for such cannibal-like orgies as these would be the death of me. At length, breakfast over, we started for Searle's boathouse, where I was to intrust my valued life in a frail and cranky bark, to the care and skill of Slasher. It boots not to tell of what befel me during that morning's cruise. I can only say I returned from it more puzzled and confused, with regard to Grassy and all other points and corners, than ever. Now, thought I, as we neared the venerable gateway of St. Dunstan's, I shall at any rate be left in peace until the hour arrives for the victim to be offered in sacrifice to the god of Fame; surely I shall not be any further molested until the evening bell tolls the hour for the aquatic sports to begin. But little could I, in my simplicity, fathom the restless energy of the enthusiastic boating-man, when once let loose on his hobby. No sooner had we entered the portals of the ancient college, than linking his arm in mine, Slasher insisted upon my at once visiting little Rudderlines' apartments, and hearing from that wounded, but distinguished young navigator, a

long lecture on how I was to 'trim the boat, hold the rope and float' when opposite the post, waiting for the gun, to say nothing of the everlasting corners, at whose very name of Grassy and Plough, I turned away already with loathing. Moreover, elaborate details were entered into of what manœuvre was to occupy every particular period of that exciting moment between the firing of the second and third gun. 'How two was to pull half a stroke at thirty seconds past, how bow was to pull the other half at forty seconds, and how at fifty, the whole crew were to be ready with their oars half back, so that they might dash off the moment the gun was fired, and be into the Goose and Gridiron of St Mungo's before they knew where they were.' With this graphic description of 'the bump,' which ought to take place, and the manner of making it, Rudderlines concluded his charge, and I was at length permitted to depart. I spent the rest of that day in a state of miserable nervousness, bordering on insanity, at the very thoughts of all the duties I had taken upon myself to perform that evening. The longest day of misery must at last come to an end, and 7 o'clock P.M. found me stepping into the 'Red Hot Tongs of St. Dunstan,' then manned by her fine muscular crew, lying off the landing-place at Searle's boathouse.

'Where is the flag?'

'Why, bless the man, he is going without the flag!' exclaimed Captain Slasher of the St. Dunstan's Boat Club, as I was preparing to sit down on the very limited, cramped, and uncomfortable-looking seat provided for the man at the helm of his gallant bark. A small boy had to be despatched to the dressing-room to bring down those famous colours, which had braved, not the battle and the breeze, but the river and the breeze, for I do not know how many generations of St. Dunstan's boating-loving students. I groaned aloud, as, with a feeling of superstitious awe, I accepted the omen of the forgotten flag as a mark of my future discomfiture. I was just thinking whether it would be practical, even at the

last moment, for me to rush away and hide myself in some far-off corner of the University until the races should be over, when the cheery voice of Slasher crying out to 'shove her off, stroke-side, back water a little, bow side,' aroused me to the reality that I was fully committed to go on now with the unequal contest, sink or swim. I do not know any more enjoyable sight to the lover of aquatic amusements, than the Cam and its banks present on those nights during the May Term when the boat-races are coming off. It is true that the Cambridge man, unlike his cousin at Oxford (I suppose Oxford and Cambridge men are cousins, being sons of the sister universities)—it is true that, unlike him, he does not sit in all state in the cabin of some defunct lord mayor's barge, all tarnished gold and dirty white paint, and there drink his wine, eat his dessert, smoke his weed, and gaze on the exciting scene of the finishing boat-race, which takes place before him. But he can stand outside, or in the cabin of Searle's, Logan's, or Cross's barge, listen to the band, smoke and chat with his friends, as the stout horses thereunto attached bear him swiftly along towards the scene of the forthcoming struggle. Or he can, arm-in-arm with some chosen companion, stroll leisurely along the banks of the river, criticising the merits of the different boats as they pass him, or fling broadcast his chaffing witticisms, as he recognizes in some toiling brave, working at his oar like a galley-slave, either Jenkins of St David's, Tomkins of St. Simon's Hall, Hopkins of St. Judas', or some other of his own familiar chums. Then there is the excitement at Chesterton ferry, surely that is something worth looking at! What a row there is! 'Boat ahead, sir'—'Now then, sir, if you please'—'Don't be all night, sir'—'Can you not get out of the road, sir?' all uttered in the loudest and most angry tones; but only looked upon by those to whom the observations are addressed as the curtilies of the river. Then there is the rugged old Charon, looking like a piece of raw beef stuck on a

blue post, so weather-beaten is his face (or, I should say, was his face, I know not that he exists now), so sturdy his blue-clad figure. How he punted away for bare life, receiving with the utmost good temper all the loud and somewhat startling anathemas hurled at his devoted head by the excited coxswams, whose boats his barge-like punt kept waiting at this point. What a simple yet noble trust that old worthy had in the unblemished honour and honesty of a member of the University, when called upon, for lack of change, to give credit; but how retentive a memory he possessed, enabling him to again recognize his academic debtor, even after the lapse of twelve months or more! Then there is the intense excitement at the starting-posts. The noise, confusion, running, pushing, shouting, cheering, the 'Now you are gaining,' 'Now you are into them,' 'Well pulled, St Dunstan,' 'Well steered, St Mungo,' of the race itself, mingled with the strains of the band, playing 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' and the yells and shouts of the winning-post. But why do I go on? 'Eheu fugaces labuntur anni,' as old Horace says. I grow old and garrulous. Very little did it matter so far as I was concerned, on the eventful evening of which I write, whether the scene on the banks or on the river was gay and animated, or the reverse.

As we rowed down to the course, I mechanically pulled first at one string, then at another, in my endeavours to keep the boat straight in the middle of the river, never venturing to raise my eyes from the small willow wand at the extreme point of the boat, placed there, I conclude, to guide the coxswain's eye. I heard no sound save the voice of Slasher, as every now and then he cried, 'Steady,' 'Don't roll,' 'Don't jerk,' 'Seven, keep time,' 'Time all.' Once or twice we stopped, and then Slasher would say, 'Now for a few yards' spurt.' 'Do you, Scribbler, keep crying out, "Pick her up."' I obeyed the order given, but as to any meaning I attached to the words at that

time, they might have been the war-cry of the Rumi Indians. At last we arrived at our starting-post, and that without meeting with any accident, which event I solely attribute to good luck, and not to good management, so erratic was my course. With Slasher's assistance, at this juncture, I managed to get our boat's head round, after having jammed her nose so fast into the opposite bank, that it required all the efforts of bow, who landed for the purpose, to release her, and doubtless I put the good lady's proboscis very much out of joint by my stupidity. At last, after shouting incoherently one order after another, all contradictory of each other, and tugging away at the rudder-strings until I nearly broke them, in my frantic endeavours to produce the results I desired—thanks to the calm and collected conduct of my crew, to whom, from long habit, the necessary manipulation of the oars came as a matter of course, our boat eventually found itself lying snugly, close to the side, directly under our starting-post, and then we waited in anxious expectation for the firing of the first gun. If I live to be a hundred I do not think I shall ever forget the misery of those few moments. Being a young man of a naturally nervous temperament, I was rendered doubly so on this occasion by the unguarded observations of the various friends of the St. Dunstan's boat, collected around us on the bank. 'Now then, Scribbler, you mind what you are about; if you spoil the bump do not ever show your face in college again' 'I say, young fellow, I have got five pounds on the race'—here I recognized Ten-to-one's voice—'so don't you go for to make me lose it,' and so on in endless variety. How I envied the calm, quiet, and assured manner in which Steerage (a young lad fresh from Eton) handled his boat, as 'The Goose and Gridiron' of St. Mungo's, the oars gracefully dipping into the water as if worked by only one hand, like the wings of a swallow, came sweeping up to its appointed post at the head of the river, and,

without either noise or confusion, was turned round almost at the very moment when the first gun was fired, announcing the time to be very near for the approaching struggle. The perspiration poured down my face in the agony of my nervous excitement. What my thoughts were during the first part of that trying interval I cannot record. I believe I meditated *felo de se*, perhaps not *de sea*, but *de river*, as the Frenchman said. 'Shove her out into the middle,' shouted the voice of Slasher, as, settling himself on his seat, he flung his outer Jersey to a friend on the bank, and said to me, 'Now mind what you are at, Scribbler' Boom went the second gun, just as we managed to get our boat into the stream, not by any directions of my giving, but by the orders dictated by the indomitable Slasher, who, grinning good-humouredly, said, 'We will pick her up at starting, and soon be into St Mungo's, and put you out of your misery, for you look as if you had seen a ghost' Oh, that wretched moment between the second and the third guns! How stilled now was every voice on the lately noisy bank; nothing could I hear but the dull, monotonous voice of Slasher's friend, as, standing watch in hand, he told off the record of the fleeting seconds, as the time fled swiftly by, and the tones of Slasher's voice, now hoarse with excitement, as he gave the necessary directions to his crew, requisite to keep the boat in the middle of the river. 'Twenty seconds gone,' said the voice on the bank 'Half a stroke, bow,' was Slasher's instantaneous response. 'Forty seconds gone' again uttered the voice. 'Just paddle half a stroke, six,' was the prompt reply 'Fifty seconds gone' 'Oars half back, close to the water, half a stroke, and then into them.' Bang went the gun, and we were off. Away we went, dashing through the water at a prodigious rate after the St Mungo's boat, who, aware of our tactics, as I suppose, did not allow the weeds to grow under their oars' blades. Vainly did the plucky Slasher pull and strive at his oar, vainly did his

crew ably second his efforts, and labour away; the zig-zag course which my utter ignorance of the art of steering caused us to take, rendered all their endeavours abortive. At First Post Corner, so widely did I steer, that our oars almost touched the opposite bank; at Grassy, forgetful of the instructions I had received anent the willow bush, I was compelled to pull on my rudder so hard to get her round, that I almost stopped the course of the boat. But I was left to myself, with no friendly voice to guide or direct me, my own devices I could follow undisturbed, save when reminded that I had stern censors judging of my conduct, by the frantic shouts from the bank, of 'You muff, where are you steering to?' and 'Pull bow and three, pull, pull!' I am quite sure bow and three pulled as they never pulled in their lives before, or we should never have got round at all, and been extricated from the mess I had contrived to get the boat into. At the Plough, I fear the same results of my ignorance must have been most apparent, for the shouts and denunciations from the bank waxed louder and more furious than ever. But the Scylla and Charybdis of the Cam were at length passed, and we entered what at Newmarket would be termed the straight running of our watery course, viz from the Plough to the winning-post. Now I thought, if I can only keep her straight up the middle, all may get well. Alas! *decipimur specie recti*. I heard the cries on the bank becoming perfectly furious, as they yelled out, 'You're gaining, gaining! take her up, take her up!' True enough, we were gaining. The crew of St. Mungo's boat, exhausted by the frantic efforts they had made to keep away from our terrible spurt at the beginning, and wanting the untiring energy and training of our men, now visibly relaxed their efforts, though they still kept up the struggle most bravely. We slowly gained upon them stroke after stroke. What was I to do? Our boat, in my excitement, kept shooting about in all directions like a crooked arrow, first to one side and then to the

other. 'Confound you, Scribbler, keep her straight!' were the howls of indignation, for they amounted to nothing else, which now greeted me from the bank. 'Take her in, take her in!' were the cheers of encouragement given to my crew. We were now close to the 'Goose and Gridiron' of St. Mungo's, so close, as almost, as I thought, to enable me to touch her rudder with the nose of our boat. But the wily coxswain of that former distinguished bark, seeing what a muff he had to do with as an adversary, was not going to permit the honours which his college had so long worn to be snatched away from her so rudely by such a tyro as myself; so he kept skilfully turning his rudder away from the nose of our boat, as I made frantic efforts to bump it, whilst the wash from the oars of his crew sent us back each time I renewed my attempts. At last the men on the bank, losing all patience at my stupidity, shouted to me to overlap her, which, of course, would have insured our bump: the nose of our boat was half way up the stern of the 'Goose and Gridiron,' when, in an evil moment, thinking the time was come to make a glorious finale, and to obey to the letter my instructions, I took off my hat to wave my men on to victory. I heard the shouts from the bank, 'Now take her up, St. Dunstan!' 'Now take her up!' 'Two strokes more!' But, alas! on removing my chapeau from my head, I nearly overbalanced myself from my frail perch, and in trying to preserve my equilibrium, I caught hold of the wrong string of the rudder, giving it such a frantic pull as to send my boat's nose fast into the opposite shore, whilst at the same time the shock caused me to lose my seat and tumble into the river. A confused noise of 'Served you right for a muff!' was all I heard, as the muddy waters closed over my head. Then all was darkness. The light dawned again upon me, as I was being jerked through the air by two sturdy barges, at the end of a boat-pole, whose hook was firmly fastened in the—'dear me,' well!—lower extremity of my breeches,

I was once more safely landed on terra firma. I heard a sulvery laugh, and a voice saying, 'What a dirty little wretch he looks—more like a drowned puppy than anything I ever saw—goodness me!' I raised my eyes and looked, as well as mud and weeds would permit, to see to whom the voice belonged. There stood the lovely, bright-eyed Miss Bloggs. I draw a curtain on what followed. Fortunately I escaped the abuse and upgradings of the whole college, by being confined to my rooms for some days from a severe attack of rheumatism caught amidst the waters of the

Cam. Before I could leave my bed our boat was at the head of the river, as good luck would have it for me, a Freshman from Westminster, well accustomed to steering, having come into residence the very evening of my contretemps, whose skilful handling of the rudder-strings soon placed 'The Hot Tongs of St Dunstan' in that proud position. I may say, in conclusion, that the lovely, bright-eyed Miss Bloggs did not change her name to Scribbler; and to this day I still most firmly adhere in all I do to the good old Latin proverb—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*





DILL M. CLARK

WHAT HAS VEXED THE LADY CLARK?

LONDON SOCIETY.

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LONDON SOCIETY ABROAD.



ND where am I?' I said to myself, as I opened my eyes from a profound sleep, and found the darkness vanished before the crisp light of the early morning. At first there was a mass of confused images in my mind. Surely not at my own supper-table — nor yet in the packet tossing about the Channel — nor yet rolling through the streets of Paris — nor yet in the Rue Madeleine, calmly

discussing ecclesiastical questions with my poetical and eccentric friend, G. All these were scenes which had followed upon each other in such rapid succession that they might well blend together in almost inextricable confusion. I glanced through the casement, and, lo! the houses were flying, the trees were dancing, the watercourses were vanishing, and then I recollected myself. I was in the night train, and performing the wearisome journey towards the South of France. I was now the only tenant of the comfortable carriage, and I remembered that last night I had 'gone to bed,' so far as circumstances permitted that customary process to be performed, with as little deviation as possible from routine regularity.

I was bound to Basle, and passing through a variety of tunnels, although 'Bradshaw' assures me that there are no tunnels on the *voûte* Mulhouse line. Very weary was I when I arrived at Basle, looked languidly at the cathedral, and did not vouchsafe a recollection to the great ecclesiastical council. How the scene freshened when again I left Basle! That languid, level, monotonous French country was exchanged for the Swiss cottage scene at the Colosseum, only with every dimension and feature multitudinously magnified. That thinly-peopled train was exchanged for the long line of crowded cars where are easily recognized the English speech and the

English laugh. At Alten I saw *en masse* a great quantity of English society abroad. English society abroad was then engaged in the operation of feeding, which was performed with all the national determination of character. There were heaps of overcoats, travelling wrappers, alpenstocks, knapsacks, 'Bradshaws' and 'Murrays' scattered about, to be resumed when the bell should sound. The bell is soon ringing, and a great part of the company are tumultuously making their way to the carriages that are starting for Berne. For myself, I continue my journey to Lucerne, and rest that night by the shores of the most beautiful of inland seas, and beneath the shadow of Mount Pilatus.

I am especially attached to the beauty of lake scenery. With me it is almost a passion. I know the English lakes, the Scottish lakes, the Swiss lakes, and the Italian lakes. I should like to visit the Caspian and Ontario. Especially should I like to see the great inland sea of Africa, Lake Tanganyika, which Lieutenant Burton considers would surpass all classic and Oriental lakes but for the want of gardens and orchards, mosque and kosk, palace and villa. But, for magazine purposes at least, I must confine myself to the civilized haunts which London Society loves to frequent in its season of travel and relaxation.

Everybody may avoid the mistake of Dr Martin Farquhar Tupper in giving an account of Everybody's Tour. Let us be supposed to have gained the Alpine heights, and to be descending the soft southern slopes. The Lake of Lucerne, with its sublime bay of Uri, has long been left, and we are now on the margin of an Italian lake.

The scene is the garden of an Italian palace, overhanging waters of intensest blue—a seat belonging to the Prince—. A group of English ladies are examining the aromatic flowers in the shapely vases on the balconies, or admiring the wonderful magnolia, or watching the tall fountain glancing in the sunlight, beneath which the gold and silver fish are playing. Some cavaliers are in attendance, and ano-

ther is approaching through yonder natural arcade of the trellised vines; and I am not sure that the incense of the cigar is not blending with that of the myrtle and the orange-tree. A little apart is a tall, slight, gentlemanly Italian talking to a pensive English girl, who appears to feel the full power of the sweet southern tongue. A Polish count and a German baron are deep in a guttural conversation. A young English student, frank and free, in the third of his glorious long vacations, is descanting, with the natural enthusiasm of a first visit to Italy, on the divine sunset, which makes him allude to the colours of Claude and the poetry of Tasso. A charming widow, whose beautiful face is in strange contrast with her sable dress, is listening to an illustrious artist. Poor dear Laila Gray is not far from her. A grave reviewer and a senior man, it is not necessary that I should talk with the enthusiasm of my Cambridge friend, and engaged as deeply as a man can be, it is only with a mild interest that I can watch the progress of incipient flirtations.

We have seen the garden, and, in contrast with the garden, we have seen a wilderness behind, where a circuitous path conducted us by successive terraces to the bottom of a precipitous gorge. Then we have been into the house and done some pictures and curiosities, and having remunerated the attendants, we prepare to return to get some tea. We are all staying at a palatial hotel on the borders of a beautiful and famous lake. Some of the party are staying there a long time, a few of them *en pension*. Others are only the visitants of a day. But many are the visitants who, struck by the exceeding beauty of the spot, prolong the days into weeks, and the weeks into months. Of this number am I and various others of my friends, and nothing amuses us more than the constant succession of arriving and departing guests. Society south of the Alps varies very greatly from the society which one meets in Switzerland and on the Rhine. You do not meet with that crowd of people who manage

to 'do the tour there and back for a ten-pound note,' as the cheap guide-books assure us it can be done. The visitors are much fewer and of a better class. In fact, the tourists are of a better position in society, and with better means, social intercourse is much more unrestrained, travellers meet together as in a club-room or a drawing-room, and a man, if he chooses, may soon be closely acquainted with those whom he meets. This is very far from being the case in a crowded Swiss hotel, where every Englishman seems to regard a compatriot as a snob until he has proved himself to be a gentleman. Every Englishman, says Novahs, is an island, but nowhere is this insularity of character more conspicuous than among themselves.

When I returned to the hotel and found my way into the vast dining-room, I sat down at one of the many tables waiting for my tea. Here I was joined by a little friend, to whom I shall give the time-honoured name of Tom Noddy. Mr Noddy was a nice little fellow according to his lights—an amusing retailer of very small talk, and beyond mere attempts to glorify the family of the Noddies ever since they had first settled in the land of Nod—a weakness which we all understood and made allowance for—companionable enough, and even useful. Noddy was a man who did not disdain to be conversational with waiters and couriers, and I presume it was from this that he was always well posted up in the latest items of intelligence that were floating about the hotel. So Noddy mixed himself a glass of sherry-cobbler, and drawing his chair in towards mine, made me the depository of various confidences that were going the round of our circle.

The Marquis of H and his young bride had arrived only that very afternoon. They had come from Florence, and were going on to Colico. He was not himself acquainted with the marquis, but his lordship's family and his own were very intimate in Anyshire (where Mr Noddy, senior, was a respectable coal-merchant). The young marchioness had a very pretty face,

quite fit for a Book of Beauty. There was a man, continued my young friend, who had just come in from Zermatt, having walked nearly all the way, and previously having narrowly escaped falling off the summit of Monte Rosa. Sitting at yonder tea-table, and looking very pretty, were two jolly girls, New Yorkers—I am not responsible for my friend's vernacular—who had been as far as the Third Cataract, and had afterwards galloped over a great part of Judea, as far as the Lebanon. Still he thought he preferred Leila Grey to both. He was certain that the baron was paying very close attention to the pretty widow, Mrs Lisle. Why should her young friend, Miss Grey, have that strange expression—a little wild, a little troubled?

I know the reason well enough, my dear Mr Noddy, I said to myself, but as I do not wish the young creature to be made an object of general and embarrassing attention from every one, I shall abstain from making you the unfailing advertisement of her secret. For Leila Grey is travelling abroad on a secret mission, which I shall not now feel confidentially to intrust to my reader, although I should hesitate to do so to Mr Noddy. It is rather a pretty little story, and, *mutatis mutandis*, perfectly true.

Leila Grey and Charles Lorraine were once happy children, little lovers, who played together on the same lawn, and were almost domesticated in the same home. The parents of each were intimate friends, and, indeed, it almost seemed that from time immemorial amity and alliance prevailed between the Greys and the Lorraines. A good opening presenting itself in the Levant trade, Charles Lorraine, when a big boy, found himself settled in a Smyrna house of business, and in the course of a few years a prosperous junior partner. He was really the working and responsible member of the firm, and his business avocations were such that a journey to England, to see his old home and his former playfellow, seemed to be something indefinitely removed into the future. The young man, after the manner of

young men, thought at times of married life, and the image of one particular young lady never failed to preside over his day-dreams.

A bold conception occurred to his mind, which he carried out with brilliant success. It was not difficult to enter into a correspondence with his old friend, Leila Grey. Many letters were exchanged. His own were clever letters, giving lively and accurate accounts of all strange Eastern scenes, frankly talking about himself and his friends, and disclosing many glimpses of his own nature and thoughts, and sending at times a piece of descriptive poetry, at times, perhaps, a rather personal sonnet. She, in return, wrote him the pleasant letters of a ladylike and accomplished English girl; discussed all the English news and all the little home news, so interesting to the absentee, and seeming so frivolous to his friends, spoke to him about her books and her garden, and her class at the Sunday-school, and, like a good girl anxious to do a little good, would at times write a letter about high and holy things.

One day a letter came from her Eastern correspondent which made Leila look very grave. Charles Lorraine merely wanted to marry her as soon as might be. Leila was, of course, a little indignant. She showed the letter to her papa, and also to the mamma of the young gentleman. These worthy people, however, failed to realize the full enormity of the offence. Mrs Lorraine wished nothing better than that her son should marry so sweet a girl as Leila Grey, and old Mr Grey declared that the son of his old school and college friend, the kind-hearted neighbour, too, of the years of middle life, had a better claim than any one to his daughter Leila.

Now Leila Grey was a tall, striking girl, with a face that had some substantial claims to the too-easily accorded epithet of beautiful—a face that disclosed some of the liberal share of the poetry and romance that undoubtedly existed in her character. She just remembered young Lorraine as a curly-headed boy, in whose company she used to build her green

palaces in the meadow grass. Of course she wrote to him, saying that she could write to him no more if he continued to talk such nonsense. By-and-by, however, his photograph came over, a very pleasing likeness, and by-and-by, too, her own was sent in exchange.

A woman loves to love, and generally invests her imaginary hero with all splendid and noble attributes, and it was the especial good fortune of Mr Charles Lorraine that Leila's imagination began to surround her unknown lover with all these. Finally it was arranged that she should go out to marry him. I omit the many intermediate steps by which this ultimate decision was arrived at. The matter was very pleasantly arranged. Lorraine would manage to come as far as Venice to meet her, and there the marriage was to take place. It so happened that some friend of the mother of the bride elect, a consumptive patient, hearing of the great benefit which the Empress of Austria had experienced from her winter residence, had taken a palace at Venice for a term, which she was prolonging till advanced summer should bring the mosquitoes. She was to take the young lady under her care, and at her palace the ceremony was to be performed. Another friend, the widow of the squire of the parish where the Greys lived, offered to be the chaperone of the young lady on this interesting occasion. Rich, young, and handsome, Mrs Lisle knew that she required a chaperone herself, and thought that for the present Leila would nicely serve the purpose. Thus it was that Leila Grey was travelling to endow an unremembered friend with herself and the comfortable little fortune which she would one day inherit. Miss Grey was quite the Lady of the Lake during our stay at this enchanting place. I, who happened to know her secret, guarded it jealously.

Those were lazy, pleasant times. As a rule, little was to be done till the evening. The more adventurous of the party would get up an hour before sunrise and climb a famous mountain which commanded a panoramic view. Some would

stay the whole day upon the hills where the pure fresh breezes tempered the heat and gave them illustrious appetites for a five-o'clock dinner. A sharp drive by the lake was also very endurable. But to lounge about, to read a novel, to play on the piano, to sketch, was the main amusement of the ladies, and also of the gentlemen, who added thereto smoking, billiard play-

ing, and, notwithstanding the unjustifiable expense, Bass's pale ale, incited thereto by the example of the Zermatt man who said that that alone had enabled him to achieve Monte Rosa. By the time we had finished dinner the sun had abated something of the fearful heat, and the more enjoyable part of the day commenced. Many were the parties on the water, many the pleasant



walks, sometimes in that wild kind of scenery in which Salvator's brigands lurked, sometimes in pleasant lanes that reminded me strongly of the green lanes of Kent, sometimes resting by a wayside cross or in a churchyard where the walls are painted with the last scenes of the Saviour's history, and constantly enough along paths rendered leafy arcades by the trellised vines. I was much surprised by the manifest

inferiority of Italian to English fruits, A poor child is able to buy his capful of green figs, peaches, and nectarines. But the fruits are poor enough when compared with those of an English greenhouse. The wretched gardening is the reason of this. Where nature has dealt so abundantly the thoughtless people have left all to nature, and have very rarely employed habits of industry or the fostering hand of art. A

good gardener or carefully-kept garden is an utmost rarity. I have already said something of our musical evenings. When the music was over, and the ladies were withdrawn, we felt the want of a milder and more humanizing influence. Till very late I, with one or two of my friends, would pace the road by the margin of the lake, and let it be said to the shame of various sluggish vestries of several parishes in England, that many of these roads were most admirably constructed, and kept in first-rate condition. At home was always a heap of the 'Times,' and 'Galignani,' and the Milan newspapers, which gave us the earliest American news; or some new books; or that most enjoyable kind of conversation which begins at the hour when conversation generally leaves off and the kindly shadows of night inviting to frankness, in those charmed nights did two or three of us exchange confidences and experiences. In such an hour did the Cambridge man, young Ponsonby L'Estrange, intrust to me, his sympathizing auditor, the story of his wild attachment to Leila Grey. Examining into the statistics of the young man's moral condition, I discovered that from the time he had doffed the jacket he had entertained about three-and-twenty wild and passionate attachments. He exhibited a small collection of flowers, locket, and gloves, and classically remarked, having been in the sixth form at Eton, '*Et militavi non sine gloria*' He wished to propose in form to Miss Grey, and eloquently expanded on the vast impulse for good she would prove to him in reading for his degree and for the bar. I gently explained to him that in the present case I thought his *bonnes fortunes* would desert him, and expressed a belief, which he indignantly repudiated, that his blighted feelings would one day recover the disappointment. In compliance with my entreaties he consented not to send Leila a passionate epistle, but to talk over the matter confidentially with her guardian, beautiful Mrs Lisle. Dear, good Mrs Lisle! with what placid joy did she listen to that gushing story of the affec-

tions! When, with the utmost sympathy and delight, she had discussed the matter, she melodramatically informed young L'Estrange that Leila was Unalterably Another's. L'Estrange, acting upon a precedent, which he had seen in some novel or other, ordered post-horses and set off for the North. At Bellinzona he halted for a day, and Bellinzona being rather a dull place, he honoured me by inditing one of the most tragic letters which I had ever received, which I was by all means to show to Mrs Lisle, and was by no means forbidden to show to Leila. When he had reached Baden-Baden, I received another much more cheerful letter, in which it was manifest that the gay festivities of the forest-embosomed village and the neighbouring court of Carlsruhe, were beginning to heal the wound. After this, as old Bunyan says, he went his way and I saw him no more. Little Tom Noddy, however, whom I picked up, later in the season, at Wiesbaden, was able to inform me of an additional chapter in the fortunes of Mr L'Estrange that eventful long vacation. He partook somewhat freely of the enjoyments of Baden-Baden, and being unable to withstand the attractions of the Kursaal, he rashly ventured the whole of the rather considerable sum that had been intrusted to him for his expenses, and lost every florin. The first impulse of the repentant youth was to beg his way to the shores of the German Ocean, and then to work over his passage to his native strand. He thought better of this, however, and spent some time in honourable captivity at the principal hotel, where he beguiled his time by eating very excellent dinners and writing penitential letters to his friends, by whom he was ultimately released, and, I trust, thoroughly lectured.

The mention of this incident reminds me of another unpleasant story which I heard one morning as I was leisurely discussing some breakfast. The German baron, at a very late *sederunt* last night, had won an unconscionably large sum of money of a young and inexperienced Frenchman. It is wonderful how

such things 'crop up,' but it was whispered that this sort of thing had happened once or twice before at the hotel, and Mr Noddy had an awkward story to tell me of a disreputable affair in which the baron had been largely mixed up at some celebrated watering-place. I was the more sorry to hear this, as I had imagined that the beauty, or the gold, or both of Mrs Lisle had attracted the very special attention of the baron, and I was sorry to see that the lady was better pleased with them than might have been expected from a woman of her discernment. I believed that our friend the artist, a thorough gentleman by education and position, was becoming rather partial to Mrs Lisle's society. I was not altogether sorry, therefore, when Mrs Lisle declared that day that the time was come when she and her charge would move southward. This declaration from the most charming member of our party had the effect of partially dissolving the little club into which we had gathered at the hotel. We were only a fortuitous concourse of atoms whom any chance might blow to the four quarters of the world. It is astonishing, however, how often the separate fragments of such a party in a measure reunite. Tourists, as a rule, travel pretty much to the same towns and the same show-places, frequently drop into companies for a week or two, then separate, and finally, to their mutual astonishment and delight, turn up again in some most unlikely sort of place.

Shall I ever forget that most beautiful, most blessed time, when, with trembling awe and with happy tears gathering in my eyes, I first stood within the cathedral of Milan? I felt that this alone would amply, most amply, repay any trouble and cost of long travel, and I could well understand the involuntary wish breathed from the lips of various English travellers, that in such a shrine they might find their final rest. It was a goodly sight to see the crowd of poor people, freely pressing through the ever-open doors of the cathedral, and passing at once from the glow of the day and the

tumult of business through the columnar forest to some spot where, in the cool and in the dimness, they offered what seemed to me sincerest prayer. I, fresh from a northern clime, and from a simpler ritual, saw much that did not harmonize with my severer form of faith: but I trust I am a good Catholic, and, as if I were a thorough Romanist, I too found a quiet nook, and offered the aspiration that the beauty and glory of this marble temple might attract many a true-hearted worshipper, and be blessed to Christian hearts that were loving rather than polemical. And then that wealth of painted glass—could all the cathedrals of England furnish forth the like? One vast window gathered together, in its multitudinous compartments, the principal narratives of the Old Testament, and another window the principal events of the New, and I thought how, in less happy times, a large amount of scriptural instruction would thus be vividly presented to the minds of this imaginative people. I climbed to the leads, whence various groups were gathered, and then to the topmost perilous ascent up a staircase, whose outer work seemed only a frail protection, and appeared to quiver in the undulations of the air. Then the vast fertile Lombard plain lay boundless leagues around me, and in the background arose the snowy Alpine ranges, with their white heights lost in the white clouds. Yonder, said my guide, was the field of *Magenta*, at what seemed only a moderate distance, and plainly visible to the eye. All day long on the glaring roof, beyond that forest of pinnacles and statues, had he watched, so far as could be, the issue of the mighty battle. The thick smoke hid from all eyes the fortune of the field, but in the reverberating thunder of the cannonade they recognized the heralding of the regeneration of Italy.

Oh, what a chance *Louis Napoleon* then lost! Had he only elected the nobler part, to be true to that Italian cause of which he professed to be the benefactor, he would have counselled well and truly for the fortunes of his dynasty. The Italians are pas-

sionately zealous in their attachment, and had Napoleon really rendered Italy a free and consolidated kingdom, in any coming time of revolution—and the shadow of such darkly overhangs the imperial house—he might have counted upon a united Italian people as his most sure and faithful ally. I endeavoured, so far as I could while at Milan, to ascertain both the state of political feeling there, and also the opinions which London Society on its travels formed on these subjects. Those opinions, however, for the most part, were merely a re-echo of such as are expressed by Signor Gallenga, a member of the Turin parliament, and the Turin correspondent of the 'Times'. It would be difficult to say which language this accomplished gentleman speaks and writes with most purity and ability. On most questions, however, he takes a particular side, and the accuracy and impartiality of his letters were strongly impugned.

Although it was the height of summer Milan was still very full. There was still a long roll of carriages on the fashionable drive, and although La Scala was closed, the Carcano nightly attracted a full house. The Milanese noble—famous for liberality, taste, and high bearing, beyond all the nobility of Italy—if he had not migrated to the Baths or the sea-shore, preferred his vast, cool, shaded city palace in the narrow streets of Milan to his country seat at Como or Lugano. All the cool and lvelong night parties of politicians were gathered together at places of resort, over ices or coffee. I was at Milan during a memorable season. It was a short time before Garibaldi's unhappy expedition. To Garibaldi himself, when I first came into the country, I brought a letter of introduction from an old and attached friend of his, which I believe would have insured some attention. 'He wishes,' wrote the Italian gentleman who gave me the introduction, 'to shake the hand which has liberated so great a part of Italy.' The words were not words of mine, but I was willing enough to endorse them as my own. I was to have found Garibaldi at Belli-

gerate or Lago Maggiore, but he had left before I came there, and in his subsequent erratic movements I was unable to meet him. Among the Milanese there was a very strong feeling in favour of Garibaldi, and great suspicion and dislike towards the cabinet of Turin. Turin, in its position as the capital of the kingdom, is plethoric with prosperity, the value of house property, for instance, being about quintupled in amount, or even more. In the large improvements of the Revolution, Milan has gained no such access of material prosperity. A transfer of the seat of Italian government to Rome would cause a very serious diminution of the prosperity of Turin and the Sardinian States. The Milanese suspect, therefore, that Turin is insincere in its expressed desires for Italian unity. A very jealous feeling was prevailing, and it appeared to me most probable—an anticipation which has been partially correct, and perhaps more so than Signor Gallenga admits—that some serious conflict might arise between the Milanese and the royal troops. Despite the jealousies, however, and a taxation as heavy as existed under Austrian rule, I do not doubt but in their recovered freedom the Milanese find a source of deep and genuine happiness. The armed occupation of the dominant German soldiery afforded, especially in the country districts, innumerable causes of petty vexations, and must have been in the highest degree galling to the feelings of a proud and sensitive people. Whatever the prophets of evil may forebode, I wish and augur well for the cause of Italian nationality, and though I have at times been very doubtful of the prospects of the new kingdom, I think that the tendency of later experiences is very much in its favour.

At Milan, while staying at the San Marco hotel, I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mrs Lisle and her charming ward. One morning we had done rather a good day's work together. We had been to the celebrated Arch, an item in which Milan entirely eclipses Paris, thence to the amphitheatre,

and we afterwards completed our survey of the picture gallery. My friends had gone to their hotel to lunch, but I had declined their kind invitation to accompany them, in order to examine some books in the library adjacent to the gallery. Many persons were engaged with books, and the aspect of the place rather reminded me of the reading-room of the British Museum. I recognized an Englishman as a neighbour, and with the freemasonry of travel, appealed to him for assistance in some trifling difficulty. This was readily accorded, and entering into conversation with him, found that although a new arrival in the city, he was better versed in all details relating to the localities than I was myself. My next visit was to be to Leonardo da Vinci's splendid but ruined picture of the Last Supper, where I had arranged to meet my friends at half-past three, and finding that I had only five minutes before that time, I begged this gentleman to tell me the most direct way. He was so good as to volunteer to accompany me. This most wonderful picture is not in the cathedral or in any stately church, but in a common barracks, and to visit it we had to pass through what, if I remember aright, was a riding-school. Utter carelessness has well-nigh ruined the wonderful painting: the majestic face of the Saviour is still perfect, so also are those of a few of the apostles. In its decay, the utmost care is taken of its preservation—when too late, and although it has been found impracticable to eliminate the barracks part of the business, yet the part of the building in which is the painting is sacred to the painting alone. The two ladies were standing in front of the painting, making the usual mingled interjectional remarks of grief and astonishment which the spectacle usually excites. As I advanced to greet them, my new-made acquaintance turned aside to a small stall on which were exhibited for sale a number of photographs, of various sizes, of the celebrated picture. We also turned round to do the same, and I again entered into conversation with him. My atten-

tion was all at once drawn to the varying aspect of Leila's face, alternately pale and crimson. Before long I noticed that this agitation was reciprocated by my companion. Mrs Lisle hastily whispered to me to ask him if his name was not Lorraine. 'Not to put too fine a point on it,' it was Leila's unknown beloved that had made his appearance thus unexpectedly.

'The Duke and Duchess of Belmont had arrived at Jerusalem.' Such is Mr Disraeli's sententious conclusion of 'Tancred.' Mr Lorraine had arrived at Milan. There was just a little scene, but not much, and fortunately the room was quite empty. The photograph had made the mutual revelation. But for the photograph what a pretty Lalla Rookh story might have been made out of these promising materials. In that case Leila would not have recognized her affianced. But a story might run somewhat thus. She should have accidentally made the acquaintance of a mysterious stranger. She should have been charmed by the graces of his manner and the brilliancy of his talents. I would have read up for a legend to rival that of the Veiled Prophet of Khoiassan, with which he should enliven his conversation. There would be a long struggle between love and duty. Gradually the former would be triumphant. She would determine to reveal all to her intended husband and fling herself upon his generosity. Then, at the last moment, she should discover that her lover and her affianced are the same. The photograph spoilt it all, a very simple explanation cleared up the matter. He had been able to leave Smyrna a week earlier than he had anticipated, and learning from his last letter that Mrs Lisle and Miss Grey were proceeding to Milan, he had come so far to meet them, making pretty certain of discovering their whereabouts by inquiring at the different hotels. Mutual introductions were soon over, and many kind words were addressed to me by all, desiring the prolonging of our intimacy. I thought, however, I should be eliminating one element of awk-

wardness if I absented myself, and accordingly extemporized an excursion to Lago Garda, I took a farewell glance at Leila's scarlet cheeks, and wished the party farewell

I am glad to say, however, that this was not the last I saw of Leila Grey, or rather Leila Lorraine. My excursion to Lago Garda was soon over. I liked it while it lasted. It was rather amusing to veer between the two opposite sides of the lake—Desenzano, the advanced post of the Italians, and Peschiera, the advanced post of the Austrians. On this side the water was the land of the free, and on that, the land of the oppressed. Peschiera was bristling with fortifications and crowded with troops, and prepared me for the subsequent scene at Verona, which was simply astonishing. Across the water, then, as Mrs Lisle roughly expressed it, the Italian and Austrian forces 'were glaring at each other like two cats.' The lake itself is the least visited, but perhaps the lake which best repays visiting of them all.

The examination of luggage—to those going east at Peschiera, and to those going west at Desenzano—was rigid enough, but I was told that a *douceur* would entirely mollify matters. I had no occasion, however, to try the experiment, as my slight carpet-bag was allowed to pass unchallenged. They were rather stricter, I thought, on the Austrian side.

Let me, however, say that, with all my Italian predilections, I have a great partiality for the Austrian army. The private soldier, indeed, as a rule excites pity. He is not well grown. Neither is he well fed or well paid. But the Austrian officers are as fine and gentlemanly a set of men as it is possible to meet in any army. It is impossible not to feel indignant at the system which sends Italian soldiers to curb the liberties of Hungary, and Hungarian soldiers to curb the liberties of Venetia. But one can very well understand how the Austrian gentleman looks upon it as an earnest and patriotic duty to maintain, so far as he can, the integrity of the

empire. And from the glimpse I was enabled to catch of Austrian society—and at Venice, by inter-marriages, there is a strong English element—it is impossible not to be captivated by their courteous and kindhearted ways. And for my own part I can quite understand Mr. Roebuck's sympathy with them, and strongly approve of it.

I am recalled, however, to Leila and to Venice. At Verona it was a question whether a man should work his way up into the Tyrol and so on to Munich, or should go on to Venice, although it was a week or two later than most people cared to stay there. I determined to go on to Venice, and to the last day of my life it will be a thought of happiness and consolation that I have been there. It was in the middle of July, and with a friend I had been floating in my gondola along the Grand Canal. Through the transparent veil of night the lucid stars were reflected on the Adriatic waters, and as various groups were borne past, music and laughter were heard with that peculiar delicacy of intonation for which 'music o'er the waters' is noted. The most frequent destination was the stairs in front of the two noble columns of St Mark and of St Theodore. As we ascended them my attention was directed to two lights that starlike were burning high up in the cathedral. A curious story is connected with them, which I believe is not to be found in 'Murray.' At a distant date an innocent man was condemned to suffer. Most probably he was conducted from the Ducal Palace, over the Bridge of Sighs, to the prison on the other side. Most probably he suffered on that confined narrow spot which is shown by torchlight to horrified visitors, where hapless prisoners, bound and gagged, were strangled. The innocence of the executed man was afterwards established. The State, with an impulse thoroughly Italian, was willing to make any reparation—in this instance disproving Lord Coke's celebrated assertion that a corporation has no soul. His representatives requested that two lights might for ever be kept burning on the cathe-

dral tower as a standing memorial of his innocence.

The clash of music was resounding as we entered the Piazzetta. The Austrian band—perhaps the finest military band in the world—was performing, as it does three times a week, a grand selection of music. The remarkable scene presented is something quite peculiar to Venice, and hardly to be paralleled in any other European city. A brilliant company was in constant promenade, while another crowd was seated on the sides of the Piazzetta on chairs, listening to the music and watching the passing groups.

I turned into Florian's to get an ice, and there, with her husband and Mrs. Lisle, was Leila. In her sweet look of contented happiness I saw that, so far at least, as the present extended, her day-dream was realized. In a few days she was to sail to her new home with her husband, not without many pleasant anticipations of the happy future in which she was to revisit England. I was charged with the office of visiting her parents, and giving them a personal relation of her happiness and content.

During my stay at Venice we met various groups of English and Americans. Friendships and associations are easily made, but unhappily their continuance is most brief. For a day or two we meet with those whose noble images haunt us ever afterwards, but we greet only as ships at sea, that briefly salute and then separate for ever. Thus my own immediate party would meet others at different places—in some church decorated with the pictures of Titian and the sculptures of Canova, in the half-oriental, half-occidental magnificence of the cathedral, or in some stately palace of historic name, and we would occasionally agree to combine our forces. Thus in a body we would visit the island-convent of the Armenian church, and rest in the room which Lord Byron, still of evil repute in Venice, made his own, or walk in the public gardens opposite the Count de Chambord's own island, where, at certain seasons, he is wont to breakfast; or go to that long

strip of land, the island Lido, which of late years has been converted from sands into a garden strown with those innumerable pretty shells of which so many graceful ornaments are composed. On the Lido a man may take horse exercise, as Lord Byron used to do. Horse-stealing is an impossible crime here, as in all Venice I believe there are only two horses, so completely has the gondola superseded all means of locomotion. Off the Lido, on St John the Evangelist's Day, occurred the only gondola accident which our cicerone recollected to have occurred in his day. Several gondolas were then lost in a sudden storm, and to the present time people superstitiously abstain from using the gondola at that time of the year.

English Society Abroad!—the theme is so vast I must guard myself from those avenues of thought which open up on the right hand and on the left. I should like to dwell on the strange and mingled effects of London manners and customs, and those of cosmopolitan names and manners that appeared among the mountains and waters of Switzerland, in long evenings on the Rhine or the Adige, in the quaint old cities of Germany and Flanders. London Society in France would by itself demand a separate paper. I will only suffer myself to speak of one more place, in which one or two individuals that have made their appearance in this sketch will for a minute reappear.

The scene is Ems. It lies, embosomed by hills, on the banks of the silver Lahn. For travellers on the Rhine the railway station to it is just opposite to the stately castle of Stolzenfels on the other bank of the Rhine. A party of us went over the castle, where, in happier time, the late King of Prussia entertained our Queen and Prince Albert, and inspected the miserable, dog-kennel kind of place into which his sacred Majesty crept in order to afford room to his royal guests and their party. I am told that Ems is the most fashionable and exclusive of all the German watering-places. However this may be, I would give it the

preference, were it not that Baden-Baden implies the Black Forest—if you will go far enough for it

Here, then, Mrs Lisle was staying. In the absence of Leila, the pretty, well-jointed lady felt the want of chaperonage, and happily meeting with an English lady who had been a governess at Frankfort, had engaged her as companion. This lady was in decayed health; and it was very pleasing to me to see how Mrs. Lisle

devoted herself to her health and comfort, as if the whole of the duty and obligation lay on her side—an instance of generosity and delicate feeling rare enough to deserve a chronicle, and which infinitely increased my esteem for the good lady. I mentally resolved that I would write a letter to my friend the artist, who was then making himself very busy and very happy with the cathedral of Cologne, and quietly hint



that it was worth his while to retrace his steps, as I had found Mrs. Lisle at Ems

I confess I was immensely disgusted when I discovered at the table d'hôte the German baron, whom I had seen reason to dislike at the lake, sitting nearly opposite to us, gracefully claiming me as an acquaintance, and talking to my fair neighbour with much familiarity. A rapid conversation was going on, chiefly by people who had been visiting the neighbouring localities. Some had been that day to Ehrenbreitstein,

and others still farther on, to the gardens of Prince Maximilian at Niewied. Some had been up the Moselle, and some up the Rhine. The baron easily distinguished himself by his topographical knowledge, and his acquaintance with the great people of every castle and château. I was sorry to see that Mrs. Lisle was rather dazzled by this. She had a stout British prejudice in favour of the aristocracy, and was not sufficiently aware of the difference between the princely nobility of England and the mushroom aristocracy

cracy of the Continent. After dinner we walked together on the esplanade fronting the river in the beautiful gardens that lay in the rear of the Kursaal. She told me about Leila. It were to be wished that all love affairs of the romantic type would end so happily. Lorraine might not be so great and grand as the imaginary hero she had depicted, but he was a thoroughly good fellow, and business had brought him to a sober vein, from which his wife might derive a tone of the grave and practical, which she rather wanted. I asked her about the baron. She owned, not without a blush, that she had seen a great deal of him of late. In fact, he appeared to me to have been following her rather persistently. She had met him in quiet Lausanne and crowded Geneva, he had appeared at Baden-Baden and also at Frankfort, at Heidelberg also she had seen him, and she let it out that she had informed him that she was going on to Ems.

At this point the baron himself joined us. He renewed his talk about high people. Surely no man ever talked so large as that insatiable baron! He confidentially informed me that he was a very intimate friend of Lord Westbury, our Lord High Chancellor. But this was nothing to his subsequent remarks. I presume that none of us is averse to letting his neighbour know that he is acquainted with Lord So-and-so. But the baron despised those who were only barons like himself. An American is not a bad hand at this kind of gasconade. When he comes over to see England he thinks that for the money he pays he ought to see the best people in it. He invents the circumstances he would like to be true, and then persuades both you and himself that they are true. He will calmly assert that he dined yesterday with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has just received a morning call from the Archbishop of York. The baron soared to kings and princes. In the old days he used to know the King of Italy very well. Victor Emmanuel was not a

bad fellow. He was getting very rich now, but he remembered the time when he was very much out at elbows. The king had particularly admired a favourite fowling-piece of his, and only wished he could afford to buy one like it. Had he ever known the Emperor of the French? I asked. *Known him?*—rather, was the reply. He had spent a year or two in London when Louis Napoleon was there. He had several times had the pleasure of lending him a ten-pound note. Most honourable man, he must say. Never failed punctually to repay, or, if he could not, would tell you so, and appoint another day, to which he would be faithful. Had met him not so very long ago in Paris. Had not thought it quite the proper thing to call, but the emperor had seen him one day in the street, and had come up to him. 'Ah, baron, are you here?' You will come and see me, will you not, and we will have one of our quiet evenings?' Mrs Lisle was so much gratified by this last anecdote that I am not sure the baron would not have a good chance of being accepted then and there.

If he had entertained such hopes, they were destined that very evening to be blighted. When we arrived at our hotel there was a scene. The landlord of the hotel insisted that the baron should leave: the baron owed him a long bill, and had, moreover, been at his old game—grossly cheating a young nobleman in a gambling transaction. The aid of the police was called in. They declared that the baron was no baron at all, that he had been on their books, and on the books of the police of different countries, for years. They informed the baron that he must leave Ems within four-and-twenty hours or be arrested.

Within four-and-twenty hours the baron left Ems. Within four-and-twenty hours my friend the artist arrived. He came of a good stock, and is of rising fame, which, as a man of sense and genius, he deserves. I wish him success, if he is really in earnest, as I think he is.

A DEBATE AT THE OXFORD UNION.

I WAS staying with my friend B—— at Oxford last term. The course of lions was duly done. I saw the last discovered MS at the Bodleian, praised Exeter Chapel, execrated the Museum, went to service at Magdalen, and dined at New. The towing-path was not ignorant of my feet, as I stood to watch the 'Varsity eight rush past with the weight and steadiness of a steam-engine. On Thursday night I was to see something very different. 'Suppose we turn into the Union this evening,' said B——, at dinner; 'there's a good debate on, and a promising speaker is going to open it.' It was obvious, as we entered the debating room at eight o'clock, that our expectations were likely to be fulfilled. Some preliminary business was going on, the librarian was proposing that certain books should be added to the library, and added, doubtless, by this time they are. It will speak well for the industry of Oxford men if they do more than ornament the shelves, for they were chiefly philosophical, or, at least, of a nature instructive rather than amusing. While we were waiting for the debate to commence, my friend whispered to me statistics of 'the Society' in whose 'rooms' we were seated. It has been established more than thirty years, and from small beginnings, has come to number eight hundred paying besides honorary members, and to possess an income of 2,500*l*. a year. It has large writing and reading rooms. It takes in all the papers and magazines, and it was not difficult to learn which papers were the more popular. The rush for 'Punch' on Wednesday evening is, I am told, alarming, the copies of the other daily papers together do not amount to those of the 'Times,' and the gorgeous cover of 'London Society' is, I believe, seldom lying idle on the table of the magazine room. A subscription to Mudie gives it all the latest novels. Its library contains several thousand volumes selected with great care. Its growth has been particularly rapid during the last few years.

Besides buying a large house, it has erected a handsome hall for debates, and a new library and writing-room are fast approaching completion. It is managed entirely by undergraduate 'officers' elected by the whole society. The president is general superintendent, a treasurer and librarian rule the finances and library respectively, a standing committee, with its secretary, are charged with the arrangement of daily details, and the librarian is assisted by a committee nominated by himself. I had just heard all this, when the president, rising from his throne, invited members to ask any questions of any 'officer of the society'. A small man with a weak voice wished to know, amid repeated encouragements to 'speak up,' 'speak up, sir,' why the society did not take in more copies of the magazines. 'It was painful,' he said, 'when one was interested in a heroine to see that another man had appropriated the book which contained her fate'. The treasurer replied, with all courtesy, 'that no doubt the honourable gentleman was interested in a good many heroines, but really the society could not afford to have unlimited numbers of their histories'. During this time, 'the house' was rapidly filling. The long rows of green morocco benches were occupied one after another. The gallery, where it was not filled by ladies, was crowded by loungers from the library and writing-rooms. There were the caps and gowns of men long past undergraduate days, there were also the caps and gowns of undergraduates, caps from which the board had long since departed, and gowns flung over the arm or rolled up and held in one hand, articles of dress so diminutive, that it was impossible to conceive how they could be worn, if they ever were. Academic costume was, however, in a minority, and every variety of coat exhibited the taste of the wearers or their tailors. Great was the delight of 'the house' to scream 'Order, order,' when any unlucky individual walked in without moving his hat,

especially as he invariably smiled blandly round, ignorant of the interest he was exciting. After a few minutes the president again rose, and read the motion for the debate, 'That the "Daily News" and the advanced school which it represents deserve the highest reprobation.' There was a moment's silence as the mover rose from his desk immediately below the president, where he had been acting as secretary, and walked forward to a table that stood in the position of its type in the House of Commons. A cheer of welcome broke out as he presented himself. As he stood waiting to begin, I was favourably prepossessed. His tall and graceful figure was set off by a dress which, if quieter than seems to be generally adopted by 'Varsity men,' seemed to my old-fashioned eyes more gentlemanlike. His face was thoughtful and intellectual, and its dark and strongly-marked features reminded me of the pictures of Strafford. His speech lasted nearly an hour, an unprecedented length for Union speeches, but the attention of the audience was always kept up by his fluent and vigorous style. His clear voice and lively manner, as he ridiculed the ultra-philosophical school of the present day, added much to the effect of the more eloquent and sarcastic parts of his speech. Cheers and counter cheers echoed the various points, and at the conclusion, a long-continued burst of admiration rewarded a pointed and impressive peroration. Then came the treasurer. I was informed that the financial abilities of this gentleman had been the chief cause of the present prosperity of the Union, which exhibits itself in the material form of a surplus of 600*l.* a year. His speech was clear and sensible, but his advocacy of Radical opinions left untouched the principal points of attack. Nor did he appear to possess the readiness to avail himself happily of interruptions which had distinguished the mover, and which is one of the most necessary qualities in addressing a noisy audience. But it was evident that the Radical party contained the preponderance of ability. Speaker after speaker advocated their cause; an Ireland scholar

impressed on the house the blessings of democracy, fellows of the renowned colleges of Balliol and Oriel stood forth as the champions of progress. With one opponent of theirs I was much struck, whose boyish face and form made a striking contrast with the really eloquent flow of his polished sentences and the force and point of his arguments. It was evident the tide of party feeling was strong, for no sign of weariness was shown even by an audience as impatient as that of undergraduates. 'Men' whom I fancied were not capable of greater exertion than sucking the top of canes and putting their hands in their voluminous pockets, leant forward and vigorously applauded the arguments of their party. Though the division could not be in doubt, there was great excitement as the tellers walked up and down the long room collecting the votes. There was silence for one moment as the president announced the result—a large majority for the motion, and then the delight was quite as noisy as after the most important ministerial or opposition triumph. It was perhaps less decorous, if one could judge from the caps flung up into the air and lighting on anybody's head but the owners'. Altogether, it was a hearty English debate, manly in one sense if somewhat boyish in another. Only fancy French students discussing such questions' or the stolid German forgetting his duels and his beer to come to a fair healthy boxing match of words! I don't say all the Oxford men are orators, though I am much mistaken if there isn't the stuff there now of which orators, worthy of Oxford and England, will be made. But all had good sense and good temper, gave and received blows in stand-up fight, and never, I am sure, bore malice after it. I was told, 'Oh, the Union is nothing to what it was in the days of Gladstone, Palmer, Cardwell, Lowe, and Tait.' Certainly any old fellow like me who happened to hear a debate in those palmy days must have felt good hope for England, but I don't feel sure that there's not more men like them where they came from.

OUT OF TOWN IN THE SEASON.



‘GOING out of town now! Why, what will all your friends say to that? What a cruel disappointment for them, and—a—a—for me!’

‘I don’t care about my friends, nor about you, much. I’m like Tony Lumpkin, “I can’t abide to disappoint myself”’

‘Tony Lumpkin, did you say? I don’t know the gentleman. Sounds rather a vulgar name, don’t you think?’

The speakers were a fine, fashionable girl and a swell of the heaviest order and the most mane appearance. The time was six o’clock on a lovely June afternoon. The place was the walk by the Serpentine. This last time-honoured abomination was smelling most horribly, as usual, the trees and grass in Hyde Park were burned to a bright brown, the air was close and op-

pressive. Yet to hear these two, one would have supposed that London, at this particular season of the year, combined every possible advantage.

‘But why does she take you away?’ asked the swell, reverting to the first point, and politely waiving the question of Tony Lumpkin’s vulgarity.

‘She says I’m looking ill, and that going out every night is too much for me. But there she is, looking at me. I suppose she wants to go home. Yes, mamma, I’m coming directly. Good-bye, Mr Heaviside. If you can find out where I am going, you may come and see me.’

With these words, and a stiff bow from the stepmother to the rather discomfited dragoon, the carriage rolled off with Lydia Madden.

Yes; it was too true! Lydia's stepmother had decided to take her down to Monmouthshire in the very height of the season, hoping thereby to put a stop to her increasing paleness and thinness, which, if allowed to go on unchecked, might materially affect her marketable value, and her chance of a good *parti*. As Mrs. Madden had two young daughters of her own, who were already seriously bent on growing up and coming out as fast as possible, all other stepmothers will fully enter into her anxieties on this head. She was by no means unkind to Lydia. On the contrary, she strictly did her duty by her, which is, after all, quite sufficient to account for the strong antipathy that existed between them.

So Lydia made up her mind to be crosser than usual, and ensconcing herself in a corner of the railway carriage on the morning they left town, with her little dog Tip in her lap, she inwardly vowed to speak to no one but that small pet all the way down to Ross.

But the day was very fine, and the fields and hedgerows looked very fresh as the train steamed by them. Lydia was not proof against these influences. Before the sun had dried up the glittering dewdrops her ill-humour had quite evaporated, and she was delighting her little sisters, Alice and Cissie, by giving them an improved edition of 'Cinderella,' with detailed accounts of all the ball-dresses, to which they listened with deep attention, their little mouths watering in anticipation of the time when they, too, should wear such dresses, and go out to balls, like sister Lydia.

They were going to a place called Chiffe Priory, on the banks of the Wye (I may as well say beforehand that I am not going to dilate on the beauties of the Wye. Those who have been there can judge of it for themselves. To those who have not been so fortunate, any description of mine would be utterly inadequate to convey an idea of its charms. So I shall only mention it as it affects Lydia, to whom, after apologizing for this digression, I will return.)

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They had none of them ever seen the place. Mrs. Madden had lighted on it in an advertisement, and, charmed by the glowing description of its beauties, and lured also by the low rent, had forthwith engaged it for three months.

It was rather discouraging to Lydia, on arriving late in the evening, tired and hungry, to find, perched on a wooded bank overlooking the river, a gaunt, white, damp-looking house, surrounded by a large dreary garden, with four lean, black pigs disporting themselves on the lawn. Everything looked wretched, and Lydia's spirits sank again below zero. However, supper and bed worked wonders, and the next day, Sunday, she was almost prepared to admire the natural beauties of the place.

They walked to the little old church across pleasant fields, where the grasshoppers involved themselves inextricably in Lydia's muslin flounces, and chirped loudly all church-time.

The service was performed by the vicar and two curates, of whom one was dark, handsome, and vulgar, the other fair, plain, and gentlemanly. Lydia was perfectly aware, and at the same time wholly unconscious, of the glances cast in her direction, and rather enjoyed it than otherwise. It was better than nothing.

A few days brought the neighbourhood to call on them. There was, of course, the pensioned widow of an Indian officer, loud-voiced and strong-minded, also her two plain, spiteful daughters, setting their respective caps at the curates. There was the quiet vicar and his quiet wife, and four men from Oxford, lodging in a little cottage on the river, with a tutor at their head, all busily engaged in studying—whist!

Lydia avoided all callers, being quite convinced that nobody there was worth her notice. She had found for herself a pleasant shady nook down by the river, and there she used to sit nearly all day reading, working, and lamenting her hard fate. Her little sisters used to give her graphic descriptions of their visitors, being of that preco-

cious order of children which sees and remembers everything It would be, 'Oh! Lydia, the reading-party called to-day, and they walked into the room in ages, the oldest and shortest first, and the youngest and tallest last Bagot made such a mess of their names in announcing them, and mamma called them wrong all the time, till Alice laughed out loud' Or, 'Lydia, the two curates called to-day The dark one is Mr White, and the fair one Mr Black They sat here two hours, and drank cider. My opinion is,' said Cissie, 'that they were waiting for you They said Mrs Triphorim, the widow, would so like you to make friends with her daughters'

'I don't think they care much for the two Miss Triphorims,' added Alice, sagaciously 'they laughed at each other when they talked about them.'

At last came an invitation from Mr Mann, the vicar, to a school-treat, and Lydia unwillingly consented to go She found it pleasanter than she expected, and actually had to own to herself that Mr Black, the fair curate, was very agreeable That he was very attentive admitted of no question at all He asked Lydia how she liked her riverside seat, and why she sat so often gazing into the water as if meditating suicide

'Why, how do you know anything about it?' asked Lydia, with a blush

'I often come down to the opposite bank to fish, and I can see you in your little nook quite well Can you throw a fly? Should you be angry if I came on your side of the river, and offered to teach you?'

'The river is open to all,' said Lydia, carelessly 'It is no concern of mine which side you take.' This speech was accompanied by an enchanting glance from under the brim of the jaunty little hat, which completely did for Mr. Black.

All this byplay began to make the Misses Triphorim very uneasy. They were two red-faced, red-headed young ladies, with long flat waists. They wore white frocks, as they called them, and each had a large

yellow rose and a bunch of red geranium stuck in her band and on the most prominent part of her person. Their hats were top-heavy with red feathers (why will red-haired, florid people always wear their clothes to match?), and their feet and hands would have been large for a coalheaver

These charming creatures proceeded to make great demonstrations to Lydia, protesting she must come and practise archery with them, and making many plans in furtherance of violent intimacy Lydia was too indifferent to make any objections, so various engagements were made, and pic-nics, water-parties, and moonlight rides to Tintern Abbey followed each other in quick succession, till Lydia began to think that, after all, she rather liked the country.

But in spite of all this gaiety, the seat by the river was often visited, and as Mr Black happened to pass by that way almost every day with his rod, and as Lydia just then began to find old Izaak Walton a delightful study, she soon became quite an expert in the 'gentle craft,' and could throw a fly almost as well as her instructor What other things he taught her I know not Certain it is that about this time she improved very much She became less selfish in her home, spent less time over her toilette, was more respectful to her mother, more kind and attentive to her little sisters She couldn't refrain from a little innocent teasing of the Triphorims now and then, but that was quite legitimate

One very hot Sunday afternoon Lydia had been at church. On coming out she had a little talk in the churchyard with Mr Mann and Mr Black, the latter telling her that he was going home to tea with his vicar

Up bustled Mrs Triphorim and her daughters, upon which the two clergymen made off as fast as possible

'We'll walk home with you, Miss Madden,' shouted the widow. 'You're far too pretty a young lady to walk about unprotected.'

'Thank you,' replied Lydia, with

great politeness; 'but our ways lie different, and it is a very hot day I could not think of troubling you.' But they insisted, and Lydia gave up the point, the more willingly that she knew perfectly well why they accompanied her, and determined in her own mind to pay them out. So they proceeded on their way with every appearance of extreme affection, as is usual between ladies who hate each other

As soon as they came in sight of Mr Black's little white cottage, Lydia suddenly turned alarmingly faint, and declared she could go no further, so, sinking down on the stump of a tree just outside the cottage gate, she told her companions that she really must rest before she went on.

'But pray don't wait with me, Mrs Triphorin You see I occupy the only spot of shade near, and



your daughters' complexions may suffer if you stand there I've noticed that they get rather flushed with the sun.'

'My dear, it's out of the question that you should sit here unprotected My daughters are above caring for their complexions'

'That's a good thing,' answered Lydia, sweetly. So there she sat on her shady seat, quite cool and comfortable (and, *entre nous*, no more faint than you or I, dear reader), while the amiable trio stood glower-

ing opposite her in the sun and dust, grimness and resolution expressed in every line of their countenances, which were every moment waxing hotter, redder, and more

Lydia kept them there twenty minutes, and then thinking they had been sufficiently punished, she rose with a beaming smile. 'Thank you so much, dear Mrs Triphorin I am quite well now. If Mr Black had been at home, I might have sent in there for a glass of water,

mightn't I? but he has gone home to tea with the vicar. Good-bye! You'll not care to come further with me, I dare say.'

With this triumphant little speech she walked off, overhearing from one of the discomfited daughters. 'There, mamma, we needn't have waited broiling here, for she couldn't have expected him after all.'

That evening Mr. Black sought out Lydia in her riverside seat, and a long talk ensued. When Lydia went indoors she shut herself into her room, and did not come down all the evening.

Next morning, while strolling in the lane with her little sisters, they beheld a most unusual apparition in the distance. It looked like a regular London swell, and on coming nearer, Lydia exclaimed, with the greatest surprise, 'Mr. Heaviside! what cloud have you dropped from?'

'Not *Mr. Heaviside*,' replied that exquisite, seizing her hand *avec effusion*. 'I am Captain now. I got my troop yesterday, and came off at once by the night train.'

'But what on earth did you come for?'

'I came because you told me,' was the reply, and the poor fellow seemed rather taken aback at this unexpectedly cool reception.

'I told you! When did I tell you?'

'You said if I could find out where you were, I might come and see you. So here I am, dearest Lydia, and if you will only listen to me—'

'Pray don't let us have any nonsense, Captain Heaviside. I am sorry if you have misunderstood

me, but I never expected or wished to see you here, and you had much better go back.'

'Well, now, I protest it's a shame, Miss Madden, when you must have seen what my feelings have been for months. You're the seventh girl who has refused me this season!'

'I am not at all surprised to hear it. But that statement is rather incompatible with your declaration that you have had "feelings" towards me for months. Never mind. I'll forgive you. And if it's any comfort to you to know it, I will tell you that I am engaged to some one else, and mean to be married very soon, and to live in the country. So now come in to lunch like a sensible man, and go back to town by the next train.'

This good advice the poor 'Plunger' had to follow, *bon gré mal gré*, and Lydia cleverly contrived to despatch this old love before she announced to her mother the advent of a new.

There was some opposition, of course; but at last everything was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties; and, one fine morning, Lydia actually married Mr. Black, the curate!

As his wife a little course of wholesome self-denial did her a world of good, and by the time her husband was appointed to a good living, she was quite fit to encounter that hardest of all temptations—uninterrupted prosperity.

The last time she was in London in June, she voted the Serpentine a public nuisance, and expressed a sincere hope that she 'might spend every season out of town.'





Drawn by I J Skill

THE GREAT CROQUET TOURNAMENT

THE GREAT CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT THE GRANGE.

—

Extract from Letter.—Rosa Matilda G. to her Brother.

‘DEAR HARRY, &c.

‘You ask about the Three Graces, as you style them. In reply, I give you an account of a tournament at The Grange, as reported by Fanny, and done into immortal verse by thy loving sister,

‘R. M. G.

‘P S—I know you yourself have literary ambition: follow my example and always choose grand subjects, such as Indian affairs, French politics, the Crimea, or *this* great tournament. You can talk commonplace about thousands of men and millions of money, and it appears very imposing, is easily read up, and hard to contradict. Depend upon it, that pompous platitudes on a mountain are to the many more indicative of wisdom than the scientific analysis of a mole-hill, and a deal easier to write. Appear wise by vague generalities and big words. Assert boldly that England is rotten to the core—France in imminent peril of bankruptcy—Spain in a transition state—India on the eve of mighty transactions, &c., &c.,—beautifully safe and easy, but never give reasons for your opinions. On the other hand, should you attempt to write about a joint-stock company, or a gun lock, or such small matters *without* knowledge, you get prosecuted, or laughed at.

‘In grand subjects, if you do fail, it is a grand failure—like that for a million, when the bankrupt meets his creditors in state, and returns free, while the debtor for a hundred goes sneaking to court, and summarily to prison. Take the stage, for example, the noble gentleman never gives half a crown, but throws a purse of sovereigns—it costs quite as little. So with great subjects and great words.

‘Of course I do not speak of important matters, *wisely* studied and *carefully* written (another thing altogether), but merely tossing a purse or a paper on the public stage, let it be a purse of sovereigns in talk, should it be bits of brass in reality—*verb. sap.* Again and again, never talk of a house and a hill, when you can bring in a mansion and a mountain.

‘R. M.’

JUST picture a day in the bright month of June,
A nice house and a velvet smooth lawn;
Great oaks, whose wide branches so temper the noon
That the sun’s garish light is toned soft as the moon,
And the atmosphere cool as at dawn.

II.

While a matronly lady, stately and fair,
Sits tranquilly knitting below;
Her three lovely daughters, so gay, debonair,
In pure ‘far niente’ are taking the air—
Is it not like a sketch by Watteau?

III.

The eldest (glance lightly, or you are undone),
 Though light glances are far from her due,
 So graceful, dove-eyed, looking meek as a nun,
 Yet hath air of a maiden not easily won,
 This is Gertrude—her age, twenty-two.

IV.

The next—charming Kate—very slender and dark,
 How pleasant her musical laugh!
 Kate's a bit scientific, with just the least spark
 Of the blue, yet quite up to the mark
 Of flirting nineteen and a-half.

V.

The third—this sweet rosebud of scarcely fifteen—
 Shows that odd girlish fancy which tends
 To look womanly Ah, what a dignified mien!
 How she puffs her small shape with a huge ermine!
 This is Fanny—called 'Bunch' by her friends.

CHAPTER II.

VI.

Why is quaint little Fanny so looped up and laced?
 Why wears she a cap like a jockey?
 Why is Gertrude trussed up in that marvellous taste
 Kate's vest of nankin, why so loose at the waist?
 Ah! you guess it—the great match at croquet

VII.

Yes. Captain Bayard (what a fine martial name!)
 This day does not do martial duty,
 But comes to The Grange for more perilous game,
 And brings a young 'sub,' of agreeable fame,
 To fight in the phalanx of beauty.

VIII.

Time has passed—will they come? Doubts each bosom invade.
 Mamma with her work long gone in,
 And Kate is now knitting her brows just a shade;
 Yea, even nun Gertrude, immovable maid,
 Deems delay very nearly a sin.

IX.

'What *can* keep them so long?' (it was Fanny who spoke) ·
 'This dawdling is really too bad—
 A quarter to three, and we've not made a stroke!
 'Tis truly provoking, and quite past a joke!
 And Gertrude now looking so sad!'

X.

At last, here they come! and quick through the gate
 Strove the guardsmen, thus meeting the fair:
 'Good morning! good morning! So kind you should wait!
 We're awfully sorry—my friend, Mr. Rat;
 The honour—present, Miss De Vere.'

CHAPTER III.

XI.

All pleasant and friendly, last comes cousin Ne^c—
That dreadful Young Pickle from Harrow,
Who settled the game, and with confidence said
He would handicap neatly, and pair, but not wed ;
And thus were they paired by Cocksparrow.—

XII.

' You, Gerty, take Bayard, as both pretty good ; '
Some may beat you, though not very many
As Kate rhymes with Rait ' (said Imperative Mood),
' Kate must keep inexperience out of the wood
For myself, I'll content me with Fanny.'

XIII.

Thus the field was arranged, and soon came the strife.
Kate gallantly fired the first shot,
And the struggle began—it was war to the knife !
Oh ! who who could depict this grand scene to the life ?
Not Napier, nor Thiers, nor Scott.

XIV.

How Gertrude and Bayard fought on to the lead,
And jealously guarded their rear !
How Kate hung on their flank, with oft-daring deed
How her ally once failed her, in time of dire need,
Which drew from the beauty—a tear !

XV.

How brave little Fanny, with courage and skill,
Croque'd wickedly on to the goal,
Fought hard for each bridge, made way up the hill,
While Cocksparrow seconded Bunch with a will,
And ran a fierce muck at the whole.

XVI.

To Gertrude and Bayard all honour is due
For attack, for retreat, and forced marches ;
Their end was to conquer—they kept this in view,
Showed what tact may accomplish, and courage can do,
As they nobly fought on through the arches.

XVII.

But tactics may fail, when fortune says nay ;
Angry foes were on flank and in rear,
These foes *must* be dealt with to win this great day,
So, with lion-like port, the proud pair stood at bay
To watch who would *dare* persevere.

XVIII.

Kate charged on their flank, but just failed by a flaw
To croquet them—no ill resulting ;
Then up came young Hotspur, with fiendish hurrah,
But hes croque'd *himself*, by a reckless *faux pas*,
At the feet of the foe he's insulting.

A Dreadful Discovery.

XIX.

Ah! now is the ball pressed under the boot
Of Bayard, the guardsman and hero,
Whose uplifted mace comes crash on his foot,
While Neddy, the wretch, did derisively hoot,
As his hope rose to blood-heat, from zero.

XX.

A groan from Bayard—from poor Gertrude a wail,
But not a faint dream of despairing;
Wise conduct and bold even yet must prevail,
Though a glance at the foe makes Gertrude look pale,
As to croquet that foe is preparing.

XXI.

All still for a moment—just a hush in the wind,
Fanny croquets Bayard with a rattle;
As the ball sped afar, Pickle whispered and grinned
His amiable hope that the soldier was pinned,
And that *now* they might make a stout battle.

XXII

And a battle it was—'En avant!' was the cry,
As each failed, or advantage obtained,
Now Kate's and now Fanny's hopes mount to the sky;
But vainly the deeds of great Troy they outvie,
Peerless Gertrude her leading regained.

XXIII

And warily, boldly, she kept in the van,
Not unaided, yet honour unstained;
Though the fine tact of woman, the courage of man,
Were brought in all bearings to baffle their plan,
Still this pair their high vantage retained.

XXIV.

Ay, kept and defended their hard-fought command
With Ney's dash, and the tactics of Hoche,
Till at last, in the midst of this chivalrous band,
At the goal bravely won, in proud beauty they stand,
The guardsman sans peur, and the maid sans reproche.

ROSA MATILDA.

A DREADFUL DISCOVERY.

PREVIOUS to the dreadful discovery, Mr. and Mrs Twiddles were the happiest couple alive They were neither of them young, nor did I ever hear any one accuse them of being beautiful. But Mr Thomas Twiddles — his wife and intimate friends call him Tommy—was well-to-do, rather stout, exceedingly amiable, thoroughly good-humoured, a kind friend, a good husband, and, I was going to say, an affectionate

father, but that would not be precisely correct, for Tommy, much to his regret, and still more to the regret of Mrs. Tommy, was not a father at all Had he been a father, I have no doubt that he would have carried off the first prize for paternal affection in a competition of all the fathers of the universe. Mrs. Twiddles, the partner of his joys, was what you would call a comfortable woman. She was rather stout, like

Tommy; like Tommy, too, she was amiable and kindhearted; and seeing her presiding at the dinner or tea-table, her round eyes beaming with good-humour, and her plump cheeks dimpling with habitual smiles, it was impossible to resist the mental exclamation, 'What a lucky fellow Tommy is to have such a wife!'

Brown, whose wife is a beauty, used to say, 'I would give all Mrs B's looks for half of Mrs Tommy's good-humour' As for myself, I do

believe, that if Mrs. Tommy had had more command over her h's, I could have worshipped her.

I do not know if Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Twiddles (previous to the dreadful discovery) ever entered themselves for the Dunmow fitch; but had they done so, I make no doubt whatever they would have won it. Mrs Tommy never had an angry word to say to her husband. It was always 'my love' and 'my dear,' and Tommy's return was in-



variably 'my love' and 'my pet.' I know there are hypocritical people who keep up this sort of thing before company and then shie tea-cups at each other immediately they are alone. But I am sure that such scenes never disgraced the domestic hearth of the Twiddles. I am certain that Tommy never did such a thing, but if he had gone home at two in the morning with a binocular affection of the vision, an eccentric action of the

diaphragm, and an irregular movement of the legs, Mrs. Tommy would have said no more than, 'La! Tommy, dear, how came you so?'

But Tommy never gave his wife any occasion for reproach. He was not a club man, and when he went out to spend the evening at a theatre, a concert, or an exhibition, he invariably took Mrs Tommy with him. The even course of Mr. and Mrs. Twiddles' wedded love was really

phenomenous, considering their great disappointment with regard to family. It not unfrequently happens in such cases, after a certain time, that the wife takes to tracts and the husband to drink. The mildest form is, perhaps, lap-dogs on the female side and a new system of astronomy on the male. I knew a husband once, who, under the influence of domestic disappointment, wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that Galileo was a fool, while his wife changed the current of her thoughts by practising on the flute. In another very serious case, the wife turned Mormon, converted her husband to the same doctrines, and went out to the Salt Lake to share his affection with five young ladies of Utah. In case any one should think I am joking, I may as well state that this is a fact.

But Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Twiddles were not persons of this class. The lamp of their affection burned too steadily to admit of any sudden flare up of the kind I have indicated. The lamp of their affection was, I may say, a moderator, which Tommy, or Mrs. Tommy, every now and then screwed up and down as occasion required. It was always well supplied with oil, and it was trimmed regularly, and consequently it never flickered or went out, or broke the glass, or made a smother. Three canary birds, a brindled cat, and a poll-parrot, constituted the whole extent of the dissipation in which Mrs. Tommy ever permitted herself to indulge. As for Tommy, he found a most efficient safety-valve in purchasing Rembrandts and Correggios at twelve and sixpence each (more or less), and cleaning, and varnishing, and framing them with his own hands. If they had any other weakness, it was one they shared in common—that very delightful weakness, never yet fully appreciated, of being kind to other people's children. What a wise and merciful dispensation in the economy of nature is a maiden aunt, or a bachelor uncle, or a couple like Mr. and Mrs. Tommy, with large hearts and no offspring of their own! These blessed people are one of the great compensating balance-wheels in the social machine.

Society could never get on without them. They are the good fairies in the great pantomime of life. Who is it, when Thompson's quiver is getting choke full of arrows, that takes one out and feathers, and polishes, and points it, and makes it ready for the battle of life? Why the maiden aunt, or the bachelor uncle, or the comfortable couple, like Mr. and Mrs. Tommy, who have no little arrows of their own. Mr. and Mrs. Tommy were always polishing, and feathering, and pointing the arrows of other people. And so many did they take in hand, and so tenderly did they smooth them into shape, that strangers often gave them credit for being the real proprietors of the arrows, and congratulated the arrows on having such a nice soft quiver to repose in. The way in which Tommy would tip some long, lanky, shaft of a nephew with a pair of new boots, feather him out with a new suit of clothes, and have him polished off at a classical academy at his own cost, was a sight for—I may say—a father to weep tears of gratitude over. And Mrs. Tommy, how she delighted to bark a female sapling and trim it, and point it, and bend it in the way it should grow!

Alas! that any dark shadow should ever have fallen upon that hearth—a hearth for ever glowing with the ardent fires of love and radiant with the warmth of kindness. But a dark shadow did fall upon it (after many days of brightness) as I shall now proceed to relate.

One day Tommy informed his wife that he was going out on business. That was nothing, of course, if that had been all. But it was not all. Hitherto, when Tommy went out, whether on business or pleasure, it had been his habit to tell his wife what was the precise nature of the business, or pleasure, on which he was bent. If he were going into the City to draw his dividends, he would say so, like a man, and if he were going to a champagne breakfast in honour of a new chicken-hatching machine, he would be equally confidential in letting his wife know all about it. But on this dark and portentous occasion, Tommy merely said that he was 'going out

on business,' without vouchsafing any further information. And he went out accordingly.

'It's very odd,' said Mrs Twiddles to herself, 'I never knew Tommy go away like that before, without telling me where he was going and what he was going to do. And he very nearly went away without kissing me, too. Surely he cannot——' But no, Mrs. Twiddles would permit no unworthy thoughts to enter the pure temple of her mind. 'Perhaps it was only inadvertence on Tommy's part, he had been learning French lately, and trying his brain too much.'

So Mrs Twiddles thought no more about the matter until Tommy came home to dinner at six o'clock. How was it? he was not so talkative as usual, he appeared rapt in thought, and did not eat with his accustomed appetite. Mrs Twiddles ventured to ask him if he was not quite well, or if anything had annoyed him.

Oh, no, no, he was quite well, nothing had annoyed him, nothing whatever, and Tommy immediately assumed his usual gaiety. Mrs Twiddles, however, looking at him with the discerning eyes of love, could see that Tommy was not quite at ease in his mind.

'He's studying too much at the French, that's what it is,' said Mrs. Twiddles to herself, as she saw her husband, immediately after dinner, betake himself to his Ollendorff. 'You musn't study so closely, my pet,' she said, gently taking Ollendorff away from him, 'you'll injure your health, my pet.'

'Oh, nonsense, my dear,' said Tommy, sharply, seizing Ollendorff quite roughly and putting it in his pocket, 'it's too bad of you to bother me in this way.'

'Tommy!' This was the one word which Mrs. Twiddles, in reproachful tones, uttered in reply. The rest of her speech was a tear—a great burning drop from a wounded heart. It fell upon Tommy's hand, and seemed to scald him.

'You never said that word to me before, Tommy.'

'What word, my pet?'

'Bother,' said Mrs. Twiddles, sobbing.

'Did I say "bother," dear; then I won't say it again; there—there—there.'

The repetition of the word 'there' signalized a process of reconciliation which I need not further explain to the intelligent reader.

Mrs Twiddles was reassured, but only for a time. Tommy had always been a sound sleeper, but now he muttered and started during his slumbers, and often gave utterance to strange incoherent words, which the partner of his bosom was wholly unable to interpret. Day after day, too, he went out on business without telling his wife where he was going, or what object he had in view. Mrs Twiddles noticed that the time of his going out was invariably half-past eleven, and the time of his return about five; and always when he came home, he was dusty, and dirty, and fatigued. What could have come to Twiddles? His conduct was exceedingly strange, indeed, it was getting wild and eccentric. When left alone, he could be heard pacing the room and talking to himself, sometimes in even and subdued accents, and again in tones of indignation and anger. On several occasions, when Mrs Twiddles burst in upon him suddenly, he ceased his talking, dropped into a chair, and appeared to be absorbed in Ollendorff. But the moment her back was turned, the stamping and talking would begin again.

Mrs Twiddles became very unhappy. Tommy was no longer the kind, affectionate, comfortable man he had been. He was sadly, terribly changed. Was it his heart? no, no. Mrs Twiddles would not admit the thought. His heart beat for her as it had ever done. It was not his heart, it was his head. Too much study of Ollendorff had touched his brain.

Estranged affection on the part of her husband would have been a crushing blow to Mrs. Twiddles; but this discovery was scarcely less painful. What if he should get worse, become violent, and required—Mrs. Twiddles paused at the terrible word which was about to rise to her lips. And no wonder; for that terrible word was—'a strait

waistcoat.' What would the warmest heart be worth if it beat under such a covering as that? As Mrs Twiddles contemplated the dreadful case, she sat in the seclusion of her own apartment and wept. In the midst of her anguish, she heard her husband stamping and raving in the room below. Mrs Twiddles spent much time in deep and anxious reflection. How should she act? should she mention her suspicions to the family—to Tommy's brother John, and his uncle Godfrey? No; she would avoid exposure as long as possible. Perhaps it was only incipient, after all—possibly nothing more than the temporary result of a disordered stomach. Still she thought it would be well that the doctor should see her husband. Dr Toovey was a discreet man, and she could trust him. And yet she did not like to mention her suspicions even to Dr. Toovey. If she called him in it must be for the express purpose of seeing Twiddles. That might make Twiddles worse. How should she act? Mrs Twiddles would have given anything for some one to take counsel with, but she feared to betray the suspicion which haunted her mind. At length her woman's love and woman's delicacy devised an expedient. She herself would feign illness and call in Dr Toovey, and then she would ask him if he didn't think Twiddles looked ill. She would look in the doctor's face for a confirmation, or otherwise, of the terrible dread that oppressed her. Dr Toovey came and saw both Mrs. and Mr Twiddles, and when the former asked him how he thought the latter looked, his answer was, 'Never saw Mr Twiddles look better, ma'am.'

'Indeed, doctor' said Mrs. Twiddles.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Dr Toovey; 'Mr Twiddles is blessed with a strong constitution and a happy disposition.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, doctor; but I was afraid—that is, I thought—that he was not looking so well as usual, and—'

'Oh, ma'am, I assure you, you are mistaken.'

'But, doctor, don't you notice

something — something — strange about his eyes?'

'I think not, ma'am.'

'Not a fixed gaze, sometimes?'

'I can't say that I have observed it.'

'And then a restlessness?'

'My dear Mrs Twiddles, your solicitude leads you to suspect—'

'Indeed, doctor, I do suspect—you know what I suspect, I read it in your face, tell me, doctor, what has Twiddles got?'

'Madam!' said Dr Toovey; 'it is right that you should know it. Mr. Twiddles has got, if any man ever had—'

'What?' said Mrs Twiddles, anxiously, and energetically seizing the doctor's arm.

'The *mens sana in corpore sano*, ma'am,' said the doctor.

'Good gracious!' said Mrs Twiddles, 'is it dangerous?'

'Dangerous?' said Dr Toovey; 'ha, ha! I see you don't quite understand the classics. What I mean is, that your husband has a sound mind in a healthy body.'

'Oh!' said Mrs Twiddles; 'then he is sound?'

'Sound as a roach; and so are you, my dear madam, only a little nervous. I'll send you a draught and you'll be all right to-morrow. Good morning, Mrs Twiddles, good morning.'

Mrs Twiddles was relieved. It was not Tommy's mind that was affected, but still, though she was no doctor, she felt assured that there was something the matter with him. Why did he shut himself up in his room? Why did he talk to himself? And why, above all, did he withhold his confidence from *her*? Perhaps his business affairs had gone wrong, and he did not like to annoy her by the disclosure.

Her suspicion in this direction was in some degree confirmed on the following day by the arrival of a person who wished to see Mr Twiddles *privately*. The person was of Jewish aspect, and carried in his hand a large carpet-bag. When this person entered Mr. Twiddles' room, which he did at Mr Twiddles' special desire and request, Mrs Twiddles, who was on the stair, heard the key

turned in the lock. Mrs. Twiddles, for the first time in her life, did a thing which her soul abhorred. She went and put her eye to the keyhole to watch her husband. She could see nothing. She put her ear to the keyhole. She could hear something, she heard this. 'You trust to me, Mr Twiddles, I'll manage everything for you.'

'Very well, Mr Levi, but mind, not a word to any one in the house about this affair. Don't answer any questions if you're asked. I wouldn't have my wife know it on any account.'

Mrs Twiddles nearly fainted as she heard these words, and she had hardly time to get away from the door when Mr Levi came out. It was now evident to her that Tommy was in some serious difficulty, but what was it? What difficulty could a person like Mr Levi help him out of? Had his affairs gone wrong? Was he in want of money? Why had he not consulted her? She had been saving for years, and had nearly a hundred pounds in threepenny pieces in the top left-hand drawer of the mahogany chest. And, perhaps, Tommy was borrowing at sixty per cent, and taking half out in Rembrandts and Correggios. With a generous heart and a resolute hand, Mrs Twiddles proceeded to her bed-room, opened the top left-hand drawer, took out her box of threepenny pieces and hurried away to her husband's sanctum to lay the treasure at his feet. Tommy was not in the room, he had gone down stairs to show Mr Levi out. Mrs. Twiddles no sooner remarked this, than her eye caught sight of a piece of paper, resembling a folded letter, lying on the floor near the door. It had evidently been dropped inadvertently. She picked it up with the intention of putting it on the table. As she took it in her hand, a sudden thought seized her. She hesitated for a moment and then opened the paper. The instant she looked at it, she started violently, and the threepenny pieces rattled responsively in the cigar-box in which they were treasured. Mrs Twiddles immediately retreated to her room with the paper in her

hand, and there, in silence and seclusion, she read these words:—

'DEAREST ONE,

'Be assured that I love thee; love thee to distraction. The proofs that I have received of thy love leave me no room to question the sincerity of thy avowals. Thou hast no rival in my affections. He who pretends to be so is unworthy of my love. I leave him in thy hands. I know thou canst defend my honour and thine own. Thou sayest thou wilt forsake all for me. Noble, generous, devoted man! Meet me to-night at the accustomed trysting-place, that in impassioned accents I may speak the burning words of love I cannot write, lest they should set the paper in a blaze.

'Ever thine,

'ANGELINA.'

As Mrs. Twiddles read the last word of this startling missive, she dropped the cigar-box, and the threepenny pieces were dashed in a silver shower all over the floor. She heeded them not. What were threepenny pieces? what were millions? What was the whole world to her, now? now that she knew the terrible truth, now that her peace was destroyed and her happiness wrecked; now that her heart was crushed and her hopes blighted for ever, now that she knew her Tommy was false? 'Oh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!'

In the anguish of her heart these were the only words that Mrs. Twiddles could utter. And as she uttered them, she sat on the floor among the threepenny pieces and wrung her hands.

It was the heart after all. Tommy had ceased to love her, ceased to love her after all these years of happiness, and now loved another. For fully half an hour love and vengeance struggled in Mrs Twiddles' breast for the mastery, and love prevailed. This Angelina! who was Angelina? Perhaps some abandoned, designing woman who sought her husband's ruin. She would see Tommy, argue with him, reason with him, show him the precipice upon which he stood, and gently lead him back from the yawning gulf to the paths of duty and happiness. With this loving and forgiving thought in her breast, Mrs. Twiddles rose from the floor and picked up her threepenny

pieces She had just put the last one into the cigar-box, when her husband entered the room, and in a gay, off-hand manner, said, 'My dear, I am going out this evening, and as I shall not be home till late, you need not wait supper for me. Good-bye, my pet,' and with these words, Mr Twiddles went up to his wife and kissed her

Mrs. Twiddles was so staggered by the cool audacity of this proceeding that she was unable to utter a word She saw it all at a glance Tommy was going to meet Angelina at the accustomed trysting-place, and with this base design in his breast, he could come up to *her*, his lawful wife, and mock her with a kiss! Mrs Twiddles could not have believed in such baseness, such perfidy, such unblushing hypocrisy! The struggle between love and vengeance was renewed, and this time vengeance obtained an easy victory She hurriedly put on her bonnet and shawl, and waited in her own room until she heard her husband go out at the front door She followed immediately and reached the street just in time to see the faithless Twiddles turn the corner The darkness was now mercifully falling to aid the cause of outraged and trusting love Mrs. Twiddles was soon at her husband's heels and she could hear him muttering, 'My Angelina! Oh, my Angelina!'

'The wretch!' This word, which had been struggling for expression for the past hour, at length escaped the quivering lips of the infuriated matron Her fingers, in obedience to the natural impulse of the female breast (under such circumstances) were itching to clutch Tommy's hair and make their mark upon Tommy's cheek But no she would defer her vengeance until she could heap it upon his head with the additional force of detection She would wait until she caught him at the feet of Angelina

It was a cold night, and Mr Twiddles proceeded on his mission of mystery appropriately wrapped in a black cloak Now and then at turnings, Mrs Twiddles lost sight of her husband, but in following hurriedly, she soon discovered him again by

his black cloak. He turned from Oxford Street into the regions of St Giles's, passed through a narrow and dark lane into Long Acre, and thence into Bow Street, Mrs Twiddles following close at his heels. At a certain window, Mr Twiddles paused, apparently to reconnoitre He looked in at the window and up at the sign over the door and then hurriedly entered the shop. Luckily he left the door open behind him, which enabled Mrs Twiddles both to see and hear what was going on within. There was nothing particular to see in the place, but what Mrs Twiddles heard was rather startling

'Is my sword ready?' said Mr. Twiddles

'It is, sir,' replied another voice.

'Is it a good one to fight with?'

'Yes, sir, you'll find it very light and handy, your antagonist has got one exactly the same length.'

'Good,' said Mr Twiddles, 'I will take it with me'

And the next instant, Mrs Twiddles saw her husband emerge from the shop with the hilt of a sword peeping out from the folds of his cloak A terrible thought immediately took possession of her—a thought which proved that the desire for vengeance had not yet stifled all her love She remembered that in the fatal letter which had disturbed her peace for ever, mention was made of a rival whom the perfidious Angelina urged Twiddles to dispose of

Twiddles was going to fight a duel for the sake of Angelina

All thought of revenge gave way to anxiety for her husband's safety, and Mrs Twiddles was about to rush forward and throw her arms round his neck, when Tommy hurriedly jumped into a Hansom cab and was driven off Mrs Twiddles frantically rushed after the vehicle and called her husband's name, but in vain, she could not overtake it, and the sound of her voice was drowned by the rattle of wheels. She did not, however, lose her presence of mind. She immediately called another cab, jumped in, and instructed the driver to follow the Hansom and not lose sight of it until it stopped. The

man obeyed her instructions with evident relish. Possibly he had been a foxhunter in his better days, and the task upon which he was engaged, recalled the pleasures of the field. Regarding Mr Thomas Twiddles as the fox of this chase, I may say that he broke cover in Bow Street, dashed away up Endell Street, skirted along through Oxford Street, and there, being closely pressed by that eager sportswoman, his wife, took refuge among the intricate windings of Soho.

The Hansom stopped, and Mr Twiddles got out. Mrs Twiddles pulled the check-string of her four-wheeler, and got out also. As she was paying the driver she saw Tommy turn quickly to the right and disappear. She hurried after him. He had gone down what appeared to be a mews. Mrs Twiddles followed, in great excitement, over the rough stones, never for a moment losing sight of the figure in the cloak. The mews merged into a timber yard, and Tommy stall stalked on. It was a dark, gloomy place, lighted by a single lamp, and the houses on either side appeared to be unoccupied. It was a secluded spot, well adapted for a deed of violence or darkness. In the increasing frenzy of her terror, Mrs Twiddles ran forward to seize her husband, but before she could get within a dozen yards of him he had disappeared. She saw that he had entered a door in the house which barred up the end of the passage and made it a cul-de-sac. In another instant she was at the door, and dashed herself against it with all her force, but it was secured within. It was a rough, unpainted door, with many cracks and knot-holes in it, and discovering one of the latter, Mrs Twiddles put her eye to it and saw Tommy proceed along a passage and up a stair. A few minutes afterwards, she heard the clash of swords. She had no doubt that it was Tommy and his rival in deadly conflict. She seized the door again, madly, and shook it in the desperate hope of being able to burst it open. It resisted all her efforts. She called aloud at the top of her voice, but there was no response. At

length, as she was about to rush away to seek the aid of the police, the door opened, and a boy emerged into the yard. Mrs Twiddles ran to the spot, and, to her great relief, found the door unfastened. She rushed along the passage, and up the stair, and found herself on a dark landing. The clash of swords had ceased, and for some minutes all was silence. At length she heard the sound of Twiddles' voice, and she breathed again. He was not slain. But oh, horror, what is this she hears?

'My Angelina! oh, my Angelina! thus upon my knees—'

It was Twiddles' voice, and it proceeded from the right-hand room. Mrs Twiddles fairly dashed at the door and threw it open, and there, in an elegantly furnished room, she beheld a sight which rooted her to the spot. It was Twiddles on his knees at the feet of a lady. And what added to the startling nature of the situation was, Mr Twiddles' fantastic costume. He was arrayed in a doublet and trunks, and wore yellow boots with lace tops and a slouched hat with a red feather.

Mrs Twiddles was rooted to the spot only for a moment. After the first shock of the discovery, she made a dash at Twiddles and seized him by his point-lace collar.

'Don't, my dear, don't,' said Twiddles, pitifully.

'You dear, indeed!' said Mrs. Twiddles. 'I wonder you have the impudence after the way you have deceived me with that hussy.'

'Who do you call hussy, ma'am, I should like to know?' said the lady in sky-blue satin, at whose feet Twiddles was kneeling.

'I call you, hussy,' retorted Mrs. Twiddles, with emphasis, 'haven't I caught him on his knees to you—'

'Allow me to explain, my love,' Twiddles interposed.

'Explain, indeed!' said Mrs. Twiddles, 'a pretty thing to explain. You thought to deceive me, but I found that woman's letter to you, and there it is.'

At this moment, a number of persons, male and female, all dressed in fantastic costume, entered the room, and among them was Brown.

'My dear Mrs. Twiddles,' said Brown, going up to the enraged lady.

Mrs. Twiddles stared with amazement. Why, what does all this mean?

'It only means, Mrs. Twiddles,' said Brown, 'that Tommy, entirely at my instance—I'll take all the blame—is going to indulge to night in a little private theatrical entertainment at the Nonsuch Theatre, in the green-room of which we are now assembled.'

'And that lady?' inquired Mrs. Twiddles, pointing to the one in sky-blue.

'Was rehearsing with me when

you came in,' said Tommy; 'and that letter you have got there is one we use in the play.'

Mrs. Twiddles was induced to dry her tears and accept of a seat in a private box to view the performance, but owing to the excitement caused by his wife's sudden appearance in the green-room, Mr. Twiddles was not so perfect as he might have been, and the result was, that the curtain fell abruptly in the middle of the first act.

Serve him right. He had no business to join in private theatricals without letting his wife know all about it.



SOCIETY IN CROWDS.

Paris at Easter.

IT would appear to be the fate of the writer of these pages to spend a considerable portion of his time in crowds. The present age is an age of crowds. The facilities afforded by railway communication have multiplied sightseers, and concentrated multitudes, and no man now-a-days can escape the pressure of his fellows if he would look on what he wants to see. Wherever there is a point of attraction, to that point will railway-trains, omnibuses, waggonettes, broughams, dog-carts, gigs, and everything else vehicular—steam-boats, yachts, cutters, and everything else vapour or wind propellant, land-carriage and water-carriage—convey the raw material of crowds. Not that crowds—from the crush of millinery and loss of gems at St. James's, to the clang of voices and the crack of whips at Smithfield Market—are in themselves pleasant things, but they are ills that society is heir to, and must be gone through, like teething, measles, hooping-cough, mathematics, Greek, after-dinner speeches, formal declarations, and Christmas accounts.

They—that is crowds, and not formal declarations or Christmas accounts—are to be found and felt indoors and out of doors, and they are in season all the year round. Perhaps the worst variety of in-door crowd is the ball given in a house which would comfortably contain fifty persons, to which a hundred and fifty are invited, and two hundred attend. Particular friends bring particular friends with them, and the men lose each other in a maze of silk and tulle. Everybody sees acquaintances in distant and inaccessible corners of the room, but is totally strange to the visages in the immediate neighbourhood, and whiskerless lads in prodigious shirt-studs, fresh from college, or in the first blush of cornetcy or ensignhood, murmur disparagement in doorways, scowl at the men with partners, are visibly awed by the approach of crinolines, and revenge

themselves silently and solemnly upon the supper. The grandest outdoor crowd at which I ever assisted was that of which so full a description was given in the last number but one of this Magazine, and which was the only thoroughly successful outdoor crowd I ever remember to have assembled in London.

There are crowds and crowds; and, after all, they are more endurable in Paris than in London, from the greater width of the streets, the colour of the houses, the precautions of the police, and the lively good humour which is so national a characteristic, that it grumbles not at the perpetual presence of the soldiers and sergeants-de-ville, who, like the ghost of Banquo at Macbeth's feast, shake their horse-hair plumes and cocked-hats at every reunion and assemblage. This Lent last past, finding myself in Paris, I found myself, as a natural consequence, in the midst of a multitude—and I do not mean among the 'flaneurs,' whose sole business it would appear to be to sun themselves on the asphalté between the Champs Elysées and the Boulevard Montmartre, but here, there, and everywhere, for the celebration of Easter. Even during the 'Sante Semaane' there is the Foire aux Jambons in the Place de la Bastille, which is curious from the enormous quantity of old hardware exposed for sale, and from the absence of that savoury comestible from which it derives its name. Round and about the Column of July, upon the very spot where, eighty years ago, prisoners pined in loathsome cells, old locks and old keys—appropriate emblems of the history of the locality—are bought and sold with the most violent vociferation and extraordinary gesticulation. If 'le peuple' intended to pull down the Column of July, as before they battered and buried the Bastille, they could not make greater noise. 'V'là, messieurs! v'là, mesdames!' 'Dix centimes! deux sous la pièce! Aie! aie! aie! aie! aie!

g-r-r-a! 'A la fraîche, qui veut boire?' sing the limonadiers and marchands de coco, as they clink their cups together with an agreeable 'ting-ting' sort of sound. The canvas stalls or bazaars are chiefly remarkable for the women who stand behind them, in head-dresses which are the wildest compromise between windmills, ships in full sail, and avalanches on a small scale, and who incite the youths about them—for all things, including elderly men and women, are youthful at a fête in Paris—to feats of skill, address, and archery, for gingerbread and macaroons. The appetite of the Parisian populace for macaroons is wonderful—so wonderful, that it is strange it should not have engaged the attention of some scientific writer in search of a subject and a 'chेंटèle.'

But the various industries of a fête are not the fête itself. Commerce is but the means to an end; and one sells locks, keys, and macaroons—*voyez-vous*—to gain silver with which to seek distraction. Away, then, from the dull realities of life to the intoxicating regions of music and art. *Aux spectacles! aux spectacles!*

On the Place, towards the Rue St. Antoine, devoted to the arts, there are organs, and musettes, and cornemuses, and every variety of distraction in the way of sound. There are charlatans dressed as Peruvians and débardeurs haranguing a gaping and mocking crowd, that laughs while it believes, dispensing tooth-powder, razor-powder, pastilles, and pencils. Women, with weatherbeaten faces, in neat white closely-fitting caps, are singing, with more artistic appreciation than vocal power, as they sell ballads à la mode de Catnach. But the chief point of attraction are the two *barraques*, or shows. One of these is occupied by men dressed as tumblers, and the public is respectfully and hoarsely informed that an assaut d'armes, by one of the first professors of the science de l'escrime, is given every five minutes, in conjunction with feats of strength, address, and agility, by other ladies and gentlemen of European renown. The other, judging from its exterior, is a theatrical show, and the enter-

tainment to be seen within is advertised as 'L'Apothéose de la Prise de Pékin!' A man, dressed something like an operative Swiss peasant—that is, very unlike a real Swiss peasant indeed—parades the platform:—'Montez, montez, messieurs et mesdames. Deux sous!—deux sous seulement. On ne paie pas en entrant; on ne paie qu'en sortant si vous êtes content du spectacle! L'Apothéose de la Prise de Pékin. Aie! aie! aie! aie! aie! Ent-r-r-r-ez—c'est l'instant!—c'est le moment! Il y a de place pour tout le monde. Ent-r-r-ez—poussez, bousculez—ent-r-r-r-r-ez tou-jours!'

Accepting the liberal invitation of the spirited and enterprising director of the theatre, as I thought it, I entered, and certainly saw a most extraordinary performance. The seats were very hard, and very wooden even for wooden seats, and the audience was chiefly composed of *bonnes*, soldiers, and children, very much disposed to be sympathetic, even for children, soldiers, and *bonnes*. After a duet between the barrel-organ and the drum the curtain rose, and discovered a round platform, on which stood two lads attired in pink suits of cotton, that fitted them about as tightly as modern coats and trousers. The lads stood in attitude, and were supposed to represent Cain and Abel offering sacrifice. The organ ground up again, and the platform was turned round very slowly by an old man of the true 'Paillassé' type of head, who seemed desirous that the audience should know that he, and he only, was the sole motive power that caused its rotation. The curtain fell, and re-ascended to show the tableau of 'Cain killing his brother.' The next act was 'Cain's flight,' and the curtain fell again. An *entr'acte* ensued, whose dullness was alleviated only by the indefatigable organist and the untiring drummer.

Again the curtain rose, and discovered a *tableau vivant* of 'The Crucifixion.' The boy who had personated Abel had assumed a long-haired wig and a beard, and was tied up to a cross. The man who had shouted 'Entrez, messieurs,' had put on a Roman helmet, and stood with a

spear levelled at the boy's side; and the woman who took money at the doors had thrown a loose white wrapper over her gaudy costume, and knelt at the boy's feet. The drum was silent, the organ played, and the platform revolved, the old Paillasse's head peering from behind the cross. I am bound to say that the auditors did *not* appear much impressed by the spectacle. The next tableau was 'The Descent from the Cross,' and the next 'The Entombment,' and the performance concluded with 'L'Apothéose de la Prise de Pékin'—a tableau of some eight persons, dressed as French and Chinese soldiers, arranged in poses redounding to the glory of the Gallic and the shame of the Celestial Empire. The woman appeared in the same white overall, or *peignoir*, with the addition of a helmet on her brow and a *drapeau* in her hand, and, I presume, represented either France, or La Gloire, or the goddess of Victory, or some such allegorical personage. Blared the trumpet, rolled the drum, wheezed the organ, and I left the *baraque*, having, for the first time in my life, witnessed a performance that reminded me of what I had read of the 'Ancient Mysteries' that, some centuries ago, were recited, sung, and mimed in the city of Chester.

On Good Friday the citizens for the most part close their shops, and the crowds flock to the churches—the celebrated St. Roche, where they give a *Stabat Mater*, being perhaps the edifice most numerous visited. The day passes more like an English Sunday than any other in the whole year. The theatres, the concert-halls, the casinos, and the thousand-and-one places of amusement in this city of pleasure are all closed and silent, and the poor worn-out *ouvreaux des loges* and smaller employés are at liberty to stay at home or visit their friends for that one evening.

On the Saturday there is another crowd, and destiny, in the disguise of a solemn 'cocher,' drives me into the thick of it. It is a vehicular and equestrian crowd, and is bound from the Champs Elysées to Longchamps. In days of yore it was the custom to

make a pilgrimage to the Abbey of Longchamps on the day before Easter Sunday—a custom that still exists, although there is no longer an abbey, and the pilgrims, instead of journeying on foot, employ elegant equipages and prancing steeds. Past the Exhibition Building—so brilliant a contrast to our shed at South Kensington—past the trees, still leafless, of the most charming of European playgrounds, under the Arc de Triomphe, down the Avenue de l'Impératrice, away we canter, roll, and trot—but very steadily, not with *entrainement*. The drive to Longchamps is evidently a duty, and, as I fancy, to some of the horsemen caracolng near me, a somewhat painful one. The best of the carriages are evidently the work of English hands. Ten years ago the panels of the coaches seen in the Champs Elysées were picked out with staring white, red, and yellow paint, the whips were of wild shape, the harness of incredible inelegance, and the whole *mise* reeked of the hippodrome. Man, horse, and wheels, were of the circus, circusy; now all is changed, and for the better. Only here and there a remnant of the old bad taste offends the eye, as in the case of that dark brougham, lined with bright orange silk, with an old gentleman with a bright orange complexion to match inside. There are plenty of pedestrians, too, bound for the Bois de Boulogne. Many elderly schoolboys, under the superintendence of young priests, walking as badly as French soldiers on the march. The young gentlemen on horseback trot with an air of inconvenienced solemnity, and have somewhat the look and air of primi tenori taking equestrian exercise by order of their doctors. The cavalcade, horse and foot, pass through the charming alleys and by the beautiful lake of Boulogne, look longingly at the walk that conducts to dangerous, fascinating Madrid, give a gaze at the plain of Longchamps, and so quietly back for that grand event of the day—dinner.

The Dimanche de Pâques over, and the Agneau de Pâques eaten, I am in another crowd—this time round the shop-window of the

famous Giroux, where Œufs de Pâques are exhibited. Human ingenuity must surely have exhausted itself in the artistic incubation of these wonderful eggs. Here are gold eggs, silver eggs, steel eggs, sugar eggs, papier-mâché eggs, whole eggs, eggs bisected, and baskets of eggs with hens with maternal wings outstretched over them. And what charming things these enormous eggs contain! tiny watches, tiny bracelets, tiny household furniture, small tea-services, and miniature dinner ditto. Then there are warlike eggs—eggs that must have been hatched by Bellona in person—in a nest built of ball-cartridge and cemented with damp gunpowder. Inside one will be found a Lilliputian regiment of chasseurs, in another, artillerymen, guns, carriage, sponge, &c, all complete, in a third, a sword, sabretache, cocked hat, and field-marshal's baton—veritable dragon's teeth, to sow in nurseries, to produce crops of sous-lieutenants. Could not a sweetmeat be manufactured to look like a percussion-cap? I offer the idea—surely a noble and remunerative one—to any enterprising *confiseur* able to read these

In another crowd, the noisiest of all I ever wrestled in! It is hot Easter Monday, and I am bound for the Courses de Vincennes. The struggle is tremendous, the row awful, the heat insufferable. My friends have driven down, and I have promised to join them on the course. I must go. After three-quarters of an hour's compression, I get near the Bureau where the billets are sold. As I offer my half-franc, a rush takes place, and I am driven against a wooden barrier. There a lady, on the other side the barrier, smiles at me, and puts into my hand a five-franc piece. Is it possible that she takes me for a porter, and would bribe me? No! she says something, I bend over the barrier to catch her words, but vainly. They are drowned in the din around us. I comprehend she wishes me to take her tickets for her. But how many? The first-class fare is but fivepence, and she has given me five francs. I shout 'Combien?' She does not

hear me, but she understands, and holds up four fingers of a well-gloved hand—Italian fashion. I take five billets, am about to turn back to the lady, when I am ordered upstairs by a fierce sergent-de-ville. I wish to explain to him, he will not hear, and could not if he would. I know that he is shouting 'Montez!' and I ascend, in fear of sabres, with the comfortable conviction that the lady will write me down a swindler.

On the platform I find myself among a crowd of young men, all singing, 'Eh! Allez donc, Turlurette!' and 'J'ai un pied qui rime!' in different keys. I rush towards a carriage, a lady advances at the same time. I make way for her. Eh? no! yes! 'Tis she of the five-franc piece. Happy encounter! I give her her billets and her change. She thanks me with a gracious smile, and takes the last vacant seat. Every carriage is full, and I have to mount to the roof, where I again fall among the people who persist in singing 'chansons populaires.'

The course of Vincennes looks martial, as if a battle were in preparation. The tower and garrison frown upon the plain below, and the ground is kept, as at a review, by soldiers. The equipages are gay and brilliant—some of the postilions being dressed as if for a masquerade, in brigands' hats, jackets, and vests, like Mr. Tupman, at the immortal reunion of Mrs. Leo Hunter. Having a billet from the Société Générale des Steeple-chases de France for the Encente du Pesage, I enter that well-railed and well-regulated portico of the course, and as I am requested on the billet to carry it 'd'une manière ostensible pour éviter tout désagrément,' I do as others do, and stick it in the button of my coat, and, for the first time in my life, walk about ticketed like a shawl in a shop-window marked, 'Very chaste, 18s. 6d,' or a murderer in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, who, being but wax, and dumb, requests, by means of a label, that he may not be touched.

While taking a sandwich at the buffet, I am informed by a conversational and confidential English

groom that the first steeple-chase will be won by *Avalanche*, the second by *Y. Mastrillo*, and the third by The Colonel, and, strange to say, each prediction of this turfy prophet is verified by the result.

The grand stand is tenanted by well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the Princess *Mathilde* and the Princess *Murat* are on the imperial pavilion—a showy little cardboard sort of erection, not unlike the singers' platform at a *Café Chantant*. The hats of the gentlemen near the princesses are removed for a moment, there is a stir on the stand and in the ring, I look up again to the pavilion, and He is there—The Emperor!

There he leans, chatting unconcernedly, and looking as if the political horizon were as serene as the beautiful blue sky above him. He is simply clad in a dark frock coat and trousers. Beneath that well-brushed hat summers the braun and burn the projects that may either convulse or tranquillise a hemisphere, but time and toil have worn him, and he looks old—very old. 'His face is fatigued,' as say his subjects. His head is the sheath to a wonderful sword—the arsenal to ideas of extraordinary range, weight, and calibre.

Off go the hats again, and every eye is turned upon the Empress, who looks very beautiful and very pale. She wears a blue silk dress, as also does the Princess *Murat*, with whom she converses. After the first course, the Imperial couple descend into the Encente and walk about, but not together. The Emperor and the Imperial Prince—a noble-looking little fellow—promenade up and down as if they were on their own private lawn. The Prince has the air and bearing of a gentleman—an advantage not possessed by his august papa, and it is as impossible not to look upon the boy with interest as not to wonder whether he will ever inherit the brilliant destiny prepared for him by the astute personage whose hand he holds, like a thorough lad who loves his father.

The steeple-chase of Easter Monday was only the second that had

been run for at Vincennes, and was a marked success. A ditch was filled with water, and two or three hedges and artificial banks had been erected, one of such formidable dimensions, that almost every time it was attempted a saddle was emptied. The order of the course ran—*Prix de l'Administration des Naras*, 1^{ère} catégorie, 5,000 francs; *Prix de l'Administration*, 2^{ème} catégorie, 3,000 francs; and the *Prix des Tribunes (Handicap)*, gentlemen riders, 3,000 francs. This last chase was contested for by the *Vicomtes de Masson*, de *Lignières*, *A. Talon*, de *Merlemont*, the *Comtes de St. Sauveur*, du *Bourg*, de *Cossette*, and *Captain Hunt*, who rode the winning horse. The gentlemen riders of France rode well and fearlessly.

The Emperor's carriage is ordered, and the Emperor and Empress ascend 'Par la droite' orders the Emperor, in a stern military growl, and they move off slowly, amid the cheers of their subjects. There is another handicap for all horses, but nobody stays to see it. The Emperor is gone and his lieges follow. As we drive away amid the crowd, the dust, and the din, I recognise the lady of the five-franc piece, seated in a sort of omnibus with the roof off. She smiles; I bow. She points me out to a highly shaved, burly man, with a thick throat—no doubt, her husband, to whom she has related the charming anecdote of our encounter at the Bureau, for he takes off his hat to me with grim solemnity, and two black-eyed, olive-complexioned children are hoisted up from somewhere or other to gaze on the amiable Englishman who was so 'gentil' for 'maman.'

Another wrestle with another crowd, an intolerably slow train, and Paris again, at last. Dinner, and at about ten o'clock another crowd at the *Four au Pain d'épices*, at the *Barrière du Trône*—an institution exactly equivalent to our *Greenwich Fair*. Behold, messieurs et mesdames the English, that which it is, the life of the Easter Monday in the beautiful city of Paris!

London Editors.

NO. I.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND POLITICAL WRITERS.

IT is a curious speculation to imagine what the life of Englishmen at the present day would be without newspapers. Suppose that on some morning London were to wake up only to find, as her sister capital across the Channel once did, that, for all practical purposes, an extinguisher had been put upon her daily and weekly press—that the broad sheet which now forms as necessary a feature of the breakfast-table as the boiled egg or the fried chop, had either disappeared altogether, or had shrunk into less than its usual dimensions, with all its vitality squeezed out of it, a sapless, tasteless mummy of its former self. How would they bear it? What would they think?—we will not ask what they would say, for in the case supposed, ‘saying would be rather a dangerous process’—when they found that that which made the life and charm of their favourite journal—the free, outspoken utterances in politics, art, and religion had all disappeared from its columns, and nothing remained but the mere husk—a record of trivial facts, or a depository of arbitrary state decrees. It is difficult to imagine how Englishmen would comport themselves under such novel circumstances, and, happily, it is just as difficult to imagine a state of things in the country that would render such a catastrophe possible. Until it does occur we are never likely to know how much we have come to be dependent upon our newspapers; what a source at once of instruction, and amusement, and enjoyment they are. The old Whig toast of ‘The freedom of the press—it is the air we breathe, without it we die,’ derived, no doubt, much of its celebrity at the time from what was conceived to be the cleverness of its paradox; but it has come now to be a nearly literal assertion of the state of the case. We breathe our newspaper opinions; and so all-

embracing are they, and so unconsciously do their ideas glide into our minds, that, like the air, we are unconscious of their pressure. They have grown with the growth of the nation; and so readily have they adapted themselves to the changing moods and tones of public opinion that we cannot wonder at, though we do not agree with the opinion, that it is, in fact, they who cause them. In reality, the press is but the depository of the general thought, but then it is an engine of such exquisite organization, and such marvellous power—so quick to catch the first droppings of thought—so subtle to transmute it into its own shape, and so skilful to present in sharp and vivid outline that which at first floated before men’s eyes in dim and filmy haze, that men have been startled with this brilliant transformation, and have called that an origination which was but a reduction to definite form of the luminous nebula of public opinion.

It was not always so. The mighty engine, as it is now the fashion to call it, had but a slack hold on the popular mind at its first rise, and for long afterwards, like all great powers, its beginning was obscure, and it proceeded onward by slow and almost imperceptible growth. The first rise of newspapers is even now a literary puzzle; and no wonder, for men have not yet quite settled in their own minds what a newspaper is. When the taxes on the press were recently under discussion, several ingenious modes of evasion were resorted to; and it used to be triumphantly asked, How can a sheet of news printed on *linen* be called a newspaper? The authorities at the Inland Revenue Office were fairly driven to their wits’ end; and after several gallant but hopeless efforts to furnish forth a definition that should be at once wide enough and minute enough to em-

brace all phases of the subject, they gave up the task in despair. The tax abolitionists chucked over their inability, and profited by their unskiffulness; but the truth is that the same difficulty in another shape has beset all who have applied their attention to the subject. Were the *Acta Diurna* of Rome, set up in the public places from day to day, and of which the few fragments that have floated down to us certainly bear a strong resemblance to what our modern editors class under the title of 'News of the Day'—were these newspapers in the proper sense of the word? Or the 'news-letters' despatched from London to the old manor-houses in the country, where they furnished matter for speculation to the knights and squires of the days of Elizabeth—were these newspapers as we now understand the term? 'Why not?' say some; 'both the classical acts and the more modern, though now long obsolete "letters," contain that which is the essence of every newspaper—information of what is going forward in the great world without.' 'But how can they have been newspapers?' say others, 'they were not printed, they had no publicity, they could not pass from hand to hand like an ordinary sheet of intelligence.' Far be it from us to attempt to compose this strife, or to lead our readers through the arid paths that would be necessary to come to a right conclusion. It is enough to say, however, that out of these news-letters arose the germ which has since burgeoned forth into the glory of the modern broad sheet. Who first hit on the happy contrivance of keeping their correspondents acquainted with the secrets of the Court, the intrigues of politicians, and the fashionable gossip of the wits and gallants whose amalgamation has since come to be designated 'The Town,' and to do all this as a regular matter of trade, is unknown; it is probably as old as the art of writing itself. As early as the year 1622, an innovation had arisen, of slight account at first, but destined to work wonders. One of these professional news-writers, a Mr Nathaniel Butter, whose correspon-

dence had probably become more extensive than he could conveniently get through, bethought him of saving the manual labour involved in multiplying so many copies by having it printed. Men did not readily see what the new change portended. It is said that Sir Walter Scott kept a whole dinner-party in convulsions of laughter, with an account told in his own inimitably *rawky* humour, of the extravagances of a lunatic, whose premises he had been visiting during a recent visit to London, and who had conceived the ineffably absurd idea of lighting up all the streets of London with gas, and his predecessors, the literary men of James's time, were not gifted with a higher sense of prophetic vision in the matter of the part-printed newspaper. Ben Jonson made it the subject of his rough, horse-play raillery in his comedy of the *Staple of News*, in which he did not disdain to make fun out of the name of the printer—

'Oh, you're a butter woman,'

says the manager to a country wife who had come to the office to buy a goat's worth of news to carry down to her vicar in the country,

'Oh, you're a *butter* woman, ask *Nathaniel*'

Jonson's heroes, however, are all of the old school, they stand up for the propriety of the old letter, as one of them says—

'We will forbid that any news be made
But that be printed, for when news is printed
It ceases, sir, to be news, while 'tis but written,
Though it be ne'er so false, it seems news still.'

To keep up the dignity and the credit of the old profession, they have digested the mode of obtaining news into a system. The old way was that the news-writer

'Was wont to get
In hungry captains, obscure statesmen, fellows
To drink with him in a dark room in a tavern,
And eat a sausage.'

All that was now to be changed, and credited agents, or 'emissaries,' were to go out to the busy haunts of the London of that day and collect the news and the opinions that were floating about there, which were afterwards to be sorted, sifted,

catalogued, and published in divers forms, to suit all tastes and tempers; while the fidelity and the assiduity of these emissaries were to be secured by giving them a share in the venture. When the managers of 'The Times,' according to Mr Kinglake's graphic sketch of them, were on the out-look for public opinion—

'They many years ago employed a shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort, and find out what people thought upon the principal subjects of the time. He was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to hearken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places and by numbers of men who had probably never seen one another. That one common thought was the prize he sought for, and he carried it home to his employers.'

When they did this, they probably little thought that they were but imitating Master Cymbal and his four emissaries —

'Whereof my cousin, Fitzfisheres, for Court,
Ambler for Paul's, and Bur for the Exchange,
Retzcock for Westminster'

It is easy to understand that, however the wits of Jonson's class might see in the rivalry between the written and the printed sheet only food for their coarse jeerings, by the vested interests that had grown up around the professional news-writer, the printed innovation would at once be understood in its true character as portending them no good. No doubt they would fight hard and furiously against it, and vilify the printed paper in every possible way; and for a long time the battle was far from being a losing one to them. It was true, as one of Jonson's characters expressed it, that 'news printed ceases to be news,' or rather the circumstances of the times were such that no printer who valued his ears, or wanted to avoid the attentions of the Star Chamber, would venture to print the only kind of news that the people cared to read. For authority was then hedged round with sharp and subtle fences; and those who ventured into questions of home politics, of however innocent

a character, were soon made aware, by sad experience, that there were more man-traps and spring-guns strewn in their path than ever frightened poacher in the game preserves of the last generation. To discuss the politics of Turkey, or Hungary, or Spain, was free ground; no harm could come to a writer who gave the fullest vent to his speculations there, but even so much as to tell what our great ones at home were doing, much more to express the slightest hint of censure, was a venture which no man would engage in who had not first made up his mind to forfeit his whole property, to part with both his ears, and to encounter the rough salutations of a coarse and pitiless, though not bloodthirsty mob, from the ridiculous attitude enforced by the pil-lory

Here was a great advantage of the written over the printed sheet, for while, in the nature of the case, the print could not evade the supervision of the censor, he need never know of the news-letter's existence. Written in a garret in London, closely packed among a heap of miscellaneous articles in the bags of the pack horse, or as probably carried into the country by a friendly hand, who, like Jonson's butter wife, wanted to carry a groat's worth of news to her vicar, the news-letter circulated without fear of supervision or censorship, and the news-writer could securely ply his trade in the very court where the judges browbeat and the printers trembled. Hence the intelligence of the letter was always more varied, rich, and racy than the newspaper. Scorning the peddling shreds and scraps of news about foreign nations, on which our insulated and home-loving countrymen have ever looked with contemptuous indifference, except when, as often happened, their own armies occupied the principal portion of the world's stage, or when, as now, our own flesh and blood across the Atlantic have taken it into their heads to cut each other's throats, they dealt directly with the questions that agitated all hearts at home. And even when the success of the parliamentary party abolished

the Star Chamber in 1641, not twenty years after the first appearance of a printed newspaper, and home news was for the first time allowed to appear in the printed sheet, the writers did not at once succumb. For these were the troubled days of faction, when the party in power ruthlessly suppressed all that was published in opposition to them, and the minority was driven to all secret methods of communicating with each other, of hinting of this man's defection, and that other's extravagance, and comforting each other in their forlorn condition with the hope of better times coming. And underneath all this there was a more potent attraction still—the notion that whatever was written had something exclusive, confidential, and private in it—something that had not been bleached colourless in the types and presses of the printed sheet, which, because every man might read, it was, by a pardonable fallacy, concluded any man could collect. While the letter contained news that had never been made public till it met the reader's own eye, which was not accessible to the ordinary run of news-collectors, but which the writer had the privilege of having received fresh as it occurred 'from a sure hand'. And still that spell has not lost its force, as any reader of our provincial newspapers can testify. There, in addition to all the ordinary news which it shares in common with its London and its provincial contemporaries, each country newspaper that aims at anything like respectability has its London letter, 'From our own correspondent,' where the news of the day is served up again in a more racy form, and where the writer professes to be hand and glove with all that is notable in art, letters, or politics. Sometimes even the secrets of the cabinet are ventured on, and the writer professes to describe the course of policy that has been settled on some great emergency, though he prudently guards himself at the close by some such intimation as—'At least I know such was the determination of the cabinet when they broke up at half-past three yesterday afternoon, but it is just pos-

sible that circumstances have since occurred to cause some change in their resolution.'

The great centres of modern gossip are the clubs. The centres of public life in the days of our forefathers were Whitehall and the coffee-houses. The change is in every respect unfavourable for an ordinary news-collector, more tending towards exclusiveness, isolation, and a certain stereotyped cast of thought which makes men's minds run in a common groove. It was as easy to obtain access to Whitehall in the days of the Stuarts as it is now to get into a first-class club, while the coffee-houses were as free as their modern most degenerate successors—the coffee-shops. Any man who chose to pay his penny might find admission, and might listen to the magisterial decisions of Dryden, the shrill querulousness of Pope, or the cynicism of Swift. All readers of Pepys' 'Diary' must be familiar with the entries in which the garrulous, gossiping, but at the same time prudent and shrewd old man records how, at every breath of news that reached him, he hurried down to Whitehall, there to find the galleries thronged with visitors as idle and as anxious as himself, watching the looks of the Privy Councillors as they passed by, and giving eager ear to the thousand and one rumours that buzzed about through the antechambers. And for the clubs, it would seem that Addison anticipated the device of 'The Times,' and tried now and then in sport what the shrewd, idle clergyman did habitually for a livelihood. In the sixth volume of the 'Spectator' we have an amusing account of a stroll he took through the coffee-houses on a current report of the death of the King of France, how, 'that he might begin as near the fountain-head as possible,' he first called in at St. James's, where he found the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of and the whole line of Bourbon provided for in a quarter of an hour. Afterwards he came on a host of French refugees in St. Giles's—the prototype of the modern Leicester Square—where he found them all speculating on their

re-establishment in France. The wranglers were regulating the succession to the Spanish crown, then the great question that perplexed Europe by the statute laws of England. the politicians in Fish Street were satisfied that the monarch's death would secure plenty of mackerel that season, the fishery not being disturbed with privateers, and it would also have a favourable influence on pilchards. The last coffee-house he came to contained some politicians who united stock-jobbing with their speculations, as many politicians have done since; and in the midst of an animated debate how the death would affect stocks, came the news that it was all a mistake, for the French king was in good health, which put an abrupt end to the dispute.

It must not be forgotten that most of the essays of Queen Anne's reign, whose volumes now make such a goodly array on our bookshelves, were, in fact, a species of newspaper, intended to advocate one side or another in politics. Something of this may occasionally be discovered in the 'Spectator,' the best known and most frequently perused of them all, for though Addison made it a condition that the paper should eschew party politics, yet his more ardent colleague, Sir Richard Steele, was not to be so easily restrained from sly, and sometimes from pretty outspoken, attacks on the Tories, and still less from the open admiration of his great idol—John Duke of Marlborough. But in other papers—the 'Tatler,' for instance—not only the subject of the day's essay, or, as we should say now, the leading article, is entirely political, but in the older editions, at least, we still have the shreds and scraps of news gleaned from the foreign gazettes or recording the motions of armies with more than the curtness of a modern telegram still attached to the paper. It is amusing, after being charmed with the taste, refinement, and spirit—for Sir Richard was wanting in none of these qualities, in spite of all that Macaulay says against him,—displayed in a description of a wedding at Pancras, then a suburb,

and a walk to it being designated as a ramble in the country, to find this piece of grave news following. It is in 1709, in the midst of Marlborough's great wars.—

'Letters from the Hague dated May 4, N. S., say, that an express arrived there on the 1st from Prince Eugene to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. The States are advised that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of their respective provinces; as also that the two regiments of Wolfenbuttel and 4,000 troops from Wurtemberg, which are to serve in Flanders, are to march thither,' &c. &c.

Swift's management of the 'Examiner' in the interest of Harley and Bolingbroke, was more decidedly political than Steele's 'Tatler.' The great cynic had no idea of doing things by halves, and when he assailed an opponent, he put his whole heart and strength into the assault. How withering, for instance, is his attack on the merits and the rewards of the Whig chief—the Duke of Marlborough! Some of the Whig journals had asked what Rome would have done for Marlborough had he been one of their consuls, which drew from the dean the following comparison:—

'A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph, and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions. Sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck in honour of the victory, which, doing honour to the general, we will place to his account. And lastly, sometimes, though not very frequently, a triumphal arch. * * * Now, of all these rewards I find but two which were of real profit to the general, the laurel crown made and sent him at the profit of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the Senate or the general; however, we will take the more favourable opinion; and in all the rest admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket. Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts, the one of Roman gratitude and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together as follows.—

A Bill of Roman Gratitude.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis,—			
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
An embroidered garment	50	0	0
A crown of laurel	0	0	2
A statue	100	0	0
A trophy	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals, value a halfpenny a-piece	2	1	8
A triumphal arch	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph	150	0	0
Total	£994	11	10

A Bill of British Ingratitude.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis,—			
Woodstock	40,000	0	0
Blenheim	200,000	0	0
Post-office grant	100,000	0	0
Mildenheim	30,000	0	0
Pictures, jewels, &c.	60,000	0	0
Pall Mall grant, &c.	10,000	0	0
Employments	100,000	0	0
Total	£540,000	0	0

So that, upon the whole, we are not quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best.'

But he soon grew weary of this work one can hardly fancy that he did not like it, for he hated the Whigs with all the hate that his glowing intellect could entertain; but it may be, that he felt the constant demands made upon his time and thought too cramping; or was it that his name began to be known in connection with these papers, and that he dreaded the personal retorts and even the personal chastisement to which they might expose him? Nothing is more certain than that this great master of ridicule had, like other satirists, a marked dread of being ridiculed in turn.

The readers of his 'Journal to Stella' will be able to recal scores of passages where he expresses apprehensions that are little removed from unmanly, of personal vengeance being taken on him for some one or other of the libels he was constantly in the habit of sending forth anonymously, and still less pleasant is it to read of the exasperation he shows whenever the Whig wits have made an attack on him, and his resolution instantly to apply to the minister to have the audacious fellow who assailed him well trounced. Of course Harley knew better than to engage in any such attempt, and it was probably not without a smile that he would listen to this potent pamphleteer so sensitive to attack, and so unwilling to fight on equal terms, that whenever he was assailed with his own weapon, he ran whimpering for shelter to the arm of the secular power.

The Tory ministers refused to in-

stitute criminal proceedings even at the call of Swift, but it is not improbable that his repeated complaints against the insolence of hack writers—all writers were hacks that were opposed to him—was one of the causes that induced them to take the step which ruined, as Swift himself expressed it, 'half Grub Street,' and the consequences of which we have only within the last few years escaped from. They imposed the newspaper stamp-duty! True that duty was only a halfpenny, and it was levied with crushing impartiality upon the periodical paper and the occasional broadsheet; but it put an effectual stop to a large number of papers that, up to that time, had been in a great degree prosperous. It may excite surprise that our ancestors submitted so patiently to a measure that effectually extinguished so many lights of information. But a glance at their contents, and a reference to what has passed in our times in a neighbouring country, may help to throw some light upon the question. Louis Napoleon found it a comparatively easy matter to disarm or else to extinguish the newspapers in France that were in opposition to his rule, and to allow no opinions to get abroad except such as were in accordance with his will; because the newspaper literature of France had struck no root in the tastes and habits of the French people. They were not commercial speculations, but the organs of a party, a vehicle for the expositions of a school. They aimed high, and

were ambitious enough to embrace in their views the regeneration of society. They shot above the heads of the common people. For their amusement, the *feuilleton*, indeed, was provided, much as a farce is set to follow a tragedy in our regular drama; but between these there was nothing. The record of the little events, interesting to localities, but viewed with supreme contempt by the great world—the photograph picture of human hopes, sorrows, passions, crimes, and enjoyments, all that we call life—which goes to make up the pages of an English newspaper, were nearly altogether wanting in the pages of their French contemporaries. The writers had their own set theories to maintain, and space was too precious to be devoted to frivolities like these. They were politicians before everything, and what was worse, they were politicians in advance of, or, at all events, beside their age. Almost all of them laboured at some theory which they were conscious did not meet with general acceptance; for if it did, there could be no occasion to establish a newspaper to write it up. Hence their hold was on a clique, or a section of society, but rarely on the broad and round surface of society itself. And so, when the blow came, they had no support on the community at large to fall back upon. Each of the suppressed newspapers was nursed and mourned over by its own peculiar sect of *savans* or of politicians, but the people scarcely felt the loss or knew of the extinction. Now what has happened in our own day in France happened in the days of Queen Anne in our own country. Then, too, the political paper was a mere party organ, and was read in party circles, but took no hold on the community at large. The comparison between the two is not without its interest as showing how much in this branch, as in all the other appliances of freedom, the English people have taken the lead of their neighbours.

Not that we have much to boast of in this matter. After all, we have been but dull scholars in the art of interesting a whole people.

The practice of setting up organs to advocate special views was not destroyed by the stamp duty, nor can it even now be said to be totally extinguished. It is, in fact, the readiest and the most obvious weapon that occurs to a literary partisan. If he has something to say, he sets up his newspaper, just as the preacher of a new faith would set up his pulpit, and attempts to influence a larger auditory than could be brought within the sound of the human voice. When Bolingbroke, himself one of the authors of the stamp duty, had fallen upon evil days and evil tongues, he was fain to resort to this course. Some of his finest papers were written for the 'Craftsman,' a journal established by a writer well known in his own day, though almost forgotten now—Nicholas Amhurst, who held himself forth to the world of letters as Caleb d'Anvers. In that journal, Bolingbroke plied his adversary, Sir Robert Walpole, with all the resources of his brilliant intellect, clothed in a style which judges have pronounced to be unsurpassed for ease and grace by any writer in the English language, and he was joined in the congenial task of maligning the great Whig chief by men far inferior to him, but of great weight in their way, such as Pulteney and other discontented Whigs, who, after long and earnest efforts, succeeded in dislodging Walpole from his pride of place, though the result was attended with little good to themselves.

Sir Robert of course, having all the good things of office in his gift, was not wanting for writers to defend his measures, but their wit and spirit were far inferior to his assailant's, and few or none of their names have been preserved from oblivion. He cared little for literature, and rather despised the wits, for which the wits, as usual, took their revenge on him. He was the best-abused man of his day, and it has been reserved for a late posterity to estimate the man in his true proportions. His master shared with him the unpopularity and the abuse to which he was subjected; and it is probable that the observation by the

Jacobins, that all the wit and all the satire then in England was employed against the reigning sovereign and his minister, was one of the causes that led to the attempt of the exiled Stuarts to recover the throne of their ancestors in 1745. In fact it needed attempts of that kind to bring out the true character of the national temper. So long as things went well the follies, the eccentricities, the vices of little George, with 'his eyes as flat in his head as those of a fish,' were the theme of never-ending sarcasm; but so soon as an effort was made to displace him, the nation showed how sensible they were of the blessings they enjoyed under his reign, and rose as one man in his defence. Who would have expected at such a crisis, for instance, to find Fielding—the jolly, reckless, easy-living Fielding—come forward as the champion of the Protestant succession? yet so it was. When the Pretender made his descent on our shores, and commenced his march southward, Fielding threw aside his follies, and in a journal called 'The True Patriot' addressed himself manfully to the task of defending the liberties of his country, and summoning others to come forward and support the constitution in church and state under which they had the happiness to live.

The name of Fielding, by a natural law of association, calls up Smollett, for Smollett, too, was a politician as well as a novelist, and his political essays, like those of Fielding, have long ago been forgotten while their novels live. But the politics of 'Roderick Random' were not exactly those of 'Tom Jones.' Smollett had a smack of Jacobitism in him, like many of his countrymen, and it was not till the accession of George III. that he, with the rest of the high Tories, came heartily to acquiesce in the Hanoverian succession. In the case of Smollett, and others of the Scotch Jacobites, much of the merit of this concession was attributable to the fact of their countryman, the Marquis of Bute, having so much influence about the court. When the young sovereign, in his speech to his first Parliament, made the celebrated boast, which stands

to this day recorded on the pedestal of his statue in the Guildhall, that he was 'born and bred a Briton,' it hardly conveyed the significance that we have now come to attach to the epithet. An Englishman had never been ashamed of his name of Englishman, and if he had been left to himself he would never have thought of encumbering himself with an *alias*. But about that time there began to creep in the habit of complimenting the residents in the northern parts of the island by an attempt to sink the distinctive appellations of Englishman and Scotchman in the common name of Briton. The thorough-going John Bulls scowled on the new-fangled phrase; but it was patronised at court, and when the youthful sovereign made use of it for his own designation, the trail of the Marquis of Bute was at once discerned in its adoption, which did not add to his popularity. 'Junius' selects it for one of the main counts of his indictment which he drew up in his celebrated 'Letter to the King.' When, a year or two afterwards, Smollett drew his pen in behalf of his countryman's administration, and entitled his paper 'The Briton,' it stood condemned at once as an advocate of the Scottish party, then supreme in court, and was treated accordingly. It never had any great success, it came to a premature and inglorious ending; and would probably long ere this time have sunk into utter oblivion had it not been that its name and existence provoked Wilkes to set up as its rival his celebrated paper 'The North Briton.' The archness of the allusion to his rival, conveyed in the very name, together with the wit, and, it must be added the profanity of its writing, gave it an immense success, and it had all the signs of a vigorous existence when its libellous matter brought down upon it the strong hand of power. The agitation into which the country was thrown by the publication of the celebrated No 45, and all that followed it—the quarrel that ensued between the House of Commons and the London sheriffs—the subsequent quarrel between the Commons and Wilkes himself—and the issue of it

all in the abolition of arrest under general warrants, and in the right of constituents to choose what members they please—these matters belong to the general history of the court rather than to political literature. Nor need we do more than glance here at the letters of Junius, which followed at a later date, and which produced an effect upon the country that no newspaper essayist has done since. The man that came the nearest to them was William Cobbett, a man in many respects of a different stamp, and in none more different than this, that, far from seeking concealment, he gloried in the power he wielded, and put his name on the forefront of everything he wrote

Before bringing this review of newspapers and political writers to a close, there are one or two jottings connected with them that may be thought worth preserving. It has been already mentioned that in the infancy of newspapers their staple of intelligence was the news that came from abroad. There were two reasons for this. Public life was in ordinary times much more sluggish in England than it is now, and in stirring times it became dangerous to allude to it. In proportion as the agitation increased, so did the danger of making the agitation, or the causes that led to it, a matter of newspaper comment. The Star Chamber was in the full exercise of its powers, wielding a rigorous censorship, and woe to the unlucky writer or publisher who came within its lash! It was not till the abolition of this arbitrary court—one of the many blessings which England owed to the Long Parliament—that the newspapers were free to print home news without fear of the pillory or the gaol; and they were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege. It is noted as a further instance of the liberality of feeling in that Parliament that newspapers were allowed to publish the parliamentary debates; but that statement must be received with some qualification. There was no idea of allowing the newspapers to send their own reporters, and leave them free to deal with the speeches at their own

discretion, as is now the case; that was not likely to be allowed by the men who established that censorship of the press which called forth Milton's noble plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing; nor, if they had given such a privilege, were the newspapers in a condition to avail themselves of it. What was done was doubtless an anticipation of what we now see done in France. It is true that verbatim reports were not thought of, but one of the officials about the House was instructed to draw up a *précis* of the proceedings, which, after being revised by some of the ruling men, was transmitted to the newspapers for their publication. The publication of the debates, in the modern sense of the word, was first begun in 1771, sorely against the will of the Commons. It was, in fact, that attempt which led to the great quarrel between the Commons, who sought to imprison the printer, and the Sheriffs of London, who resolved to protect him, that ended so ingloriously for the former, and secured for all time to come the right of the people to know what their representatives were doing. All readers are familiar with Dr. Johnson's occupation as a reporter, and how he clothed the ideas of Chatham, Pulteney, the elder Fox, and others, in his own sonorous language, as well as his regret in after life for having palmed off upon the public, as the speeches of these distinguished men, that which was for the most part his own composition. We need not dwell here on the often-told tale of the foundation of modern parliamentary reporting by Mr. Perry, of the now, alas! defunct 'Morning Chronicle,' who used to ensconce himself in a corner of the Strangers' Gallery, and there treasuring up in his memory, without the aid of notes, the leading ideas of the principal speakers, was able at the close to sit down and write out several columns of a readable report for the next evening's publication. A clever arrangement with the country papers in the days of the younger Pitt marks at once the straits to which the provincial journals were reduced, and the ingenuity of the Government in directing the public

opinion of the country in its own favour. For the most part, those journals were at that time miserable affairs, living entirely by the paste and scissors and files of the London journals, and even that done in the baldest and most unworkmanlike manner. This was perceived by the lynx-eyed scouts of the Home Office in Pitt's time, and a trusty agent was employed, who went over the London ministerial journals, marked those portions which they wished to be disseminated over the country in red ink, and then, making up sets of them so illustrated, sent them down to the provincial newspapers throughout the country. The managers of these sheets—we can hardly call them editors—were only too glad to receive these packets, by which both their purses and their brains were saved, and willingly inserted the articles for the sake of the gratis information. By this means both parties were gratified, the country papers were got up in a cheap and easy manner, and the great body of country readers were allowed to see nothing but what was favourable to Pitt and his administration.

We can hardly here avoid a reference to the distinction that exists between the state of public feeling in the present day and former generations, as indicated in the newspapers of those different times. And first as to the softened tone of public men and public writers in the present day, as compared with their predecessors. The lesson was hard to learn, but writers have at last found that to abuse each other is the surest way to lower their own character in public estimation. The days of rival editors launching forth their diatribes against each other in the columns of their respective journals have now for many years ceased; and when Dickens satirized such men in the quarrels of the rival editors in the borough of Eatonswill, he was, in fact, writing their epitaph. The change in the treatment of public men is equally marked. We have no longer the abusive epithets, the coarse charges brought against our public men, which our ancestors delighted to

read. 'Junius' could not live in our days; Wilkes would find no readers. It is not that we are more lenient to our rulers than our forefathers were, but that we are more discriminating. Mere abuse is as distasteful now as fulsome adulation. Every charge brought against a statesman must be founded on a specific charge, and must bring its own evidence along with it, otherwise it drops unheeded to the ground. To be the best-abused man in England has more than once of late been appealed to as a mark of merit! And this relish for sharp but fair criticism, as compared with mere declamatory censure, pervades all classes, as has conclusively been shown since the late wondrous growth of cheap and popular political literature. When the removal of the taxes on literature was urged, many a man honestly believed that the adoption of such a measure would flood the country with irreligion, immorality, and sedition. The contrary has been proved to be the case. We have penny newspapers, not in the metropolis only, but in every country town in England that makes any pretension to trade and population, and, with scarcely a single exception, the cheap press is found to be as respectable in character, as moderate in tone, and as ably conducted as the average of the higher-priced papers were before the change. As newspapers, in the long run, are always what their readers make them, this is a most gratifying testimony to the high standard of the intelligence and morals in the country.

Another remarkable difference to be learned by a comparison between old and modern newspapers, is the fulness of size which characterizes the present day, as compared with preceding years. What a difference there is between the Brobdignagian double sheet of the present time and the humble four pages which existed in the time of men among us still comparatively young, and specimens of which may still be seen in some of our evening newspapers! How varied must be the interests, how wide the relationships, how many-coloured the life we lead now, as

seen reflected in the modern broad sheet! Take up a paper of the present day, and compare it with one published fifty or even thirty years ago, and one will see at once the difference in the pulsation with which the great heart of society beats. Public meetings, which now fill so many columns, were then in their infancy. The great modern institution of a member of parliament going down to 'give his constituents an account of his stewardship' was a thing undreamt of. How the residents of a rotten borough would have stared had their member come down to give them a lecture on the history of the Taepings, or the last attempt to reach the North Pole Joint-stock companies, which now interest all men who have scraped a few pounds together, and the meetings of whose proprietors therefore properly find their way into newspaper columns, were altogether unheard of. What conception could our forefathers have formed beforehand of a London and

North-Western Railway meeting? The change of the newspaper from a single to a double sheet marked a great change coming over society. There was to be no more quiet and leisurely sauntering through life. Society was girding up its loins for a rush, and that rush has not yet been abated. Even now the pressure for space becomes every day less able to be resisted. Persons outside a newspaper office think what a difficulty the managers must have to get the paper filled. The managers themselves have a very different problem before them: the difficulty with them is what to leave out. Every day brings some new interest—some fresh influence to bear upon society: and the temptation to enlargement is only kept down by the reflection that the readers of newspapers are driven to make their selection as well as the managers, and that a constantly growing sheet of news may drive men altogether away from its perusal.

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

IV.

AMY.

(See 'For the Opera,' from a Painting by T. F. Dicksee.)

AMY, unto you belong
Homage, love, and duty;
In this atmosphere of song,
In this realm of beauty,
Queen of all the throng!

For who else is fair
As are you to night?
And what is so rare,
And beyond compare,
As your glances bright
And your waving hair?

Who but must admire—
Watch, and never tire—
How your mantle floats
On the breath of amorous notes
Born of lute and lyre?

Who but feels a doubt
If he do not gaze—
As in dawning summer-days—
On Aurora lapt about
With a silvery haze?



From a Painting by T F Dicksee

FOR THE OPERA.

[See "Types of English Beauty."

What sweet odour sighs
From that all too happy wreath,
Woven bosoms of varied dyes,
Rose, and heliotrope, and heath,
Fair—yet not so fair by far
As the flowers beneath—
As those tender violets are,
Those twin buds of Paradise,
Which we mortals call your eyes!

Smile on me; and pay

As one, cast away
On a midnight ocean,
Longeth for the day;
So I long alway,
So have ever sought,
For one smile of yours,
Counting a life's loss as nought
If it this insures!

Amy—sweetest vision,—
Vision, ah, too brief—
Glimpse of realms Elysian
To a world of grief!
Memories of your gentle face,
Silver voice, and fairy grace,
Loveliest of the lovely throng,

Queen of music and of song,
Ay shall linger round me;
And when all about me close,
Shadows of my long repose
In the gloom of that dark place,
I, with dying eyes, shall trace
Her, whose beauty bound me.

Smile on me; and pay
For a life's devotion,—
One smile, Amy, that I may
In my bosom bear away
O'er death's gloomy ocean!



CRICKETANA.

No. VII.

THE SURREY COUNTY CLUB AND ALL ENGLAND MATCHES.

WE concluded our last chapter with one of two things—Single Wicket Matches, and the heavy betting, and consequently before long the selling and 'Barnum' work it involved—which we said was very prejudicial to the character and popularity of the game.

The second danger which we reserved for comment was Itinerary Cricket—the falsely called 'All England' matches—a style of cricket which is becoming a very serious nuisance as superseding those annual contests between rival counties which used to draw forth all the talent of the land, and which used to be fought with a degree of spirit and emulation without which cricket deserves not the name.

The getting-up of an All England match in a country place is very much in this way—

The Secretary of All Muggleton is an elderly gentleman—no player, but an eating or a smoking member, yet ambitious to distinguish himself, and perhaps to have his photograph taken as the Father of the Muggleton Club. Whereupon, as the cheapest kind of immortality, he begins to talk about October, and goes on talking all the winter about his determination to 'book the All England Eleven' for the coming season—He soon has a subscription list with his own name at the head, and does not doubt (till he tries) that George Parr will take 'the gate' though all the parish can creep through the hedge, instead of payment for his Eleven. But soon a polite letter comes hinting that Muggletonian enthusiasm is not so certain as to make anything less than 7*ol.* or 8*ol.* a sufficient consideration.

Then comes the question how to raise the wind.—Whereupon, the gentleman goes about with his subscription list in hand, trying to persuade every tradesman, and, above

all, every innkeeper within five miles round, that the All England match will be the making of the town and trade of Muggleton and its vicinity, and they must be public spirited and subscribe. As to asking any players to subscribe, it seems very hard to take a man's money and not to put him into the Twenty-two; yet everybody wants to be in the Twenty-two, and everybody who is left out is so sure to be offended—especially if he happens to be in trade, for then he feels doubly snubbed, vowing the Muggleton Club is likely to come to a speedy dissolution 'all through our Secretary's match.' However, money is picked up by drablets, and a ten-pound note is volunteered by the victualler, who thus knowingly secures a monopoly of all the diluted spirits, weak beer, and shabby dinners, which are remembered by grumbling spectators for weeks after.

We cannot forget—and we are sure that Wisden and Caffyn never will—the extreme disappointment of one old gentleman—from his white beard and general appearance we called him Old Father Time—at Teignbridge, who, after being a generous subscriber, was not allowed to play. Such was Old Father's strange delusion, though a sensible man in all other matters, that he believed himself, as a bowler, fit to play in place of Clarke, at that time disabled. Clarke said he might play for him if the gentlemen would consent, well knowing that they would not have the whole match made ridiculous by a septuagenarian on their side.

When the match was over, to pacify our aged friend and amuse the company, a single cricket match was got up between him and Wisden, then quite at his best.

The whole affair was managed with the strictest solemnity; the ground nicely measured, bounds



From a Photograph by M'Lean, Melhuish, and Haes

H. H. STEPHENSON.

CAFFYN.

(The only Two English Cricketers who visited both America and Australia)

[See "Cricketana"]

fixed, and umpires chosen, and sham bets enough were made to seem complimentary.—We need hardly say that Wisden was instructed to pitch up something he could hit before he bowled him out, and very soon to let his own wicket down!

The strange part of the story is that Clarke, Box, and one or two others at different times had let him beat them in the same way, yet he never detected the good-natured imposition. Poor old T—t! we knew him well, and have spent many a pleasant hour with him at Torquay, so interested with his conversation on literature and general topics, that we hardly could believe it was the same man and the same mind which would go back to the old story, and seriously relate how he had beaten the best professionals of the day.

As to these All England matches, something might be said in their favour in the first place, while it was really the best Eleven that all England could produce, or, at least, quite as good as any. First-rate play in those days was not so easily to be seen—the consequence was, that Lord's was crowded on a great-match day, because you could see first-rate cricket there, and scarcely anywhere else. We can therefore sympathise with country gentlemen who subscribed their money just for once to bring the first Eleven—there could be but one—to show the science of the game in their own neighbourhood. Of course the sixteen, eighteen, or twenty-two men matched against them were brought together, not so much for the honour of victory—for no honour could there be—but merely as a pretence to see the said Eleven play. It was like the one-pocket game or the go-back game at billiards, that an amateur plays when he only wants to see the performance of Roberts or of Kentfield.

This, we say, was all very well for once, at a time when good play was scarcer than at present; but for any man calling themselves Cricketers to play with double numbers, year after year, as a match, and to boast of victory—the thing is childish and absurd.

First of all, you do not play against All England or its best Eleven by any means. At present there are two All Englands—two bests! which is rather strange, certainly. Not only so, but neither of the two can be called best in any sense. We will speak now of Parr's Eleven, 'the All England;' for Wisden's Eleven, 'the United All England,' having six Surrey men, play comparatively few matches, for fear of spoiling the Surrey county matches.—They only play when Surrey has no fixture.

Now, as to the All England Eleven—we do not mean to speak unkindly of them, or of George Parr, who manages it. If the world is so silly as to encourage a man in making a livelihood in a silly way, we must blame rather those who raise the demand than those who furnish the supply. But, if not unkindly, we claim to speak truly. And we do venture to ask, How can you expect to have the best Eleven, when the manager has every interest to do things cheaply—to employ as the tail of his Eleven men of little note, at a low price—not to allude to the common practice of playing one or two amateurs, and not the best of the amateurs either? You have not, therefore, anything like an All England Eleven to begin with. But, such as they are, you do not half see their play—you have a very poor sample of what they can do. The men are quite good enough to win far more matches than they do win, if they had both the powder in them, and also the stimulus to play their hardest and their best.

When a travelling circus goes round the country, you are rather staggered, as you pay your money, in looking up and seeing the face, all red and white chalk, of Mr. Merryman, the clown, taking the cash without a smile on his countenance, unless one is painted there, and not at all like the Fool, but in the most sensible manner possible.

In the same way with the All England Eleven—the 'gate' being part of the bargain—you pay your sixpences to a creature in flannels, pads, and spiked shoes, ready at a moment's notice to go to have his innings—which innings, no doubt,

he hopes will be a creditable one to himself; but as to the issue of the match he does not care a button, not he. No. He does not play for the score—he only plays for the tall. And cricket is one of those games that must be played with a will to be played well. This is especially true of old and experienced players. Boys play their best for the fun and the novelty, but there can be no novelty to a professional cricketer; and the difference between concentrated energy and mere mechanical performance makes all the difference between the finest bowling and that which is just good enough to make the batsman play his best against it. This intensified energy—this concentration of all the powers of bowlers, wicket-keepers, and fieldsmen—may make a difference of half the score!

So the truth comes to this: Even if you had All England men, you cannot have All England play when your side is not worth beating, and when not the runs but the sixpences is all they care for.

For another reason, you cannot see the best of play.—with twenty-two men in the field the play is cramped—it is a game that spoils good men. Box and Guy have been instanced as men who lost their batting by playing matches where fine free hitting did not answer.

But the chief reason of all that men in the All England Eleven rarely play like themselves is this: that they are fagged and jaded—stale and overdone from the beginning of the season to the end. Imagine two matches a week, and most of their rest taken in railway trains. We remember they came to play at Bath, just landed from Ireland, half of them sea-sick. The first day they were not fit to play a decent school; still our friends flattered themselves the score they made was against All England men!—about as true as if they had been drunk. Why, as to play, we are reminded of the travelling circus over again. 'I might be fond of music,' said the French horn, 'but I'm not the man to blow all day to please any one.' Sometimes the said All England bowlers have hardly a leg to stand on—such as cricketers'

legs ought to be. We could name men we have seen quite groggy—with sore feet and swollen legs—blessing Providence for the chance of going to bed when the rain came down in torrents.

The contrast between the faces of the All England Eleven—when paid not by 'the gate' but by the job—and the faces of the rest of the field on a rainy day is amusing to any lover of the ridiculous. Being very civil fellows, they feel bound to seem a little disappointed as naturally as they can, when they pass by some promising young players looking much bluer than the sky is likely to be. They may also say perhaps a sympathetic word to the caterer, whose cold lamb and cucumbers is already in a state of watery solution; but if any one could hear their private and confidential communications, he would hear something like this.—'A good chance for your legs, John. Another such a day as this, and I shouldn't wonder if some of your bowling would come back again.'

Now this is all we get for our money—this is the delusion we practise on ourselves when we book our club and ground for one of the vacant days of the All England Eleven. We have that Eleven, it is true, but all the powder and the spirit is out of them, and one would think that no man who had ever made one of twenty-two, with . . . bowlers given, all fresh and lively, against Eleven stiff and steady ones could ever want to do the same thing again.

'But if we do like to amuse ourselves,' some one will say, 'what does it matter to any one?'

Why, it matters a great deal. First of all, you draw the best players away from fine county matches, which are better worth seeing by far. At this present time the members of the Surrey Club—than whom no club has ever done more to encourage county cricket—have a difficulty in their fixtures, because All England matches are encouraged on the same

...
We trust all true lovers of cricket will take this into consideration before they have anything to do with these 'All England' games. For which is better; that for three sum-

mer months the finest matches possible shall be arranged by the Marylebone and the Surrey Clubs chiefly in London, but with return matches in other counties, or that these arrangements should be spoilt for so poor an apology for a match as we have already described?

It does appear at present that there is a feeling of opposition on the part of the All England Eleven, or certain of them, to the promoters of county matches. Surely nothing can be more suicidal. Who brought forward these very men to their present position? Who find the sinews of war? Who provide the money for matches and the labour fund? We admit that there may be one or two men so situated that they may see little personal danger in opposing their former friends and patrons, though even they may commit the fatal mistake of kicking away the ladder before they have done with it. But let us ask—Do cricketers act wisely in supporting them? Should the rest of the All England Eleven agree to play on days when they are wanted for our leading clubs?

We trust that this will be amicably arranged, otherwise, we should say that the Marylebone and the Surrey clubs should make it a rule that men who belong to an Eleven so regardless of their fixtures should never be employed either at Lord's or at the Oval.

It is prejudicial to the game to grow too professional. The effect is to make the matches less interesting; for the batting is forced into a degree of strength quite out of proportion to the bowling of the same club. First of all hired players supersede our bowling, and afterwards, because it is so unequal to the batting, we are ashamed to practise bowling so as to make up the difference.

This has always been a strong argument against employing a professional in a county club, but if a travelling band of professionals makes us indifferent to measure our strength against the nearest county, then do the professionals do us harm indeed.

Wanman remarked last year that

he remembered the time when a man aspired to the honour of a place in his County Eleven—but now that emulation seemed passing away. And what did we have instead? A flat, stale, spiritless game—no honour for the one to win, no discredit to the other to lose!

Seeing, therefore, that the Surrey County Club was established to re-instate Surrey in its once proud position, let us briefly review its cricket history.

Surrey has as much right as any county to claim the honour of establishing cricket as a county game. Hampshire was once considered the native land of bats and stumps, but only because the Hambledon Club played in Hampshire. Now this club was quite at the Surrey end of Hants, and the Surrey men were among the finest players in it. Indeed, in the old scores the same men are found indifferently on the side of Surrey and of Hants, perhaps because they had their homes in the one and their cricket-ground in the other.

As far back as the year 1767, Surrey did its full share in all the matches of the day. For some ten years Surrey against Hambledon, and Surrey against Kent was an annual match, and these three names—Hambledon, Surrey, and Kent—were the only great names in cricket history. The Earl of Winchilsea and the Hon. Colonel Lennox used to back Surrey, and Sir Horace Mann backed Kent. As cricket spread in Hants, Hampshire against Surrey took the place of the Hambledon match. Much interest was at that early period taken in the training of cricketers, because we find, even in 1788, a colt match—the Colts of Surrey v. the Colts of Hants. At this match, Lord Strathavon and the Hon. H. Fitzroy appeared among the supporters of Surrey.

In the year 1793, Surrey played All England, heading in the first innings, but ultimately losing by seven wickets. In this match they were weighted with four amateurs of title; but next year, choosing with less regard to rank, Surrey lost by only three runs, though playing

thirteen of England. Next year, 1795, Surrey beat easily thirteen of England. The year after, Surrey beat Eleven of England in one innings, giving them one of the Walkers. The Hon. E Bligh and H. Tufton now played for Surrey. England then won their even matches; but towards the end of the century Surrey grew again too strong for England. Perhaps the Surrey gentlemen improved; for Surrey evidently could not choose their best men. In 1800, therefore, we find the odds of 12 of Surrey to 14 of England, and it is curious to observe that same year 12 of England played 23 of Kent, losing by only 11 runs.

About this time Surrey had Lambert as well as Robinson, a very great accession to their strength; and Surrey each year won one match out of the two which were usually played. Surrey also won easily in 1805, Robinson on their side, in their first game, scoring 93 to balance Lord F Beauclerk's contribution of 192 for England. They also won the second match almost in one innings. In 1809 Surrey won both matches. The second of the two was played with, in one sense, the strangest odds on record. Surrey lent England Beldham their best player both as bat and bowler as a man given!

The same match was played till 1817, by which time England had grown too strong, both Mr Budd and Lord Fred Beauclerk being at their best though John Sherman was a great acquisition to Surrey, Mr Osbaldeston's swift bowling lost them more runs than he saved.

The year 1817, therefore, saw the last of Surrey's even-handed attempts against All England the match was never played again till the year 1852.

As to the celebrities of Surrey during all this time, among the Surrey men were the Walkers, especially Tom and Harry. Tom was called 'Old Everlasting,' from his vexatious and interminable defence. Bennett told us that though Tom was more to be depended on, Harry's half-hour at the wicket was as good as Tom's whole afternoon. No

names of olden time were better known than those of the Walkers: but we owe it entirely to 'Old Nagren' that these and other Hambledon worthies have not been long since forgotten: that is to say, our friend Charles Cowden Clarke, a writer of much taste, and friend of Keats and Charles Lamb, listened to the old yeoman's yarns and put them down in his own pleasant way. Mr Haygarth has of late years followed out the clue, so afforded and supplied Frederick Lillywhite with some highly interesting biographies for his cricket scores, two volumes much to be recommended to all who take interest in the game.

Tom Walker's bat may now be seen at Lord's, as also Robinson's—the handle grooved to fit his burnt and stunted fingers.

Crawte was the best of the Kent side. We call attention to him because like Pilch in later times he received a consideration from Mr. Amherst to live in Kent and support the honour of that county. But Crawte was a Surrey man, and so it was to Surrey that Kent had in those days to look for a recruit; though so truly was cricket naturalized in Kent, that an old gentleman who could remember play in 1780 told us that on every village green in Kent you might have seen games of cricket.

Besides these men there were John and James Wells, W Beldham, Robinson, Barton, J. Hampton, Lambert, Sparks, Bentley, Harding, Bridger, L. Powis, John and James Sherman. These, with the three Walkers and Crawte, were the principal names from which the Surrey Eleven was chosen for twenty years. Most of the following noblemen and gentlemen, at different times, formed part of this County Eleven—Earl of Winchelsea, Hon E Bligh, A. and F. Tufton, Hon. D. Kinnaird, Sir H. Martyn, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Whitehead, G. Leicester, Colonel Onslow, G. Cooper, Esq., J. Lawrell, Esq., Colonel Martland, J. Tanner, F. Ladbroke, T. Vigne, B. Aislabye.

Whoever looks over the scores of the M. C. C. will perceive how large a proportion of the leading members of that club were Surrey men.

From the year 1817 the name of Surrey as one united county club is quite lost in the annals of cricket. England, for three or four years, divided against Hants; but Surrey is represented only by a variety of separate clubs—Mitcham, Epsom, Farnham, Harkey Row, Godalming, Dorking, Woking. If, therefore, the gentlemen of the Surrey County Club aspire to replace Surrey in its former county position and in the plenary possession of that strength which belongs only to a united people, they will allow us to inform them that the position they have succeeded in restoring is one that Surrey held for fifty years. During the whole of this time Surrey could hold its own against any single county, and for twenty years Surrey was a match for All England, and even gave them odds as essential to the interest of the annual contest.

Robinson was one of the best hitters of his day—left-handed and a very hard off-hitter. He was a cricketer under difficulties, for he could only catch with his left hand, the fingers of his right hand having been burnt off when a child. He was called 'Long Robin,' being six feet one inch high, and by some 'Three-fingered Jack.' Some curious things are remembered of Robinson. He once had the legitimacy of his bat called in question and shaved down to the proper measure while he stood angry by. Barker remembered a man's bat being served in the same way at Lord's. 'Robinson,' said Mr Morton, sen., the dramatist, 'introduced spikes. He had them for one foot, but of monstrous length.' Sparks used to mention a kind of greave, two thick boards set anglewise to guard his shin: but the fairness of the leg byes, which went off rather too clean, was called in question, and Robinson was laughed out of his invention.

The Duke of Dorset (the third duke) was one of the earliest promoters of the game—one who did much to redeem it from the character so long it bore, as only a game for the lower orders—a reflection, perhaps, though true to London, might not have represented

the sentiments of country life. A game that requires so many on a side always must have required some care and pains to keep a strong eleven together. Hence we read of professionals very early. The Duke of Dorset kept in his employment Miller, Minshull, and W. Bowra, amongst the best of his day. The Earl of Tankerville retained Lumpy and Bedster. Mr Lawrell employed Robinson as his keeper. Sir Horace Mann employed John and George Ring as his huntsman and whipper-in. Mr Amherst used to employ Boxall to bowl to him in winter in a barn as well as summer in the fields. Boxall was one of the best Surrey bowlers, born at Ripley. Lord Stowell gave Beldham an order to make him a cricket ground at Holt-pound. The town of Sevenoaks was indebted to the Duke of Dorset for the Vine Ground assigned by a deed of trust to be a cricket ground for ever. The duke was nearly being the cause of what in those days would have been equal to the enterprise that sent our Elevens to America one year and to Australia the next. For, while ambassador to France in 1784, he wrote to Yalden, captain of the County Eleven at Chertsey, to find an Eleven to go over and show the game at Paris! The Eleven had been actually chosen, with the Earl of Tankerville at their head, and they had travelled as far as Dover when the Duke of Dorset had returned, flying before the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

The Surrey County Cricket Club dates from the year 1845.

In the month of October in that year, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, there was a large gathering of the representatives of the principal clubs in the county of Surrey to enrol members, to decide on rules, and do all things necessary for inaugurating in good earnest a club worthy of the fame of this pre-eminently cricketing land, and, we may say, the very nursery of cricketers.

The Hon. F. Ponsonby came over from Ireland for the express purpose of presiding on the occasion. W. Demson, Esq., was vice-chairman at the dinner on that day, and among

the company present was, first of all, W. Ward, Esq., with Messrs W. and C. Pickering, J. Napper, from the Dorking Club; J. Banner, from the New East Surrey Club; Messrs. Horner and Hoare, of the Dulwich Club. Messrs. Earnshaw, *White, and other gentlemen represented the South London Club, while it were long to tell those who respectively represented the Montpelier, the Clapham, the Dulwich, and various other clubs, all within a circle to regard a general Surrey County Club as their centre.

After dinner the Hon F Ponsonby at once enunciated the object and the principle on which it was proposed to found one central club south of the Thames 'It would be established with a view of bringing out the cricketing strength of the county,' and as Mr. W. Pickering added, 'to give the cricketers of Surrey an opportunity of proving that they inherited or retained much, if not all, the strength of play for which their forefathers in the game had been so distinguished.'

That some such rallying-point—that some such 'fair field and no favour,' was still further maintained by Mr. Napper. He fully argued that it was indeed an anomaly, that while Kent and Sussex were each actuated by a spirit of nationality, and all the emulation of distinct clans, that Surrey should of late years, for want of 'a local habitation and a name,' exemplify all the weakness that must result from those faces being scattered which they now proposed to concentrate and to combine.

As to the glories of Surrey in days gone by, Mr. Ward reminded the meeting that Surrey had not only been once able to play All England, but that it had won the game against extra numbers on some occasions, and had given men in others

The Hon. F. Ponsonby was then elected the first vice-president, and at an early meeting in the year following, the first year of the play, William Strachan, Esq., of Ashurst, was elected first president of the Surrey County Club.

Martingale and Brockwell were the first professional bowlers en-

gaged, both from Surrey; and true to the principle of encouraging the county in every respect, the bats and stumps were ordered of Mr. Page, and an inquiry was made, though made in vain, for a manufacturer of cricket-balls in Surrey.

The season commenced with about 120 members, but every day added to the number—a circular being widely distributed about the county to this effect:—that the county of Surrey had once held a high position in the world of cricket—that to restore the county to its former rank 'the Surrey Club' had been founded—that the object of the Committee would be to seek out and bring together the cricketing talent, to play matches on their own ground on the Oval, Kennington, as also in different parts of Surrey, and to engage the best bowlers of the same county for the practice of the members.

Wednesday, the 13th of May, 1846, was the first day the Surrey Club ever pitched their stumps upon the Oval

The club now having the entire control of the county ground, a new era dawned upon its operations, and from that moment those who conducted its affairs availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of introducing a series of great county matches. The men of Surrey now began to rally round the County Club.

In the year 1857 the Pavilion was built; from which date the number of the members and the success of the county in the field fully rewarded past exertions, as the club had the honour of winning every match but one in that year—thus reaping golden opinions from all kinds of men, and guineas too, for their income proved nearly double that of the former year.

In 1858 still greater success is chronicled for though they contended against All England for the first time, they won every match, a thing unprecedented in the annals of the game

In the years 1859, 1860, and 1861, the county has honourably maintained its position, setting forth an annually improving programme

of great events, and ever watching opportunities that presented themselves of inviting the other counties of England to a fair trial of their strength.

In this emulous spirit for two years the club had 'fixtures' with Nottinghamshire, thereby keeping alive the spirit of that county and virtually re-establishing their county club. The same spirit has been evinced towards other counties, and exciting contests have on many occasions been played to the delight of thousands of spectators. Never has it been the good fortune of a county to rise by such rapid strides as Surrey during the last six years, which is mainly to be attributed to the talent exhibited in the field,

and an honest desire on the part of the club to extend and promote, by liberal means, England's noblest game.

The Surrey is at the present moment the largest club in England. Its income is all expended (large as it is) in the promotion of cricket, as the list of the Surrey matches of itself must show. The Surrey Club claims the honour of having first brought into public notice a host of talent; witness Sherman, Caffyn, Cæsar, Lockyer, H. H. Stephenson, Mortlock, 'Mudie, Griffith, Sewell; and latterly Humphrey and Pooley would acknowledge the same kind assistance as opening to them a sphere for their respective talents.



A FAREWELL TO SPRING.

SOFT fleeces floating through
 The fields of tender blue
 Like white-winged galleys in the Southern seas
 And you, oh tremulous air!
 Low-murmuring everywhere,
 In snowy thorns, and budding chestnut-trees,
 Your spring-tide melodies;—
 Ye larks, far up the sky
 Cheating the curious eye,
 And you, whose note is earliest heard,
 Invisible cuckoo, welcome herald-bird;
 List with what grief my song is blended,
 To say farewell—farewell; the Spring is ended.

Primroses creamy pale,
 And lilies of the vale,
 Wild hyacinths, and purple cuckoo-flowers,
 Wood-sorrel, violet—
 If any linger yet
 To wake a longing in the Summer's bowers
 For blooms of vernal hours—
 Daffodils, golden-bright,
 The wandering child's delight;
 White wind-flowers, faintly streaked with pink;
 Forget-me-nots, the fringe of brooklet-brink;
 Oh, tame the sorrow of my singing,
 Farewell to Spring—so swiftly from us winging!

In meadows, freshly green,
 No more the lambs are seen;
 The emerald fades from the up-springing wheat;
 The gentle nightingale
 No longer tells her tale
 Of sobbing melody by moonlight sweet,
 But flies the summer heat;
 Alas! and well-a-day
 That Spring should pass away!
 The prime of song, and bud, and leaf,
 So bright, so beautiful; but ah, so brief!
 Oh, woe is me that I must sing
 Farewell—and yet again, farewell, dear Spring!

T. H.



Drawn by Thomas Hood

A PEEP THROUGH A HEDGE IN SPRING.

[See "A Farewell to Spring"

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



IF it be true that one half the world does not know how the other half lives, it is equally certain that it will never much care. This may sound very selfish and cynical; but in adopting the apophthegm, we do but follow the simplest instincts of humanity. One half, one quarter, nay, one-thousandth part of the world, has quite enough field for study, for sympathies, for interest, in its own scene of action. Take the successful merchant, the politician, the man of letters, of

science—would not each, if he spoke himself, tell you that he cared more for his calling than all else besides? The doctor reads his medical journals, the parson peruses his book of sermons, Captain Pipeclay cons over the Army List—each with individual and unaffected interest. At certain seasons of the year, this and that portion of the British public is moved to enthusiasm by some event which the rest hears of with comparative indifference. The arrival of a new specimen of, say the *Lophoc-*

phorus impeyanus, may excite the curiosity of the Zoological Society. On the first night of a new opera, all my musical friends are in their seats before the overture. The month of May sees two London crowds daily thronging within a minute's walk of each other; one darkens with its shadow the threshold of Exeter Hall; the other trips lightly up the steps of the Royal Academy. Let us join for a while this latter assembly of the art-loving public, pay our shilling at the door, in company with some of the fairest, the bravest, the most illustrious of the land, invest a similar sum in the purchase of a catalogue, hand over our umbrella to that ingenious gentleman with a patch across his eye, who, while he never demands, on the other hand will never refuse our free-will offering of sixpence for its custody, and, these preliminaries settled, let us join the critics upstairs. Critics I call them, with deliberate purpose. In the little exordium with which I prefaced this paper, it will be observed that I maintained the *single-ness* of professional interest. But here we see productions of a trade, concerning which the world will say its say. For soldiering, for physicking, for persuading a British jury that Mr William Sikes is the most heinous of all ruffians, or the most calumniated of mankind, education or diplomas, society tells us, are indispensable. But TASTE, it would appear, is common property. Those of us who love, or think we love, the painter's art (and it is surprising what a large proportion of the community is thus described), can judge of pictures by the purest instinct. Millais a great colourist! pshaw! what has he done but daub affectedly? Talk of Leighton's genius! why, don't you know that his works are absurdly over-rated? As for Hook's efforts, give Mr Carp-ley a paint-pot, and just three weeks' study, and he undertakes to show you how landscape MIGHT be treated. For my part, I firmly believe that, if the divine Raphael or Titian himself could revisit this sphere, and set up a studio in Berners Street, we should find gentlemen who

talked of their works as loudly, as wittily, as knowingly—shall I say as SNOBBISHLY as this? And who could venture to set them right? So long as doctors differ, so long as painters of different age, aim, sentiment, and education, can each please their own circle of admirers, we cannot legislate upon æsthetics. By me the accurate representation of form, by you the charm of colour-harmony, by some one else the sentiment in pictures, is what is prized most highly. Happy the man who can acquire from fair appreciation of all these qualities an honest admiration for works of skill or genius, be they of this or any former age, and come of what school they may!

The critics, then, crowd round the pictures in Trafalgar Square, and loudly praise or censure as they please. At 9 A.M. one may walk through the rooms in comfort, at 10 the visitors are pouring in, at 11 the 'line' is occupied. As for the afternoon, the throng becomes so dense that all, except enthusiasts, give up the task of struggling for a peep, and lounge about the place with no apparent object but to look at one another.

There are certain places on the Royal Academy walls which have from time to time become identified with well-known pictures, and where we look at each succeeding Exhibition with natural curiosity, to see whether the once famous spot has been as ably filled. Who does not remember those few square feet of space which held *The Huguenots*, and *Order of Release*—the little area round which so many thousands thronged to see *The Derby Day*? This is not, we believe, the only time that Mr Millais's picture has been the first in cataloguing order on 'the line,' and surely few more attractive specimens of this artist's power have been here exhibited than the portrait of that charming little listener to her *First Sermon* (7). Since that old dusty baize was nailed up fresh and green, how many congregations must have filled the church; how many reverend gentlemen grown eloquent; how many occupants of that high-

backed pew have turned out the text with great precision, and then gone quietly to sleep! No doubt the present discourse is very edifying, but for us who are without the walls, who cannot listen to the Doctor, is there not a moral to be drawn from this sweet portraiture of innocence? Ah! *nisi fiat ut pueruli*. Perhaps we may learn more from this unconscious little preacher than from many sermons.

Passing over *The Pathway to the Ruin* (10), which is curious in being painted on the old-fashioned scale of colour, and *Across the Ferry* (15), which is rather colder than even Mr Lee is wont to be, we come to Mr. Sant's group of portraits (16), a great advance on any similar work from this painter's hands. There is much grace of action in the principal figure—a mother, who is descending some steps leading to a conservatory, with one child at her side and a baby in her arms. The subject is broadly painted, and thoroughly unconventional in treatment.

To say of *Aqua Benluta* (23) that it is by Mr. Phillip, that the scene is laid in a Spanish church, and that the dramatic personæ are Spanish peasants, is equivalent to promising such a colour-revel, as all who have studied that artist's work have long learned to appreciate. The picturesque side of religious life, especially as developed in the Church of Rome, has been so strained and falsely rendered upon canvas, that we cannot help feeling the honesty with which this subject has been treated. The little family knot stand round the holy-water stoup, and go through the ceremony (as Macaulay says, we all hold hereditary faith) sincerely, but without enthusiasm. Such incidents have a poetry of their own, which can neither be increased nor diminished at the mere will of the painter, and the quality of Mr. Phillip's work has gained a hundred-fold by its stern rejection of sham sentiment.

The success of Mr. Morgan's *Retained for the Defence*, in the last Exhibition, has probably induced him to paint a pendant for that cabinet picture in the *Red Tape* of

this year. Both savour of that legal atmosphere which envelopes the Courts at Westminster; and the skill with which they are treated leads us to hope that Mr. Morgan may try his hand at larger works of the same class.

We wish, for the sake of Mr. Roberts's later fame, that he had a rival. So long as he can wield his brush not only better, but twice as well as any other painter in his field, he seems determined to paint with as little labour as possible. His pictures this year, especially his interiors of *Milan Cathedral* and *St. Stephen's, Vienna*, are beautiful scenes; but they are scenes which should have been painted on a larger scale, and looked at across an auditorium. For grand idealization of the gloom through vault and aisle, for bold and accurate perspective drawing, Mr. Roberts is unequalled, but there are subtle qualities of beauty in architecture, only to be reached by that careful attention to detail which made his earlier works so famous, and which is not present here.

A Day-dream (38) is the title given by Mr. Poynter to the half-length portrait of a beautiful girl, in a black silk dress trimmed with violet, who is seated at a piano, with one hand wandering over the keys, while the other rests on a volume of poems—as if she were trying to realize the author's meaning in a few dreamy chords. This work, which is identified with no particular clique or school, is honestly and skilfully painted, and by no means wanting in pathos.

If Mr. Lucy is not often represented on these walls, he makes ample compensation by the size of his canvas, when it does appear. His *Reconciliation of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough* is of the grand school size, and, though partaking somewhat of the dramatic idealism of that style, is interesting as an historical picture in its usually accepted meaning. How charmingly characteristic of the painter's mind, that pure and simple faith in art, which must be held by all its earnest followers, are those last words of Gainsborough! 'We are

all going to heaven,' exclaims the dying man; 'and Vandyke is of the company' The sternest bigot here below would scarce take umbrage at that touching creed; and yet could it have been uttered by any but a painter's lips without a semblance of profanity?

Mr Cope's *Music Lesson* (46) is a pretty notion, which, if embodied by him some years ago, might have attracted much notice, but, judged by the standard of to-day, when flesh tints are matched and measured with microscopic accuracy, it surely seems behind the age. It is perhaps unfortunate for this picture that it should have been hung so near a portrait which, in its intense fidelity to nature, as well as the exquisite harmony of its colour, reaches a point of perfection, beyond which indeed it seems impossible to proceed. Mr Sandys' portrait of Mrs Susannah Rose (53), has merited in all opinions that terse, well-remembered eulogy, which Ruskin pronounced some years ago on Wallis's Death of Chatterton, 'faultless and wonderful' Never was the beauty of old age more aptly shown, never colour more tastefully associated. The diapered background alone is a charming study in itself. The tiny landscape seen through the open window to the right is worthy of the best age of old Flemish art. Yet all is kept subordinate to the individuality of the head, every feature of which is wrought out and finished with the greatest care, from the subtlest bloom of living colour on the cheek, to the silvered hair which peeps below the muslin cap. The possessors of such a family portrait as this may indeed be congratulated.

Mr. Erwood, faithful to the task he sets himself, of illustrating the incidents of every-day life, introduces us to the back parlour of a suburban villa, where a youthful Abigail, who is supposed, as the catalogue informs us, to be *Minding the House* (55), has taken advantage of her mistress's absence to admit a gipsy woman, or, rather, one of those spurious fortune-tellers, in whom such faith is reposed downstairs, until Jemmarann or Mrs. Cook find that the disappearance of

a silver fork or two is a phenomenon inseparable from the promise of a lover. The cards are just spread out upon the table by the wily prophetess. The sully gurl bends eagerly over them to ascertain her fate. The story is well told; the unpretending furniture of the room, and shrubbery outside are deftly rendered; and the whole subject forms, in its modest aim, a pleasing composition.

It is curious to see how many visitors crowd before Mr. Phillips' *House of Commons*, out of sheer interest in the portraiture which it contains, for few but his brother artists could detect in that grave and sombre group its excellence of power and choice of colour. The chief attraction here lies in the fact that we may be at once brought face to face with some dozen great men of the time—not merely posing for a *carte de visite*, but at their work. Here is Palmerston, the veteran Premier, the skilful bottle-holder of Punch's page—here is Gladstone, great in oratory and of financial fame—there Russell, the artful diplomatist—and good Sir Cornwall Lewis, the statesman and the scholar. Over the way sits Disraeli, who with a few 'winged words' of satire can fling defiance to the Opposition when he likes, and by him Bulwer Lytton, General Peel, and Viscount Stanley.* Across the battle-ground again we recognize a host of other well-known faces, and in the midst of this august assembly, calmly enthroned as umpire, to 'see fair,' sits Mr Speaker on his verdant throne. . . . Who would not linger before such a work? A time may come when these men's children's children shall sit where they do; and when in 1900 they look upon this likeness of their grandsires, I hope the reins of government will be held as honestly, as stoutly, and as cleverly as at the present day.

Mr C Hunt exhibits an amusing little picture (87) which reminds one of Webster, in its healthy appearance.

* It is the Treaty of Commerce in 1860 which lies upon the table. The glittering mace is cunningly introduced to lighten up the picture.

ciation of school-boy fun. A group of rustic children have assembled to play 'Hamlet,' and the point chosen for illustration is that which the picture in the Vernon Gallery has made so familiar to us. It is indeed a good-humoured burlesque upon Machse's work. There lies young Hamlet at Ophelia's feet eyeing the royal assassin under her fan. That unfortunate lady herself is represented by a chubby boy in a smock-frock, who preserves his dramatic individuality with the help of a wreath of gilly-flowers. At the back of the space which has been set apart for the stage lies upon a bench Gonzago, the player-king, enacted by a little urchin who, as the mock murderer, pours the poison from a *quart bottle* into his ear, is so tickled (either morally or physically) by the action that he bursts into a broad grin. Claudius, who is in yellow boots which are much too large for him, starts up in an agony of theatrical remorse, while the Queen, grand in her paper tiara painted over with fleurs-de-lis, tries hard to assert her dignity and indifference. On the left hand two small boys fulfil orchestral duties with a penny pipe and toy fiddle. The only 'child of larger growth' is in the background—an old man—probably the master of the school, who is officiating as prompter.

The idea is original, and the subject, which is ably handled, will doubtless cause much amusement among the younger visitors to the Academy.

Many to whom Mr. Talfourd's broad and clever crayon portraits are familiar will be glad to find that he still finds time for painting. His *Margherita* (95)—the study of a female head—is well conceived and modelled, and there is something characteristic about it which belongs to a good age of Art.

Objections have been raised to Mr Frith's *Juliet* (100) on account of the want of unity in its lighting. Without renewing this scandal, which no doubt Mr. Frith's artistic reputation will manage to survive, we must confess that the young lady in her white satin dress embroidered with gold is a very at-

tractive young person, and that, whether Romeo is looking upon her by moonlight or by daylight, that ardent but unfortunate youth has every reason to be satisfied with the object of his choice.

Waiting an Answer (101) is one of those episodes in Irish peasant life which Mr. Nicol has made it his *speculité* to illustrate. The present scene lies in the study of a fox-hunting squire, to whom a rustic messenger has just delivered a letter. The old gentleman, who is evidently about to change a rather ghostly red dressing-gown for his hunting togs, which lie on a chair, hastily reads his letter by the window, while the tired and tattered rustic wipes his honest head behind a screen. It seems exigent to require refinement of colour-harmony in such a work. Yet the picture need have lost none of its character if a little more attention had been paid to it in this particular. The subject is, however, boldly and effectively handled, with a strong sense of humour.

The portrait of D Lang, Esq., F.S.A. (116), by Mr. Douglas, might from its size and mode of treatment have more appropriately bore the name of *The Bookworm's Study*. Sure never were dusty tomes, pigskin covers, illuminated manuscripts, and those precious knicknacks which in the auctioneer's nomenclature are known as objects of virtù, huddled together in more exquisitely picturesque confusion. It was a happy thought to represent the antiquarian engaged in his favourite pursuits. This little picture is a very remarkable one, and painted throughout with great fidelity.

It would be difficult to say, in looking at Mr. Stanfield's picture (123), whether one derived the greater interest from the nature of the subject or the skill with which at his venerable age the artist has treated it. Few naval men could look at Turner's *Téméraire* without emotion, and the situation of his Majesty's ship 'The Defence,' and her prize, 'Il St. Ildefonso,' on the morning following the battle of Trafalgar, is, in the very words of the catalogue, a noble theme for poet or

for painter. The battered hulk which has fought so long and trustily still rides upon the yeasty waves before us, limned by the hand of one who for half a century has done his work too, as boldly and as well.

La Toilette des Morts (124) is the title of a dexterously treated but very painful subject by Mr. Ward. It represents the last incident in the life of Charlotte Corday, whose hair is just being cut off by her remorseless gaoler after the completion of her portrait by her unfortunate boy lover, Hauer, on the eve of her execution.

It is pleasant to turn from this scene of horror to Lehmann's charming likeness of *Madame Hartmann* (129), which has deservedly the place of honour among portraits. The form—a very lovely one—has been exquisitely modelled, and a very becoming dress in which blue silk and white satin are happily combined add at once to the charms of the lady and the credit of the artist.

Mr. Weigall's portrait of the late *Sir George Cornwall Lewis* (135) is equally successful in its way, and one of the many specimens which indicate this rising painter's skill. The interest with which it is regarded is of course doubly enhanced by the recent death of the lamented statesman.

Lucrezia Borgia (130), the 'eye picture' this year, is worthy of Mr. Elmore's best manner. We have a vigorous composition united to a wondrous chord of colour. The subject is a little mysterious, but—given the character of our heroine—there is little doubt but some dread plot is on the eve of its accomplishment. She stands, richly dressed in a crimson velvet robe with large puffed sleeves gathered up over a blue silk petticoat, at the entrance of a chamber, from which her companion, the sternest type of mediæval Italy, pulls back a green silk damask curtain with one hand, while he clutches a dagger in the other. Lucrezia only holds the assassin back because within her own fair fingers there lies as deadly and more safe a weapon. As we look

upon her handsome face, marked with the passions of a wicked life, we know that poison is within the glass, and what she wishes she will effect at any cost. Ungodly pride, lust, hatred—all may urge her to the crime, but that it will be done is certain. To look at this picture is like reading a page of *Æschylus*. It is tragedy of the highest order.

Under the title of the *King of Hearts* (146) Mr. Hunt exhibits the portrait of a sturdy little gentleman whose years perhaps may number eight, playing at bowls on a bright greensward, dressed in the costume of the sixteenth century. The handsome little fellow, with his auburn hair and bright blue eyes, is swaggering in the attitude which bluff King Hal is said to have affected, and the chief disadvantage of which was that it made the worst of ill-shaped legs. Maybe it is the youthful scion of the Tudor House who himself stands before us in that gorgeous costume. The brilliancy of this little picture kills everything which the eye can reach beside it.

Mr. Horsley introduces us to the toilette of a haughty beauty in the last century, who has received a score of billets upon *St. Valentine's Morning*. She looks triumphantly at herself in the glass, while a favourite lapdog on her knees tears up and gnaws the sonnet of some unhappy suitor. On the dressing-table lies a rich robe of crimson velvet trimmed with swansdown. In the background we notice some old waiting-woman opening the door to a page who has just arrived with some more 'rejected addresses'. It is a most effective picture in its school.

Mr. Goodall's *Opium Bazaar at Cairo* (166) realizes all that the title of the work suggests. The lazy merchants smoking at their stalls—the slippers blind man begging alms along the street—the delicate gray shadows which fall athwart the marble—the picturesque accidents of pent-roof and awning—are all truly and wonderfully characteristic of the scene, which is steeped in the intensest Oriental languor.

Mr. G. Sant has chosen the well-

known lines from *Gray's Elegy* (175) as a plea for the study of a very noble yew tree in a country churchyard. Saving the presence of some ugly railings round a modern tomb to the left, the picture is a most pleasing one. The dark olive-green of the foliage, relieved against a deep blue sky behind, show qualities of colour which the landscape student will appreciate.

The Old English Song (185), by Mr. Orchardson, will find an echo in many an English heart. The richly-brocaded dress of the fair musician, her quilted blue silk petticoat—but especially the honest, unaffected way in which she thrums the keys of that old-fashioned spinnet, carry us back to the time when domestic warbling was something more than a mere accomplishment.

Mr Ward's large and brilliant picture—*Hogarth's Studio*—must be interesting to all who respect a man whom most regard as the founder of our English school of painting. It is the portrait of Captain Coram, their generous benefactor, which the Foundlings are gazing at. Hogarth, ever ready for a joke, holds back the gallant captain, and hardly peeps himself from behind the easel till he has heard the children's criticism. Is that pretty Mrs Hogarth, Sir James Thornhill's daughter, who ran away ten years ago with her papa's young friend, and who is now cutting up cake for the little visitors? One little fellow evidently takes more interest in that operation than in the work of art before him, but most of the company are lost in childish admiration.

If Miss Blunden had not already been amply vindicated in the 'Times,' I should protest, in common with all who have seen the picture, against the injustice of hanging her *Kynance Cove, Cornwall* (201), where none can judge of its merits. It is a most carefully-finished study of sea coast and serpentine rock, reminding one of Naish in its almost geological accuracy of detail and beauty of colour.

Under the title of *Tram up a Child, &c* (213), Mr Faed exhibits the interior of an English cottage,

in which we see a little rustic girl sewing on a button to her father's shirt-sleeve, under the direction of the mother, who pauses from her own stitching to look on. An infant plays with a workbox on the floor, where a cock, evidently an inmate of the place, is strutting to and fro. The scale of colour and the method of painting appear precisely those which were adopted in the artist's celebrated work *From Dawn to Sunset*. The present subject, however, is much more cheerful, and some of the accessories are painted with a keener consciousness of detail. Mr Faed finds field for his talents in two other works upon the line, viz., *An Irish Orange Girl* (273), and *The Silken Gown* (379). In the latter picture—also of rustic life—a thrifty goodwife is endeavouring to beguile her daughter into accepting a more eligible suitor for her hand than one whom adverse circumstances, or maybe death, has parted from her. Through the open door of the room we see her father in close converse with her second lover, and, judging from the hospitable glass before him, we have no doubt that he only waits for his sweetheart's consent to make him one of the family. To the artistic qualities of Wilkie this artist adds a pathos of his own.

As each succeeding year brings fresh and unceasing proofs of Mr Cooke's skill and industry, words fail us in describing the patient zeal with which he masters all his subjects, whether of landscape or afloat. His *Dutch Trawlers* (230) riding at anchor off Scheveling afford material on which the painter has bestowed his fondest care. The bowsprit of the larger fishing-boat, half hidden in a cloud of snow-white spray—the weatherboaten canvas, here inflated by a sudden breeze, there idly flapping to and fro—the bulky stern and painted rudder, the faithful sympathy 'twixt wave and cloud—all these are painted with a seaman's eye. Indeed, we much mistake if the painter would not be quite as much at home on board that vessel as any man among the 'Van Kook's' crew. Far different in character, but

equally well treated, is *Catalan Bay, on the Rock of Gibraltar*, by the same hand. The photographic accuracy with which the interesting geological phenomenon connected with this spot has been rendered is beyond all praise. Mr. Cooke has long been known as a man of science as well as an artist, and the members of the Royal Academy must have been proud to hear from the lips of Sir R. Murchison a just tribute paid to the talents of this new member of the Royal Society.

I wish that I had time to look in at Mr. Hook's *Sailor's Wedding Party* (219), and pay my respects to Fielding's heroine in that charming portrait by Mr. Sidley of *Miss Sophia Western*, in her pretty sack and hat and feathers. It would be pleasant, too, and profitable to read the gentle sermon which Mr. H. L. Roberts, taking for his text the most beautiful of all parables, has preached to us in painter's language. I think it is the third compartment in that gilded frame which will be looked upon with greatest interest. It is the Seed among thorns and gaudy field flowers—the human heart perplexed with cares—beguiled with too attractive pleasures in this fair, wayward world of ours, on which the artist has bestowed his utmost care—for which we feel the keenest sympathy.

In a very clever picture, with that strong sense of humour which characterizes all his works, Mr. Marks has recorded his belief *How Shakespeare Studied* (261). A knot of worthies in the sixteenth century stand gossiping about a street in which the gabled roofs and mulioned windows indicate the age of Good Queen Bess. We recognize half a dozen gentlemen whom we have seen before across the footlights. Shallow and sapient Dogberry, I think, are here, and perhaps it is Petruchio who swaggers whip in hand. There is old Shylock in the middle distance, and here, close by us, sitting near the 'Swan,' at Bank-side, is the Swan of Avon, Shakespeare himself, dotting down notes for future 'copy.' We may have our suspicions that the immortal bard collected his material in a less

obtrusive manner—was not the sober philosopher which some of us suppose, but obtained his knowledge of human weaknesses by sharing them. Can't we imagine him tipping with Bardolph—hoaxing stout Sir John—chaffing old Verges into indignation—doing a little bill with Shylock? Depend on it he joined the Hotspurs of his time in many a merry freak—flirted with Mistress Page, for what we know—shared in a hundred various pleasures—folhes—vanities of the age. But, as it would be impossible to represent all these escapades, we must accept Mr. Marks's picture as typical rather than illustrative, taking care to give him credit for the skilful manner in which he has treated a most engaging subject.

The next work of importance on the list is *The Eve of St Agnes* (287), by Millais—wonderful in its interpretation of an effect which could only have been painted from eye-memory. The greenish hue in which the moonlight shows itself may at first appear exaggerated, but when the eye, disengaged from the glare of adjacent colour, has rested on it for a minute, the truth of its intensity is fully realized. It is perhaps to be regretted that so much of the canvas should be occupied by those long, dusky folds of bed-curtain, but, take it for all in all, it is a noble picture.

The Wolf's Den (498), by the same artist, is confessedly a falling off from former days. When we compare the painting of the little girl's arm under the rug with similar work in that great triumph of artistic skill, *The Order of Release*, we feel what penalties are paid sometimes for growing famous.

Mr. Hook's *Leaving at Low Water* (335) is equal, in point of colour, to anything he exhibits this year, but he, too, seems inclined to abandon the accuracy for which he once was noted. The shrimp-basket in the hand of the principal figure might surely have been made out with greater care. Cannot the Scylla of obtrusive detail be shunned without a run upon the Charybdis of too hasty execution?

On the Road from Waterloo to

Paris (345), by Mr. Stone, tells its own story in the sullen air of 'Le Petit Caporal,' who sits moodily by the cottage fire, with mud-bespattered boots, and in that famous uniform of bottle-green which we have long associated with 'Bony's' awful presence. I wonder did the vanquished hero sigh over the vanity of human ambition, when he saw that little coloured print of Napoleon le Grand, which hangs upon the wall? Of what avail the victories, the glory of his past career? Marengo, Austerlitz, La Rothiere, and Lutzen—won—but Waterloo? Ah, Little Corporal, your turn has come at last! The game is played out, and you have lost the stakes.

After glancing at Mr. Whistler's clever sketch in oil, *The Last of Old Westminster Bridge* (352), we come to two other episodes in French history. The first is *Robespierre reviewing Letters from the friends of his Victims, threatening him with assassination* (353). The features of the wretched Terrorist are pale with cowardice, and rendered doubly ghastly by the gaudy tricolour he wears. He sits in an attic, near the window's side have been inscribed the treacherous watchwords, 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité—now half effaced. A drawing of the guillotine hangs ominously before his eyes. He knows his time has come.

The other is by Mr. Calderon, and represents *The British Embassy in Paris on the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew* (378). Some English refugees are here assembled—saved, indeed, themselves from those atrocities which caused the streets to run with blood—but agonized by fears for friends and relatives, who have not sought the same sanctuary. The women cling to each other in all the bitterness of mute despair. The men crowd before the oriel window, clutching their rapiers as they look into the street, and vowing vengeance on the fiends below. Walsingham himself is thunderstruck, and strides the room with indignation. Dramatically considered, this picture is equal in interest to any in the Exhibition.

If Mr. Leighton would be content with those too thankful themes of

love and beauty, which he of all men in his day can treat successfully, without encroaching on the field of sacred art, he would assuredly increase the circle of his admirers. Could it be expected that the painter who conceived the luscious languor of *The Odalisque* would be equally *au fait* with such a subject as the *Star of Bethlehem*? Differing quite as widely in the range of subject are Leighton's principal works this year. I suppose that since the world began no one has ever painted peacocks better than those gorgeous birds of his upon the West Room wall (429). As for the young lady who is feeding them (although her peach-coloured silk dress does not, to my mind, harmonize with the blue sky behind her), she is, in herself, as near an angel as any charmer, short of wings, can be. It is a remarkable fact that, in giving a title to this picture, Mr. Leighton has exactly reversed the principle adopted in the last century. Then the subjects of everyday life were dignified by allegorical or romantic names, and Charity, which hopeth all things, sat to Sir Joshua wrapped in a blanket or a flannel dressing-gown. Mr. Leighton, on the other hand, paints us a Hebe or a Flora in pink silk, scattering ambrosia before the feathered pets of Juno, and simply calls it a *Girl feeding Peacocks*.

The *Girl with a Basket of Fruit* (406) is equally ethereal in character, with colour tender to the last degree. The play of light (which comes from behind the figure) about her auburn hair is exquisitely rendered—the modelling of the neck and shoulders perfect; yet in none of these works is there any attempt at direct imitation of nature. It is all idealized. Leighton is as essentially a Purist in style as Millais is or was a Naturalist. In his largest picture, *Jezebel and Ahab met by Elijah in Naboth's Vineyard* (382), his knowledge of form and powers of drawing are exhibited in a high degree, but in so classical a manner that the simple Bible story seems translated into Greek iambs.

Of Mr. Prinsep's two paintings, *Barbaganni* (391) and *Whispering*

Tongues can Poison Truth (423), the latter, on account of its subject, size, and deservedly good place, is the one which has attracted most attention. As far as we can judge from costume, the scene appears drawn from Italian life in the 16th century. A gallant is passing his mistress on an ample staircase, on the landing of which a group of guests seem to be amusing themselves with scandalous remarks about the pair. The lady's face is half averted from her lover, and strongly marked with pent-up passion. Her rich robe of claret-coloured moire antique, gathered at the waist under a bodice of brown velvet with yellow satin sleeves, the black velvet cloak of her lover lined with orange silk, the deep-blue figured robe of one of the bystanders—all combine to produce an effect of colour which is suggestive of the best age of Venetian art. Should this rapidly-rising artist in his future work strive at a little more refinement in treating texture, he will only add to the many excellent artistic qualities which he already possesses.

Mrs Ward has chosen for illustration a touching incident in the life of Mary Stuart (386), viz, the moment when she consigned to the Earl of Mar, at Stirling Castle, her infant child, whom she was destined never to see again. There is a sweet sadness in the expression of the ill-fated queen, which is told with earnest feeling. Mrs Ward has shown herself an apt pupil of her master, and all the *mise en scène*, from the royal pap-boat to the silk and gold thread coverlid which lies on the cradle of poor baby James, has been most carefully made out.

A Travelling Tinker (425), by Mr. Burr, and *Puss in Boots* (435), by Mr. H. Phillips, are both genre paintings of some merit. The knowing look with which the tinker eyes the leaky kettle which the goodwife has just given him to mend, while the rustic children group round to see the operation, is humorous without being grotesque. *Puss in Boots* is in private life a pretty little boy, who personates that character at one of the provincial theatres, and so small that he is still carried 'on'

and 'off' in his mother's arms. While in that position his father, or maybe, elder brother, lifts the huge pasteboard feline mask from off his head to kiss him.

Mr. Leader's *Welsh Churchyard* (440) is one of the finest landscapes—perhaps, after MacCallum's, the finest on the walls. The great fidelity with which the character of branch and leaf in those old yew trees has been rendered, the quality of colour in the grass, and on the gray flat tombstones, jewelled here and there by Nature's hand, the loveliness of that fair purple shadow which almost seems to creep along the hill-side—all bear truthful evidence of long and patient study and refined taste. Mr MacCallum's works are too well known to need much comment. When he sits down before the *Oaks of Cranbourne Chase* (422), or paints *The Harvest by the Wood* (636), we feel that, if imitation of nature be the end of landscape art (and most assuredly it should be), Mr MacCallum will carry that imitation as far as it ever has been or could be carried.

Mr Barwell's *Reconciliation* (441) would tell its own story without the explanatory lines in the catalogue. There are two pictures in this year's Exhibition, under the name of *Woman's Mission*, and surely the sweet benevolent expression of that fair mediator leads us to think that she has found her own.

Mr Hicks' picture of that title (464) is divided into three compartments, apparently to show us separately the pleasing duties of maternal, conjugal, and filial love. In the first a young mother is seen leading her child along the path in a thickly wooded copse, putting the brambles tenderly aside as she bends over her little one. In the second, the wife is consoling her husband, who has just received intelligence of the death of some dear relative. In the third, old age and sickness are seen comforted and made less wearisome by the kind attention of a daughter's hand. All the subjects are treated with a certain order of cleverness and skilful painting, but of the three, the first, I think, is most agreeable in sentiment and execution.

John Gilbert's *Army on the March* (480) looks like an old master, in its broad and powerful drawing and low tone of colour. The constant practice which this artist has had in drawing for the wood gives him great facility in form-invention.

Mr. Goodall's *Palm Offering* represents an incident borrowed from a custom in modern Egyptian life. The widow of a Sheykh carries her infant child to the grave of its father, holding in her hand the palm branch which, according to ancient tradition, she will break and leave there. The dusky mourning robe and hood, from either side of which a purple veil falls down, gives value to the rich olive complexion of her features, and there is a touching contrast between the unconscious playfulness of the pretty child she bears upon her shoulders, and the calm but earnest grief which fills her eyes with tears.

Mr. Hughes, faithful to the scheme of colour which once distinguished the so-called pre-Raphaelite school, has painted a good picture from an old subject. A sailor boy, who (if we rightly interpret the introduction of the ewe bleating for a lamb behind the tombstone in the distance) may have run away from home, returns to find his mother dead, and has been led by his sister to the country churchyard where she is buried. In the first impulse of emotion he has thrown himself on the ground close by her grave, half burying his face in the grass.

Bating a certain crudeness of the distant ivy, which is far too metallic in its colour, *Home from Sea* (530) is well painted, and it has much more genuine pathos in it than the same artist's work last year.

Shiffesbury, or, Lost and Found, is an ingenuous little picture by Mr. Macduff. A member of the shoe-black brigade is pointing out his noble patron's portrait in a print-shop, filled with engravings all typifying rescue of some sort—spiritual or in the flesh. We see Millais' *Order of Release* and Dobson's *Dorcus*, a well-known religious work by Eastlake, and Landseer's *Sword*. The only object which does not point a moral, or, I had nearly said, adorn a tale, is the sleek cat nestled on the

name-plate which forms the window-sill.

Granting the merits of Mr. Bostock's work (549), one cannot help thinking that, for so large a picture, the artist might have chosen a more romantic incident in *Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship* than the very culpable forgetfulness which induced the author of the 'Principia' to use his sweetheart's finger as a baccy-stopper. There are many ladies who attend scientific lectures at the Institution in Albemarle Street, but who can say what effect this may have in their respect for natural philosophy?

Tour to Death are the brief but earnest words in which Mr. Charles Goldie gives a name to his carefully-painted little picture. It illustrates a touching episode in the civil war of 1648, when, in the words of Lingard, 'on the capitulation of Colchester, Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas were selected for execution, Lucas, tearing open his doublet, exclaimed, "Fire, rebels!" and instantly fell. Lisle ran to him, kissed his dead body, and turning to the soldiers, desired them to advance nearer.' We can scarcely imagine a more heroic point for illustration in the war. There is much in Mr. Goldie's reading of it which reminds one of Wallis, and it is a great advance on previous work.

The Betrothal of Isaac and Rebecca, by Mr. S. Solomon, is painted with all the earnestness and chastity of colour for which he is remarkable. We can hardly conceive him out of the range of Jewish subjects, and certainly no one of the modern English school has treated them so ably.

Mr. Martineau's *Last Chapter* (568) is a great success in its accurate portrayal of fire-light, which, falling on the rich brown silk dress of a lady (who kneels by the fender that she may read the conclusion of some popular novel), illumines it into brilliant orange.

A Sick Call (589), by Mr. Lawless, is fresh testimony of the skill which this artist has hitherto chiefly exhibited in another form. The landscape and the architecture of the background seem to indicate a scene in Holland. A priest has

been summoned to administer the sacrament of extreme unction, and is rowed to the scene of his duty in company with two acolytes and the weeping messenger who has come to fetch him. This is an original subject earnestly and cleverly treated. If it has any defects, they lie on the side of inexperience—certainly do not result from want of taste or judgment.

La Belle Ysande (606) and *Vivien* (707) are two noble studies of heads by Mr. Sandys, exquisitely drawn and glowing with lovely colour.

Mr Stanhope deserves great credit for a bold and original conception of *Juliet and the Nurse* (624). The head of the latter is particularly fine, and reminds one of Leys in sentiment and drawing.

Mr Orchardson, in addition to the small picture which has been already noticed, sends a group of portraits remarkable for their broad and masterly painting and for the thoroughly unconventional management of background. Happily, those time-honoured absurdities—the traditional column and red curtain, once thought indispensable to the integrity of portraits—are fast disappearing from our modern canvas. Painters are beginning to feel that

there is nothing undignified in representing their sitters alongside of objects associated with their everyday life. Is there a more charming likeness in the rooms than that of the pretty little girl (*Miss M. Opie*) (679) who stands beside her bed in young Richmond's portrait? Here we have exquisite arrangement of colour united to probabilities of scene, the most natural, the simplest that can be imagined. In this year's Exhibition we may see fresh and abundant evidence of that healthy phase of art which had its origin some fifteen years ago. In glancing through the catalogue, a host of names suggest themselves and countless works are called to mind, which, in the limit of these pages, have been omitted. But let us hope that each and all of them, either in the testimony of outspoken praise, or from the verdict of the daily press, have elsewhere had their due. As long as Art exists in any form, so long will Taste differ in its judgment. All that the critic can do is but to write or speak according to the light which is in him, and that with all diffidence.

In such a spirit, these remarks are offered to 'London Society' in Trafalgar Square.

C. L. E.

WHAT HAS VEXED THE LADY CLARE ?

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL CLAXTON)

WHAT has vexed the Lady Clare,
That she stands at the window with troubled air ?
Oh ! a banker's daughter, rolling in wealth,
Has taken her lover away by stealth ;
And 'twas only last night she learnt he was false,
For he pressed her rival's hand in the waltz,
And whispered soft speeches into her ear,—
He scarce seemed conscious that Clare was near.
Oh ! the banker's daughter, she has, I ween,
Full twenty suitors to choose between,
Daily and hourly besieged with offers,
Not for herself, but the gold in her coffers ;—
Why should she steal from the Lady Clare
That gallant young Guardsman and *debonnaire* ?

'Tis cruel to lose your heart, I ween,
For the ace or knave, for the king or queen !—
Ah ! dainty lady, 'tis hard—'tis hard,
When your love is staked upon die and card ;

For the dice will not fall as the wish is set,
And luck turns badly at lansquenet:—
And a gallant young Guardsman, say what you may,
Who has run into debt, must contrive to pay.
And a banker's heiress with gold to spare
Is a dangerous rival for Lady Clare!

'Tis this that vexes the Lady Clare,
And throws a cloud o'er her forehead fair,—
'Tis this that is turning her breath to sighs,
And brings the tear-drops into her eyes,
That sets that foot of hers tapping the Brussels
Till her pearl-gray poplin angrily rustles,
That lends to her lip that scornful turn,
And makes her glances so fiercely burn.
'Tis a mixture of jealousy, grief, and despair,
That is vexing so deeply the Lady Clare!
What shall she plan, and what can she do
To make the banker's rich daughter rue,
That ever, in pride of her wealth, she should dare,
To cross the path of the Lady Clare?

Oh! Lady Clare, she can boldly ride
In the Row, on the downs, by the cover-side.
She can put her horse at an ugly hedge,
Or over a ditch with a fringe of sedge,
But the timorous child of the wealthy cit
Cannot manage her ambling nag a bit,—
And, while Clare is all grace on her prancer's back,
Poor Miss Poundsterling looks just like a sack.
I ween she has got the advantage there
Over Miss Poundsterling, has Lady Clare!

So they'll bring round White Rosebud, by-and-by,
With the velvet muzzle and big brown eye,—
He will stoop his neck to his lady's hand,
And list the pet-names he can understand.
Then out in the Row, as she flashes by,
Her Guardsman shall gaze with admiring eye—
Shall follow her far—till he all forgets
About hazard, lansquenet, duns and debts,—
Till he thinks there's not one in the world to compare,
For beauty and grace, with the Lady Clare!

She is bent upon conquest, the Lady Clare,—
She hides all traces of grief and care,
Her eye is brilliant, her smile is sweet
She will bring the truant back to her feet!
Oh! a pretty picture is Lady Clare,
As she stands in her flowing habit there,
In her tiny hat, with the purple plume,—
Her lips all cherry, her cheeks all bloom,
With her eyes of azure, and locks of gold,
O'er her shoulders in sunny ripples rolled.
Oh! against that smile, and against that glance,
But meagre is Miss Poundsterling's chance.
For I think she is fated the willow to wear
Who ventures to rival the Lady Clare!

THE FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

Fêtes, and Rooms, and Fountains.

THE summer has come with the flowers that it bears for its annual crest, there is scarcely a house, perhaps, in which they are not prominent. For now are the ball-rooms flower-hung, and mirrors are framed in flowers, fountains play in their midst, and brilliant thickets gather round doorways and on stair-cases, and in niches where statues are gleaming. The light of a thousand tapers shines on the waxen blossoms, the beautiful leaves outspread themselves full of their breezy tales, catching us up and away to the heart of some ferny dell, where, amidst the green waving leaves and the shadows that chequer the turf, the pale bright anemones glitter and reflect the clear stars of the sky.

The apple-blossoms lie thick, and the snow of the blackthorn has fallen. The faint breath of wild roses steals on us, and forget-me-nots wave on the banks. The water stands still to gaze on them, and in its deep heart they are shrined, fringing the deep, still bays, where the lilies rock all day whitely, bending their graceful heads down to sleep in their watery bed, rising up wet with the morning to spread out their fresh leaves to the sun. The ferns are all green and young, and the new-bursting leaves are red and purple upon the trees, silvery-grey the hazels and palest pink the rose; the fragrant honeysuckle already is red in its far-tossed clusters. The oak-leaves are yet scarce appearing; the spikes of the meadow-grass waving, the white lilies gathering closely with wood-sorrel flowers beside. The birds are all on the wing, and their morning songs ring through our woods; in evening hours the throistle is heard with the nightingale singing, and the ring dove is softly cooing while the mother-bird nestles near.

The time is now so lovely, when the buds on the trees are all thickening, the elms are all a tracery of leaves that low down are still green-

ing; the limes are already haunted by the bees that are seeking flowers, the fruit-trees upon the walls have let pass their gray-pink show, but the exquisite lilacs and may-boughs still fling their light clusters abroad, straight, beautiful spires grow upwards all radiant upon the chestnut-trees, the larches wave and grow green, and scatter their sweet scents round them, while the crimson tufts creep to the branches and wait till the green cones form themselves.

How beautiful June is always, when the dew lies in sheets of silver, and the clover is red on the lea, when the hills are all golden with gorse, and the air is all filled with its scent. The whole life of the earth seems so joyful. As Goethe's mother said, that 'she and her Wolfgang both were young together,' so the earth-mother breaks newly into youth with her child, the spring. The birds and the lambs are so joyous, and round us we hear their voices. Every bird on its spray is shaking down showers of dew, that fall all bright and sparkling like diamonds in the sun. See all the jewelled insects, the myriad shining wings. At night the banks are all glittering as though thousands of stars had dropped down to them; little bright twinkling lamps that set the gazer wondering if they are types of creatures when the sun of their day has set, and when their night has come down—that night which is the soul's day.

We must not talk now of banks on which great blue flowers spread themselves, the feathery, delicate meadow-sweet must scatter its almond scent round it; only the insect life may live in its fairy plumes. The cowslip fields may spread golden, and balls rich and rare may be flung, while shouts of gay laughter break on us from happy beech-wood revellers. Downy blow-balls are floating in flakes of white wool in the air, the spiders have spun their light webs, made fast to the floors of

the sky. Where have the fountains led us, and the flowers that jewel our rooms? Surely these are the scenes to which names of flowers lead us! In London and Paris drawing-rooms we seem to have learnt from the woods, so graceful and so cool are the green waving forms that meet us there. One hardly knows how to record *all* the pretty arrangements one hears of, but the hints this month for fêtes, for rooms, staircases, and conservatories, and those next month for dinner-tables, will clear off many old scores.

I shall be minute enough because these must be working models.

The first thing described shall be the Parisian 'Glaces sentines,' and this plan may be modified to suit a mere table any day. It resembles in some degree the fireplace group described in last month's magazine. But it is but a family likeness, the character is quite different.

In giving parties, it often becomes an important object to stop up a thoroughfare somewhere. Doorways are proverbially 'straits,' and our French friends have a great knack of gaining their social ends. Light, too, is *such* an element of success in every fête, and thus their long, wide mirrors are glancing in all directions. 'Des glaces sentines' are thus arranged. Tall panels filled with mirrors are placed in the would-be doorway. At the base is a wide marble slab, supported much as a console, plants are grouped at the sides, and beautiful creepers twine up it. Sometimes, in Russia especially, stoves are placed underneath them, at other times the panels are filled with plain plate-glass.

The great point here, however, is the arrangement of plants on the slab. The rarest and loveliest flowers obtain this conspicuous place. Roses, all loaded with bloom, stand side by side with the lilies, exquisite white azaleas are spreading out snowy wings, rosy geraniums scatter their rich aromatic perfume, gardenias and myrtles are full of scent and beauty, the pretty little dentzia, and the lovely and sought-for violets, the painted leaves of begonias, the scented spikes of genista,

white lilacs, above all things sought by Parisian ladies, little palms and gay climbers, and exquisite ferns and grasses. All the flowers are blended with truly artistic touches, and under the torrent of light with which French drawing-rooms sparkle — under that one advantage that English rooms often want — the flowers are, indeed, a perfectly radiant picture. Dull colours, mauves and purples, dead-yellows, heavy blues, all these are fled from quite. The rosiest red, the pearliest white, the blue on which white stars glitter, the scarlet and the orange that glow in the evening light, these are the hues sought out by the people who all are artists. When they require a foil — repose — they depend on the green of nature. They don't throw in heavy claret colour to relieve the tint of a rose! The most aerial lightness, the most fairy-like grace and freshness, as if the flowers had lately dropped from the clouds untouched, is of all things conspicuous in all good French work — *nonumanship*. They mind so the *set* of their flowers. This lovely rose bends aside — its own form has marked its place. It stands as a side-finish, giving *curve* and sweep to the group.

That is the real thing. We English folks do forget so to think how the things would grow! We really don't often find gardens where all the flowers grow upright, and there are some most barbarous sticks that keep plants 'in shape' in our stands. Let us think that a group should 'fall well,' as a dress does in flowing folds, the silks even 'cut the same way,' that all the lights may flow downwards. That is a French refinement, quite of a piece with the flowers. The whole thing has an air of ease, the intranslatable 'je ne sais quoi.' The flowers for such a purpose are various, are all beautiful.

Amongst the most *distingué* are the tea-roses and the arums. They are so tall and graceful, and carry their height so well.

A very tall plant, often such as would suit to use in such a group as this, is either immensely bushy, and thick and heavy, or lanky, perhaps growing ever so high with bare stem and gooseberry head!

We surpass the French very far indeed in our 'raw material.' The plants that come over from France look very ungraceful by ours. But as graceful shape is essential for the very few tall things we want here, I am anxious to recommend strongly that the tall plants be first secured. Any low-growing things may easily be replaced; the tall ones, of perfect grace, are here our greatest want. This is why I think arums should always be kept in blossom; they are so invaluable for giving elegant height. They do not *block up* a place, for they simply spread out charmingly, giving the loveliest curve and a sort of flame-like finish.

To arrange the plants on the slab a double row is required, the taller at the back, in an uneven number, the lower ones in front between each pair of flower-pots.

1 3 5 7 9 11
2 4 6 8 10

Roses, arums, lilies, the beautiful tree-ferns, marantas, and sometimes azaleas, would form a most beautiful background; the tallest in the centre, the most sweeping away at each end. Amongst the front row, too, long drooping streamers are exquisite, and though it is so common, few things here exceed the white-blossomed ivy-geranium. Scarlet achomenes is dazzling as a contrast, and there is a red geranium resembling much the white sort. Nor should we ever fail to have great pans of lilies, snowy, with many blossoms, as they are seen at South Kensington. Dark, leathery, ever-green leaves look best for hanging down; for twining up round framework the lighter the leaves the better. Nothing thus ever equals the vine and the passion-flower, unless it be our own hop-plants, and to see them in beauty we must wander through hedge-rowed hop-gardens.

Here is another new plan for ending a suite of rooms with its own most brilliant counterpart. One of the immense pier-glasses that are so much used abroad was placed lately so as to occupy the end of a large drawing-room. At each side of this pier-glass were tall thickets of shrubs and flowers, filling up the

interstices between it and the walls. These thickets of shrubs came down in the segment of a circle at the base, so that the effect was perfect, of another room, separated only by a mass of most lovely flowers.

This arrangement was thought most successful lately at a Paris ball, and, as I said before, in London we have far better flowers. Fancy, indeed, in such a place those absolute trees of azaleas, such as the white Iveryana, with their branches bent down with their flowers, behind these, great tree-ferns might tower—the beautiful Dicksonia, some fifteen or twenty feet high, with its wide crown of fronds. The Cyathea, too, with its pale, silvery-green; then the graceful Rhopala, with its long and divided leaves; and the singular *Dracena indivisa*, ten feet to fifteen in height. Great plants of *Ficus elastica* have here a good effect. Climbers, such as *Cissus antarcticus*, are never out of place, tall azaleas, standard roses, great myrtle-trees, orange-trees, flowered and fruited; lilac bushes and sweetbriars, all may amalgamate here. In front we have ferns again, low roses, some azaleas, plenty, too, of geraniums, not only for flowers but scent.

The plants here should be bushy more at the sides than in front. The finishing, or bordering, may be in many styles. Wickerwork painted brown, and filled with moss, is invisible. Edgings of *majolica* or gay china tiles may be used. In any case the moss sweeps up over all in a bank, and fern branches here and there are allowed to break its edge, lilies of the valley and cyclamens shining amidst them.

Here I may say but a few words regarding these great plants' treatment. We generally have to cut down things because the wood never ripened. If, after blossoming, we diminish watering, give more air and much more light, and sunshine too, if possible, our plants that *ought* to be barky will forthwith soon become so. Having once grown barky we are safe with them up to that size, of course I only mean as regards damping and cutting off.

Here, by-the-by, is a first-rate notion. The rage in Paris this winter



DES GLACES SAINES

Drawn by Henry Noel Humphreys

was for holly and camellias in every combination. No stove-plant looks more beautiful than a fine pyramidal holly, and the trees, I believe, will submit, with proper care, to pot-culture. It is almost too dangerous for the beautiful green of our woods to venture to suggest that branches in pots *look* like trees. For those who possess holly seedlings it is well worth while to pot a few. Large plants of ivy and aucuba are also effective in pots. The main point of their treatment is not to let them root downwards, from their pots, into the earth upon which they stand out of doors, and to give them sufficient water and little scorching sunshine. The aucuba lately brought over will be extremely beautiful, with its darker foliage and its clusters of scarlet berries. I mention pot-evergreens here because they are so much wanted, and when people begin to have store of them the work of decoration, both indoors and out, will be so much facilitated.

So much for architectural effects, as these may almost be called. Now we will turn to the groups and the fountains and the fern-baskets that may make halls and rooms green and fresh and cool, and give to them the glitter of the splashing, silvery waterfall. The best room fountains are French, and it is at French shops we must seek them. English work is too cumbersome—too solid for things like these. We want a German clock-maker to set to work and produce something like those clocks we used to hear of which went with 'no works in particular'—something cheap and portable, that gives the play of the water without a whole heap of gilt frippery. Any one with taste for such things might probably find it easy to get some village clock-doctor to take this affair in hand, and once done, it would be no small source of pleasure to many artistic flower-growers, and no small source of profit to the ingenious workman. The dairy, the greenhouse, the dinner-table, the drawing-room, the flower-stand on the stairs, the aviary, and the aquarium—each would in due proportion be embellished and freshened wonderfully.

The fish and the birds, above all things, would reckon it *such* an attention! The birds would be for ever playing gay antics in the water, splashing and washing and shaking their little wings.

At a recent great ball at the Préfecture one of these portable fountains was made to play in the hall, where its sparkling jet of water, surrounded by beautiful shrubs and flowers in full bloom, and by many wax lights, produced a charming spectacle. The choice of flowers for such groups may be most artistic—we may have a desert fountain springing beneath a palm, the tropic flowers and the turf starred with red and blue, such as the gay anemones—the clustering masses of fern fronds, and the tall white Nile lilies would be all in most perfect keeping in the fairy oasis, so green and sweet and flowery. Hyacinths and tulips and narcissi in winter should bloom here. The great agapanthus grows here too, and the stiff, thick-leaved aloe—the sweet, tall-growing tuberose, the jasmine and the carnation, and, surely, the damask rose. All these flowers belong, we know, to the many fountained courts that are shady in Eastern lands, where Eastern women look from the cool marble pavements of open latticed alcoves across the clumps of flowers that are bright in the dazzling sun. Again, we may be Limayans, and borrow their gorgeous flowers. The creepers grow here, and the orchids, white, rosy-red, and flame-colour,—here the vines grow luxuriantly, rejoicing in the shade and covering the light trellises and the bamboo or linen roofs that surround and cover the houses of this rainless land! Palms and marantas, jasmunes and great cacti, flourish here in magnificence, giving out such colour as European eyes scarcely know. In China and Japan we find flowers, perhaps, of all countries, most abundantly. There are grotesque, dwarf, forest trees, azaleas, camellias, roses, lilies, ferns, and bamboos, all thriving here together. We may indeed here learn gardening, but scarcely shall we import taste hence.

For taste we will keep to Paris. And here is another device. It is a large *jardinière*. At the base an oblong box of richly-carved dark oak is filled with a group of flowers, such as roses and lilies and ferns,—these should make a mass of gay and fragrant flowers. From the centre of this box there rises a richly-carved oaken pedestal, which divides and supports above a large globular aquarium. The carved supports which first surround this pretty little fish-pond continue to ascend till again they meet and uphold a large tazza. The effect of this whole arrangement is really very charming*. In the crowning tazza a plant of Rex begonia has lived and flourished *three years*, and long trailers of Tradescantia droop down like a large-leaved clematis. The flowers are little blue things, three leaves and a yellow centre, but the graceful and flourishing streamers are really the chief attraction. The aquarium, for mere *prettiness*, wants only gold fish and flowers, but, considering the queer ways of many of our fish-friends, we may reasonably expect to meet sometimes with sticklebacks!

For flowers we have more to say. If the glass be large enough there is the very delicious Aponogeton distachyon. Its white curved-edged, forked flower, with its odd dots of black, and its almost excessive sweetness, render the smallest plant most delightful. The long leaves, too, are very beautiful when they float on the water gracefully. The plant should be in a flower-pot—at least in *something* of some sort, but I own that it hurts my feelings to put water-flowers in flower-pots, even although, indeed, the heap of rock does hide them. Shells are so very much more proper and more natural. A water plant grown in a shell may retain æsthetic weak-

This sweet, forked water-flower is quite easy to grow, and hardy. I believe it is easy to get, too—in London I have seen it at Veitch's.

* Such stands may be made only half a circle, the other half being completed by reflection in a mirror, and so adding to the illusion.

And there, too, are the water-lilies—the blue and the pink and the white, of which Sydenham visitors rave so, and of which I have got to talk presently.

Before we leave the subject of this carved stand and aquarium, let me but suggest to two classes of people to *make* such! The carving, after all, is often a tree-stem imitated, and there *was* a work much in fashion of making carved oak picture-frames. The people who live in the country might make such charming rustic things,—if they would but be careful to avoid choosing clumsy for rustic. The branch that grows in a wood with the 'hair' of its leaves hung about it, has a degree of softness that it leaves in the wood it grew in. The *graceful* and yet rustic stem is the sort of thing we should choose—light, and rather even, though knotted now and then, peeled, and stained and varnished after being completely dried. It is wonderful what pretty things an artist's eye finds in woods—or perhaps one should say, it's wonderful that we don't all of us find such. Then there is the leather work—better than many of such works, for it at least requires arrangement, and insists on some ingenuity. Why cannot some boudoir have an exquisite fairy flower-stand?—its *bones* may be common iron—the merest rough iron-work frame—but the covering on them may be a lovely leafy tracery. Those things with a tangible object are so much the most pleasant to make—and the flowers would be all the prettier for the thought of the work they had cost. Little brown baskets, too—*any* well-shaped common things—may be so very readily varnished and made available.

If we want to be very magnificent we may refer to the china fountain that formed a wedding present last year to a Royal Bride. The majolica stork supported on his wide wings a spacious shell. The jet of water rose higher, another figure being added supporting another shell. The pedestal was sunk in a wide basin filled with water-plants. The shells may have ferns placed in

them which droop down from them lightly, the *Glechena dicarpa* and *G. flabellata* being amongst the fashionable. The *Adiantum macrophyllum* and the Maiden Hair being perhaps the most beautiful, and also the most at home here.

For water-plants the *Lymnocharis Humboldtii* is a pretty, gay, poppy-like flower, opening its yellow blossoms freely in our greenhouses. The beautiful pink and blue water-lilies require a warmer place—they should be grown, if possible, in a tank where the water is heated, and where there may be contrived a very slight constant current. We once tried having tender things in a tank into which warm water used in heating a greenhouse flowed, and possibly in many conservatories some plan might be formed easily for carrying a pipe round the sides of some large aquarium, which would be undoubtedly one of the prettiest flower-beds. It must be remembered, too, that a well-balanced plant-life, with a few fish besides, will keep the water healthy. And where we have any of our more hardy water-plants, the forked white flower we have already named must never be omitted. The arums, placed to grow at the edge of a pond in a garden, are never seen more beautiful. It has been said that, if deep enough, they live thus all the winter, but if the water be too deep, they do not flower strongly, as they are in this way drawn up to too great a height. The coloured water-lilies, grown in a warmed aquarium, look exquisite, when cut, floating in fountain basins.

Stands for holding flowers on tables and on side tables are made at present in bamboo. They are extremely light, and are the prettiest things for flowers. The square and oblong shapes are a good deal used at present, and certainly there is no doubt that they are most effective, the centre making one group, and tiny dots coming in at the corners. These things may be made of anything, merely lined with zinc or tin, and it is most convenient to have several similar linings, so as to have a succession of groups coming on in the winter, when one

set succeeds another, and every one looks loveliest.

Cyclamens, primroses, and lilies are all most charming here to replace the first instalment of snowdrops and early tulips. The lilies of the valley remind me of an important fact to all who care for these flowers. In 'Indoor Gardening' I have described how to force and retard these flowers, so as to have them blossoming from February to October. But, alas! it was only this year that my lilies failed to come! They now, indeed, are willing to make the most fair amends, but February, and no lilies, was a most distracting thought. To-day I chanced to see the gardener who supplied the first. I questioned him very eagerly. Did he keep the roots always in pots?—No. Did he take them up, then, so carefully as not to disturb the soil?—No. But he surely did not have dry roots, just to put in like hyacinths?—He did. I could say no more. 'Ma'am, they're a different sort.' Those that were so beautiful in the very early spring were a smaller kind as to flower, but had much larger leaves. The leaves were, indeed, a very great beauty themselves. The later spring lilies are much finer, but have not near so much foliage. Both kinds seem, however, equally sure of blossoming, only that for forcing first the former should be used. These are to be had at Norford's, in Prospect Place, Old Brompton. Mr. Veitch's kind, which is still more beautiful, all the world knows and talks of at the Kensington flower-shows.

These flowers are all the lovelier, indeed, when their leaves are wide. It is too much the fashion now to have plants that are *all* flowers. We must begin to try the effect now of scattered clusters—flowers that gleam up everywhere in unexpected places. And we *must* have our flowers all fresh. A faded leaf—that matters not, a torn petal—that won't be seen, a rose, which, though past its best, is still not downright withered: these are the exact modes of making a whole stand *passée*. The French will scarcely dare to fade the flowers

* 'Indoor Gardening.' Longman, 1863.

by smelling them. No flower or plant is touched till its place is at last awaiting it. It sinks into it gracefully, and is lost in the general glow

But then the French have such tact—such a marvellous knack of foreseeing. An energetic French-woman, glancing at Grignon's feather heap, arranges it all by magic, and foresees the feather-screens made of it. There needs no experiment, that bane of all our groupings,—the plan is conceived and organized, and to alter it could but spoil it. The French are not fond of altering (in little things) like the English. The latter vent their inconstancy on such small things as these. What do we mean by altering? Is it not to make changes in a scheme already *en train*? What can alterations effect here, except a disjointed work? Who knows of anything *altered* that is not also spoilt? French tact and nerve would throw the failures at once to the winds, in so unforeseen a dilemma the work would be simply recommenced.

And thus it is their flowers seem to have grown as they are. The effect of a perfect dress is inseparable from the wearer. The perfection of English horsemanship makes horse and rider as one, the beautiful wooded parks are park-like woods over again. I wonder, if we theorize, if any cause can

be shown why flowers match as they do when they have grown together? Who ever saw harsh contrast or discordant tints in the woods? Is it that the same light falls on them, and gives to each tree some tint, some hue that the next wears too?

When a work is nearly completed we find heaps of small things accumulated. This is now my case; and I *must* string a few details together. For edging all and everything the *Isolepis gracilis*, a little hanging grass, is of all plants most valuable. It is natural, but not untidy, and it grows in extreme profusion. For grouping amidst the ferns we should try mostly low-growing flowers—the lilies of the valley, and the blue lobelias; blue double large tree violets and trailing long geraniums; turquoise blue forget-me-nots and the pretty white anemones, then there are the campanulas, both white and blue and creeping. A single rose is in place here, or one of the lovely, delicate semi-double sorts. A honeysuckle also is charming, or else a pale-blue Passion-flower.

So much for fêtes and room plants. In July there will be some more to say. the table prizes at Kensington this month are a floral event, and next month we may hope to record what is accomplished there, as well as to relate some of the newest French modes.



KENT AND ITS OYSTERS.

A 'Run by Rail' to Whitstable, by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

FEW of the great lines of rail which have their termini in the metropolis traverse a pleasanter breadth of country than the London, Chatham, and Dover. It is not only the most direct route to the latter famous seaport, the 'key of our island,' but, to our mind, the most agreeable—penetrating, as it does, the very heart of Kent, its rich deep valleys and patches of leafy woodland, its orchards, hop-grounds, and fertile meadows. Read down the list of its 'stations,' and each name, as you repeat it, has a delightful rural savour about it, seems a sort of 'open sesame' to an infinite variety of charming landscapes. St Mary's Cray, Farningham, and Meopham, Ranham, Teynham, and Sittingbourne, Faversham, Selling, and Canterbury, Bekebourne, Bishopsbourne, and Adisham—these are assuredly seated amongst the rarest and richest scenery of the 'Garden of England.' Then, again, it stretches out its iron tentacula to various points of interest on the Kentish coast—to Sheerness and Whitstable, Herne Bay, the Reculvers, Margate, Ramsgate, and Dover. Finally, it links London with the great naval and military arsenal of Chatham, with the glories of Canterbury Cathedral, with the old Norman keep, and semi-Norman cathedral of Rochester.

Our present 'run by rail' is not designed to take us to the cliffs of Dover. We propose to stop short at Whitstable, dear to us and to all right-minded gastronomes as the headquarters of the Kentish oyster-fisheries. But first for some brief discourse upon the memorabilia of the country-side to be traversed on our journey thither.

The Chatham and Dover line will soon have a City terminus in Farringdon Street, and crossing the Thames below Blackfriars Bridge, will cut through the populous suburb of Camberwell to join the branch from the Victoria terminus,

which branch is designed to afford the advantages of railway conveyance to the mild demizens of Clapham, Brixton, and Dulwich. But, at present, we must perforce start from the Victoria terminus, and run over the 'Brighton line' to a point below the Crystal Palace, from whence we traverse (always by permission, and by virtue of the parliamentary authority) the 'Mid Kent Line,' through Beckenham and Bromley to Bickley, where the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway *proprie* commences. The principal features of the route from Victoria to the Crystal Palace we roughly sketched in a former paper. It is needful, therefore, that we should now begin our 'taken' notes' at Beckenham—the home on the beck, or brook.

This pretty extra-metropolitan village (1½ m from Victoria) possesses the two great charms of wood and water. A branch of the Ravensbourne winds about it, and its encircling parks are richly decorated with varied foliage. It lies rather low compared with its neighbour, busy Bromley, but, in its turn, is considerably elevated above its other chief point of communication, Croydon. The white spire of its decent church rises conspicuously above the enviroing trees, and serves for miles around as a notable landmark. The said church has a well-kept graveyard, entered by an ancient lych-gate, and adorned by an avenue of noble yews, which runs from the lych-gate up to the very porch. The interior is plain and unpretending, with two side aisles, or chapels, crowded respectively with memorials to the Styles and Gwydyrs, and the Edens and Aucklands. Observe the mural tablet to the Crimean hero and Christian soldier, Capt. Hedley Vicars, and a good brass to the 'Right Worshypfull Syr Humfrey Style,' d. 1552, his two wives, Bridget and Elizabeth, his seven sons and four daughters. Edward

King, author of the 'Munimenta Antiqua,' lies buried in the church-yard.

At Beckenham long resided the Earl of Auckland, whose daughter, the Hon Eleanor Eden, was the heroine of the only love-passage which momentarily brightened the grave and busy life of William Pitt.

There is a station at Shortlands (13½ m), for the benefit of the inhabitants of the northern portions of Bromley, in close contiguity to the rippling Ravensbourne. The rail from thence sweeps round the base of St Martin's Hill, affording us a pleasant glimpse of the gray old tower of Bromley Church, and at 13¾ m from Victoria, reaching the foot of Mason's Hill, where is placed the Bromley station.

Bromley—the broom-lea—there are still some patches of golden bloom on Bromley Common, though the builder has been busily at work in 'improving' that delightful locality—appears to be a decent, well-to-do, and well-behaved town, resuscitated, after the collapse which the downfall of the stage-coach and post-horse traffic naturally produced by its railway connection with London. It is now surrounded by good villas and large 'gentlemen's residences,' and lodgings or furnished houses are not to be obtained within its precincts. This prosperity is owing, we fancy, to its gemal and salubrious climate, as well as to the attractiveness of the neighbourhood. For those who love rambles in green lanes, is there not the walk to Hayes, and Hayes Place, the whilom seat of the great Earl of Chatham? Are there not the up-hill tour to Chiselhurst, and the pleasant saunter to Beckenham and West Wickham? Geologists may visit Sundridge Park, 'where a hard conglomerate, entirely made up of oyster-shells and the shingle that formed their native bed, is quarried,' and antiquarians may *pilgrimage* to Holwood Hill, Lord Chelmsford's seat, where lie the ruins of the ancient Noviomagus.

Bromley Widows' College, a red-brick, Stuart building, with agreeable gardens in the rear, was founded by Warner, Bishop of Rochester, in

1666. As a dignitary of the church he did not join, you see, in the popular apprehension relative to widows, forty of whom—the relicts of poor and orthodox clergymen—find here a comfortable residence. The palace, formerly attached to the see of Rochester, is now in the possession of Coles Child, Esq. It has not a single vestige of antiquity or prelacy. The church has a good Perpendicular tower, and a fine peal of bells. Here are interred Yonge and Pearce, Bishops of Rochester; 'Tilly,' the beloved wife of Dr Johnson, with a Latin epitaph by the great lexicographer, and Hawkesworth, the author of the 'Adventurer.'

Bickley (15½ m) is the nearest station for breezy Chiselhurst, and the romantic seat of Camden Place, the latter associated with the names and memories of Camden, the antiquary, and Baron Camden (Lord Chancellor Pratt), a legal luminary in the days when George III was king. At Frogna, in this vicinity, lived the royalist, Sir Philip Warwick. He lies buried in the neat and picturesque church. Sir Francis Walsingham, the astute secretary of Queen Elizabeth, was born at Chiselhurst.

The line now runs through some deep sand cuttings, occasionally emerging upon patches of woodland, brimful of wild blossoms, to the delectable stream of the Cray, on whose banks are clustered, scarce a mile apart, St Mary's Cray (18 m), St. Paul's Cray, Foot's Cray, and North Cray. St Mary's lies close to the railway, with its neat and well-ordered Perpendicular church, a very prominent object. The interior contains several brasses of more or less interest, dating between 1479 and 1588. The village is picturesquely situated, but contains nothing to detain the wayfarer. Viewed from the rail, in the mellow light of a summer sunset, it wears a peculiar aspect of gentle beauty.

'Upon our English homes grey twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stor'd,
The haunts of ancient peace'

Tennyson.

The embankment which carries us

across the Cray level is a formidable work, 1,250 yards long, 15 yards 1 foot high, and containing about 300,000 cubic yards. The viaduct across the Cray (*crecca*, Saxon, a brook) is 103 yards long, 15 yards 1 foot high, and composed of nine arches, each 28 feet span.

As we move forward from the Cray there is little in the country on either hand which demands our notice. The scenery is distinguished by the usual characteristics—broad sweeps of hill and dale, glowing with freshest, intensest verdure, the deep shadows of rook-haunted groves, cattle-dotted pastures, corn-fields swept by the passing wind into the semblance of a rush of golden billows, patches of garden-ground, skirted by trim little cottages, a gray old church or two, silent and still, and all peaceful, smiling, prosperous, as becometh a land of peace and plenty.

About 2½ m from St Mary's Cray—which, by the way, the railway authorities persist in calling St Mary Cray, though we never heard of the canonization of a Miss Mary Cray—diverges, on the right, the branch line to Sevenoaks, connecting a fair and fertile countryside with London, and opening up to the excursionist 'fresh fields and pastures new'. At 2¾ m from Victoria we reach Farningham Road, where the line crosses the valley of the Darent—

'The still Darent, in whose waters clean
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant
stream'—

on a viaduct of brickwork, 131 yards long, 24 yards 1 foot high, and comprising ten semicircular arches, each 31 feet in span. The embankment is 1,100 yards long—nearly two-thirds of a mile—and, at its extreme height, 24 yards 1 foot above the level. Upwards of 5,000,000 cubic yards of chalk were consumed in its construction.

The village of Farningham lies some distance S. of the railway, and with its rustic cottages and gray church-tower, sequestered in a pleasant, river-watered hollow, forms a picturesque spectacle. It is, indeed, fortunate in its position—a sweep of

green downs closing it in on either side, green fields rolling up to their very base; and through leafy shadows and in open sunshiny places meandering the fishful Darent. The church has an Early English nave and chancel and a Perpendicular tower. Its interior possesses no special interest.

Within a short walk of the Farningham Road station lies Horton Kirby, its Early English church distinguishable by its low tower, springing from the intersection of the nave and chancel with the transepts. The whole of the valley of the Darent, from this point to Dartford, is remarkable for its soft and genial beauty—

'There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Here are cool mosses deep
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep.'
Tennyson

We now dip deep into a formidable chalk 'cutting,' 2,000 yards in length and 18 yards in depth, in whose excavation 377,000 cubic yards of chalk were removed. We then emerge upon the open country, soon afterwards penetrate another cutting, and so, with frequent alternations of light and shade, move onward to Meopham. Glimpses of Windmill Hill, Gravesend—once the Cockney's Garden of Armida—are twice obtainable on the left, and we pass, at about 3 m from Farningham, the little church of Longfield. Through pastures, corn-fields, and hop-grounds, we make our way to Meopham—i.e., Meopa's ham, or settlement—locally pronounced Me'p'ham, 29½ m, by rail, from the Victoria terminus. The village itself straggles up a considerable hill, and round a green favourably regarded by cricketers, at a distance of nearly a mile from the station. On your way up the hill you pass the church, a fine Decorated edifice, with nave, chancel, aisles, and square tower, rebuilt on the site of an earlier building by Simon de Meopham, Archbishop of Canterbury (1327-33), a native of the village. Its brasses, with one exception, were melted down for metal when the bells were re-cast, about a century ago!

From Meopham to Sole Street (30½ m.) the line crosses on a level green fields and daisied meadows—the groves of Camer (W. Masters Smith, Esq.), lying away to the right, and to the left the dense leafy masses of Cobham Woods.

Sole Street is the nearest station for Cobham Hall, Cobham Church, and its splendid brasses, Cobham Woods and their wealth of blossom, and Cobham village, with its 'Leather Bottle,' whither Mr. Tupman retired to indulge in the luxury of woe under the circumstances narrated in the 'Pickwick Papers.'

The line now enters a deep cutting in the chalk, and afterwards skirts a steep declivity, overlooking a noble 'reach' of clustering hop-grounds and luxuriant fields, which dip down into coolsome hollows, and swell into gentle knolls, with pleasant alternation. Soon we come in sight of the gleaming Medway, and of the chalk downs beyond, which stretch in noble undulations from Rochester to Maidstone. Below us lies the pretty village of Cuxton, with a small station on the North Kent Railway, whose course, from this point until near Rochester Bridge, is almost parallel with our own. In due time a bold curve sweeps us through the streets of Stroud, and we pass, on the right, Stroud Church, on the left, elevated upon a formidable hill, the church of Frindsbury. Both edifices are sufficiently ugly to merit a glance from the passing traveller, who, happily, will go by at a speed which will render more than a glance impossible. Now we arrive at the Rochester Bridge station, 36½ m. from Victoria beneath us, the ample Medway; before us, the eyeless keep and quaint cathedral of Rochester, to the right, the narrowing Maidstone Valley, to the left, the squalid streets, fort-crowned hills, and busy dockyard of Chatham. The view from this point is remarkable 'How solemn,' as Mrs. Radcliffe says, 'the appearance of the castle, with its square, ghastly walls, and their hollow eyes rising over the right bank of the Medway, gray and massive and floorless—nothing remaining but the shell!' Yet every stone

has, so to speak, a voice which speaks in trumpet-tone of a stirring past. Then, the Chatham bank of the river, with its huddling houses and slate-covered dockyard-sheds, the river itself, so beautiful above bridge, with corn-fields and pastures and distant village churches; so black but yet picturesque below bridge, bearing on its bosom yacht and barge, wherry and collier, and winding in and out of muddy flats with sluggish patience; and the gaunt, bare hills of chalk, which spring up on either side, and fence in the four sister towns as if they defied the approach of either friend or foe; surely these are the details of a picture of no ordinary interest!

Rochester was the Romano-British *Durobrivæ* (*dwr*, water—as in the Adur, the Douro, the Darent, &c.). Its first Saxon lord is said to have been a certain Hrof, whence Hrof-ceaster—Rochester. After the Conquest it fell to the lot of Odo of Bayeux, the half-brother of the Conqueror, who stoutly but unsuccessfully defended it, in 1088, against William Rufus. Henry VIII and Anne of Cleves, Henrietta Maria and Charles I., Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles II., have been among the visitors to this ancient town. From hence James II attempted his escape, on the night of the 23rd of December, 1688.

Its castle, occupying the site of an early Saxon fortress, was built by Odo of Bayeux. It stood a stout siege from King John, in 1217, and from the great Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in 1264. In the former instance it surrendered, in the latter, the besiegers were beaten off. The keep and portions of the enceinte are all that now remain. These belong to the Earl of Jersey, and are kept in excellent preservation.

The cathedral was founded by Bishop Gundulf, 1077-1107. The nave and N.-E. tower are his handiwork. The chancel and choir-transepts (Early English), were built by Prior William de Hoo, 1239; the south aisle by Richard the Sacristan, 1240; the north aisle by two Benedictine monks, about 1250. The

great central tower of Prior Haymo, 1317-20, was deprived of its spire, repaired, 'restored,' and improved into its present deformity, by Mr. Cottingham, 1825-30. The interior is interesting, and contains some ancient memorials.

One of the 'hons' of Rochester is Richard Watts's Hospital, rendered famous wherever the English language is read by Dickens's story of the 'Seven Poor Travellers.' Poor wayfarers, who are neither *common rogues nor proctors*, may lodge here for one night, receive a gift of fourpence, and a share of a good fire.

We cross the Medway on an iron bridge, 238 yards in length, traverse the streets of Rochester and Chatham, and penetrate the hill crowned by Fort Pitt by a tunnel 425½ yards long. Another but shorter tunnel, 293½ yards, opens upon the Chatham station.

Chatham, 1 m from Rochester, 37½ m from Victoria—Chatham, or Coetta's ham—is our next pausing-point. Its fortifications and its dockyard, where an iron-clad monster, the 'Achilles,' has been building, are its principal attractions, but in the limits to which we are confined we can take no notice of them. The dockyard was commenced in the reign of Elizabeth, and removed to its present position by Charles I. Through the treasonable negligence of Charles II and his ministers, it lay in imminent danger of an attack and bombardment by the Dutch fleet in June 1667. The immense system of defences recently constructed, or now in course of construction, will secure it sufficiently from any such peril for the future.

After leaving Chatham we are driven through the Gillingham Tunnel, 895 yards long, to New Brompton (39 m from Victoria), where inquisitive savants who are interested in the mysteries of barrack-accommodation will find ample materials for research. Our onward course opens up many a pleasant glimpse of the numerous inlets and briny reaches of the Medway—the waters dotted with 'ships in ordinary' and convict-hulks—and the low alluvial flats covered with a rich but coarse vegetation. Nearer

the line, and on each side of it, spread vast tracts of luxuriant orchards, and very beautiful is the scene in early spring, when

'The valley stretching for miles below,
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just
covered with lightest snow'

Longfellow.

Occasional patches of garden-ground, and fertile fields of clustering hops, are intermingled, in pleasant variety, with rich pasturing meadows and wide extents of blooming corn, for this is a country of exceeding fertility, whose ample produce largely supplies the great metropolitan markets.

Rainham, 42½ m, is a large agricultural settlement, with a church of goodly dimensions, and some pleasant Kentish cottages as its principal attractions. In the church two curious memorials to George Tufton, d. 1670, and Nicholas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, d. 1679, should not be passed over without investigation. At Upchurch, about 1½ m. beyond, have been discovered the *vestigia* of some extensive Roman potteries.

Continuing our route we pass, at 3 m from Rainham, near Nowington, the capital, as it were, of a large country of cherry-gardens. Its church, a good specimen of the Early Decorated style, boasts of nave, chancel, transept, north and south aisles, and square western tower. To the right of the railway lies Hartlip, another famous cherry-settlement.

At 43 m. from Victoria we reach Sittingbourne, where a branch line strikes off on the left, crosses the Swale on a formidable iron swing-bridge, and penetrates to Sheerness, 7½ m. Sittingbourne has all the appearance of a thriving and money-making town, and strangely combines in its fugitive population the naval and rural elements—sailors and marines from Sheerness, and farmers and farm-labourers from the surrounding villages. In the days of the Canterbury pilgrimages, 'Sidenbourne' was the intermediate halting-place of the votaries of St. Thomas à Becket. The German chronicler, by the way, who relates the Emperor Sigismund's visit in 1417, mutilates the name into Sign-

potz! Here Theobald, the Shakspearian commentator — the 'piddling Tibbald' of Pope's 'Dunciad' — was born At the 'Red Lion' Henry V was magnificently entertained on his return from Agincourt's glorious field; and at 'the George,' an hotel which has ceased to exist, George I and George II. were accustomed to pause for refreshment on their way to their beloved Hanover

Three miles further, and we arrive at the Teynham station, 5¼ m. from Victoria, the early home of the Kentish cherry. Probably the field-cherry (*Prunus avium*) is a native of the country, and the cherry introduced by the Romans was the *Prunus cerasus*, which flourishes so widely on the green, warm slopes of the Southern Caucasus At all events, the quality and supply of the fruit had both fallen off, when Richard Hareys, 'fruiterer to Henry VIII,' restored its vigour and revived its popularity by introducing some new grafts from Flanders At Teynham he planted about 105 acres, and from thence supplied almost all the orchards of Kent Fuller was an enthusiastic amateur of cherries. 'No English fruit is dearer,' he says, 'than these at first, cheaper at last, pleasanter at all times, nor is it less wholesome than delicious And it is much that, of so many feeding so freely on them, so few are found to surfeit' In Lambarde's time the thirty-one parishes extending from Rainham to the Blean, formed 'the cherry-garden and apple-orchard of Kent.'

At 5½ m from Victoria we reach Faversham, where we quit the main line, and, changing carriages, adopt the new extension, which eventually will strike along the coast to Ramsgate, but is now opened for traffic no farther than Herne Bay While we wait for the Herne Bay train, a ramble through Faversham will amuse us.

The 'King's little town of Fefresham' is one of the limbs or members of the Cinque Port of Dover About 1147 a Cluniac abbey was founded here by King Stephen and his queen Maud (not to be con-

founded with the Empress Maud, or Matilda) In the abbey church were buried King Stephen himself and his son Eustace, Count of Boulogne. Its site and lands passed, at the Dissolution, to Sir Thomas Cheney, Warden of the Cinque Ports, who, six years afterwards, alienated them to the hapless hero of the semi- or pseudo-Shakspearian tragedy, 'Arden of Faversham,' who was murdered in his own house by his wife Alice and her paramour, 'a black, swart serving-man,' named Mosbie, on Sunday evening, February 15, 1551 The details are told with graphic simplicity by the chronicler Holinshed

Faversham has had many royal visitors Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, in 1515, Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. in 1522, Queen Elizabeth in 1573, and Charles II in 1660 When, after his abdication, James II attempted to escape from England in a small vessel lying at Shellness, and much to the annoyance of his grave son-in-law, William of Orange, was officiously captured by some loyal fishermen, it was to Faversham they removed him, confining him first at the 'Queen's Arms,' and afterwards in the mayor's house

In the church, carefully restored some years ago by Mr G G Scott, the details of interest are numerous Observe the rude Early English frescoes which cover the first column on the east side, the stalls in the chancel, once occupied by the Cluniac monks, the sedilia, piscina, and brasses, and the east window, filled with richly-painted glass, by Mr. Willemt

'The Swan, a hostelry of no great repute,' says Black's 'Guide to Kent,' 'has an interesting legendary association. SS Crispin and Crispina fled into Great Britain when the persecution raged at Rome under Maximin, "and came and dwelt at Faversham, where they learned to make shoes for a livelihood, and followed that trade for some time at a house in Preston Street, near the Crosse Well, now the sign of the Swan" Pilgrimages were made to the Swan by devout shoemakers and

cobblers even after the Reformation, and cups of ale were quaffed to the memory of the patron saints of Faversham. Their festival, the anniversary of glorious Agincourt, was always right honorably celebrated, and "Crispin's day did ne'er go by" without the remembrance of "flowing cups."

And now, *hey presto* for Whitstable (61½ m. from Victoria)

Be it known unto all whom it may concern that the Oyster (*ostrea*) is a genus of the class and order *Vermes testacea*, and that the said genus includes no less than 136 species, rejoicing in such appellations as *Ostrea Maxima*, *O. Sacobea*, *O. Ziczac*, *O. Striatula*, *O. Minuta*, *O. Pleuronectes*, *O. Laurentin*, *O. Saponica*, *O. Magellanica*, *O. Imbricata*, *O. Subrotunda*, *O. Sinuosa*, *O. Sanguinolenta*, *O. Sulphurea*, and *O. Tigrina*, to say nothing of *O. Edulis*, the common oyster. Fancy a 'gent' (if such a being still exists) asking, in one of the London oyster-rooms, for a dozen of sulphureous or tiger-like oysters! Fancy also, if you please, the astonished stare of the white-necked waiter upon receiving the said order! The green oyster, called by the Dutch, in true Dutch syllables, 'Groenbaardjes,' or 'green beards,' much eaten at Paris, is a native of Dieppe, and derives its colour, we are told, from—pah!—the stagnant water in which it is bred. Illyrian oysters are brown as to shell, but black as to the fish in the shell, wherefore Illyrian oysters will never figure at our table. In the Red Sea oysters are found with shells delicately rainbowed, on the Spanish coast they are commonly red or russet.

The great enemy of the oyster, next to the dredger, is a peculiar eel-like fish, which at Heligoland is called *nugnogen*, or the nine-eyed, but it is more generally known as the 'five-fingered,' or 'star-fish.' It is said to eat its way into the shell where the oyster lies coiled up in fancied security, and occasionally opening its mouth to devour an incautious animalcule; whence the English fishermen are always quick to destroy any unlucky depredator that falls into their nets.

The French, of course, claim everything good as of French origin. Marlborough was a French general, because he passed a year or two at a French military school. It will surprise no one, therefore, to learn that the French declare our British oysters were originally fished up in Cancale Bay, near St. Malo, and thence transported to the English coast. But the oysters of Albion were among the delicacies that crowded the tables of the wealthiest Roman epicures, and their superior flavour was held in high esteem.

'Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morau.'

Juvenal

They formed the *pièce de résistance* at many a Roman banquet, and were among the delicate attentions with which a wealthy Lucullus would charm a fair Aglaia. It was one Sergius Arata who, in the days of Lucius Crassus Consul, first introduced 'stews' or preserving ponds for oysters. Happy thought! Sublime invention! How different the flavour of the crustacean newly 'served up' from its briny habitat to the said crustacean weakened and enfeebled by too prolonged an absence from its natural element!

Our British monks loved fish, and, loving fish, loved oysters. The fisheries of Milton belonged to the abbots of Faversham, upon whose well-stocked boards the genuine 'natives'—the small delicate *ostrea* which are still the 'Upper Ten Thousand' of Oysterdoim—constantly appeared. Nor were they less approved of by the laity, as many a quaint allusion in the pages of poet and dramatist vividly evidences. The business of selling them in the streets was chiefly, if not altogether, confined to women during the Elizabethan period, and even to a very recent date. Shakspeare shows in how little repute these female vendors were held. Think of the meanness of the man who can salute such an one—

'Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench'

And Bishop Hall, in his 'Satires,' exclaims—

'Who can despair to see another thrive
By loan of sixpence to an oyster-wife?'

An attempt was made, *tempore Caroli Secundi*, to render the oyster-shell profitable as a pharmaceutical preparation. Here is Homberg's recipe, as preserved by Bishop Sprat, in his 'History of the Royal Society'—'Take the hollow shells of the oysters, throwing away the flat ones as not so good; wash them perfectly clean, and then lay them to dry in the sun. When they appear dry, beat them to pieces in a marble mortar; they will then be found to contain yet a large quantity of moisture. Lay them again in the sun till perfectly dried, and then finish the powdering them, and sift the powder through a fine sieve. Give twenty or thirty grains of this powder every morning, and continue it three weeks or a month' Here is a new natural medicine which we respectfully commend to the attention of Professor Helloway, or the British College of Health. Meanwhile, until its efficacy has been convincingly illustrated by at least a score of genuine testimonials, we shall do as we have always done—eat the oyster, and throw away the shell!

The breeding-season of the oyster is generally supposed to be the month of August. Leuwenhoeck, who had a fine eye for the minutæ of things, opened a female oyster on a certain 4th of August, and discovered a multitude of infant oysters swimming about in the liquor in the shell. He says that 120 of these *oystercules*, if placed in a row, would not extend above one inch; and a globular body, one inch in diameter, will fairly represent to you the size of the mass formed by 1,728,000 of them! The spawn, or *spat*, is cast in May, and in twenty-four hours is enveloped in its shell-armour. This spat gladly adheres to any substance it falls in with, such as pieces of wood, stone, &c., which are termed, in the language of the oyster-fisher, *cultch*. 'After the month of May it is felony to carry away the cultch, and punishable to take any other oysters except those of the size of half-a-crown piece, or such as, when the two shells are shut, will admit of a shilling to rattle between them.' Hence the popular saying, that

oysters should not be eaten in the months whose names are wanting in the letter r—that is, in May, June, July, and August. 'Still oysters are now sold 'all the year round,' being chiefly supplied, in the summer, from the immense beds which occupy in the Mid-Channel a space of forty miles, extending from Shoreham to Havre.

Great pains are taken by the oyster companies to improve the quality, and maintain the quantity, of their 'beds' For this purpose the 'spat' is often brought from a considerable distance. It remains three years in its bed before it is looked upon as fit for the table. The oysters bred on the Kentish coast are much improved in flavour, it is said, by the rush of fresh water which comes down from the Thames and the Medway.

The largest of the Kentish oyster-beds lie off Whitstable, and between Whitstable and Sheerness. They mostly belong to different 'companies,' or 'guilds of oyster-dredgers,' who are governed by an immutable code of laws, and work upon the principle of co-partnery. Nevertheless, some large beds belong to private growers—notably to Mr. Allston, who is the very Rothschild of oyster-fishers, and sends to London annually, from his 'farm' at Cheyney Rock, between 45,000 and 50,000 bushels. Of the companies there are nine or ten at Sheerness, Whitstable, and Margate. Their profits are said to be very large, and they maintain, as the visitor to Whitstable will readily perceive, a perfect *fleet* of dredging-boats.

Apart from its oyster fisheries there is little in Whitstable to attract the tourist. It has a very ancient and fish-like smell about it, and its streets are pervaded by men attired in that rough semi-nautical costume peculiar to dredgers and celliers. For Canterbury and the central districts of Kent it is a famous coal depôt, and its little bay is usually well filled with coal-ships from the North. The streets are neither wide nor handsome, nor are there many good houses visible. The 'East Kent' is a decent little inn, and farther down the High

Street stands an hotel of considerable pretensions. Beyond that hotel a turning on the right leads to the sea-shore and the small station on the Whitstable and Canterbury branch of the South-Eastern Railway, a branch which appears to be mainly devoted to the transit of coal-laden trucks. Keeping along the shore you reach, after a by no means pleasant walk—for your view of the sea is obscured by sailors' inns, sheds, huts, and small houses with the invariable green doors—the well-looking, semi-Gothic mansion of Tankerton Towers (Wynn Ellis, Esq.).

Whitstable appears to have been famous for its fishery in Henry VIII's reign. Leland speaks of it as 'a great fische town of one parochie, and yt stondeth on the se-shore. Ther about they dragge for oysters'. In 1565 its population included eighty-two oyster-fishers. Topographical Dryasdust, recording these and other memorabilia for the edification of posterity, states that in December, 1761, a sea-eel, 6 feet long, 20 inches in circumference,

and 30 lbs. in weight, was stranded here by the tide.

For the botanist we may note that in the vicinity, and especially towards the little fishing village of Sea-Salter, may be found the prickly sea-grape (*Kali spinosum*), wild colewort (*Brassica sylvestris*), sulphur wort (*peucedanum*), sea-holly (*Cryngium maximum*), and yellow-horned poppy (*Papaver cornutum flore luteo*).

The church is a hideous combination of stonework and brickwork, with a low, square, deformed tower in the worst kind of Perpendicular, two ugly transepts, a nave, and chancel. It contains a brass, without date, for Joan Meadman, and another, dated 1440, for Thomas Bird. Before the Reformation two lights were constantly kept burning in the church at the cost of two pious landed proprietors, whence they were named the Strode light and the Tankerton light; and the choir was adorned with an image of All Saints, to whom the church was dedicated.



AN OYSTER-BED

Drawn by Edward J. Kentre.

